

A
Complete Edition
of the
Poets
of
GREAT BRITAIN.

Volume the First.

Containing

Chaucer, Surrey, Wyatt & Sackville.



L O N D O N .

*Printed for Iohn & Arthur Arch, 23. Gracechurch Street
and for Bell & Bradfute & I Mundell & C^o Edinburgh.*



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P R E F A C E.

WHEN a new collection of English Poetry is offered to the public, it will doubtless be inquired what are the deficiencies of preceding collections, which another editor may hope to supply.

On referring back to the several publications of this kind, which have exercised the abilities of other persons, the reader will see on what ground the editor judged the work, which he now presents to the world, to be necessary.

English literature is undoubtedly under no small obligations to those who have associated the scattered productions of our poets in one collection, and by that means have secured their general preservation.

Tottell, editor of the "Songes and Sonnettes" of Surrey, Wyat, and of "Uncertain Authors," 1557, the first printed Poetical Miscellany in the English language; Allot, editor of "England's Parnassus," 1600; Bodenheim, editor of "Belvidere, or the Garden of the Muses," 1600; and the anonymous editors of the "Paradise of Daintie Devises," 1578; and "England's Helicon," 1600; have preserved many admirable specimens of ancient genius, which would have mouldered in manuscript, or perhaps, from their detached and fugitive state of existence, their want of length, the capriciousness of taste, the general depredations of time, inattention, and other accidents, would never have reached the present age.

Mrs. Cooper, in her "Muses Library," 1737; Mr. Hayward, in his "British Muse," 1738; Mr. Capel in his "Prolusions," 1740; Dr. Percy in his "Reliques," 1765; Mr. Evans, in his "Old Ballads," 1777; Mr. Headley, in his "Beauties of Ancient English Poetry," 1787; and Mr. Ritson, in his "Ancient Songs," 1789, followed the same plan, in consequence of which many valuable pieces are rescued from oblivion, that, from their brevity and unconnectedness, could not possibly have survived for any length of time by themselves; and many judicious selections are made, from an attentive perusal of antique and obsolete writers, which exhibit complete and satisfactory specimens of their different modes of writing.

The collections of a similar nature, formed by Davison, Dryden, Fenton, Steele, Pope, Pemberton, Lintot, C. Tooke, Doddsley, Fawkes, Donaldson, Pearch and Nichols, contain an infinite number of small poems, many of which must be allowed to possess considerable merit; being the productions of men of real genius, who, from the brevity, rather than the inferiority of their writings, have been usually styled "Minor Poets."

A degree of praise not much inferior to that which the above compilers have acquired, is due to editors, who, uniting industry with taste, have presented the public with uniform and elegant editions of the Works of the British Poets, in the manner of those of Italy, Spain, and France.

The first collection of English Poetry which appeared in these kingdoms, was formed by Dr. Blair, and printed at Edinburgh, in 42 vols. 12mo. 1773, for Messrs. Creech and Balfour, booksellers, containing the works of Milton, Cowley, Butler, Dryden, Waller, Garth, Prior, Addison, Parnell, Pope, Gay, Swift, Young, Thomson, Shenstone, Gray, and Lyttleton. The elegance of this edition is no compensation for its incompleteness. The contracted list of authors marked out by Dr. Blair, includes none of those who have justly obtained the distinction of being denominated our older classics, except Milton and Cowley. Nor do the contents of the work correspond with its title, many long and valuable pieces of Cowley, Parnell, Swift, and Shenstone, being omitted in the collection of their respective works. This mode of publishing modern works of credit, the contents of

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which happen to be unequal, unless immediately intended for the use of schools, does but multiply books to no good end. By anticipating him, it deprives the reader of that pleasure which every one feels, and of that right which every one is entitled to, of judging for himself. Cowley, Parnell, Swift, and Shenstone, are far too well known to stand in need of such partial recommendation, and, in fact, hold a most distinguished rank in the "school of the people."

In 1776, a Collection of English Poetry, upon a more extensive plan, was undertaken by Mr. Bell, bookseller in London, to be printed by the Martins, at the Apollo Press, Edinburgh, in 109 miniature volumes, ornamented with engravings, containing the entire works of the authors admitted into Dr. Blair's edition, and the works of Chaucer, Spenser, Donne, Denham, Roscommon, Buckingham, Lansdown, King, Pomfret, Congreve, Rowe, Watts, J. Philips, Smith, Hughes, Fenton, Tickell, Somerville, Broome, Savage, Pitt, A. Philips, Dyer, G. West, Hammond, Collins, Moore, Armstrong, R. West, Mallet, Cunningham, and Churchill. The works of the several authors were published separately, without any regard to chronological order, and at long intervals, some of the later volumes being printed at London in 1787. In this edition, three of our older classics appear, to whom no place had been given in Dr. Blair's edition, and several modern writers of credit are adopted as legitimate and established poets. Such, however, is the fate of the work, that we seldom see it entire, but meet with its contents wandering separately, and disjointed in every catalogue.

In 1779, while Mr. Bell's publication was going forward, the London booksellers published a collection of the "Works of the English Poets," in 60 vols. small 8vo, with Prefaces Biographical and Critical, by Dr. Johnson, and heads engraved by Bartolozzi. &c.

The following account of this undertaking, as given by Mr. Edward Dilly, in a letter to Mr. Boswell, dated, Southill, Sept. 26. 1777, will not be unentertaining to those who delight in tracing the progress of works of literature; since it was the occasion of procuring for us an elegant collection of the best biography and criticism of which our language can boast.

"The edition of the Poets now printing will do honour to the English press, and a concise account of the life of each author by Dr. Johnson, will be a very valuable addition, and stamp the reputation of this edition, superior to any thing that is gone before. The first cause that gave rise to this undertaking, I believe, was owing to the little trifling edition of the Poets printing by the Martins, at Edinburgh, and to be sold by Bell in London. Upon examining the volumes which were printed, the type was found so extremely small, that many persons could not read them: Not only this inconvenience attended it, but the inaccuracy of the press was very conspicuous. These reasons, as well as the idea of an invasion of what we call our Literary Property, induced the London booksellers to print an elegant and accurate edition of *all the English Poets of reputation, from Chaucer to the present time.*

"Accordingly a select number of the most respectable booksellers met on the occasion, and, consulting together, agreed, that all the proprietors of copy-right in the various poets, should be summoned together, and when their opinions were given, to proceed immediately to business. Accordingly a meeting, was held, consisting of about forty of the most respectable booksellers of London, when it was agreed, that an elegant and uniform edition of "The English Poets" should be immediately printed, with a concise account of the life of each author, by Dr. Samuel Johnson; and that three persons should be deputed to wait upon Dr. Johnson, to solicit him to undertake the Lives, viz. T. Davies, Strahan, and Cadell. The Doctor very politely undertook it, and seemed exceedingly pleased with the proposal. As to the terms, it was left entirely to the Doctor to name his own; he mentioned two hundred guineas; it was immediately agreed to, and a farther compliment, I believe, will be made him. A committee was likewise appointed to engage the best engravers, viz. Bartolozzi, Sherwin, Hall, &c.; likewise another committee for giving directions about the paper, printing, &c.: so that the whole will be conducted with spirit, and in the best manner, with respect to authorship, editorship, engravings, &c. &c. My brother will give you a list of the Poets we mean to give, many of which are within the time of the act of Queen Anne, which Martin and Bell cannot give, as they have no property in them; the proprietors are almost all the booksellers in London, of consequence."

PREFACE.

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The plan of this edition, so happily conceived, was more ample than the execution. Instead of comprehending "all the English poets of reputation from Chaucer to the present time," it was unaccountably limited to a list of *fifty-three* authors, beginning with Cowley and ending with Lyttleton; all of whom appear in Mr. Bell's edition, except Rochester, Otway, Dorset, Stepney, Wallis, Duke, Sprat, Halifax, and Blackmore; who are displaced, to make room for Chaucer, Spenser, Donne, Armstrong, R. West, Cunningham, and Churchill.

The managers of this edition are liable to some censure, for admitting so few of our older classics in a work which bore so close a relation to the honour of the nation, and which, from its elegance and magnitude, afforded the happiest opportunity of uniting our poets, both ancient and modern, in one comprehensive view, and of combining their respective excellencies in one common interest. Ancient poetry, in thus being exhibited to the public eye, would soon have made good her claims to notice, and of herself recovered the long-lost verdure of her bays; whilst the justice of that latitude which is commonly assigned to later improvements, from a fair opportunity of a comparative examination, might have been more strictly ascertained.

It is well known, that the ostensible editor was ever glad to escape the censure which the work had fallen under, by alleging, that, with the exception of Pomfret, Yalden, Blackmore, and Watts, he had nothing to do with the selection; he had engaged himself only to furnish a set of *Lives* to such a list as the booksellers, who were the responsible publishers of the work, should think proper.

Dr. Johnson gave up his life to the literature of his country; a portion of it would not have been thrown away, had it been dedicated to the completion of such an undertaking. In the esteem of the booksellers, he stood very high, perhaps higher than any man of his age, and there cannot be a doubt, but that the management of the work, on the least desire intimated by him, would have been vested in his hands, with the utmost gratitude and confidence.

As the matter stands, it is difficult to guess the reason why the managers of this edition admitted some authors, while others of similar character were rejected. In an edition of poetry, where some of the "wits of Charles's days, the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease," and the heroes of the "*Dunciad*," are to be found, we rather wonder at not finding others; where Rochester, Roscommon, Sprat, Halifax, Stepney, and Duke, were received, why Carew, Sedley, Hopkins, Marvell, and Oldham, were refused, one is puzzled to guess; and where Pomfret, Yalden, and Blackmore, are preferred to Eusden, Welford, and Hill, it is not easy to account for the preference. When the publication was undertaken, Armstrong and Langhorne, poets of superior rank, were living; their works, consequently, could not be properly inserted; but Churchill, Smart, and Goldsmith, were dead, and their works certainly had a just claim to admission.

When Dr. Johnson engaged to furnish the booksellers with a "Preface" to the works of each author, it was his intention to have allotted to each poet, an "Advertisement" like those which are found in the French Miscellanies, containing a few dates and a general character. That he was led beyond his intention, "by the honest desire of giving useful pleasure," will be always a subject of congratulation to every reader of taste. That he passed some partial judgments in his "*Lives*," that he was sometimes blinded by prejudice, that he occasionally saw through the medium of party or religion; and that, without the taste which would enable him to decide, he rashly determined from abstract reasoning, and the examination of a philosopher, where philosophy was an inadequate judge, must be allowed: But, as fine pieces of nervous writing, pregnant with valuable detached opinions, happy illustrations, nice discussions, and a variety of curious incidental information, they will ever be regarded as the richest, most beautiful, and, indeed, most perfect production of his pen.

In 1790, a new edition of this elegant collection was published, in 75 volumes 8vo, which gave the proprietors an opportunity of adding the works of Moore, Cawthorne, Churchill, Falconer, Lloyd, Cunningham, Green, Goldsmith, P. Whitehead, Armstrong, Langhorne, Johnson, W. Whitehead, and Jenyns; and of supplying some deficiencies in the works of the authors printed in the former edition.

"Of the authors now first added," says the Advertisement, "some are inserted, in compliance with the repeated calls of the public; some, in deference to the opinions of persons whose taste cannot be disputed; and some have found a place from the favourable sentiments expressed concerning them to the publishers, from various quarters. In this selection, the proprietors have not been in-

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fluenced by any partiality of their own towards the authors selected; they have endeavoured to obtain the best opinions, and they have implicitly followed them."

This edition is superior to the former, both in elegance and magnitude, and reflects much honour on the taste and liberality of the proprietors; but it is equally deficient in the works of our older classics, and affords similar instances of caprice in the admission to literary honours.

As it was thought necessary to admit P. Whitehead and Jenyns, it seems reasonable to expect that some reason had been given for showing them a distinction which has been denied to Wilkie, Grainger, Smollet and Scott, and above all, to the immortal Spenser.

Of the fourteen authors added to the former list of English classics, concise accounts are given, upon Dr. Johnson's original plan; which, happily for both himself and his readers, he relinquished; as it would have conferred not much reputation on the writer, nor have communicated much information to his readers. Accordingly, a few dates and facts are only set down, in the manner of the French *Notices Littéraires*, with occasionally a general character.

When such inconsiderable advances towards bringing forward to notice the older poets, were made by those who, from their situation and influence, were best suited to the task; when our great poetical biographer was not only remiss in restoring them to popularity, but, by his neglect and silence, seemed to insinuate they were undeserving of it; the solicitude of the present editor for their fate, and the attempt now made by him to do them that justice which has been denied them by his predecessors, can require no apology.

In 1792, Mundell and Son, printers in Edinburgh, having resolved to republish the Collection of English poetry, which goes under the name of Dr. Johnson, in the manner of Dr. Knox's "Elegant Extracts in Verse," in six volumes large octavo, he took occasion to recommend a collection, upon an enlarged plan, which might unite the works of the ancient and modern poets in one comprehensive view, and exhibit the progress of our national poetry, corresponding with the gradual refinement of language and of manners, from the rudeness and simplicity of a remote period, to the polish and elegance of modern times.

The proprietors, with a liberal spirit of enterprise, worthy of an association of opulent booksellers, readily adopted the plan he recommended, though with some limitations as to the ancient poetry, and resolved to extend their collection to twelve volumes, upon his promising to furnish them with a *Biographical and Critical Preface* to the works of each author; an undertaking in which he engaged with more rashness than prudence, amidst cares and avocations of a far different and more important nature, and without a suitable provision of materials.

The list of the works of the older poets, which he originally recommended for republication, comprehended those of Chaucer, Langland, Gower; the best parts of Lydgate, Barclay, Harvey; the best parts of Skelton, Surrey, Wyatt; the best parts of Warner, Sydney, Sackville, Spenser, Marlow, Davies, Shakspeare, Drayton, Daniel, Jonson, Donne, Hall, Drummond, Stirling, Browne, P. Fletcher, G. Fletcher; the best parts of Quarles, King, Carew, Suckling, Crashaw, Davenant, and the translations of Fairfax, Sandys, and May. The works of the authors printed in Italics were, on due consideration, omitted; it being thought safer to allure curiosity into this unfrequented track of reading, by a republication of the works of those authors, who, though not either universally read or understood (as must ever be the case with the best elder poets of every country), are notwithstanding familiar to us in conversation, and constantly appealed to in controverted points of poetical taste, than to run the risk of suppressing it totally, by a bulky republication of all or the better parts of the works of those unfortunate authors, who still remain unpopular, merely from the want of being read. The classical compositions of Barbour, James I, Henry the Minstrel, Dunbar, Douglas and Lindsay, being written in the Scottish language, could not be received into an edition of English poetry.

The list of the works of the modern poets which he originally recommended for republication, comprehended the works of Marvell, C. Cotton, Sedley, Hopkins, Oldham, Pattison, Hill, Eusden, Walford, Sewall, Blair, Hamilton, Harte, Boyle, Thompson, Cooper, Brown, Grainger, Smollet, Wilkie, Doddsley, Mendez, Jenner, Kirkpatrick, Smart, Bruce, Chatterton, Græme, Glover, Shaw, Lovibond, Penrose, Mickle, Jago, Scott, Logan, N. Cotton, and Blacklock. He was afterwards obliged to abridge this list, and to exclude the authors printed in Italics, on account of the arrangements which the proprietors had made relative to the extent of the collection.

Notwithstanding these limitations, which, on the part of the editor, were unavoidable, it is with some degree of confidence, that he offers to public inspection a Collection of English poetry, which contains the works of one hundred and fourteen authors, of whom forty-nine are not to be found in the last edition of the "Works of the English Poets," commonly called Dr. Johnson's edition; and forty-five are now, for the first time, received into an edition of English poetry.

In the works of the authors already collected, especially the later authors, some deficiencies have been supplied in the present edition. In the works of Langborne, in particular, the additions are numerous and important. They are such as a reader of English poetry will readily distinguish, and therefore unnecessary to be pointed out.

Though the editor has exerted himself with considerable attention, to render the works of the authors now first collected, as complete as possible; yet copies of Surrey's translation of the second and fourth books of the *Æneid*, Davies's *Epigrams*, P. Fletcher's Latin and English poem on the *Jesuits* and *Sicilides*, a Pifcatory drama, Harte's *Essay on Reason*, Shaw's *Four Farthing Candles*, Brown's *Liberty*, and some pieces of other authors, have eluded his diligence. The works of Chatterton might have been enlarged by additions from Mr. Barret's "History of Bristol," and "Supplement to Chatterton's Miscellanies," which could not be obtained in due time. Gray's *Sonnet on Sir William Williams*, Mickle's *Prophecy of Queen Emma*, Johnson's *Marmor Norfolciense*, and some other little pieces, happened to be overlooked at the press.

The editor does not wish to be understood as having performed more than he has actually done. For the selection of the authors, he is solely responsible. What pleased himself he has ventured to recommend to others; a task of such difficulty requires the candid allowance of the reader, for the unavoidable differences of taste and judgment. The recommendation of the proper editions of the works to be reprinted, belonged to the editor; with the exception of the works of Chaucer, in the first volume, and the works of the several authors in the fifth volume, in which he had no concern.

For the correctness of the text, he is not answerable, as he had no concern in the revision of any part of these volumes, except the *Biographical and Critical Prefaces*, and occasionally some additions, notes, and illustrations in the course of the work. The chronological arrangement which he recommended has not been strictly observed, on account of the proportion which it was thought necessary to observe, in the size of the volumes. The engraved title-page, bearing to be "A Complete Edition of the Poets of Great Britain," was improperly copied by the proprietors, in the first volume, from Mr. Bell's edition, and retained in the subsequent volumes, for the sake of uniformity.

In so complicated and extensive a work, typographical errors may be expected to occur. The editor hopes they are not very numerous, and will, he thinks, be entitled to the pardon of every candid reader. Several mistakes of this kind, he is sorry to acknowledge, remain uncorrected in his part of the work, particularly in the *Lives of Waller, Johnson*, and some others in the eleventh volume, which he desires may be attributed, not to neglect, but want of experience in affairs of this nature, and to the precipitation with which the work proceeded through the press; all the *Prefaces* having been written in little more than two years, and sent to the press, in portions, as they were wanted, without any previous revision.

There is one alteration in the present collection which the editor believes will need no apology. This is the arrangement of the poetical translations of entire works in a separate volume. To render the works of Homer and Pindar more complete, Mr. Hole's *Hymn to Ceres*, and Mr. Pye's *Six Olympic Odes*, are added to the translations of Pope and West; and the deficiencies in Dryden's *Juvenal* are supplied by the versions of those who were originally associated with him in that performance. A supplemental volume of Translations, making the thirteenth, has been printed, and another is still wanting to complete the arrangement, with a volume of Fugitive Poetry.

Of the *Lives* here offered to the public, nearly one half have been already written by Dr. Johnson, with such felicity of performance, that the editor might perhaps more properly have contented himself with subjoining a few corrections and additions to his elegant narratives; but that new *Lives* were thought necessary to the uniformity of this collection.

As the undertaking was occasional and unforeseen, Dr. Johnson must be supposed to have engaged in it with less provision of materials than might have been accumulated by longer premeditation.

Of the later writers, at least, he might, by attention and inquiry, have gleaned many particulars which would have diversified and enlivened his biography; but he was not actuated by an enthusiasm for his employment. He could not encounter weariness, perplexity, and disgust. The labour of literature was a task from which he always wished to escape. From Spence's Collections, communicated by the Duke of Newcastle, he received great assistance. In what he relates, though there is, in many articles, little, except the manner in which it is told, that is new (a deficiency which was not always in his power to remedy), yet his narration affords a luminous proof of the vigour of his mind in all its faculties, whether memory, judgment, or imagination. What he has to say on every subject is always worth hearing. Though the turn of his mind cannot be considered as peculiarly qualifying him for a critic of subjects which require more imagination than judgment, yet the lustre of his great mind seldom beamed on any thing, without lighting us to some new truth, latent trait of character, or peculiarity hitherto unobserved. Even the acrimony of his poetical censures, is, in a great measure, compensated by the force and originality of his reflections, and the elegance and correctness of his language.

In the present undertaking, the editor has not the presumption to suppose himself qualified to complete what Dr. Johnson has left unfinished, nor the temerity to court a comparison. Neither the style nor the manner are here the principal object of attention. With a view to popular information, he has endeavoured to collect what is diffused, to glean in spots which have been sometimes neglected, and sometimes forgotten, and to relate with clearness and simplicity, what is known of the personal history and literary productions of each author, whose works are associated in this collection, digested in the form of a chronicle, subjoining an estimate of his character, a critical examination of his compositions, and, by quotation, the testimonies of contemporary writers, and the judgments of the most respectable critics.

In the course of this undertaking, he has endeavoured to avail himself of the various biographical collections already in the hands of the public. Of these collections, it was necessary to form a right idea, to select from them whatever was conducive to his design, and carefully to avoid their errors, at the same time that he preserved their excellencies. What use he has made of them will be obvious, as well as what is entirely his own.

In the Lives of the authors of a remote period, the instances are numerous which stand in need of emendations and corrections, for retrenching superfluities, supplying deficiencies, and rectifying the mistakes in dates and facts, which may unintentionally have been committed, and transmitted from writer to writer without examination. The editor has exerted himself, in this respect, with considerable attention.

In the Lives of the modern authors, especially of those lately deceased, of whom there are no written memorials, the difficulty under which the editor laboured will be evident; from the want of proper information, the prejudices of friends or admirers, the calumnies of enemies, and the suggestions of envy, to which eminent characters are peculiarly liable. Time overcomes most of these impediments, except the first, which it evidently, in many cases, increases.

An accurate investigation into the powers and varieties of the human mind, is of all studies the most important; and a faithful narration of the principles, conduct, and writings of eminent men, might, perhaps, afford the surest basis for such researches; but it is almost unreasonable to expect from human intellect and virtue, sufficient discernment, discrimination and impartiality, to qualify for so difficult and delicate a task.

As far as relates to himself, the editor has endeavoured, as much as possible, to relate the circumstances of the Lives of the authors from the most authentic information, and to give an account of their writings with real impartiality. His aim has been to rise above narrow prejudices, and to record the vices and virtues, the excellencies and defects of authors, with fidelity and freedom. The well-known adage, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, seems to have been dictated by tenderness and humanity. Errors are diminished when once the grave has interposed, and the good qualities are proportionably magnified. The generous feelings add to the unwillingness to blame, and every liberal mind feels it an act of cowardice to attack those who cannot defend themselves. The best propensities of the human mind are thus engaged to repel censure and invite praise. Without violating the rights of humanity, the wish of the editor has been to speak of the dead with liberal, but not indiscriminate

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praise. Hence, truth, he trusts, will appear in its fairest garb, and impartiality appear almost like praise.

In the representation of facts, and the delineation of characters, the editor has endeavoured to do full justice to the conduct and principles of men of every profession and party. But he apprehends that a philosophical liberality of mind does not imply in it, that he has no sentiments of his own. He scruples not to declare his attachment to the great interests of mankind, and his enmity to bigotry, superstition, and tyranny. A work of this nature, that is conducted without any regard to the chief privileges of human nature, without a philosophical liberality of mind, and without feelings, especially of the moral kind, would be deprived of much of its utility.

With respect to the strictures on the works of the various authors, the editor is far from being over-anxious to make others adopt his sentiments. If erroneous criticism may be sometimes suspected, who can hope that, in matters of taste, all shall agree? He will think it sufficient, if his remarks should engage the reader to review his own opinions, or recal his attention to some latent beauty, some fascinating line, or some happy expression, which, on a first perusal, had escaped him. Where he has presumed to differ from the most respectable authorities, he would be rather understood to propose a doubt than to offer a contradiction. If his praises have been sometimes, as he fears they have, too lavishly bestowed, he trusts, that the candid reader will ascribe them to a solicitude which made him more willing to recommend beauties than to expose blemishes; rather earnest to do justice to the author's merit, than to raise an admiration of his own judgment.

The obligations which the editor has received, have extended, in several cases, to the communication of entire articles, and to occasional assistance: For the life of *Spenser*; and the lives of *Milton*, *Cowley*, *Waller*, *Butler*, and *Denham*, he is indebted to two gentlemen of learning and abilities; who have not indulged him with the liberty of mentioning their names. They were solicited and obtained by the proprietors, to expedite the publication, and never seen by the editor till they were printed. He knows not whether any apology will be deemed needful for inserting them. They are composed, it must be acknowledged, with little care or diligence, and with a compendious brevity, which, though compatible with accuracy of narration, and vigour of description, precludes a critical account both of events and writings. As these articles comprehend some of the first names in English poetry, it is the intention of the editor to write them over again, for a separate edition of the *Lives*, corrected and enlarged, which it is in contemplation with the proprietors to publish.

With respect to occasional assistance, the editor has been favoured with various biographical information concerning *Moore*, *Blair*, *Wilkie*, *Bruce*, and *Logan*, from the Rev. Mr. Toulmin of Taunton, the Rev. Dr. Robertson of Dalmeny, the Rev. Dr. William Thomson of London, the Rev. Dr. Blair, the Rev. Dr. Baird, the Rev. Dr. Hardy, and Professor Dalzel of Edinburgh, to whom he begs leave to make his acknowledgments. To all these gentlemen he esteems himself much indebted for their kindness and attention. From them arises the principal assistance he has to boast of. He has many reasons to flatter himself, that his information would have been much enlarged from other quarters, if a diffidence of his abilities for the undertaking had not deterred him from solicitation.

The editor cannot conclude, without an apology to the reader, which he is sorry to be under the necessity of making. In his endeavours to render these volumes worthy of attention, he has been thwarted by a situation peculiarly unfavourable for such pursuits: the libraries of Oxford and Cambridge, the British Museum, the repositories, museums, and libraries of the curious, from whence only adequate materials are to be drawn, he has had no access to. His chief resource has been a small private collection, and the libraries of the University, and of the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh, neither of which is rich in old English literature.

The mention of these valuable repositories naturally reminds the editor, that he should be deficient in gratitude, if he omitted to notice the readiness with which he was allowed the free use of whatever they contained, for the service of this work.

The communication of some scarce miscellaneous collections, by Alexander Fraser Tytler, Esq. of Woodhouselee, Robert Arbuthnot, Esq. Secretary to the Trustees for Fisheries, Manufactures and Improvements, and George Farquhar, Esq. of South Frederick-Street, the editor considers as a favour worthy of public acknowledgment.

How far the present work is calculated to answer what the public has a right to demand, the editor is afraid to reflect on. It was begun solely, from public considerations, without any regard to personal advantage, and has been carried on through many difficulties, much ill health, and with many real doubts of his ability to finish it in such a manner as to merit applause. He has not been seduced by vanity, so far as not to perceive the many errors and defects which will be found in his part of these volumes. He is truly sensible of them; but can, at the same time, declare, they have not been caused by any relaxation of his endeavours to render the work as perfect as he was able, consistent with his attention to more important avocations. Every work of this kind is, by its nature, deficient. To those who may be dissatisfied with the manner in which it is conducted, he can only say, that the undertaking appeared to him much easier, before he engaged in it, than he found afterwards in its progress through the press. He had but an imperfect conception of the difficulties to be surmounted, the disappointments to be incurred, the books to be procured and waited for, the dates to be settled, the facts to be ascertained, and the various irritating minutiae of the press. He may safely rely on the candour of those who have experienced the trouble and difficulty attending such extensive literary undertakings.

Whatever is the determination concerning it (though the subject is what he acknowledges himself to feel some anxiety about), the editor professes himself not to have the slightest inclination to dispute the propriety of any censure which may be passed on his labours, either in part or in the whole. Perfectly satisfied with the pleasure he has received in the course of the work, he has no expectation of emolument, or wish for fame on account of his concern in it.

To do justice to neglected merit; to extend the honour of our national poetry, as far as possible, both abroad and at home; to enlarge, however little, the boundaries of literary biography and elegant criticism; to strengthen and co-operate with the taste for poetical antiquities, which, for some time past, has been considerably advancing; to hold out an incentive to the love of fame and the cultivation of the mind; to diversify the materials of common reading, and to open fresh sources of useful instruction and innocent amusement, are ends which, though to attain be beyond his powers, the honest ambition of the editor is something gratified by the attempt alone.

ROBERT ANDERSON.

EDINBURGH,
November 25. 1795.

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Containing

GANTERBURY TALES,
ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE,
TROILUS AND CRESEIDE,
THE COURT OF LOVE,
THE COMPLAINT OF PITEE,
ANNELIDA AND FALSE ARCITE,
THE ASSEMBLEE OF FOULES,
THE COMPLAINT OF THE BLACK KNIGHT,

THE BOOK OF THE DUCHESS,
CHAUCER'S A, B, C,
THE HOUSE OF FAME,
CHAUCER'S DREME,
THE FLOUR AND THE LEFE,
THE LEGENDE OF GOODE WOMEN,
THE COMPLAINT OF MARS AND VENUS,
THE CUCKOO AND THE NIGHTINGALE,

W. W. W.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Old CHAUCER, like the *morning star*,
To us discovers day from far;
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd,
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades.

DENHAM'S VERSES ON THE DEATH OF COWLEY.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,

Ann 1793.

GEORGE CHANCER

THE BOOK OF THE DECEASED
CHAPTER I
THE FIRST OF JANUARY
ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY
AT THE HOUSE OF THE LATE
THE DECEASED AT THE HOUSE
OF THE LATE

[illegible]

THE LIFE OF B. J. AUTHOR.

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THE LIFE OF CHAUCER.

IN the beginning of the eleventh century, our vernacular poetry received from the Normans, the rudiments of that cultivation which it has preserved to the present times.

In the two succeeding centuries, the principal efforts of our yet untutored versifiers, were rhyming chronicles and metrical romances, the style of which was rough, and the harmony of the numbers very defective.

In the reign of Edward I., the character of our poetical composition was considerably changed, by the introduction and increase of the tales of chivalry, and the popular fables of the troubadours of Provence.

Fictitious adventures were then substituted by the minstrels in the place of historical and traditional facts, and a taste for ornamental and exotic expression gradually prevailed over the rude simplicity of the native English phraseology.

These fabulous narratives, afterwards enlarged by kindred fancies, derived from the crusades, and enriched by the marvellous machinery of the Italian poets, formed the taste, and awakened the imagination of GEOFFREY CHAUCER, the illustrious ornament of the reign of Edward III. and of his successor Richard II., the father of the English heroic verse, and the first English versifier who wrote poetically.

Of the great poet, with whose compositions this collection of classical English poetry commences, the curiosity which his reputation must excite, will require more ample information than can now be given. His contemporaries, who revered his genius, recorded few particulars of his life; and all who have since written of him, relate nothing beyond what casual mention, uncertain tradition, and discordant conjecture, have supplied.

This meagre narration, therefore, scarcely merits the title that is given to it; but the materials for a fuller account are not to be found, without supplying the deficiency of facts by the comments and inventions of his biographers, which have nothing to recommend them to credit but the single circumstance of being often repeated.

The birth of Chaucer, in 1328, has been settled, from the inscription on his tomb-stone, signifying that he died in 1400, in the 72d year of his age.

Of the place of his nativity there is no memorial, any more than of his parents. Bale says he was a Berkshire man; Pits would entitle Woodstock in Oxfordshire to his birth; and Camden affirms that London was his birth-place: "Edmund Spenser," says he, "a Londoner, was so smiled on by the Muses at his birth, that he excelled all the English poets that went before him, if we except only his fellow citizen Chaucer." But Chaucer himself seems to have determined the point. In his *Treatise of Love*, he calls himself a *Londoner* or *Londoner*, and speaks of the city of London as the place of his *engendering*.

His descent has been variously assigned. Leland says that he was of a noble stock; Pits, that he was the son of a knight; Speght, that his father was a vintner; and Hearne, that he was a merchant.

This difference of opinion shews, that nothing can be said with any tolerable assurance of his family; but the patronymic name seems to indicate, that it came originally from Normandy; and there is somewhat more probability of his being the son of a gentleman rather than of a tradesman.

His biographers are as much in the dark about the place of his education. They tell us that he received the rudiments of his education in Solere's Hall, Cambridge, where he wrote his *Court of Love*; and afterwards completed his studies in Merton College, Oxford.

In his *Court of Love*, he speaks of himself under the name and character of "Philogenet—of Cambridge, Clerk." This is by no means a decisive proof that he was really educated at Cambridge; but it may be admitted as a strong argument, that he was not educated at Oxford, as Leland has supposed, without the shadow of proof. The biographers, however, instead of weighing one of these accounts against the other, have adopted both, and tell us very gravely that he was first at Cambridge, and afterwards removed from thence to complete his education at Oxford.

After he left the university, he is supposed to have added to his accomplishments by travelling into France and the Low Countries; but when he went abroad, and what time he returned, are circumstances not determined.

His biographers agree, that on his return, he entered himself of the Inner Temple, and prosecuted for some time the study of the law. Speght has given us a record in the Inner Temple (which he says a Mr. Buckley had seen), where "Geoffrey Chaucer was fined two shillings, for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet-street." It were to be wished that he had given the date. Leland says, "*Collegia Leguliorum frequentavit*, after his travels in France, and perhaps before." These travels in France rest entirely on the authority of Leland, whose account is full of inconsistencies.

He appears to have been early conversant with the court, and particularly attached to the service of the king's son, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by whose favour he obtained in marriage Philippa, daughter of Sir Payne, or Pagan Rouet, a native of Hainault, and sister of the famous Catherine Swynford, the duke's mistress, and afterwards his wife.

As the credit of the Duke of Lancaster increased with his father, Chaucer's also rose in a like proportion; and the liveliness of his parts, and the native gaiety of his disposition, rendered him a very popular and acceptable character in the English court, at that time the most gay and splendid in Europe.

That he had distinguished himself before this time by his poetical performances, is almost certain; and there is a tradition supported by some passages in his *Dream*, and *Cukoo*, and *Nightingale*, that when he attended the court at Woodstock, he resided at a square stone house near the park stile, which still retains his name.

The first authentic memorial of Chaucer, is the patent in Rymer, 41. Edward III. by which the king grants to him an annuity of 20 marks, by the title of *Valetus noster*. He was then in the 39th year of his age. How long he had served the king in that or any other station, and what particular merits were rewarded by this royal bounty, are points equally unknown. There is, however, no ground for supposing that this mark of his Majesty's favour was a reward of Chaucer's poetical merits. If it is considered that a few years after (48. Edward III.), the king appointed him Comptroller of the Wool, &c. in the port of London, with the following injunction in the patent: "So that the said Geoffrey write with his own hand his rolls, touching the said office, and continually reside there, and do and execute all things pertaining to the said office in his own proper person, and not by his substitute;"—it should seem that Edward, though adorned with many royal and heroic virtues, had not the gift of discerning and patronizing a great poet: a gift which, like that of genuine poetry, is only bestowed on the chosen few, by the peculiar favour of Heaven;

— neque enim, nisi carus ab ortu
Diis superis, poterit magno fuisse poeta.

MILT. MANSUS.

From this time Chaucer is frequently mentioned in various public instruments. In the 46. Edward III., [Rymer] the king appoints him Envoy (with two others) to Genoa, by the title of *Scutifer noster*. This embassy might probably have afforded him an opportunity of visiting Petrarch at Padua, where he tells us, in the prologue to the *Clerkes Tale*, he learned from him the story of Griselidis. But it is uncertain whether he ever went upon the embassy; and the biographers of Petrarch, who died the year following (1374), have not recorded the reverential visit of the English envoy.

THE LIFE OF CHAUCER.

"Some write," says Spaght, "that he, with Petrarke, was present at the marriage of Lionell Duke of Clarence, with Violante, daughter of Galeasius Duke of Millain; yet Paulus Jovius nameth not Chaucer, but Petrarke, he sayeth, was there." It appears from an instrument in Rymer [42. Edward III.], that the Duke of Clarence passed from Dover to Calais in his way to Milan, in the spring of 1368, with a retinue of 457 men and 1280 horses. That Chaucer might have attended the Duke upon this occasion, is not impossible; but his name does not appear among the "Grandi Signori Baroni Inghilese," who were "Com. Messere Lionell in compagnia" [Muratori]. In the 42. Edward III., he has a grant for life of a pitcher of wine daily [Rymer]. In the 49. Edward III. the king grants to him the wardship of Sir Edmund Staplegate's heir [Rymer], for which he received 1041. 2. and, in the next year, some money to the value of 711. 4s. 6d. [Urr. Life of Ch.]. In the last year of Edward III., he went to France with Sir Guichard D'Angle and Richard Stan [or Sturry], to treat of a marriage between Richard Prince of Wales, and a daughter of the French king [Froissart].

In the next year, 1. Richard II., his annuity of 20 marks was granted to him in lieu of the pitcher of wine daily. In his *Testament of Love*, he alludes to the misfortunes brought upon him by his meddling in the disturbances which happened in London in the 7. Richard II. What the real designs of John Comberton, commonly called John of Northampton, and his party, were, and how a trifling city-riot came to be treated as a rebellion, are points of great obscurity. There is good ground to believe that Comberton, in his endeavours to reform the city, according to the advice given by Wickliffe, was countenanced by the Duke of Lancaster, which may account for Chaucer's engagement with that party. When Chaucer fled to Holland, to avoid being examined in relation to these disturbances (as he says, *Test. of Love*) he was probably superseded in his office of Comptroller. It is probable, too, that he was confirmed in it on his return, though the instrument has not been produced. In the 11. Richard II., he had the king's license to surrender his two grants of 20 marks, in favour of John Scalby. This surrender was probably occasioned by his distressed circumstances. In the 13. Richard II., he appears to have been Clerk of the works at Westminster, &c., and in the following year at Windsor. In the 17. Richard II. the king granted him a new annuity of 20 l. [Rymer]. If he was ever possessed of Dunnington Castle in Berkshire (as his biographers suppose), he must have purchased it about this time; for it appears to have been in the possession of Sir Richard Adderbury, in the 17. Richard II. [Monast. Ang. ii. 474]. But there is no proof of any such purchase; and the situation of his affairs makes it highly improbable. The tradition of an oak in Dunnington park, called Chaucer's oak, may be sufficiently accounted for, without supposing that it was planted by Chaucer himself, as the castle was undoubtedly in the possession of Thomas Chaucer, who is supposed to be his son, for many years.

In the 21. Richard II. the king granted him his protection for two years [Rymer]; and in 22. a pipe of wine annually [*ibid*]. In the next year, the 1. Henry IV., his two grants of the annuity of 20 l., and of the pipe of wine, were confirmed to him [Rymer]; and at the same time, he had an additional grant of 40 marks, [*ibid*]. It appears that he received an annuity of 10 marks on account of his wife. He died, according to the inscription on his tombstone, in the 2. Henry IV., on the 25th of October 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. A monument was erected to his memory in 1556, by Mr. Nicholas Brigham of Oxford, upon which he caused his picture to be painted, from the original of Occleve, in the illuminated manuscript of his treatise *De regimine Principis*, together with the following inscription, which still remains.

M.S.

Qui fecit Anglorum vates noster maximus olim.

GALFRIDUS CHAUCER conditur hoc tumulo:

Annum si quæras Domini, si tempora vitæ,

Ecce notæ subsunt quæ tibi cuncta notant.

25 Octobris 1400.

Ærumnarum requies mors.

N. Brigham hos fecit Musarum nomine sumptus,

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The poetical compositions of Chaucer, particularly his *Canterbury Tales*, obtained him the highest place of distinction among his contemporaries. The tales, in all probability, were composed at different periods of his life. He connected them together in that dramatic structure in which they are at present, about the year 1383. They were first printed by our meritorious countryman William Caxton, the first English printer, as Ames supposes, about 1475 or 1476, and again in 1491. Subsequent editions were printed by Wynken de Worde, in 1495, and by Pynson in 1491, and 1526, which was the first that included his miscellaneous pieces. The next edition was printed by Godfrey in 1532, with Mr. William Thynne's dedication to Henry VIII., and a great number of pieces never before published. This edition was many times reprinted, as the standard edition of Chaucer's works, till the appearance of the editions of Stowe and Speght in 1561, 1597, and 1602; and of the edition undertaken by Urry, which was published some years after his death, in 1721, with a preface by Mr. Timothy Thomas. An edition of the *Canterbury Tales* was published by Thomas Tyrwhitt, Esq., in 4 vols. 8vo, 1775, to which was added, in 1778, a fifth volume, containing an "Essay on the Language and Verification of Chaucer," "an Introductory Discourse to the *Canterbury Tales*," and "a Glossary."

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On the literary character of Chaucer it is the less necessary to enlarge, as it has within these few years been so accurately and amply displayed by Mr. Warton, the learned historian of the English poetry, whose death is an irreparable loss to English literature, and Mr. Tyrwhitt, whose edition of the *Canterbury Tales* is the most curious, erudite, and valuable publication that has yet appeared in this country.

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from *Isambas, Libanus Defensor*, and other romances, in the same style, which are still extant; and therefore the tale may justly be called a prelude to *Don Quixotte*.

From Mr. Warton's survey of the poems of Chaucer, these conclusions are deduced concerning him:—That in cultivation and elegance, in harmony and perspicuity of versification, he surpasses his predecessors in an infinite proportion; that his genius was universal, and adapted to themes of unbounded variety; that his merit was not less in painting familiar manners with humour and propriety, than in moving the passions, and in representing the beautiful, or the grand objects of nature, with grace and sublimity; and that he appeared with all the lustre of a true poet, in an age which compelled him to struggle with a barbarous language, and a national want of taste; and when to write verses at all was a singular qualification.

THE CANTERBURY TALES.

THE PROLOGUE.

WHANNE that April with his shoures fote
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veine in swiche licour,
Of whiche vertue engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eke with his fote brethe
Enspired hath in every holt and hethe
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yroune,
And smale foules maken melodie,
That slepen al the night with open eye,
So prikketh hem nature in hir corages,
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmeres for to seken strange strondes,
To serve halwes couthe in sondry londes;
And specially from every shire's ende
Of Englelond to Canterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martyr for to seke
That hem hath holpen whan that they were seke.
Befelle that in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with devoute courage,
At night was come into that hostelrye
Wel nine-and-twenty in a compaignie
Of sondry folk, by aventure yalle
In felawship, and pilgrimes were they alle
That toward Canterbury wolden ride.
The chambres and the stables weren wide,
And wel we weren esed atte beste.
And shortly when the sonne was gon to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everich on,
That I was of hir felawship anon,
And made forward erly for to rise,
To take oure way ther, as I you devise.

VOL. I.

But natheles while I have time and space,
Or that I further in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it accordant to reison
To tellen you alle the condicion
Of eche of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degree,
And eke in what aarie that they were inne;
And at a knight than wol I firste beginne.
A *Knyght* ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the time that he firste began
To riden out, he loved chivalrie,
Trouthe and honour, frendshipp and curteisie,
Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,
And therto hadde he ridden, no man ferre,
As well in Cristendom as in Hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthinesse.
At Alifandre he was when it was wonne,
Ful oftens time he hadde the bord begonne
Aboven alle nations in Pruce;
In Lettowe hadde he reysed and in Ruce,
No Cristen man so ofte of his degree;
In Gerbade at the sieghe eke hadde he be
Of Algeir, and ridden in Belharie;
At Leyes was he, and at Satalie,
Whan they were wonne; and in the Grete See
At many a noble armee hadde he be
At mortel batailles hadde he ben sitene,
And foughten for our faith at Tramissene
In listes thries, and ay flain his foie.

This ilke worthy Knight hadde ben also

* Alexandria in Egypt was won (and immediately after abandoned) in 1365 by Pierre de Lusignan King of Cyprus.

† He had been placed at the head of the table, the usual compliment to extraordinary merit, as the commentators very properly explain it.

Some time with the Lord of Palatie *
 Agen another Hethen in Turkie,
 And evermore he hadde a foverene pris,
 And though that he was worthy, he was wise,
 And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
 He never yet no vilanie ne sayde
 In alle his lif unto no manere wight :
 He was a veray parfit gentil Knight.

But for to tellen you of his araie,
 His Lors was good, but he ne was not gaie.
 Of fustian he wored a gipon
 Alle besmotred with his habergeon,
 For he was late ycome fro his viage,
 And wente for to don his pilgrimage.

With him ther was his sone, a yonge *Squier*,
 A lover and a lusty bachelor,
 With lockes crull as they were laide in presse ;
 Of twenty yere age he was, I gesse.
 Of his stature he was of even lengthe,
 And wonderly deliver, and grete of strengthe ;
 And he hadde be sometime in chevachie
 In Flaunders, in Artois, and in Picardie,
 And borne him wel, as of so litel space,
 In hope to stonden in his ladies grace.

Embroded was he, as it were a mede
 Alle full of freshe floures white and rede :
 Singing he was or floyting alle the day :
 He was as freshe as is the moneth of May :
 Short was his gowne, with sleeves long and wide ;
 Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fayre ride :
 He coude songes make, and wel endite.
 Juste and eke dance, and wel pourtraie and write :
 So hote he loved, that by nightertale
 He slep no more than doth the nightingale :

Courteis he was, lowly and servisable,
 And carf before his fader at the table.

A *Keman* hadde he, and servantes no mo
 At that time, for him luste to ride so,
 And he was cladde in cote and hode of grene ;
 A shefe of peacock arwes bright and kene
 Under his belt he bare full thriflily :
 Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly :
 His arwes drouped not with fetheres lowe,
 And in his hond he bare a mighty bowe.

A not-bed hadde he, with a broune vilage :
 Of wood-craft coude he wel alle the usage :
 Upon his arme he bare a gaie bracer,
 And by his side a sword and a bokeler,
 And on that other side a gaie daggere,
 Harneised wel, and sharp as point of spere :
 A Cristofre on his brest of silver shene.
 An horne he bare, the baudrik was of grene :
 A forster was he sothely, as I gesse.

Ther was also a Nonne, a *Prioresse*,
 That of hire smiling was ful simple and coy,
 Hire gretest othe n'as but by Seint Eloy,
 And she was cleped Madam Eglentine ;
 Ful wel she sauge the service devine,
 Entuned in hire nose ful sweetly ;
 And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,
 After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
 For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe :
 At mete was she wel ytaughte withalle,
 She lette no morsel from hire lippes falle,

Ne wette hire fingres in hire sauce depe ;
 Wel coude he carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
 Thatte no drope ne fell upon hire keppe :
 In curtesie was sette ful moche hire left :
 Hire over lippe wiped she so clepe,
 That in hire cuppe was no ferthing sene
 Of grese when she dronken hadde hire draught ;
 Full femely after hire mete she raught :
 And likerly she was of grete disport,
 And ful pleisant and amiable of port,
 And peined hire to contrefetan chere
 Of court and ben estatelich of manere,
 And to ben holden digne of reverence.

But for to speken of hire confience,
 She was so charitable and so pitous
 She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
 Caughte in a trappe if it were ded or bledde.
 Of smale houndes hadde she, that she fedde
 With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede,
 But fore wept she if on of hem were dede,
 Or if men smote it with a yerde smert ;
 And all was confience and tendre herte.
 Ful femely hire wimple ypinched was,
 Hire nose tretis, hire eyen grey as glas ;
 Hire mouth full smale, and therto soft and red ;
 But likerly she hadde a fayre forehed :
 It was almost a spanne brode I trowe,
 For hardlyly she was not undergrowe.

Ful fetise was hire cloke, as I was ware,
 Of smale corall aboute hire arm she bare
 A pair of bedes gauded all with grene,
 And thereon heng a broche of gold ful shene
 On whiche was first ywritten a crowned A,
 And after *Amor vincit omnia*.

Another *Nonne* also with hire hadde she
 That was hire chapelaine, and *Prefester* thre.

A *Monk* ther was, a fayre for the maistrice,
 An out-rider that loved venerie ;
 A manly man to ben an abbot able ;
 Ful many a deinte hors hadde he in stable,
 And when he rode, men mighte his bridel here
 Gingeling in a whistling wind, as clere
 And eke as loude as doth the chapell belle
 Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.

The rule of Seint Maure and of Seint Benoit,
 Because that it was olde and somdele streit,
 This ilke monk lette olde thinges pace,
 And helde after the newe world the trace.
 He yave not of the text a pulled hen
 That saith that hunters ben not holy men,
 Ne that a monk whan he is rekkeles
 Is like to a fish that is waterles ;
 This is to say, a monk out of his cloistre ;
 This ilke text held he not worth an oistre ;
 And I say his opinion was good.
 What ! shulde he studie and make himselven wood,
 Upon a book in cloistre alway to pore,
 Or swinken with his hondes, and labour,
 As Austyn bit ? how shal the world be served ?
 Let Austyn have his swink to him reserved :
 Therefore he was a pricksaoure a right.
 Greihoundes he hadde as swift as foul of flight,
 Of pricking and of hunting for the hare
 Was all his lust ; for no cost wolde he spare.
 I saw his sleeves purfled at the hond
 With gris, and that the finest of the lond ;

* Palatium in Anatolia.

THE PROLOGUE.

And for to fasten his hood under his chinne
He hadde of gold ywrought a curious pinne;
A love-knotte in the greter ende ther was:
His hed was balled, and shone as any glas;
And eke his face, as it hadde ben anoint;
He was a lord ful fat, and in good point:
His eyen stepe, and rolling in his hed,
That stemed as a forneis of a led;
His bootes souple, his hors in gret estat;
Now certainly he was a fayre prelat:
He was not pale as a forpined goost;
A fat swan loved he best of any roost:
His palfrey was as broune as is a bery.

A *Freie* ther was, a wanton and a mery,
A limitour, a ful solempne man:
In all the ordres foure is non that can
So moche of daliance and fayre langage.
He hadde ymade ful many a mariage
Of yonge wimmen at his owen cost;
Until his ordre he was a noble post.
Ful wel beloved and familier was he
With frankleins over all in his contree,
And eke with worthy wimmen of the Toun,
For he had power of confession,
As saide himselfe, more than a curat,
For of his ordre he was a licenciat.
Ful swetely herde he confession,
And plefant was his absolution.
He was an esy man to give penance
Ther as he wiste to han a good pittance,
For unto a poure ordre for to give
Is signe that a man is wel yhrive;
For if he gave he dorste make avant
He wiste that a man was repentant;
For many a man so hard is of his herte,
He may not wepe although him fore smerte;
Therefore in stede of weping and praieres
Men mote give silver to the poure freres.

His tippet was ay farfed ful of knives
And pinnes for to given fayre wives:
And certainly he hadde a mery note;
Wel coude he finge and plaien on a rote.
Of yeddinges * he bare utterly the pris;
His nekke was white as the flour de lis;
Therto he strong was as a champioun,
And knew wel the tavernes in every toun,
And every hosteler and gay tapstere,
Better than a lazor or a beggere;
For unto swiche a worthy man as he
Accordeth nought, as by his faculte
To haven with sike lazars acquaintance:
It is not honest, it may not avance,
As for to delen with no swiche pouraille,
But all with riche and sellers of vitaille.

And over all, ther as profit shuld arise
Curteis he was, and lowly of service:
Ther n'as no man no wher so vertuous;
He was the beste begger in all his hous;
And gave a certaine ferme for the grant
Non of his bretheren came in his haunt:
For though a widewe hadde but a shoo,
(So plefant was his *In principio*)

* This word, being not understood, has been changed in some copies into *weddinges* and *weddinges*. It probably means a kind of song, from the Saxon *giddian* or *gidian*, to sing.

Yet wold he have a ferthing or he went;
His purchas was wel better than his rent:
And rage he coude as it hadde ben a whelp;
In lovedayes ther coude be mochel help;
For ther was he nat like a cloisterere,
With thredbare cope, as is a poure scolere,
But he was like a maister or a pope:
Of double worsted was his semicope,
That round was as a belle out of the presse,
Somwhat he lissed for his wantonnesse
To make his English swete upon his tonge;
And in his harping, whan that he hadde songe,
His eyen twinkled in his hed aright
As don the sterres in a frosty night.
This worthy limitour was cleped Huberd.

A *Marchant* was ther with a forked berd;
In mottelee, and highe on hors he sat,
And on his hed a faundrissh bever hat.
His bootes claped fayre and fetisly;
His retons spake he ful solempnely,
Souning alway the encrease of his winning;
He wold the see were kept * for any thing
Betwixen Middelburgh and Orewell.
Wel coude he in echanges fieldes selle.
This worthy man ful wel his wit besette;
Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
So stedfastly didde he his governance
With his bargeines and with his chevissance.
Forsothe he was a worthy man withalle,
But soth to sayn I n'ot how men him calle.

A *Clerk* ther was of Oxenford also,
That unto logike hadde long ygo.
As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat I undertake,
But loked holwe, and therto soberly.
Ful thredbare was his overest courtierpy,
For he hadde gotten him yet no benefice,
Ne was nought worldly to have an office;
For him was lever han at his beddes hed
Twenty bokes clothed in blake or red
Of Aristotle and his philosophie
Then robes riche, or fidel or sautrie:
But all be that he was a philosophe
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre,
But all that he might of his frendes hento
On bokes and on lerning he it spente,
And besily gan for the soules praie.
Of hem that yave him wherwith to scolaiie,
Of studie toke he moste cure and hede;
Not a word spake he more than was nede,
And that was said in forme and reverence,
And short and quike, and ful of high sentence;
Souning in moral vertue was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche.

A *Sergeant of the Lawe* ware and wise,
That often hadde yben at the paruis,
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence;
Discrete he was, and of grete reverence;
He semed swiche, his words were so wise;
Justice he was ful often in assise
By patent and by pleine commissioun:
For his science and for his high renown

* i. e. guarded. The old subsidy of tonnage or poundage was given to the king "pur la sauagerie et custodie del 'mer,'" 12 Edw. IV. c. 3.

THE PROLOGUE.

Of fees and robes had he many on ;
So grete a pourchafour was no wher non ;
All was fee simple to him in effect,
His pourchasing might not ben in suspect :
No wher so befy a man as he ther n'as,
And yet he semed better than he was.
In termes hadde he cas and domes alle
That fro the time of King Will, weren falle ;
Therto he coude endite and make a thing ;
Ther coude no wight pinche at his writing ;
And every statute coude he plaine by rote.
He rode but homely in a medlee cote
Girt with a feint of silk with barres smale.
Of his array tell I no lenger tale.

A *Frankleyn* was in this compaignie ;
White was his berd as is the dayesie :
Of his complexion he was sanguin ;
Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in win :
To liven in delit was ever his wone,
For he was Epicure's owen sone,
That held opinion that plein delit
Was veraily felicitye parfitte.
And housholder, and that a grete was he ;
Seint Julian he was in his contree.
His brede, his ale, was alway after on ;
A better envyned man was no wher non.
Withouten bake mete never was his hous
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous
It shewed in his hous of mete and drinke
Of alle deintees that men coude thinke.
After the sondry sefons of the yere
So changed he his mete and his sounpere.
Ful many a fat patrich hadde he in mewe,
And many a breme, and many a luce in stewe.
Wo was his coke but if his sauce were
Poynant and sharpe, and redy all his gere.
His table dormant in his halle alway
Stode redy covered alle the longe day.

At seffions there was he lord and fire ;
Full often time he was knight of the shire.
An anelace and a gipciere all of silk
Heng at his girdel white as morwe milk.
A shereve hadde he ben and a countour ;
Was no wher swiche a worthy vavafour *.

An *Haberdesher*, and a *Carpenter*,
A *Webbe*, a *Deyer*, and a *Tapiser*,
Were alle yclothed in a liverye
Of a solempne and grete fraternite.
Ful freshe and newe hir gere ypiked was ;
Hir knives were ychaped not with bras,
But all with silver wrought ful clene and wel,
Hir girdles and hir pouches every del :
Wel semed ech of hem a fayre burgeis
To sitten in a gild halle on the deis :
Everich for the wisdom that he can
Was shapeliich for to ben an alderman.
For catel hadden they ynough and rent,
And eke hir wives wolde it wel assent ;
And elles certainly they were to blame :
It is ful fayre to ben ycleped Madame,

And for to gon to vigiles all before,
And have a mantel reallich ybore.

A *Coke* they hadden with hem for the nones,
To boile the chickenes and the marie bones,
And poudre marchant, tart and galingale.
Wel coude he knowe a draught of London ale.
He coude roste, and sethe, and broile, and frie,
Maken mortrewes, and wel bake a pie ;
But gret harm was it, as it thoughte me,
That on his shinne a mormal hadde he.

For blanc manger that made he with the best,
A *Shipman* was ther woned fer by west ;
For ought I wote he was of Dertemouth :
He rode upon a rouncie, as he couthe,
All in a gowne of falding to the knee.
A dagger hanging by a las hadde hee
About his nekke under his arm adoun ;
The hote sommer hadde made his hewe all broun :
And certainly he was a good felaw ;

Ful many a draught of win he hadde draw
From Burdeux ward while that the chapmen slepe :
Of nice conscience toke he no kepe.
If that he faught and hadde the higher hand,
By water he sent hem home to every land.
But of his craft to reken wel his tides,
His streames and his strandes him besides,
His herberwe, his mone, and his lodemanage,
Ther was non swiche from Hull unto Cartage.
Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake ;
With many a tempest hadde his berd be shake :
He knew wel alle the havens as they were
Fro Gotland to the Cape de Finistere,
And every creke in Bretagne and in Spaine :
His barge ycleped was the Magdelaine.

With us ther was a *Doctour of Physike* *
In all this world ne was ther non him like
To speke of phisike and of surgerie,
For he was grounded in astronomie.
He kept his patient a ful gret del
In houres by his magike naturel :
Wel coude he fortunen the ascendent
Of his images for his patient.

He knew the cause of every maladie,
Were it of cold, or hote, or moist, or drie,
And wher engendred, and of what humour :
He was a veray parfite practisour.
The cause yknowe, and of his harm the rote,
Anon he gave to the fike man his bote.
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries
To send him dragges and his lettuaries,
For ech of hem made othe for to winne :
Hir frendship n'as not newe to beginne.
Wel knew he the old Esculapius,
And Dioscorides and eke Rufus,
Old Hippocras, Hali, and Gallien,
Serapion, Rasis, and Avicen,
Averrois, Damascene, and Constantin,
Bernard, and Gatifden, and Gilbertin.
Of his diete mesurable was he ;
For it was of no superfluitee,
But of gret nourishing and digestible :
His studie was but litel on the Bible.
In sanguin and in perfe he clad was alle
Lined with taffata and with sendalle.

* The precise import of this word is often as obscure as its original. See *Du Cange* in v. In this place it should perhaps be understood to mean the whole class of middling landholders.

THE PROLOGUE.

And yet he was but esy of dispence;
He kepte that he wan in the pestilence;
For gold in phisike is a cordial,
Therefore he loved gold in special.

A good *Wif* was ther of beside *Bathe*,
But she was som del dese, and that was scaethe.
Of cloth making she hadde swiche an haunt,
She passed hem of Ipres and of Gaunt.
In all the parish wif ne was ther non
That to the offering before hire shulde gon,
And if ther did, certain so wroth was she,
That she was out of alle charitee.
Hire coverchiefs weren ful fine of ground;
I dorste swere they weyeden a pound
That on the Sonday weren upon hire hede:
Hire hosen weren of fine scarlet rede,
Ful streite yteyed, and shoon ful moist and newe;
Bold was hire face, and fayre and rede of hew.
She was a worthy woman all hire live;
Housbondes at the chirche dore had she had five,
Withouten other compaignie in youthe,
But therof nedeth not to speke as nouthe;
And thries hadde she ben at Jerufaleme;
She hadde passed many a strange streme:
At Rome she hadde ben, and at Boloine,
In Galice at Seint James, and at Coloine:
She coude moche of wandring by the way;
Gat-tothed was she, sothly for to say;
Upon an ambler esily she sat,
Ywimpled wel, and on hire hede an hat
As brode as is a bokeler or a targe,
A fote mantel about hire hippes large,
And on hire fete a pair of spornes sharpe.
In felawship wel coude she laughe and carpe;
Of remedies of love she knew parhance,
For of that arte she coude the olde dance.

A good man ther was of religioun
That was a peure *Parson* of a toun,
But riche he was of holy thought and werk;
He was also a lerned man, a Clerk,
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche;
His parishens devoutly wolde he teche;
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversite ful patient,
And swiche he was ypreved often times;
Ful loth were him to curse for his tithes,
But rather wolde he yeven out of doute
Unto his poure parishens aboute
Of his offering, and eke of his substance;
He coude in litel thing have suffisance:
Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,
In sickness and in mischief to visite
The ferrest in his parish nioche and lite
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf:
This noble ensample is his shepe he yaf,
That first he wrought and afterward he taught,
Out of the gospel he the wordes caught,
And this figure he added yet thereto
That if gold ruste, what shuld iren do
For if a preest be foule on whom we trust
No wonder is a lewed man to rust;
And shame it is if that a preest take kepe
To see a flittren shepheard and clene shepe:

Wel ought a preest ensample for to yeve
By his clenensse how his shepe shulde live.

He sette not his benefice to hire,
And lette his shepe accombred in the mire,
And ran unto London unto Seint Poules
To seken him a chanterie for soules,
Or with a brotherhede to be withold,
But dwelt at home and kepte wel his fold,
So that the wolf ne made it not milcarie:
He was a shepheard and no mercenarie;
And though he holy were and vertuous
He was to sinful men not dispitous,
Ne of his speche dangerous ne digne,
But in his teching discrete and benigne.
To drawen folk to heaven with fairenesse;
By good ensample, was his besinesse;
But it were any persone obstinat,
What so he were of highe or low estat,
Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones:
A better preest I trowe that no wher non is,
He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
Ne naked him no spiced conscience
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve
He taught, but first he solwed it himselve.

With him ther was a *Plowman*, was his brother,
That hadde ylaid of dong ful many a fother;
A true fwinker and a good was he,
Living in pees and parite charitee:
God loved he beste with alle his herte
At alle times, were it gain or smerte,
And than his neighbeour right as himselve.
He wolde thresh, and therto dike and delve,
For Cristes sake, for every poure wight
Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.

His tithes paid he ful fayre and wel
Both of his propre fwinke and his catel.
In a tabard he rode upon a micre.

Ther was also a *Reve*, and a *Millere*,
A *Sompnour*, and a *Pardoner* also,

A *Manciple*, and myself; ther n'ere no mo.
The *Miller* was a stout carl for the nones,
Ful bigge he was of braun and eke of bones,
That proved wel, for over all ther he came,
At wrastling he wolde bere away the ram.
He was short shuldered, brode, a thikke gnarre,
Ther n'as no dore that he n'olde heve of barre
Or breke it at a renning with his hede;
His berd as any fowe or fox was rede,
And therto brode as though it were a spade,
Upon the cop right of his nose he hade
A wert, and theron stode a tuft of heres
Rede as the bristles of a fowes eres:
His nose-thirles blacke were and wide:
A swerd and bokeler bare he by his side:
His mouth as wide was as a forneis:
He was a jergler and a Goliardis,
And that was most of sinne and harlotries:
Wel coude he stelen corne and tollen thries;
And yet he had a thomb of gold parde,
A white cote and a blew hode wered he:
A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and dune,
And therewithall he brought us out of toun.
A gentil *Manciple* was ther of a temple,
Of which schatours mighten take ensample

For to ben wife in bying of vitaille,
For whether that he paide or toke by taille
Algate he waited so in his achate
That he was ay before in good estate :
Now is not that of God a ful sayre grace
That swiche a lewed mannes wit shal pace
The wisdom of an hepe of lered men ?

Of maisters had he mo than thries ten
That were of lawe expert and curious,
Of which ther was a dofein in that hous
Worthy to ben stewardes of rent and lond
Of any lord that is in Englelond,
To maken him live by his propre good
In honour detteles, but if he were wood,
Or live as scarcely as him list desire,
And able for to helpen all a shire
In any cas that mighte fallen or happe ;
And yet this Manciple sette hir aller cappe.

The Reve was a flemde colerike man,
His berd was shave as neighe as ever he can :
His here was by his eres round ythorne ;
His top was docked like a preest beforen :
Ful longe were his legges and ful lene,
Ylike a staff ; ther was no calf yfene :
Wel coude he kepe a garnier and a binne ;
Ther was non auditour coude on him winne ;
Wel wiste he by the drought and by the rain
The yelding of his seed and of his grain.
His lordes shepe, his nete, and his deirie,
His swine, his hors, his store, and his pultrie,
Were holly in his Reves governing,
And by his covenant yave he rekenyng,
Sin that his lord was twenty yere of age ;
Ther coude no man bring him in arerage.
Ther n'as bailliff, ne herde, ne other hine,
That he ne knew his sleight and his covine ;
They were adradde of him as of the deth.
His wonnyng was ful sayre upon an eth ;
With grene trees yshadewed was his place ;
He coude better than his lord pourchace :
Ful riche he was ystored privily :
His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly
To yve and lene him of his owen good,
And have a thank and yet a cote and hood.
In youthe he lerned hadde a good mistere ;
He was a wel good wright, a carpentere.
This Reve fate upon a right good flot
That was all pomelee grey, and highte Scot :
A long furcote of perse upon he hade,
And by his side he bare a rusty blade.
Of Norfolk was this Reve of which I tell,
Beside a toun men clepen Baldefwell.
Tucked he was, as is a frere aboute,
And ever he rode the hinderest of the route.

A Sampnour was ther with us in that place
That hadde a fire-red cherubinnes face,
For fausefeme he was, with eyen narwe ;
As hote he was and likerous as a sparwe,
With scalled browes blake and pilled berd ;
Of his visage children were sore aferd.
Ther n'as quicksilver, litarge, ne brimston,
Boras, ceruse, ne oile of tartre non,
Ne oinment, that wolde clense or bite,
That him might helpen of his wheelkes white,

Né of the knobbes sitting on his chekes :
Wel loved he garlike, onions, and lekes,
And for to drinke strong win as rede as blood,
Than wolde he speke and crie as he were wood ;
And whan that he wel dronken had the win,
Than wold he speken no word but Latin :
A fewe termes coude he, two or three,
That he had lerned out of som decree ;
No wonder is, he heard it all the day :
And eke ye known wel how that a jay
Can clepen watte as wel as can the pope :
But who so wolde in other thing him grope
Than hadde he spent all his philosophie ;
Ay *Questio quid juris ?* wolde he crie.

He was a gentil harlot * and a kind ;
A better felaw shulde a man not find :
He wolde suffre for a quart of wine
A good felaw to have his concubine
A twelvemonth, and excufe him at the full :
Ful prively a finch eke coude he pull ;
And if he found o where a good felawe
He wolde techen him to have non awe
In swiche a cas of the archedekenes curse,
But if a mannes soule were in his purse,
For in his purse he shulde ypunished be ;
Purse is the archedeakens helle, said he ;
But wel I wote he lied right in dede ;
Of cursing ought eche gilty man him drede,
For curse wol fle right as affoiling faveth,
And also ware him of a *significavit*.

In danger hadde he at his owen gife
The yonge girdles of the diocise,
And knew hir counseil and was of hir rede.
A gerlond hadde he sette upon his hede
As gret as it were for an alestake ;
A bokeler hadde he made him of a cake.

With him ther rode a gentil *Pardonere*
Of Rouncevall, his frend and his comperce,
That streit was comen from the court of Rome ;
Ful loude he sang, Come hither love to me.
This Sompnour bare to him a stiff burdoun,
Was never trompe of half so gret a soun.
This Pardonere had here as yelwe as wax.
But smoth it heng as doth a strike of flax ;
By unces heng his lokkes that he hadde,
And therewith he his sholders overspradde :
Full thinne it lay, by culpons on and on,
But hode for jolite ne wored he non.
For it was trussed up in his wallet.
Him thought he rode all of the newe get,
Dishevele, sauf his cappe, he rode all bare :
Swiche glaring eyen hadde he as an hare :
A vernicle hadde he sewed upon his cappe ;
His wallet lay beforen him in his lappe
Bret-ful of pardon come from Rome al hote :
A vois he hadde as smale as hath a gotte :
No berd hadde he, ne never non shulde have ;
As smothe it was as it were newe shave :
I trowe he were a gelding or a mare.

But of his craft, fro Berwike unto Ware

* The name of harlot was anciently given to men, as well as women.

THE PROLOGUE.

Ne was ther swiche an other Pardonere,
For in his male he hadde a pilwebere
Which, as he saide, was oure Ladies viel;
He saide he hadde a gobbet of the feyl;
Thatte Seint Peter had whan that he went
Upon the see till Jesu Crist him hent;
He had a crois of laton ful of stones,
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
But with these relikes whanne that he fond
A poure persone dwelling up on lond,
Upon a day he gat him more moneie
Than that the persone gat in monethes tweie;
And thus with fained flattering and japes
He made the persone and the peple his apes.

But trewely to tellen atte last,
He was in chirche a noble ecclesiast;
Wel coude he rede a lesoun or a storie,
But alderbest he sang an offertorie;
For wel he wiste whan that song was songe
He muste preache and wel ashe his tonge
To winne silver, as he right wel coude,
Therefore he sang the merier and lowde.

Now have I told you shortly in a clause
Th' estat, th' araie, the nombre, and eke the cause,
Why that assembled was this compaignie
In Southwerk at this gentil hostellerie
That highte The Tabard, fast by the Belle.
But now is time to you for to telle
How that we baren us that ilke night
Whan we were in that hostellerie alight;
And after wol I tell of our viage,
And all the remenant of our pilgrimage.

But firste I praie you of your curtesie
That ye ne arette it not my vilanie,
Though that I plainly speke in this matere,
To tellen you hir wordes and hir chere,
Ne though I speke hir words proprely;
For this ye knowen al so wel as I,
Who so shall telle a Tale after a man
He moste reherse as neighe as ever he can
Everich word, if it be in his charge,
All speke he never so rudely and so large,
Or elles he moste tellen his Tale untrewed,
Or feinen thinges, or finden wordes newe;
He may not spare although he were his brother;
He moste as wel sayn o word as an other.
Crist spake himself ful brode in holy writ,
And wel ye wote no vilanie is it:
Eke Plato sayeth, who so can him rede,
The wordes most ben cosin to the dede.

Also I praie you to forgive it me
All have I not sette folk in hir degree
Here in this Tale as that they shulden stonde;
My wit is short ye may well understonde.

Gret chere made our Hoste us everich on,
And to the soper sette he us anon.
And served us with vitaille of the beste;
Strong was the win, and wel to drink us leste.
A femely man our Hoste was with alle
For to han ben a marshal in an halle;
A large man he was, with eyen stepe;
A fairer burgeis is ther none in Chepe;
Bold of his speche, and wise, and wel ytaught,
And of manhood elaked right him naught:

Eke therto was he right a mary man,
And after soper plaien he began,
And spake of mirthe amonges other thinges;
Whan that we hadden made our rekeninges,
And saide thus; Now Lordinges, trewely
Ye ben to me welcome right hertily,
For by my trouthe, if that I shal not lie,
I saw nat this yere swiche a compaignie
At ones in this herberwe as is now;
Fayn wolde I do you mirthe and I wiste how;
And of a mirthe I am right now bethought;
To don you ese, and it shall coste you nought.
Ye gon to Canterbury; God you spede,
The blisful martyr quite you your mede;
And wel I wot as ye gon by the way,
Ye shapen you to talen and to play;
For trewely comfort ne mirthe is non
To riden by the way dombe as the ston;
And therefore wold I maken you disport,
As I said erst, and don you some comfort.
And if you liketh alle by on assent
Now for to stonden at my jugement,
And for to werchen as I shal you say
To-morwe, whan ye riden on the way,
Now by my faders soule that is ded
But ye be mery, smiteth of my hed:
Hold up your hondes withouten more speche.

Our counseil was not long for to seche;
Us thought it was not worth to make it wise,
And granted him withouten more avise,
And bad him say his verdit as him leste.
Lordinges, (quod he) now herkeneth for the beste;
But take it nat, I pray you, in disdein;
This is the point, to speke it plat and plain,
That eche of you to shorten with your way
In this viage shal tellen Tales tway,
To Canterbury ward I mene it so,
And homeward he shall tellen other two,
Of adventures that whilom han befall.
And which of you that bereth him best of alle,
That is to sayn, that telleth in this cas
Tales of best sentence and most solas,
Shall have a soper at youre aller cost
Here in this place sitting by this post,
Whan that ye comen agen from Canterbury.
And for to maken you the more mery
I wol my selyen gladly with you ride,
Right at min owen cost, and be your guide.
And who that wol my jugement withsay
Shal pay for alle we spenden by the way.
And if ye vouchesauf that it be so,
Telle me anon withouten wordes mo,
And I wol erly shapen me therfore.

This thing was granted, and our othes sworn
With ful glad herte, and praiden him also
That he wold vouchesauf for to don so,
And that he wolde ben our governour,
And of our Tales juge and reportour,
And sette a soper at a certain pris,
And we wol reuled ben at his devise
In highe and lowe*: and thus by on assent
We ben accorded to his jugement;

* In, or, *De alto et basso*, barb. Lat. *Haut et bas*, Fr. were expressions of entire submission on one side, and sovereignty on the other.

THE PROLOGUE

And therupon the win was sette anon :
We dronken, and to reſte wenten eche on
Withouthen any longer taryng.

A morwe when the day began to ſpring
Up roſe our Hoſte, and was our aller cok,
And gaderd us togeder in a flok,
And forth we riden a litel more than paſſe
Unto the watering of Seint Thomas,
And ther our Hoſte began his hors areſt,
And ſaid, Lordes, herkeneth if you leſt :
Ye wete your forword, and I it record :
If even ſong and morwe long accord,
Let ſe now who ſhal telle the firſt Tale :
As ever mote I drinken win or ale,
Who ſo is rebel to my jugement,
Shal pay for alle that by the way is ſpent,
Now draweth cutte or that ye forther twinne :
He which that hath the ſhortest ſhal beginne.

Sire Knight, (quod he) my maiſter and my lord,
Now draweth cutte, for that is min accord.

Cometh nere (quod he) my Lady Prioreſſe,
And ye fire Clerk; let be your ſhamefaſtneſſe,
Ne ſtudieth nought : lay hand to every man.

Anon to drawen every wight began,
And ſhortly for tellen as it was,
Were it by aventure, or fort, or caſ,
The ſothe is this, the cutte fell on the Knight,
Of which ful blith and glad was every wight;
And tell he muſt his Tale as was reſon,
By forword and by compoſition,
As ye han herd; what nedeth wordes mo?
And when this good man ſaw that it was ſo,
As he that wife was and obedient
To kepe his forword by his free aſſent,
He ſaide; Sithen I ſhal begin this game,
What, welcome be the cutte a Goddes name.
Now let us ride, and hearkeneth what I ſay.

And with that word we riden forth our way;
And he began with a right mery chere,
His Tale anon, and ſaide as ye ſhal here.

THE KNIGHTES TALE.

THE KNIGHTES TALE.

WHILOM, as olde stories tellen us,
Ther was a duk that highte Theseus;
Of Athenes he was lord and governour,
And in his time swiche a conquerour,
That greter was ther non under the sonne;
Ful many a riche contree had he wonne.
What with his wisdom and his chevalrie
He conquerd all the regne of Feminie,
That whilom was ycleped Scythia,
And wedded the freshe quene Ipolita,
And brought hire home with him to his contree
With moche glorie and great solemnpnitee,
And eke hire yonge suster Emelie.
And thus with victorie and with melodie
Let I this worthy duk to Athenes ride,
And all his host in armes him beside.

And certes, if it n'ere to long to here,
I wolde have told you fully the manere
How wonnen was the regne of Feminie
By Theseus and by his chevalrie,
And of the grete bataille for the nones
Betwix Athenes and the Amafones,
And how assaged was Ipolita,
The faire hardy quene of Scythia,
And of the feste that was at hire wedding,
And of the temple at hire home coming;
But all this thing I moste as now forbere:
I have, God wot, a large feld to ere,
And weke ben the oxen in my plow:
The remenent of my Tale is long ynow.
I wil not letten eke non of this route;
Let every felaw telle his Tale aboute,
And let se now who shal the souper winne.
Ther as I left I will agen beginne.

This duk, of whom I made mentioun,
Whan he was comen almost to the toun,
In all his wele and in his moste pride,
He was ware, as he cast his eye aside,
Wher that ther kneled in the highe wey
A compaignie of ladies twey and twey,
Eche after other, clad in clothes blake;
But swiche a crie and swiche a wo they make,
That in this world n'is creature living
That ever herd swiche another waimenting;
And of this crie he wolde they never stenten
Till they the reines of his bridel henten.

What folk be ye that at min home coming
Perturben so my feste with crying?
Quod Theseus; have ye so grete envie
Of min honour, that thus complaine and crie?
Or who hath you misboden or offended?
Do telle me, if that it may be amended,

And why ye be thus clothed all in blake?

The oldest lady of hem all than spake,
Whan she had swouned with a dedly chere,
That it was reute for to seen and here,
She sayde, Lord, to whom Fortune hath yeven
Victorie, and as a conqueror to liven,
Nought greveth us your glorie and your honour,
But we beseke you of mercie and socour:
Have mercie on our woe and our distresse:
Some drope of pitee thurgh thy gentillesse
Upon us wretched wimmen let now falle;
For certes, Lord, ther n'is non of us alle
That she n'hath ben a duchesse or a quene;
Now be we caitives, as it is wel fene:
Thanked be Fortune and hire false whele
That non estat ensureth to be wele.

And certes, Lord, to abiden your presence,
Here in this temple of the goddesse Clemence,
We han ben waiting all this fourtenight:
Now helpe us, Lord, sin it lieth in thy might.

I wretched wight, that wepe and waille thus,
Was whilom wif to King Capaneus
That starfe at Thebes, cursed be that day;
And alle we that ben in this aray,
And maken all this lamentation,
We losten all our husbondes at that toun,
While that the sieghe therabounten lay:
And yet now the olde Creon, wala wa!
That lord is now of Thebes the citee,
Fulfilled of ire and of iniquitee,
He for despit, and for his tyrannie,
To don the ded bodies a vilanie,
Of alle our lordes, which that ben yslawe,
Hath alle the bodies on an hepe ydrawe,
And will not suffren hem by non assent
Neyther to ben yberied ne ybrent,
But maketh boundes etc hem in despit.

And with that word, withouten more respite,
They fallen groff, and crien pitously,
Have on us wretched wimmen som mercy,
And let our sorwe sinken in thin herte.

This gentil duk down from his courler sterte
With herte piteous whan he herd hem speke:
Him thoughte that his herte wolde all to-broke
When he saw hem so pitous and so mate
That whilom weren of so gret estate,
And in his armes he hem all up hente,
And hem comforted in ful good entente,
And swore his oth, as he was trewe knight,
He wolde don so ferforthly his might
Upon the tyrant Creon hem to wreke.
That all the peple of Grece shulde speke

How Creon was of Theſeus yſerved,
As he that hath his deth-ful wel deſerved.

And right anon, withouten more abode,
His banner he diſplaide, and forth he rode
To Thebes ward, and all his hoſt beſide:
No ner Athenes n'olde he go ne ride,
Ne take his eſe fully half a day,
But onward on his way that night he lay,
And ſent anon Ipolita the queene,
And Emelie hire younge ſiſter ſhene,
Unto the toun of Athenes for to dwell;
And forth he rit; ther n'is no more to tell.

The red ſtatue of Mars, with ſpere and targe,
So ſhineth in his white banner large,
That all the ſeldes glitteren up and down;
And by his banner borne is his penon
Of gold ful riche, in which that ther was ybete
The Minotaure which that he ſlew in Crete.
Thus rit this duk, thus rit this conquerour,
And in his hoſt of chevalrie the flour,
Til that he came to Thebes, and alight
Payre in a feld, ther as he thought to fight.
But ſhortly for to ſpeken of this thing,
With Creon, which that was of Thebes king
He fought, and ſlew him manly as a knight
In plaine bataille, and put his folk to flight;
And by aſſaut he wan the citee after,
And rent adoun bothe wall, and ſparre, and raſter;
And to the ladies he reſtored again
The bodies of hir houſbondes that were ſlain,
To don the obſequies, as was tho the giſe.

But it were all to long for to deviſe
The grete clamour and the waïmenting
Whiche that the ladies made at the breñning
Of the bodies, and the gret honour
That Theſeus, the noble conquerour,
Doth to the ladies whan they from him wente;
But ſhortly for to telle is min entente.

Whan that this worthy duk, this Theſeus,
Hath Creon ſlain and wonnen Thebes thus,
Still in the feld he toke all night his reſte;
And did with all the cuntrye as him leſte:
To ranſake in the tas of bodies dede,
Hem for to ſtripe of harnes and of wede,
The pillours dide hir beſineſſe and cure,
After the bataille and diſcomſiture;
And ſo beſell that in the tas they found,
Thurgh girt with many a grevous bloody wound,
Two yonge knightes ligging by and by,
Bothe in on armes wrought ful richely;
Of whiche two Arcite highte that on,
And he that other highte Palamon,
Not fully quik ne fully ded they were,
But by hir cote armure and by hir gere
The heraudes knew him wel in ſpecial,
As tho that weren of the blod real
Of Thebes and of ſuſtren two yborne.
Out of the tas the pillours han hem torne,
And han hem carried ſoft unto the tente
Of Theſeus, and he ful ſone hem ſente
To Athes, for to dwellen in priſon
Perpetuel, he n'olde no raunſon.
And whan this worthy duk had thus ydon,
He toke his hoſt, and home he rit anon,

With laurel crouned as a conquerour,
And ther he liveth in joye and in honour
Terme of his lif; what nedeth wordes mo?
And in a tour in anguiſh and in wo
Dwellen this Palamon and eke Arcite
For evermo, ther may no gold hem quite.

Thus paſſeth yere by yere, and day by day,
Till it fell ones in a morwe of May
That Emelie, that ſayrer was to ſene
Than is the lillie upon his ſtalke grene,
And freſher than the May with floures new,
(For with the roſe colour ſtrof hire hewe;
I n'ot which was the finer of hem two)
Er it was day, as ſhe was wont to do,
She was ariſen, and all redy dight,
For May wol have no ſlogardie a night;
The ſefon prieth every gentil herte,
And maketh him out of his ſlepe to ſterte,
And ſayth, Ariſe, and do thin obſervance.

This maketh Emelie han remembrance
To don honour to May, and for to riſe;
Yclothed was ſhe freſhe for to deviſe,
Hire yelwe here was broided in a treſſe
Behind hire back, a yerde long I geſſe;
And in the gardin at the ſonne upriſt
She walketh up and down wher as hire liſt:
She gathereth floures, partie white and red,
To make a ſotel gerlond for hire hed;
And as an angel hevenlich ſhe ſong.
The grete tour that was fo thikke and ſtrong,
Which of the caſtel was the cheſt dongeon,
(Wher as theſe knightes weren in priſon,
Of which I tolde you, and tellen ſhal)
Was even joinant to the gardin wall,
Ther as this Emelie had hire playing. [ing

Bright was the ſonne and clere that morwen-
And Palamon, this woſul priſoner,
As was his wone, by leve of his gayler
Was riſen, and romed in a chambre on high,
In which he all the noble citee ſigh,
And eke the gardin, ful of branches grene,
Ther as this freſhe Emelia the ſheie
Was in hire walk, and romed up and down.

This forweſul priſoner, this Palamon,
Goth in his chambre roming to and fro,
And to himſelfe complaining of his wo:
That he was borne ful oft he ſayd Alas!

And ſo beſell, by aventure or caſ,
That thurgh a window thikke of many a barre
Of yren gret, and ſquare as any ſparre,
He caſt his eyen upon Emelia,
And therwithal he blent* and cried Al!
As though he ſongen were unto the herte:
And with that crie Arcite anon up ſterte,
And ſaide, Coſin min, what eyleth thee
That art ſo pale and dedly for to ſee?
Why crideſt thou? who hath thee don offence?
For Goddes love take all in patience

* This word has various ſenſes in Chaucer, as it is derived from blinnan, *ceſſare*; blindan, *cæcare*; or blendan, *miſcere*. It ſeems here to be uſed in a fourth ſenſe, the ſame in which Shakeſpeare uſes the verb to blench, i. e. to ſhrink or ſtart aſide. *Johnson's Dict.* in v. *Blench*. See *Gloss.* in v. *Blent*, part. of *Blench*.

Our prifon, for it may non other be;
 Fortune hath yeven us this adverfite:
 Som wikke aspect or difpofition
 Of Saturne, by foni conftellation,
 Hath yeven us this, although we had it fworn:
 So ftood the heven whan that we were born:
 We moſte endure; this is the ſhort and plain.

This Palamon anwerde, and fayde again,
 Coſin, forſoth of this opinion
 Thou haſt a vaine imagination:
 This prifon cauſed me not for to crie,
 But I was hurt right now thurghout min eye
 Into min herte, that wol my bane be:
 The fayrneſſe of a lady that I ſe
 Yond in the gardin roming to and fro
 Is cauſe of all my crying and my wo:
 In'ot whe'r ſhe be woman or goddeſſe,
 But Venus is it ſothly as I geſſe.

And therewithall on knees adoun he fill,
 And fayde; Venus, if it be your will
 You in this gardin thus to tranſfigure,
 Before me ſorweful wretched creature,
 Out of this prifon helpe that we may ſcape;
 And if ſo be our deſtine be ſhape
 By eterne word to dien in prifon,
 Of our lignage have ſome compaſſion,
 That is ſo low ybrought by tyrannie.

And with that word Arcita gan eſpie
 Wher as this lady romed to and fro,
 And with that ſight hire beaute hurt him ſo,
 That if that Palamon were wounded fore
 Arcite is hurt as moche as he or more:
 And with a ſigh he ſayde pitouſly,
 The freſhe beaute ſleth me ſodenly
 Of hire that rometh in the yonder place;
 And but I have hire mercie and hire grace,
 That I may ſeen hire at the leſte way,
 I n'am but ded; ther n'is no more to fay.

This Palamon, whan he theſe wordes herd,
 Diſpitouſly he loked, and anwerd,
 Whether ſayeſt thou this in ernest or in play?

Nay, quod Arcite, in ernest by my fay;
 God helpe me ſo, me luſt full yvel play.

This Palamon gan knit his browes tway.
 It were, quod he, to thee no gret honour
 For to be falſe, ne for to be traytour
 To me, that am thy coſin and thy brother
 Yſworne ful depe, and eche of us to other,
 That never for to dien in the peine
 Til that the deth departen ſhal us tweine,
 Neyther of us in love to hindre other,
 Ne in non other caſ, my leve brother;
 But that thou ſhuldeſt trewely forther me
 In every caſ as I ſhuld forther thee.
 This was thiſ oth, and min alſo certain;
 I wot it wel thou darſt it not withſain:
 Thus art thou of my conſeil out of doute,
 And now thou woldeſt falſly ben aboute
 To love my lady whom I love and ſerve,
 And ever ſhal til that min herte ſterve.

Now certes, falſe Arcite, thou ſhalt not ſo:
 I loved hire firſt, and tolde thee my wo.
 As to my conſeil, and my brother ſworne
 To forther me as I have told beſore,

For which thou art ybounden as a knight
 To helpen me, if it lie in thy might,
 Or elles art thou falſe I dare wel ſain.

This Arcita full proudly ſpake again.
 Thou ſhalt, quod he, be rather falſe than I,
 And thou art falſe, I tell thee utterly;
 For *par amour* I loved hire firſt or thou.
 What wolt thou ſayn? thou wiſteſt nat right now
 Whether ſhe were a woman or a goddeſſe:
 Thin is affection of holineſſe,
 And min is love as to a creature,
 For which I tolde thee min aventure,
 As to my coſin and my brother ſworne.

I poſe that thou lovedeſt hire beſore:
 Wolt thou not wel the olde clerkes ſawe †,
 That who ſhall give a lover any lawe?
 Love is a greter lawe by my pan
 Then may be yeven of any erthly man;
 And therfore poſitif lawe and ſwiche decre
 Is broken all day for love in eche degree.
 A man moſte nedes love maugre his hed;
 He may not ſceen it though he ſhuld be ded,
 All be ſhe maid, or widewe, or elles wiſ.

And eke it is not likely all thy lif
 To ſtonden in hire grace, no more ſhal I;
 For wel thou wolt thy ſelven verally
 That thou and I be damned to prifon
 Perpetuel; us gaineth no raunſon.

We ſtrive as did the houndes for the bone,
 They fought all day, and yet hir part was none:
 Ther came a kyte, while that they were ſo wrothe,
 And bare away the bone betwix hem bothe.
 And therfore at the kinges court, my brother,
 Eche man for himſelf, ther is non other.
 Love if thee luſt, for I love, and ay ſhal;
 And ſothly, leve brother, this is al.
 Here in this prifon moſten we endure,
 And everich of us take his aventure.

Gret was the ſtrif, and long betwix him tway,

If that I hadde leiſer for to ſey:

But to th' effect. It happed on a day,

(To tell it you as ſhortly as I may)

A worthy duk that highte Perithous,

That ſelaw was to this duk Theſeus

Sin thiſke day that they were children lit,

Was come to Athenes his ſelaw to viſite,

And for to play as he was wont to do,

For in this world he loved no man ſo,

And he loved him as tendrely again:

So wel they loved, as olde bokes ſain,

That whan that on was dede, ſothly to tell,

His ſelaw wente and fought him doun in hell:

But of that ſtorie liſt me not to write.

Duk Perithous loved wel Arcite,

And had him knowe at Thebes yere by yere:

And finally, at requeſt and praicre

Of Perithous, withouten any raunſon,

Duk Theſeus him let out of prifon,

† The olde clerk is Boethius, from whoſe book *De Conſolatione*, Chaucer has borrowed largely in many places. The paſſage alluded to is in l. ii. met. 12.

Quis legem det amantibus?

Major lex amor est huius.

Frely to gon wher that him list over all,
In swiche a gise as I you tellen shall.

This was the forword, plainly for to endite,
Betwixen Theseus and him Arcite;
That if so were that Arcite were yfound
Ever in his lif, by day or night, o ffound
In any countree of this Theseus,
And he were caught, it was accorded thus,
That with a swerd he shulde lese his hed;
Ther was non other remedie ne rede;
But taketh his leve, and homeward he him spedde:
Let him beware, his nekke lieth to wedde.

How gret a sorwe suffereth now Arcite?
The deth he feleth thurgh his herte smite;
He wepeth, waileth, crieth pitously,
To sleen himself he waiteth prively.
He said, Alas the day that I was borne!
Now is my prison werse than beforne;
Now is me shape eternally to dwelle
Not only in purgatorie but in helle.
Alas! that ever I knew Perithous,
For elles had I dwelt with Theseus,
Yfetered in his prison evermo;
Than had I ben in blisse and not in wo:
Only the fight of hire whom that I serve,
Though that I never hire grace may deserve,
Wold have sufficed right ynough for me.

O dere cofin Palamon, quod he,
Thin is the victorie of this aventure;
Ful blisful in prison maigest thou endure:
In prison? certes nay, but in paradise.
Wel hath Fortune yturned thee the disce,
That hast the fight of hire and I th' absence,
For possible is, sin thou hast hire presence,
And art a knight, a worthy and an able,
That by some cas, sin Fortune is changeable,
Thou maigest to thy desir somtime atteine:
But that I am exiled, and barreine
Of alle grace, and in so gret despaire,
That ther n'is erthe, water, fire, ne aire,
Ne creature, that of hem maketh is,
That may me hele or don comfort in this,
Wel ought I sterve in wanhope and distresse.
Farewel my lif, my lust, and my gladnesse.

Alas! why plainen men so in commune
Of purveiance of God or of Fortune,
That yeveth hem ful oft in many a gise
Wel better than they can hemself devise?
Som man desireth for to have richesse,
That cause is of his murdre or gret siknesse;
And som man wold out of his prison fayn,
That in his house is of his meynie slain.
Infinite harmes ben in this matere:
We wote not what thing that we praien here.
We faren as he that dronke is as a mous:
A dronken man wot wel he hath an hous,
But he ne wot which is the right way thider,
And to a dronken man the way is slider,
And certes in this world so faren we.

We seken fast after felicite,
But we go wrong ful often trewely.
Thus we may sayen alle, and namely I,
That wende, and had a gret opinion,
That if I might escapen fro prison

Than I had ben in joye and parfitte hele,
Ther now I am exiled fro my wele.
Sin that I may not seen you Emelie
I n'am but ded; ther n'is no remedie.

Upon that other side Palamon,
Whan that he wist Arcita was agon,
Swiche sorwe he maketh, that the grette toun
Refouged of his yelling and clamour.
The pure fetters on his shinnies grette
Were of his bitter salte teres wete.

Alas! quod he, Arcita, cofin min,
Of all our strif, God wot, the frute is thin.
Thou walkest now in Thebes at thy large,
And of my wo thou yevest litel charge.
Thou maist, sith thou hast wisdom and manhede,
Assemblen all the folk of our kinrede,
And make a werre so sharpe on this contree,
That by som aventure or som tretce
Thou maist have hire to lady and to wif
For whom that I must nedes lese my lif.

For as by way of possibilitee,
Sith thou art at thy large of prison free,
And art a lord, gret is thin advantage,
More than is min, that sterve here in a cage:
For I may wepe and waille while that I live,
With all the wo that prison may me yeve,
And eke with peine that love me yeveth also,
That doubleth all my tourment and my wo.

Therwith the fire of jalousie up sterste
Within his brest, and hent him by the herte
So woody, that he like was to behold
The box-tree, or the ashen ded and cold.
Then said he; O cruel Goddes! that governe
This world with binding of your word eterne,
And writen in the table of athamant
Your parlement and your eterne grant,
What is mankind more unto yhold
Than is the shepe that rouketh in the fold?
For slain is man right as another beest,
And dwelleth eke in prison and arrest,
And hath siknesse and gret adverseite,
And often times gilteles parde.

What governance is in this prescience
That gilteles turmenteth innocence?
And yet encrefeth this all my penance,
That man is bounden to his observance
For Goddes sake to leten of his will,
Ther as a beest may all his lust fulfill,
And when a beest is ded he hath no peine;
But man after his deth mot wepe and pleine,
Though in this world he have care and wo:
Withouten doute it maye stonden so.

The answer of this lete I to divines,
But wel I wote that in this world gret pine is.
Alas! I see a serpent or a thefe,
That many a trewe man hath do meschefe,
Gon at his large, and wher him lust may turn.
But I mošte ben in prison thurgh Saturn,
And eke thurgh Juno, jalous and eke wood
That hath wel neye destruid all the blood
Of Thebes, with his waste walls wide.
And Venus sleeth me on that other side
For jalousie, and fere of him Arcite.

Now wol I stent of Palamon a lite,

And leten him in his prifon ftill dwelle,
And of Arcite forth I wol you telle.

The fommer paffeth, and the nightes long
Encrefen double wife the peines strong
Both of the lover and of the prifoner;
I n'et which hath the wofuller mifere
For fhortly for to fay, this Palamon
Perpetuclly is damned to prifon,
In chaines and in fetters to ben ded;
And Arcite is exiled on his hed
For evermore as out of that contree,
Ne never more he fhall his lady fee.

You lovers axe I now this queftion,
Who hath the werfe, Arcite or Palamon?
That on my fe his lady day by day,
But in prifon moſte he dwellen alway:
That other wher him luſt may ride or go,
But ſen his lady ſhal he never mo.
Now demeth as you liſte, ye that can,
For I wil tell you forth as I began.

When that Arcite to Thebes comen was, —
Ful oft a day he ſwelt and ſaid Alas!
For ſen his lady ſhal he never mo.
And fhortly to concluden all his wo,
So mochel ſorwe hadde never creature
That is or ſhal be while the world may dure.
His ſlepe, his mete, his drinke, is him byraft,
That lene he wex, and drie as is a ſhaft.
His eyen holwe, and griſly to behold,
His hewe falwe, and pale as aſhen cold,
And ſolitary he was, and ever alone,
And wailing all the night, making his mone:
And if he herde ſong or inſtrument,
Than would he wepe, he mighte not be ſtent.
So feble were his ſpirites, and ſo low,
And changed ſo, that no man coude know
His ſpeche ne his vois, though men it herd.
And in his gere, for all the world he ferd
Nought only like the lovers maladie,
Of Erees, but rather ylike manie,
Engendred of humours melancolike,
Beforen his hed in his cello fantaſtike.
And fhortly turned was all up ſo down
Both habit and eke diſpoſitioun
Of him, this woful lover Dan Arcite,
What ſhuld I all day of his wo endite?

Whan he endured had a yere or two
This cruel torment, and this peine and wo,
At Thebes, in his contree, as I ſaid,
Upon a night in ſlepe as he him laid,
Him thought how that the winged god Mercury
Beforen him ſtood, and bad him to be mery.
His ſlepy yerde in hond he bare upright;
An hat he wered upon his heres bright:
Arraied was this god (as he toke kepe)
As he was whan that Argus toke his ſlepe,
And ſaid him thus; To Athens ſhalt thou wende;
Ther is thee ſhapen of thy wo an ende.

And with that word Arcite awoke and ſtert.
Now trewely how ſore that ever me ſmert.
Quod he, to Athenes right now wol I fare;
Ne for no drede of deth ſhall I not ſpare
To ſe my lady, that I love and ſerve;
In hire preſence I rekke not to ſterve,

And with that word he caught a gret mirrour,
And ſaw that changed was all his colour,
And ſaw his viſage all in another kind;
And right anon it ran him in his mind,
That ſith his face was ſo diſfigured
Of maladie, the which he had endured,
He mighte wel, if that he bare him lowe,
Live in Athenes evermore unknowe,
And ſen his lady wel nigh day by day,
And right anon he changed his aray,
And clad him as a poure labourer.
And all alone, ſave only a ſquier,
That knew his privite and all his caſe,
Which was diſguiſed pourely as he was,
To Athenes is he gone the nexte way.
And to the court he went upon a day,
And at the gate he proffered his ſervice,
To druge and draw what ſo men wold deviſe,
And ſhortly of this matere for to ſayn,
He fell in office with a chamberlain,
The which that dwelling was with Emelie,
For he was wiſe, and coude ſone eſpie
Of every ſervent which that ſerved hire;
Wel coude he hewen wood, and water bere,
For he was yonge and mighty for the nones,
And therto he was ſtrong and big of bones.
To don that any wight can him deviſe.

A yere or two he was in this ſervice,
Page of the chambre of Emelie the bright,
And Philostrate he ſayde that he might.
But half ſo wel beloved a man as he
Ne was ther never in court of his degre.
He was ſo gentil of condition,
That thurghout all the court was his renowne,
They ſayden that it were a charite,
That Theſeus wold enhaunce his degre,
And putten him in worſhipful ſervice,
Ther as he might his vertues exerciſe.
And thus within a while his name is ſpronge,
Both of his dedes and of his good tonge,
That Theſeus had taken him ſo nere,
That of his chambre he made him a ſquier,
And gave him gold to mainteine his degre;
And eke men brought him out of his contree,
Fro yere to yere ful prively his rent;
But honeſtly and ſleightly he it ſpent,
That no man wondred how that he it hadde,
And thre yere in this wiſe his liſe he ladde,
And bare him ſo in pees and eke in werre,
Ther n'as no man that Theſeus hath derre,
And in this bliſſe let I now Arcite,
And ſpeke I wol of Palamon a lite.

In derkenefſe and horrible and ſtrong prifon,
This ſeven yere hath ſitten Palamon,
Forpined, what for love and for diſtreſſe,
Who ſeleth double ſorwe and hevineſſe,
But Palamon? that love diſtraineth ſo,
That wood out of his wit he goth for wo,
And eke therto he is a prifonere,
Perpetuall, not only for a yere.

Who coude time in Engliſh properly
His martirdom? forſoth it am not I,
Therefore I paſſe as lightly as I may,
It ſell that in the ſeventh yere, in May,

The thridde night, (as olde bokes sayn,
That all this storie tellen more plain)
Were it by aventure or destinee,
(As when a thing is shapen it shal be)
That sone after the midnight Palamon,
By helping of a frend, brake his prison,
And fleeth the cite faste as he may go,
For he had yeven drinke his gayler so,
Of a clarre made of a certain wine,
With narcotikes and opie of Thebes fine, [shake,
That all the night though that men wold him
The gailer slept, he mighte not awake:
And thus he fleeth as faste as ever he may.

The night was short, and faste by the day,
That nedes cost he moste himselfen hide;
And to a grove faste ther beside
With dredful foot then stalketh Palamon:
For shortly this was his opinion,
That in that grove he wold him hide all day,
And in the night than wold he take his way
To Thebes ward, his frendes for to preie
On Theseus to helpen him warreie:
And shortly, eyther he wold lese his lif
Or winnen Emelie unto his wif:
This is the effect, and his entente plein.

Now wol I turnen to Arcite agein,
That litel wist how neighe was his care,
Till that Fortune had brought him in the snare.
The besy lark, the messager of day,
Salewith in hire song the morwe gray,
And sory Phebus riseth up so bright,
That all the orient laugheth of the sight,
And with his streames drieth in the greves
The silver drops hanging on the leves.
And Arcite, that is in the court real
With Theseus the squier principal,
Is risen, and loketh on the mery day;
And for to don his observance to May,
Remembring on the point of his desire,
He on his courser, sterling as the fire,
Is ridden to the feldes him to pley,
Out of the court, were it a mile or twey;
And to the grove of which that I you told
By aventure his way he gan to hold,
To maken him a gerlond of the greves,
Were it of woodbind or of hauthorn leves,
And loud he song agen the sonne shene.

Maye, with all thy flours and thy grene,
Right welcome be thou faire freshe May,
I hope that I some grene here getten may.
And from his courser with a lusty herte
Into the grove ful hastily he sterre,
And in a path he romed up and down,
Ther as by aventure this Palamon
Was in a bush, that no man might him se,
For fore asered of his deth was he.
Nothing he knewe he that it was Arcite:
God wot he wold have trowed it ful lite.
But soth is said, gon fithen are many yeres,
That feld hath eyen, and the wood hath eres,
It is ful faire a man to bere him even
For al day meten men at unset steven.
Ful litel wote Arcite of his felaw,
That was so neighe to herken of his faw,

For in the bush he sitteth now ful still.

Whan that Arcite had romed all his fill,
And songen all the roundel lustily,
Into a studie he fell sodenly,
As don thes lovers in hir queinte geres,
Now in the crop, and now down in the breres.
Now up, now down, as boket in a well.
Right as the Friday, sothly for to tell,
Now shineth it, and now it raineth fast;
Right so can gery Venus overcast
The hertes of hire folk, right as hire day
Is gerfull, right so changeth the aray.
Sekle is the Friday all the weke ylike.

Whan Arcite hadde yfonge, he gan to fike,
And set him down withouten any more;
Alas! (quod he) the day that I was bore!
How longe, Juno, thurgh thy crueltee
Wilt thou werreien Thebes the citee?
Alas! ybrought is to confusion
The blood real of Cadme and Amphion:
Of Cadmus, which that was the firste man
That Thebes built, or firste the toun began;
And of the citee firste was crowned king,
Of his linage am I, and his ofspring
By veray line, as of the stok real;
And now I am so caitif and so thral,
That he that is my mortal enemy
I serve him as his squier pourely.
And yet doth Juno me wel more shame,
For I dare not beknowe min owen name,
But ther as I was wont to highte Arcite,
Now highte I Ahilofrat not worth a mite,
Alas! thou fell Mars, alas! thou Juno,
Thus hath your ire our linage all fordo,
Save only me and wretched Palamon,
That Theseus martireth in prison.
And over all this, to fien me utterly,
Love hath his fry dart so breningly
Ystiked thurgh my trewe careful hert,
That shapen was my deth erst than my shert,
Ye fien me with your eyen Emelie;
Ye ben the cause wherfore that I die.
Of all the remenant of min other care,
Ne set I not the mountance of a tare,
So that I could don ought to your pleance.

And with that word he fell down in a trance
A longe time, and afterward up sterre.
This Palamon, that thought thurghout his herte,
He felt a colde sward sodenly glide;
For ire he quoke, no lenger wolde he hide:
And whan that he had herd Arcites tale,
As he were wood, with face ded and pale.
He sterre him up out of the bushes thikke
And sayde: Falso Arcite, falso traitour wicke,
Now art thou hent, that lovest my lady so,
For whom that I have all this peine and wo,
And art my blood, and to my conseil sworn,
As I ful oft have told thee herebeforn,
And hast beiaiped here Duk Theseus,
And falsly changed hast thy name thus;
I wol be ded, or elles thou shalt die:
Thou shalt not love my lady Emelie,
But I wol love hire only and no mo,
For I am Palamon thy mortal fe.

And though that I no wepen have in this place,
But out of prifon am aftert by grace,
I drede nought that eyther thou shalt die
Or thou ne shalt nat loven Emelie:
Chefe which thou wolt, for thou shalt not afterte.

This Arcite, tho with ful difpitous herte,
Whan he him knew, and had his tale herd,
As fers as a leon pulled out a fwerd,
And fayde thus; By God that sitteth above,
N'ere it that thou art fike and wood for love,
And eke that thou no wepen haft in this place,
Thou fhuldest never out of this grove pace,
That thou ne fhuldest dien of min hond;
For I defie the furetee and the bond
Which that thou faift that I have made to thee.
What! veray fool, thinke wel that love is free,
And I wol love hire maugre all thy might.
But for thou art a worthy gentil knight,
And wilneft to darraine hire by bataille,
Have here my trouth, to morwe I will not faille,
Withouten weting of any other wight,
That here I wol be founden as a knight,
And bringen harnes right ynough for thee,
And chefe the beffe, and leve the werfte for me.
And mete and drinke this night wol I bring
Ynough for thee, and cloathes for thy bedding;
And if fo be that thou my lady win,
And fle me in this wode, ther I am in,
Thou maift wel have thy lady as for me.

This Palamon answered, I grant it thee:
And thus they ben departed till a morwe.
Whan ech of hem hath laid his faith to borwe.

O Cupide! out of alle charitee,
O regne! that wolt no felaw have with thee,
Ful foth is fayde, that love ne lordfhip
Wol nat his thankes have no felawfhip.
Wel finden that Arcite and Palamon.

Arcite is ridden anone unto the toun,
And on the morwe, or it were day light,
Ful prively two harnes hath he dight,
Both fuffifant and mete to darraine
The bataille in the field betwix hem tweine;
And on his hors, alone as he was borne,
He carieth all this harnes him beforne;
And the grove, at time and place yfette,
This Arcite and this Palamon ben mette.
Tho changen gan the colour in hir face,
Right as the hunter in the regne of Trace
That stondeth at a gappe with a fperre,
Whan hunted is the lion or the bere,
And hereth him come rushing in the greves,
And breking bothe the boughes and the leves.
And thinketh here cometh my mortal enemy,
Withouten faile he muft be ded or I:
For eyther I mote flain him at the gappe,
Or he mote flen me if that me mishappe.
So ferden they in changing of hir hewe,
As fer as eyther of hem other knewe.
Ther n'as no good day, ne no faluing,
But freit withouten wordes reherfing
Everich of hem halpe to armen other
As frendly as he were his owen brother;
And after that with sharpe fperes strong
They foineden ech at other wonder long.

Thou mightest wenen that this Palamon
In his fighting were as wood leon,
And as a cruel tigre was Arcite:
As wilde bores gan they togeder fmite,
That frothen white as fume for ire wood;
Up to the ancle foughte they in hir blood;
And in this wise I let hem fighting dwelle,
And forth I wol of Thefeus you telle.

The deftinee, miniftre general,
That executeth in the world over al
The purveiance that God hath fen beforne,
So ftrong it is, that though the world hath sworne
The contrary of a thing by ya or nay,
Yet fomtime it fhall fallen on a day
That falleth nat efte in a thousand yere
For certainly our appetites here,
Be it of werre, or pees, or hate, or love,
All is this ruled by the fight above.
This mene I now by mighty Thefeus,
That for to huntun is fo defirous,
And namely at the grete hart in May,
That in his bed ther daweth him no day
That he n'is clad, and redy for to ride.
With hunte and horne, and houndes him befide;
For in his hunting hath he fwihe delite,
That it is all his joye and appetite
To ben himfelf the grete harts bane;
For after Mars he ferveth now Diane.

Clere was the day, as I have told or this,
And Thefeus, with alle joye and blis,
With his Ipolitia, the fayre quene,
And Emelie, yclothed all in grene,
On hunting ben thy ridden really:
And to the grove, that flood ther fafte by,
In which ther was an hart as men him told,
Duk Thefeus the freite way hath hold,
And to the launde he rideth him fel right,
Ther was the hart ywont to have his flight,
And over a brooke, and fo forth on his wey.
This duk wol have a cours at him or twey
With houndes, fwiche as him luft to commaunde,
And when this duk was comen to the launde,
Under the sonne he lokod, and anon
He was ware of Arcite and Palamon,
That foughten breme, as it were bolles two;
The brighte fwerdes wenten to and fro
So hidoufly that with the lefte froke
It femed that it wolde felle an oke,
But what they weren nothing he ne wote:
This duk his courfer with his fporres smote,
And at a ftert he was betwix hem two,
And pulled out a fwerd and cried, Ho!
No more, up peine of lefing of your hed;
By mighty Mars he fhall anon be ded
That fmiteh any froke that I may fen!
But telleth me what miftre men ye ben,
That ben fo hardy to to figheten here
Withouten any juge or other offiere,
As though it were in liftes really.

This Palamon answered haftily
And faide; Sire, what nedeth wordes mo?
We have the deth deferved bothe two:
Two woful wretches ben we, two caitives,
That ben accombred of our owen lives,

And as thou art a rightful lord and iuge;
 Ne yeve us neyther mercie ne refuge;
 And fle me first for feinte charitee,
 But fle my felaw eke as wel as me;
 Or fle him first, for though thou know it lite,
 This is thy mortal fo, this is Arcite,
 That fro thy lond is banished on his hed,
 For which he hath deserved to be ded;
 For this is he that came unto thy gate,
 And sayde that he highte Philostrate.
 Thus hath he japed thee ful many a yere,
 And thou hast makid him thy chief squiere,
 And this is he that loveth Emelie.

For sith the day is come that I shal die
 I make plainly my confession,
 That I am thilke woful Palamon
 That hath thy prison broken wilfully;
 I am thy mortal fo, and it am I
 That loveth so hot Emelie the bright.
 That I wold dien present in hire sight,
 Therefore I axe deth and my iewife,
 But fle my felaw in the same wise,
 For both we have deserved to be slain.

This worthy duk answerd anon again,
 And sayd, This is a short conclusion;
 Your owen mouth, by your confession,
 Hath damned you, and I wol it recorde;
 It nedeth not to ping you with the corde:
 Ye shul be ded by mighty Mars the Rede.

The quene anon for veray womanhede
 Gan for to wepe, and so did Emelie,
 And all the ladies in the compaignie.
 Gret pite was it, as it thought hem alle,
 That ever swiche a chance shulde befallé,
 For gentilmen they were of gret estat,
 And nothing but for love was this debat;
 And sawe hir bloody woundes wide and fore,
 And alle criden bothe lesse and more,
 Have mercie Lord upon us wimmen alle,
 And on hir bare knees adoun they falle,
 And wold have kist his feet ther as he stood,
 Till at the last asslaked was his mood;
 (For pitce renneth fone in gentil herte)
 And though he first for ire quoke and sterre,
 He had considered shortly in a claufe
 The trespass of hem both, and eke the cause;
 And although that his ire hir gilt accused,
 Yet in his reson he hem both excused;
 As thus; he thoughte wel that every man
 Wol helpe himself in love if that he can,
 And eke deliver himself out of prison;
 And eke his herte had compassion
 Of wimmen, for they wepen ever in on,
 And in his gentil herte he thoughte anon,
 And soft unto himself he sayed, Fie
 Upon a lord that wol have no mercie,
 But be a leon both in word and dede,
 To hem that be in repentance and drede,
 As wel as to a proud dispitous man
 That wol mainteinen that the first began.
 That lord hath litel of discretion
 That in swiche cas can no division,
 But wegeth pride and humbleffe after on.
 And shortly when his ire is thus agon,

He gan to loken up with even light,
 And spake these same wordes all on hight.

The god of Love, a benedicite!
 How mighty and how grete a lord is he?
 Again his might ther gainen non obstacles,
 He may be cleped a God for his miracles,
 For he can maken at his owen gise
 Of everich herte as that him list devise.

Lo here this Arcite, and this Palamon,
 That quiteley weren out of my prison,
 And might have lived in Thebes really,
 And weten I am hir mortal enemy,
 And that hir deth lith in my might also,
 And yet hath love, maugre hir even two,
 Ybrought hem hither both for to die;
 Now loketh, is not this an heigh folie?
 Who may ben a fool, but if that be love?
 Behold for Goddes sake that sitteth above,
 So how they blede! be they not wel araid?
 Thus hath hir lord, the god of Love, hem paid.
 Hir wages, and hir fees for hir service,
 And yet they wenen for to be ful wise
 That serven Love for ought that may befallé,
 And yet is this the beste game of alle,
 That she for whom they have this jolite
 Can hem therefore as mochel thank as me.
 She wot no more of alle this hote fare,
 By God, than wot a cuckow or an hare.
 But all mote ben assaied hote or cold;
 A man mote ben a fool other yonge or old;
 I wot myself ful yore agon,
 For in my time a servant was I on;
 And therefore sith I know of loves peine,
 And wot how fore it can a man dreine,
 As he that oft hath been caught in his las,
 I you foryeve all holly this trespass,
 At request of the quene that kneleth here,
 And eke of Emelie, my suster dere,
 And ye shul both anon unto me swere
 That never mo ye shul my contree dere,
 Ne maken werre upon me night ne day,
 But ben my frendes in alle that ye may.
 I you foryeve this trespass every del.
 And they him sware his axing sayr and wel,
 And him of lordship and of mercie praid,
 And he hem granted grace, and thus he said:

To speke of real linage and richeffe,
 Though that she were a quene or a princeffe;
 Eche of you bothe is worthy douteles
 To wedden whan time is, but natheles,
 I speke as for my suster Emelie,
 For whom ye have this strif and jalousie,
 Ye wot yourself she may not wedden twe
 At ones, though ye fighten evermo;
 But on of you, al be him loth or lese,
 He mot gon pipen in an ivy lese:
 This is to say, the may not have you bothe,
 Al be ye never so jalous ne so wrothe,
 And forthy I you put in this degree,
 That eche of you shal have his destinee
 As him is shape, and herkneth in what wise;
 Lo here your ende of that I shal devise.
 My will is this for plat conclusion
 Withouten any replication,

If that you liketh, take it for the beste,
That everich of you shal gon wher him leste
Freely withouten raunson or dangere.
And this day fifty wekes, ferre ne nere,
Everich of you shal bring an hundred knyghtes,
Armed for listes up at alle rightes,
Alle redy to darrein hire by bataille.
And this behete I you withouten faille
Upon my trouth, and as I am a knyght,
That whether of you bothe hath that might;
This is to sayn, that whether he or thou
May with his hundred, as I spake of now,
Sle his contrary, or out of listes drive,
Him shall I yeven Emelie to wive.

To whom that Fortune yeveth so fayr a grace.

The listes shal I maken in this place;
And God so wisly on my soule rewe,
As I shal even juge ben and trewe.
Ye shal non other ende with me maken
That on of you ne shall be ded or taken;
And if you thinketh this is wel ysaid,
Saith yout avis, and holdeth you apaid :

This is your ende and your conclusion,

Who loketh lightly now but Palamon?
Who springeth up for joye but Arcite?
Who coud it tell, or who coud it endite,
The joye that is makid in the place
Whan Theseus hath don so fayre a grace?
But down on knees went every manere wight,
And thanked him with all hir hertes might,
And namely thesē Thebanes often sith.

And thus with good hope and with herte blith
They taken hir leve, and homeward gan they ride
To Thebes, with his olde walles wide.

I trowe men wolde deme it negligence
If I foryete to tellen the dispence
Of Theseus, that goth so besily
To maken up the listes really,
That swiche a noble theatre as it was
I dare wel sayn in all this world ther n'as :
The circuite a mile was aboute
Walled of stone, and diked all withoute;
Round was the shape; in manere of a compas
Ful of degrees, the hight of sixty pas,
That whan a man was set on o degree
He letted not his felaw for to see.

Estward ther stood a gate of marbel white,
Westward right swiche another in th' opposite;
And shortly to concluden, swiche a place
Was never in erthe in so litel a space,
For in the lond ther n'as no craftes man
Than geometrie or arismetrike can,
Ne portreieur, ne kerver of images,
That Theseus ne yaf him mete and wages
The theatre for to maken and devise.

And for to don his rite and sacrifice
He estward hath upon the gate above,
In worship of Venus goddesse of Love,
Don make an auter and an oratorie;
And westward, in the minde and in memorie
Of Mars he makid hath right swiche another,
That coste largely of gold a sother :
And northward, in a touret on the wall,
Of alabastre white and red corall

An oratorie riche for to see,
In worship of Diane of chastitee,
Hath Theseus don wrought in noble wise.

But yet had I foryeten to devise
The noble kerving and the portreitures,
The shape, the contenance, of the figures
That weren in thesē oratories thre.

First in the temple of Venus maist thou see
Wrought on the wall, ful pitous to beholde,
The broken fleshes, and the siktes colde,
The sacred teres, and the waimentinges,
The firy strokes of the desiringes,
That Loves servantes in this lif enduren,
The othes that hir covenants assuren.
Plesance and Hope, Desire, Foolhardinesse,
Beaute and Youthe, Baudrie and Richeffe,
Charmes and Force, Lefinges and Flaterie,
Dispence, Besinesse, and Jalousie,
That wered of yelwe goldes a gerlond,
And hadde a cuckow sitting on hire hond,
Festes, instruments, and caroles and dances,
Lust and array, and all the circumstances
Of Love, which that I reken and reken shall;
By ordre weren peinted on the wall,
And mo than I can make of mention :
For sothly all the mount of Citheron,
Ther Venus hath hire principal dwelling,
Was shewed on the wall in purtreying,
With all the gardin, and the lustinesse :
Nought was foryeten the porter Idelnesse,
Ne Narcissus the fayre of yore agon,
Ne yet the folie of King Salomon,
Ne yet the grete strengthe of Hercules.
Th' enchantment of Medea and Circes,
Ne of Turnus the hardy fiers corage,
The riche Crefus caitif in servage.
Thus may ye seen that wisdom ne richesse,
Beaute ne sleight, strengthe ne hardinesse,
Ne may with Venus holden champartie,
For as hire liste the world may the gie.
Lo; all thesē folk so caught were in hire las
Til they for two ful often said Alas!
Sufficeth here ensamples on o two,
And yet I conde reken a thousand mo.

The statue of Venus, glorious for to see,
Was naked sleting in the large see,
And fro the navel down all covered was
With wawes grene, and bright as any glas.
A citole in hire right hand hadde she,
And on hire hed, ful semely for to see,
A rose gerlond fresh and wel smelling,
Above hire hed hire doves fleckering :
Before hire stood hire sone Cupido,
Upon his shoulders winges had he two,
And blind he was, as it is often sene ;
A bow he bare and arwes bright and kene.
Why shulde I not as wel eke tell you all
The purtreiture that was upon the wall
Within the temple of mighty Mars the Rede ?
All painted was the wall in length and brede,
Like to the estres of the grisly place
That highte the gret temple of Mars in Traced,
In thilke colde and frosty region,
Ther as Mars hath his sovereyne mansion.

Firſt on the wall was painted a foreſt,
In which ther wonneth neyther man ne beſt,
With knotty knarry barrein trees old
Of ſtubbes ſharpe and hidous to behold,
In which ther ran a romble and a ſwough,
As though a ſtorme ſhuld breſten every bough;
And downward from an hill under a bent
Ther ſtood the temple of Mars Armipotent,
Wrought all of burned ſtole, of which th' entree
Was longe and ſtreite, and ghafſly for to ſee;
And thereout came a rage and ſwicke a viſe
That it made all the gates for to riſe.
The northern light in at the dore ſhone,
For window on the wall ne was ther none
Thurgh which men mighten any light diſcerne:
The dore was all of athamant eterne,
Yclenched overthwart and endelong
With yren tough, and for to make it ſtrong,
Ever piler the temple to ſuſtene
Was tonne-gret, of yren bright and ſhene.

Ther ſaw I firſt the derke imagining
Of Felonie, and alle the compaſſing;
The cruel ire, red as any glode,
The pikepurſe, and eke the pale drede,
The ſmiler with the knif under the cloke,
The ſhepen brening with the blake ſmoke,
The trefon of the mording in the bedde,
The open werre, with woundes all bebledde;
Conteke with bloody knif and ſharp manace:
All full of chirking was that ſorry place.
The ſleer of himſelf yet ſaw I there,
His herte blood hath bathed all his here;
The naile ydriven in the ſhode on hight,
The cold deth, with mouth gaping upright.
Amiddes of the temple ſate Miſchance,
With diſcomfort and ſorry contenance;
Yet ſaw I Woodneſſe laughing in his rage,
Armed Complaint, Outheers, and fires Outrage;
The carraine in the buſh, with throte ycorven;
A thouſand ſlain, and not of qualme yſtorven;
The tirant, with the prey by force yraft;
The toun deſtroied, ther was nothing laſt:
Yet ſaw I brent the ſhippes hopeſterres,
The hunte yſtrangled with the wilde beres;
The ſow fretting the child right in the cradel,
The coke yſcalded for all his long ladel:
Nought was foryete by th' infortune of Marte
The carter overridden with his carte;
Under the wheel ful low he lay adoun.

Ther were alſo of Martes diſviſion
Th' armerer and the bowyer, and the ſmith,
That ſprgeth ſharp ſwerdes on his ſtith;
And all above depeinted in a tour
Saw I a Conqueſt, fitting in gret honour,
With thilke ſharp ſwerd over his hed
Yhanging by a ſubtil twined thred.
Depeinted was the ſlaughter of Julius,
Of gret Nero and of Antonius:
All be that thilke time they were unborne,
Yet was hir deth depeinted ther beforne,
By menacing of Mars, right by figure,
So was it ſhewed in that purtreiture
As is depeinted in the cercles above,
Who ſhal be ſlaine or elles ded for love.

Sufficeth on enſample in ſtories olde;
I may not reken hem alle though I wolde.

The ſtatue of Mars upon a carte ſtood
Armed, and loked grim as he were wood,
And over his hed ther ſhinen two figures
Of ſterres that ben cleped in ſcriptures,
That on Puella, that other Rubeus.
This god of Armes was araied thus;
A wolf ther ſtood beforne him at his fete
With eyen red, and of a man he ete:
With ſubtil penſil painted was this ſtorie,
In redouting of Mars and of his glorie.

Now to the temple of Diane the chaſte
As ſhortly as I can I wol me haſte,
To tellen you of the deſcription,
Depeinted by the walles up and doun,
Of hunting and of ſhamefaſt chaſtitee.
Ther ſaw I how woful Calisto,
Whan that Diane agreved was with here,
Was turned from a woman til a bere,
And after was ſhe made the lodeſterre:
Thus was it painted, I can ſay no ferre;
Hire ſone is eke a ſterre as men may ſee.
Ther ſaw I Dane yturned til a tree,
I mene not hire the goddeſſe Diane,
But Peneus daughter, which that highte Dane.
Ther ſaw I Atteon an hart ymakel,
For vengeance that he ſaw Diane all naked:
I ſaw how that his houndes have him caught,
And fretten him, for that they knew him naught.
Yet painted was a litel forthermore
How Athalante hunted the wilde bore,
And Meleagre, and many another mo,
For which Diane wroughte hem care and wo.
Ther ſaw I many another wonder ſtorie,
The which me liſte not drawn to memorie.

This goddeſſe on an hart ful heyte ſete,
With ſmale houndes all about hire fete,
And underne the hire feet ſhe hadde a mone,
Wexing it was, and ſhulde wanen ſone.
In gaudy grene hire ſtatue clothed was,
With bow in hond, and arwes in a caſ.
Hire eyen caſte ſhe ful low adoun,
Ther Pluto hath his derke regioun.
A woman travailling was hire beforne,
But for hire childe ſo longe was unborne
Ful pitouſly Lucina gan ſhe call,
And ſayed; Helpe, for thou mayeſt beſte of all.
Wel coude he peinten liſty that it wrought,
With many a ſlorein he the hewes bought.

Now ben theſe liſtes made, and Theſeus
That at his gret coſt arraied thus
The temples, and the theatre everidel,
Whan it was don him liked wonder wel.
But flint I wol of Theſeus a lite,
And ſpeke of Palamon and of Arcite.

The day approacheth of hir returning,
That everich ſhuld an hundred knightes bring,
That bataille to derreine, as I you told;
And til Athenes hir covenant for to hold,
Hath everich of hem brought an hundred knightes
Wel armed for the werre at alle rightes.
And ſikerly ther trowed many a man
That never ſithen that the world began,

As for to speke of knighthood of hir hond,
As fer as God hath meked see and lond,
N'as of so fewe so noble a compaignie;
For every wight that loved cheualrie,
And wold his thankes han a passant name,
Hath praied that he might ben of that game,
And wel was him that therto chosen was,
For if ther fell to-morwe such a cas,
Ye knowen wel that every lusty knight -
That loveth *par amour*, and hath his might,
Were it in Englelond or elleswher,
They wold hir thankes willen to be ther.
To fight for a lady, a *benedicite*!
It were a lusty fighte for to fe.

And right so ferden they with Palamon.
With him ther wenten knightes many on;
Som wol ben armed in an habergeon,
And in a brest plate, and in a gipon;
And som wol have a pair of plates large,
And som wol have a Pruce shield or a targe;
Som wol ben armed on his legges wele,
And have an axe, and some a mace of stele.
Ther n'is no newe guise that it n'as old.
Armed they weren as I have you told,
Everich after his opinion.

Ther maist thou se coming with Palamon
Licurge himself, the grette King of Trace;
Blake was his berd, and mahly was his face;
The cercles of his eyen in his hed
They gloweden betwixen yelwe and red,
And like a griffon loket he about,
With kemped heres on his browes stout;
His limmes gret, his braunes hard and stronge,
His shouldres brode, his armes round and longe;
And as the guise was in his contree,
Ful highe upon a char of gold stood he.
With foure white bolles in the trais.
Insteede of cote armure on his harnais,
With nayles yelwe, and bright as any gold,
He hadde a beres skint, cole-blake for old.
His longe here was kempt behind his bak,
As any ravenes fether it shone for blake.
A wreth of gold arm-gret, of huge weight,
Upon his hed fate ful of stones bright;
Of fine rubins and of diamants.

About his char ther wenten white alauns;
Twenty and mo, as gret as any stee,
To huntun at the leon or the dere,
And solwed him, with mosel fast ybound,
Colored with gold, and torettes filed round.
An hundred lordes had he in his route
Armed full wel, with hertes sterne and stoute.

With Arcita, in stories as men find,
The gret Emetrius the King of Inde,
Upon a stede bay, trapped in stele,
Covered with cloth of gold diapered wele,
Came ridding like the god of armes Mars;
His cote armure was of a cloth of Tars,
Couched with perles white, and round, and grete;
His fadel was of brent gold new ybete;
A mantelet upon his shouldres hanging
Bret-ful of rubies red, as fire sparkling;
His crispe here like ringes was yronne,
And that was yelwe, and glittered as the sonne;

His nose was high, his eyen bright citrin,
His lippes round, his colour was sanguin,
A fewe fraknes in his face yfpreint,
Betwixen yelwe and blake somdel ymeint,
And as a leon he his loking caste,
Of five-and-twenty yere his age I caste;
His berd was wel begonnen for to spring,
His vois was as a trompe thondering;
Upon his hede he wered of laurer grene,
A gerlond freshe and lusty for to fene;
Upon his hond he bare for his deduit
An egle tamse, as any lily whit;
An hundred lordes had he with him there,
All armed save hir hedes in all hir gere,
Ful richely in alle manere thinges;
For trusteth wel that erles, dukes, kinges,
Were gathered in this noble compaignie,
For love and for encrese of chevalrie.
About this king ther ran on every part
Ful many a tame leon and leopard.

And in this wise these lordes all and some
Ben on the Sunday to the citee come
Abouten prime, and in the toun alight.

This Theseus, this duk, this worthy knight,
Whan he had brought hem into his citee,
And inned hem everich at his degree,
He festeth hem, and doth so gret labour
To esen hem, and don hem all honour,
That yet men wenen that no mannes wit
Of non estat ne coud amenden it.
The minstrelle, the service at the feste,
The grette yestes to the most and leste,
The riche array of Theseus paleis,
Ne who fate first ne last upon the deis,
What ladies fayrest ben or best dancing,
Or which of hem can carole best or sing,
Ne who most felingly speketh of love,
What haukes sitten on the perche above,
What houndes ligen on the floor adoun,
Of all this now make I no mentioun.
But of the effect, that thinketh me the beste;
Now cometh the point, and herkeneth if you leste.

The Sunday nighte or day began to spring,
Whan Palamon the larke herde sing,
Although it n'ere not day by houres two,
Yet sang the larke, and Palamon right tho
With holy herte, and with an high corage
He rose, to wendon on his pilgrimage -
Unto the blisful Citherea benigne,
I mene Venus, honourable and digne.
And in hire houre he walketh forth a pas
Unto the listes, ther hire temple was,
And doun he kneleth, and with humble chere
And herte fore he fayde as ye shul here:

Fayrest of fayre, o lady min Venus,
Daughter to Jove, and spouse of Vulcanus,
Thou glader of the Mount of Citheron!
For thilke love thou haddest to Adon,
Have pitee on my bitter teres smert,
And take myn humble prair at thin herte.

Alas! I ne have no langage to tell
The effecte ne the torment of min hell;
Min herte may min harmes not bewrey;
I am so confuse that I cannot say:

But mercy, lady bright! that knowest wel
My thought, and seest what harmes that I fele:
Consider all this, and rue upon my fore,
As willy as I shal for evermore
Emforth my might thy trewe servant be,
And holden werre alway with chastite;
That make I min avow so ye me helpe,
I kepe nought of armes for to yelpe,
Ne axe I nat to-morwe to have victorie,
Ne renoun in this cas, ne vaine glorie
Of pris of armes, blowen up and down,
But I wold have fully possessioun
Of Emelie, and die in her servise;
Find thou the manere how, and in what wise.
I rekke not but it may better be
To have victorie of hem, or they of me
So that I have my lady in min armes;
For though so be that Mars is god of Armes,
Your vertue is so grette in heaven above,
That if you liste I shal wel have my love.
Thy temple wol I worshipping evermo,
And on thin auter, wher I ride or go,
I wol don sacrifice, and fires bete.
And if ye wol not so, my lady swete!
Than pray I you to-morwe with a spere
That Arcita me thurgh the herte bere;
Than rekke I not when I have lest my lif
Though that Arcita win hire to his wif.
This is the effecte and ende of my priere,
Yeve me my love thou blisful lady dere!

When the orison was don of Palamon
His sacrifice he did, and that anon,
Ful pitously, with alle circumstances,
All tell I not as now his observances.
But at the last the statue of Venus shoke,
And made a signe whereby that he toke
That his priere accepted was that day;
For though the signe shewed a delay,
Yet wist he wel that granted was his bone,
And with glad herte he went him home ful sone.

The thridde hour inequal that Palamon
Began to Venus temple for to gon.
Up rose the sonne, and up rose Emelie,
And to the temple of Diane gan hie.
Hire maydens that the thider with hire ladde
Ful redily with hem the fire they hadde,
Th' encense, the clothes, and the remenant all,
That to the sacrifice longen shall,
The hornes ful of mede, as was the gise;
Ther lakked nought to don hire sacrifice.
Smoking the temple, ful of clothes fayre,
This Emelie with herte debonaire
Hire body weshe with water of a well,
But how she did hire rite I dare not tell,
But it be any thing in general,
And yet it were a game to heren all;
To him that meneth wel it n're no charge;
But it is good a man to ben at large.
Hire bright here kemed was, untressed all;
A coroune of a grene oke cerial
Upon hire hed was set ful fayre and mete:
Two fires on the auter gan the bete,
And did hire thinges as men may behold
In Stace of Thebes, and these bokes old.

Whan kindled was the fire, with pitous chere
Unto Diane she spoke as ye may here:

O chaste goddesse of the wodes grene,
To whom both heaven, and erthe, and see, is sene,
Queene of the regne of Pluto derke and lowe,
Goddesse of maydens, that min herte hast knowe
Ful many a yere, and wost what I desire,
As kepe me fro thy vengeance and thin ire,
That Atteon aboughte cruelly!
Chast goddesse! wel wotest thou that I
Desire to ben a mayden all my lif,
Ne never wol I be no love ne wif:
I am (thou wost) yet of thy compaignie,
A mayde, and love hunting and venerie,
And for to walken in the wodes wilde,
And not to ben a wif and be with child;
Nought wol I knowen compaignie of man;
Now helpe me, Lady, fith you may and can,
For though three formes that thou hast in thee:
And Palamon that hath swiche love to me,
And eke Arcite, that loveth me so fore,
This grace I praie thee withouten more,
As sende love and pees betwix em two,
And fro me torne away hir hertes so,
That all hir hote love and hir desire,
And all hir besy torment and hir fire
Be queinte, or torned in another place.
And if so be thou wolt not do me grace,
Or if my desinee be shapen so
That I shal nedes have on of hem two,
As sende me him that most desireth me.

Beholde, goddesse of clene Chastite,
The bitter teres that on my chekes fall:
Sin thou art mayde, and keeper of us all,
My maydenhede thou kepe and well conserve,
And while I live a mayde I wol thee serve.

The fires brenne upon the auter clere
While Emelie was thus in hire priere,
But sodenly she saw a sighte queinte;
For right anon on of the fires queinte
And quiked again, and after that anon
That other fire was queinte and all agon,
And as it queinte it made a whifeling
As don these brondes wet in hir breaning;
And at the brondes ende outran anon
As it were, bloody drops many on;
For which so fore agast was Emelie,
That she was wel neigh mad, and gan to crie,
For she ne wiste what it signified,
But only for the fere thus she cried
And wept, that it was pitce for to here.

And there withall Diane gan appere
With bowe in hond, right as an huntresse,
And sayde, Doughter, stint thin heviness.
Among the goddes highe it is assermed,
And by eterne word written and confermed,
Thou shalt be wedded unto on of tho
That han for thee so mochel care and wo,
But unto which of hem I may not tell.
Farewel, for here I may no longer dwell;
The fires which that on min auter brenne
Shal thee declaren er that thou go henne
Thin aventure of love as in this cas.

And with that word the arwes in the cas

Of the goddesse clatteren fast and ring,
And forth she went and made a vanishing,
For which this Emelie astonied was,
And sayde, What amounteth this, alas!
I putte me in thy protection
Diane, and in thy disposition.
And home she goth anon the nexte way.
This is the effecte; ther is no more to say.

The nexte houre of Mars folwing this
Arcite unto the temple walked is
Of fierce Mars, to don his sacrifice
With all the rites of his payen wife.
With pitous herte and high devotion.
Right thus to Mars he sayde his orison:

O stronge God, that in the regnes cold
Of Trace honoured art, and lord yhold,
And hast in every regne and every lond
Of armes all the briel in thin hond,
And hem fortunest as thee list devise,
Accept of me my pitous sacrifice!
If so be that my youthe may deserve,
And that my might be worthy for to serve
Thy godhed, that I may ben on of thine,
Than praie I thee to rewe upon my pine,
For thilke peine and thilke hote fire
In which thou whilom-brendest for desire,
Whanne that thou usedest the beautee
Of fayre yonge Venus freshe and free,
And haddest hire in armes at thy wille;
Although the ones on a time misfille,
When Vulcanus had caught thee in his las,
And fond thee ligging by his wif, alas!
For thilke forwe that was tho in thin herte
Have reuthe as wel upon my peines smerte.

I am yonge and unkonning as thou wost,
And, as I trow, with love offended most
That ever was ony lives creature;
For she that doth me all this wo endure
Ne recceh never whether I sinke or flete;
And wel I wot or she me mercy hete
I muste with strengthe win hire in the place;
And wel I wot withouten helpe or grace
Of thee ne may my strengthe not availle;
Than helpe me, Lord, to-morwe in my bataille,
For thilke fire that whilom brenned thee,
As wel as that this fire now brenneth me,
And do, that I to-morwe may-han victorie:
Min be the travaille and thin be the glorie.
Thy soveraine temple wol I most honouren
Of ony place, and alway most labouren
In thy plesance and in thy crastes strong;
And in thy temple I wol my baner hong,
And all the armes of my compaignie,
And evermore until that day I die
Eterne fire I wol before thee find;
And eke to this avow I wol be bind.
My berd, my herte that hangeth long adoun,
That never yet felt non offensoun
Of rasour ne of shere I wol thee yeve,
And ben thy trewe servant while I live.
Now, Lord, have reuthe upon my sorwes fore;
Yeve me the victorie; I axe thee no more.

The praier stint of Arcite the stronge,
The ringes on the temple dore that hong,
And eke the dores, clatterden ful fast,
Of which Arcite somwhat him agast.

The fires brent upon the auter bright
That it gan all the temple for to light;
A swete smell anon the ground up yaf,
And Arcite anon his hond up haf,
And more encense into the fire he cast,
With other rites mo, and at the last
The statue of Mars began his hauberke ring,
And with that soun he herd a murmuring
Ful low and dim, that said thus, Victorie;
For which he yaf to Mars honour and glorie.

And thus with joye and hope wel to fare
Arcite anon unto his inne is fare
As fayn as foul is of the brighte sonne.
And right anon swiche strif ther is begonne
For thilke granting in the heaven above
Betwixen Venus the goddesse of Love,
And Mars the sterne god Armipotent,
That Jupiter was bely it to stent,
Til that the pale Saturnus the Colde,
That knew so many of adventures olde,
Fond in his olde experience and art
That he ful sone hath plesed every part.
As sooth is sayd, elde hath gret advantage;
In elde is both wisdom and usage:
Men may the old out-renne but not out-rede.

Saturne anon, to stenten strif and drede,
Albeit that it is again his kind,
Of all this strif he gan a remedy find.

My dere doughtere Venus! quod Saturne,
My cours that hath so wide for to turne
Hath more power than wot any man.
Min is the drenching in the see so wan,
Min is the prison in the derke cote,
Min is the strangel and hanging by the throte,
The murmure, and the cherles rebelling,
The groynure, and the prive empoysoning.
I do vengeance and pleine correction
While I dwell in the signe of the Leon.
Min is the ruine of the highe halles,
The falling of the toures and of the walles
Upon the minour or the carpenter;
I flew Samson in shaking the piler.
Min ben also the maladies colde,
The derke trefons and the castes olde:
My loking is the fader of Pestilence.
Now wepe no more, I shal do diligence
That Palamon, that is thin owen knight,
Shal have his lady, as thou hast him hight.
Thogh Mars shal help his knight yet natheles,
Betwixen you ther mot sometime be pees:
All be ye not of o complexion
That causeth all day swiche division.
I am thin ayel, redy at thy will;
Wepe now no more, I shall thy lust fulfill.

Now wol I stenten of the goddes above,
Of Mars and of Venus goddesse of Love,
And tellen you as plainly as I can
The gret effect for which that I began.

Gret was the feste in Athenes thilke day,
And eke the lusty seson of that May
Made every wight to ben in swiche plesance,
That all that Monday justen they and dance,
And spenden it in Venus highe servise;
But by the cause that they shulden rise

Erly a-morwe for to seen the fight,
Unto hir reste wenten they at night.
And on the morwe when the day gan spring
Of hors and harnes noise and clattering
Ther was in the hostelries all aboute,
And to the paleis rode ther many a route
Of lordes upon stedes and palfreis.

Ther mayest thou see devising of harnes
So uncouth and so riche, and wrought so wele
Of goldsmithry, of brouding and of stele;
The sheldes brighte, testeres, and trappures,
Gold-hewen helmes, hauberkes, cote armures;
Lordes in parementes on hir courferes,
Knights of retenue, and eke squieres,
Nailing the speres, and helmes bokeling,
Guiding of sheldes, with lainers lacing;
Ther as nede is they weren nothing idel:
The fomy stedes on the golden bridel
Gnawing, and fast the armures also
With file and hammer priking to and fro;
Yemen on foot, and communes many on
With shorte staves, thicke as they may gon;
Pipes, trompes, nakers, and clariounes,
That in the battaille blowne bloody sounes;
The paleis ful of peple up and down,
Here three, ther ten, holding hir questioun,
Devising of these Theban knightes two,
Som sayden thus, som sayde it shall be so;
Som helden with him with the blacke berd,
Som with the balled, som with the thicke herd;
Som saide he loked grim, and wolde fighte;
He hath a sparth of twenty pound of wighte.

Thus was the halle full of devising
Long after that the sonne gan up spring.
The gret Theseus that of his slepe was waked
With minstrelcie and noise that was maked,
Held yet the chambre of his paleis riche,
Til that the Theban knightes bothe yliche
Honoured were, and to the paleis sette.

Duk Theseus is at a window sette.
Araied right as he were a god in trone;
The peple preft thiderward ful sone,
Him for to seen and don high reverence,
And eke to herken his heste and his sentence.

An heraud on a scaffold made an O,
Til that the noise of the peple was ydo,
And whan he saw the peple of noise al still
Thus shewed he the mighty dukes will.

The lord hath of his high discrecion
Considered that it were destrucion
To gentil blood to fighten in the gife
Of mortal bataille now in this enpryse;
Wherefore to shapen that they shul not die,
He wol his firste purpos modifie.

No man therefore, up peine of losse of lif,
No maner shot ne pollax ne short knif
Into the listes send or thider bring,
Ne short sward for to slike with point biting,
No man ne draw ne bere it by his side;
Ne no man shak unto his felaw ride
But o cours, with a sharpe ygrounden spere;
Foin if him list on foot, himself to were;
And he that is at meschief shal be take,
And not flaine, but be brought unto the stake

That shal ben ordeined on eyther side;
Thider he shal by force, and ther abide;
And if so fall the chevetain be take
On eyther side, or elles sleth his make,
No longer shal the tourneyng ylast.
God spede you; goth forth and lay on fast:
With longe sward and with mase fighteth your fill,
Goth now your way; this is the lordes will.

The vois of the peple touched to the heven,
Se loude crieden they with mery steven,
God save swiche a lord that is so good,
He wilneth no destrucion of blood.

Up gon the trompes and the melodie,
And to the listes rit the compaignie
By ordinance, thurghout the cite large,
Hanged with cloth of gold and not with farge,
Ful like a lord this noble duk gan ride,
And these two Thebans upon eyther side,
And after rode the quene and Emelie,
And after that another compaignie
Of on and other after hir degree;
And thus they passen thurghout the citee,
And to the listes comen they be time:
It n'as not of the day yet fully prime.

Whan set was Theseus ful riche and hie,
Ipolyta the quene, and Emelie,
And other ladies in degrees aboute,
Unto the fetes prefteth all the route.
And westward thurgh the gates under Mart
Arcite, and eke the hundred of his part,
With baner red, is entred right anon;
And in the selve moment Palamon
Is, under Venus, estward in the place,
With baner white, and hardy chere and face.
In all the world to seken up and down,
So even without variatioun

Ther n'ere swiche compaignies never twey;
For ther was non so wise that coude sey
That any hadde of other advantage
Of worthinesse, ne of estat ne age,
So even were they chosen for to gesse:
And in two ringes sayre they hem dresse.
Whan that hir names red were everich on,
That in her nombre gile were ther non,
Tho were the gates shette, and cried was loude,
Do now your devoir, yonge knightes proude.

The heraudes left hir priking up and down.
Now ringin trompes loud and clarioun.
Ther is no more to say, but est and west
In gon the speres sadly in the rest;
In goth the sharpe spore into the side:
Ther see men who can juste and who can ride:
Ther shiveren shaftes upon sheldes thicke;
He sefeth thurgh the herte sponne the pricke:
Up springen speres twenty foot on highte;
Out gon the swardes as the silver brighte:
The helmes they to-hewen and to-shrede;
Out brest the blod with sterne stremes rede:
With mighty maces the bones they to-breste;
He thurgh the thickest of the throng gan threste;
Ther stomblen stedes strong, and doun goth all;
He rolleth under foot as doth a ball:
He foineth on his foo with a tronchoun,
And he him hurtleth with his hors adoun;

He thurgh the body is hurt, and sith ytake
Maugre his hed, and brought unto the stake,
As forword was, right ther he must abide;
Another lad is on that other side:
And somtime doth hem Theseus to rest,
Hem to refresh and drinke if hem left.

Ful oft a day han thilke Thebanes two
Togeder met and wrought eche other wo:
Unhorsed hath eche other of hem twey.
Ther n'as no tigre in the vale of Galaphey,
Whan that hire whelpes is stole whan it is lite,
So cruel on the hunt as is Arcite
For jalous herte upon this Palamon;
Ne in Belmarie ther n'is fo fell leon:
That hunted is, or for his hunger wood,
Ne of his prey desireth so the blood,
As Palamon to sleen his foo Arcite:
The jalous strokes on hir helmes bite;
Out renneth blood on both her sides rede.

Somtime an ende ther is of every dede;
For er the sonne unto the reste went
The strong King Emetrius gan hent
This Palamon, as he fought with Arcite,
And made his swerd depe in his flesh to bite;
And by the force of twenty is he take
Unyolden, and ydrawen to the stake:
And in the rescous of this Palamon
The stronge King Licurge is borne adoun;
And King Emetrius for all his strengthe
Is borne out of his fadel a swerdes lengthe,
So hitte him Palamon or he were take:
But all for nought, he was brought to the stake:
His hardy herte might him helpen naught;
He mooste abiden whan that he was caught
By force and eke by composition.

Who forweth now but woful Palamon,
That mooste no more gon again to fight?
And whan that Theseus had seen that fight
Unto the folk that foughten thus eche on
He cried, Ho! no more, for it is don,
I wol be trewe juge and not partie.
Arcite of Thebes shal have Emelie,
That by his fortune hath hire fayre ywonne.

Anon ther is a noise of peple begonne
For joye of this so loud and high withall
It seemed that the listes shulden fall.

What can now fayre Venus done above?
What faith she now? what doth this quene of Love
But wepeth so for wanting of hire will
Til that hire teres in the listes fill:
She sayde, I am ashamed doutelees.

Saturnus sayde, Daughter, hold thy pees:
Mars hath his will, his knight hath all his bone,
And by min hed thou shalt ben esed sone.

The trompoures with the loud minstrelcie,
The heraudes, that so loude yell and crie,
Ben in hir joye for wele of Dan Arcite.
But herkeneth me, and stenteth noise a lite,
Whiche a miracle ther befell anon.

This fierce Arcite hath of his helme ydon,
And on a courser for to shew his face:
He priketh endelong the large place,
Loking upward upon this Emelie,
And she again him cast a frendlich eye,

(For women, as to spoken in commune,
They folwen all the favour of Fortune)
And was all his in chere as his in herte.
Out of the ground a Fury infernal sterte,
From Pluto sent, at requeste of Saturne,
For which his hors for fere gan to turne,
And lepte aside, and foundred as he lepe;
And er that Arcite may take any kepe
He pight him on the pomel of his hed,
That in the place he lay as he were ded,
His brest to-brosten with his fadel bow;
As blake he lay as any cole or crow,
So was the blood yronnen in his face.

Anon he was yborne out of the place,
With herte fore, to Theseus paleis:
Tho was he corven out of his harneis,
And in a bed ybrought ful fayre and blive,
For he was yet in memorie and live,
And alway crying after Emelie.

Duk Theseus with all his compaignie
Is comen home to Athens his citee
With alle blisse and gret solempnite.
Al be it that this aventure was falle
He n'olde not discomforten hem alle.
Men sayden eke that Arcite shal not die,
He shal ben heled of his maladie.

And of another thing they were as fayn,
That of hem alle was ther non yflain,
Al were they fore yhurt, and namely on,
That with a spere was thirled his brest bone.

To other woundes and to broken armes
Som hadden salves and some hadden charmes;
And fermacies of herbes, and eke save
They dronken, for they wold hir lives have:

For which this noble duk, as he wel can,
Comforteth and honoureth every man,
And made revel all the longe night
Unto the strange lordes, as was right,
Ne ther n'as holden no discomforting
But as at justes or a tourneyng;
For sothly ther n'as no discomfiture,
For falling n'is not but an aventure:
Ne to be lad by force unto a stake
Unyolden, and with twenty knights take,
O perfon all alone, withouten mo,
And haried forth by armes, foot, and too,
And eke his stede driven forth with flaves,
With footmen, bothe yemen and eke knaves,
It was aretted him no vilanie;

Ther may no man clepen it cowardie.
For which anon Duk Theseus let crie,
To stenten alle rancour and envie,
The gree as wel of o side as of other,
And eyther side ylike, as others brother;
And yave hem giftes after hir degree,
And helde a feste fully dayes three;
And conveyed the kinges worthily
Out of his toun a journey largely;
And home went every man the righte way;
Ther n'as no more but Farewel, Have good day,
Of this bataille I wol no more endite,
But speke of Palamon and of Arcite.

Swelleth the brest of Arcite, and the fore
Encrefeth at his herte more and more.

The clouted blood for any leche-craft
 Corrupteth, and is in his bouke ylast,
 That neyther veine-blood ne ventoufing,
 Ne drinke of herbes, may ben his helping.
 The vertue expulsiſſe of animal,
 Frothilke vertue cleped natural,
 Ne may the venime vouden be expell;
 The pipes of his longes gan to fwell,
 And every laceite in his brest adoun
 Is shent with venime and corruption.
 Him gaineth neyther for to get his lif
 Vomit upward ne downward laxatif:
 All is to-broten thilke region;
 Nature hath now no domination:
 And certainly ther nature wol not werche.
 Farewel phylike; go bere the man to cherche.
 This is all and som, that Arcite moſte die;
 For which he ſendeth after Emelie,
 And Palamon, that was his coſin dere;
 Than ſayd he thus, as ye ſhuln after here.

Nought may the woful ſpirit in myn herte
 Declare o point of all my forwes finerte
 To you my lady, that I love moſt,
 But I bequeche the ſervice of my goſt
 To you aboven every creature,
 Sin that my lif ne may no longer dure.

Alas the wo! alas the peines ſtrong,
 That I for you have ſuffered, and ſo longe!
 Alas the deth! alas min Emelie!
 Alas departing of our compaignie!
 Alas min hertes quene! alas my wif!
 Min hertes ladie, ender of my lif!
 What is this world? what axen men to have?
 Now with his love, now in his colde grave
 Alone withouten any compaignie.

Farewel my ſwete, farewel min Emelie!
 And ſofte take me in your armes twey
 For love of God, and herkeneth what I ſey.

I have here with my coſin Palamon
 Had ſtrif and rancour many a day agon
 For love of you, and for my jaloſie;
 And Jupiter ſo wis my ſoule gie,
 To ſpeken of a ſervant properly,
 With alle circumſtances trewely,
 That is to ſayn, trouth, honour, and knighthede,
 Wiſdom, humbleſſe, eſtat, and high kinrede,
 Freedom, and all that longeth to that art,
 So Jupiter have of my ſoule part,
 As in this world right now ne know I non
 So worthy to be loved as Palamon,
 That ſerveth you, and wol don all his lif;
 And if that ever ye ſhal ben a wif,
 Forgyete not Palamon, the gentil man.

And with that word his ſpeche faille began;
 For from his feet up to his brest was come
 The cold of deth that had him overnome;
 And yet moreover in his armes two
 The vital ſtrength is loſt and all ago;
 Only the intellect, withouten more,
 That dwelled in his herte ſike and ſore,
 Gan failen whan the herte felte deth;
 Dufked his eyen two, and failled his breth:
 But on his ladie yet caſt he his eye;
 His laſte word was, Mercy, Emelie!

His ſpirit changed hous, and wente ther
 As I cam never I cannat tellen wher;
 Therefore I ſtent, I am no diviniſtre;
 Of ſoules find I not in this regiſtre:
 Ne me luſt not th' opinions to telle
 Of hem, though that they writen wher they dwella.
 Arcite is cold, ther Mars his ſoule gie.
 Now wol I ſpeken forth of Emelie.

Shright Emelie, and houlethe Palamon,
 And Theſeus his ſiſter toke anon
 Swouning, and bare her from the corps away.
 What helpeth it to tarien forth the day,
 To tellen how the wep both even and morwe?
 For in ſwiche cas wimmen have ſwiche forwe,
 Whan that hir houſbonds ben fro hem ago,
 That for the more part they forwen ſo,
 Or elles fallen in ſwiche maladie,
 That atte laſte certainly they die.

Infinite ben the forwes and the teres
 Of olde folk and folk of tendre yeres
 In all the toun for deth of this Theban;
 For him ther wepeth bothe child and man.
 So gret a weping was ther non certain
 Whan Hector was ybrought all freſh yſlain
 To Troy: alas! the pitee that was ther;
 Cratching of chekes, rending eke of here.
 Why woldeſt thou be ded? thiſe women crie,
 And haddeſt gold ynough and Emelie.

No man might gladen this Duk Theſeus
 Saving his olde ſader Egeus,
 That knew this worldes tranſmutation,
 As he had ſeen it chaungen up and doun,
 Joye after wo, and wo after gladneſſe,
 And ſhewed him enſample and likeneſſe.

Right as ther died never man (quod he)
 That he ne lived in erth in ſom degree,
 Right ſo ther lived never man (he ſeyd)
 In all this world that ſomtime he ne deyed:
 This world n'is but a thurghfare ful of wo,
 And we ben pilgrimes paſſing to and fro:
 Deth is an end of every worldes fore.

And over all this yet ſaid he moche more
 To this effect, ful wiſely to enhort
 The peple that they ſhuld hem recomfort.

Duk Theſeus with all his beſy cure
 He caſteth now wher that the ſepulture
 Of good Arcite may beſt ymakid be,
 And eke moſt honourable in his degree;
 And at the laſt he toke conſolucion
 That ther as firſt Arcite and Palamon
 Hadden for love the bataille hem betwene,
 That in that ſelve grove, ſote and grene,
 Ther as he hadde his amorous deſires,
 His complaint, and for love his hote fires,
 He wolde make a fire, in which the office
 Of funeral he might all accompliſhe;
 And let anon commande to hack and hewe
 The okes old, and lay hem on a rew
 In culpons, wel araied for to brenne.
 His officers with wiſſite feet they renne
 And ride anon at his commandement.
 And after this, this Theſeus hath ſent
 After a bere, and it all overſpradde
 With cloth o' gold the richeſt that he hadde,

And of the same suit he cladde Arcite.
Upon his hondes were his gloves white,
Eke on his hed a croune of laurer grene,
And in his hond a swerd ful bright and kene.
He laid him bare the visage on the bere,
Therwith he wept that pitee was to here;
And for the peple shulde seen him alle,
Whan it was day he brought him to the halle,
That roreth of the crying and the soun.

Tho came this woful Theban Palamon
With fletery berd and ruggy ashy heres,
In clothes blake, ydropped all with teres,
And (passing over of weping Emelie)
The reufullest of all the compaignie.

And in as much as the service shuld be
The more noble and riche in his degree,
Duk Theseus let forth three stedes bring,
That trapped were in stele all glittering,
And covered with the armes of Dan Arcite;
And eke upon these stedes gret and white
Ther saten folk, of which on bare his sheld,
Another his spere up in his hondes held;
The thriddle bare with him his bow Turkeis,
Of brent gold was the cas and the harnois;
And riden forth a pas with forweful chere
Toward the grove, as ye shal after here.

The noblest of the Grekes that ther were
Upon hir shuldres carrieden the bere,
With flacke pas, and eyen red and wete,
Thurghout the citee, by the maister strete,
That sprad was all with black, and wonder hie
Right of the fame is all the firete ywrie.
Upon the right hand went olde Egeus,
And on that other side Duk Theseus,
With vessels in hir hond of gold ful fine,
All ful of hony, milk, and blood, and wine;
Eke Palamon with ful gret compaignie,
And after that came woful Emelie
With fire in hond, as was that time the gife,
To don the office of funeral service.

High labour and ful gret apparailing
Was at the service of that fire making,
That with his grene top the heaven raught,
And twenty fadom of brede the armes fraught;
This is to saine, the boughes were so brode.
Of fire first there was laied many a lode.

But how the fire was makid up on highte,
And eke the names how the trees highte,
As oke, fir, birch, aspe, alder, helm, poplere,
Willow, elm, plane, ash, box, chestein, lind, laurere,
Maple, thorn, beche, hafel, cw, whipultrre,
How they were feld, shal not be told for me;
Ne how the goddes rannen up and doun
Disherited of hir habitatioun,
In which they woneden in rest and pees,
Nimphes, Faunes, and Amidiades;
Ne how the bestes and the briddes alle
Fledden for fere whan the wood gan falle;
Ne how the ground agast was of the light,
That was not wont to see the sonne bright;
Ne how the fire was couched first with fire,
And then with drie stickes cloven a-thre,
And than with grene wood and spicerie,
And than with cloth of gold and with perrie,

And gerlonds hanging with ful many a flour,
The mirre, the encense also with swete odour;
Ne how Arcita lay among all this,
Ne what richesse about his body is;
Ne how that Emelie, as was the gife,
Put in the fire of funeral service;
Ne how she swooned whan she made the fire,
Ne what she spake, ne what was hire desire;
Ne what jewelless men in the fire caste,
Whan that the fire was gret and brente faste;
Ne how som cast hir sheld and som hir spere,
And of hir vestimentes which they were,
And cuppes full of wine, and milk, and blood,
Into the fire, that brent as it were wood;
Ne how the Grekes with a huge route
Three times riden all the fire aboute
Upon the left hond, with a loud shouting,
And thries with hir speres clatering,
And thries how the ladies gan to crie;
Ne how that led was homeward Emelie;
Ne how Arcite is brent to ashen cold;
Ne how theliche wake * was yhold
All thilke night; ne how the Grekes play;
The wake-plays ne kepe I not to say;
Who wrestled best naked, with oile enoint,
Ne who that bare him best in no disjoiint:
I woll not tellen eke how they all gon
Home till Athenes whan the play is don,
But shortly to the point now wol I wende,
And maken of my longe Tale an ende.

By processe and by lengthe of certain yere
All stenten is the mourning and the teres
Of Grekes by on general assent:
Than semeth me ther was a parlement
At Athenes upon certain points and cas;
Amonges the which points yspoken was
To have with certain contrees alliance,
And have of Thebanes fully obeissance:
For which this noble Theseus anon
Let ienden after gentil Palamon.
Unwist of him what was the cause and why,
But in his blacke clothes forwefully
He came at his commandment on hie;
Tho sente Theseus for Emelie.

Whan they were set, and husht was al the place,
And Theseus abiden hath a space,
Or any word came from his wife brest
His eyen set he ther as was his lest,
And with a sad visage he siked still,
And after that right thus he sayd his will.

The firste Mover of the cause above,
Whan he firste made the fayre chaine of love,
Gret was th' effect, and high was his entent;
Well wist he why and what therof he ment;
For with that fayre chaine of love he bond
The fire, the air, the watre, and the lond,
In certain bondes, that they may not flee:
That same prince and Mover eke (quod he)

* The custom of watching with dead bodies (*lice, Sav.*) is probably very ancient in this country. It was abused, as other wakes and vigils were. See *De Cange* in *v. Virgilii*. "In vigiliis circa corpora mortuorum vetantur choreae et cantus lenae, feculares ludii et alii turpes et fastidiosi." *Synod. W. gorn. an. 1240, c. 5.*

Hath stablist, in this wretched world adoun,
 Certain of dayes and duration
 To all that are engendred in this place,
 Over the which day they ne mow not pace,
 Al mow they yet the dayes well abrege.
 Ther nedeth non autoritee allege,
 For it is preved by experience,
 But that me lust declaren my sentence.
 Than may men by this ordre wel discerne
 That thilke Mover stable is and eterne;
 Wel may men knowen, but it be a fool,
 That every part deriveth from his hool;
 For Nature hath not taken his beginning
 Of no partie ne cantel of a thing,
 But of a thing that parfit is and stable,
 Descending so til it be corruptable;
 And therefore of his wife purveyance
 He hath so wel beset his ordinance,
 That spesces of thinges and progreffions
 Shullen enduren by succcessions,
 And not eterne, withouten any lie;
 This maiest thou understand and seen at eye.
 Lo the oke, that hath so long a norisshing
 Fro the time that it ginneth first to spring,
 And hath so long a lif, as ye may see,
 Yet at the laste wasted is the tree.
 Considereth eke how that the harde stone
 Under our feet, on which we trede and gon,
 It wasteth as it lieth by the wey;
 The brode river sometime wexeth drey;
 The grete tounes see we wane and wende;
 Than may ye see that all thing hathe an ende.
 Of man and woman see we wel also,
 That nedes in on of the termes two,
 That is to sayn, in youthe or elles age,
 He mote be ded the king as shall a page;
 Som in his bed, som in the depe see,
 Som in the large feld, as ye may see:
 Ther helpeth nought, all goth that ilke wey;
 Than may I sayn that alle thing mote dey.
 What maketh this but Jupiter the King,
 The which is prince and cause of alle thing,
 Converting alle unto his propre wille,
 From which it is derived, soth to telle?
 And here-againes no creature on live
 Of no degree availleth for to strive.
 Than is it wisdom, as it thinketh me,
 To maken vertue of necessite,
 And take it wel that we may not eschewe,
 And namely that to us all is dewe;
 And whofo grutcheth ought he doth folie,
 And rebel is to him that all may gie.
 And certainly a man hath most honour
 To dien in his excellence and flour,
 Whan he is siker of his goode name;
 Than hath he don his frend ne him no shame;
 And glader ought his frend ben of his deth,
 Whan with honour is yolden up his breth,

Than whan his name appalled is for age,
 For all foryeten is his vassalage:
 Than is it best as for a worthy fame,
 To dein whan a man is best of name.
 The contrary of all this is wilfulnesse.
 Why grutchen we? why have we hevinessse,
 That good Arcite, of chivalry the flour,
 Departed is, with dutee and honour,
 Out of this foule prizon of this lif?
 Why grutchen here his cofin and his wif
 Of his welfare, that loven him so wel?
 Can he hem thank? nay, God wot, never a del,
 That both his foule and eke himself offend,
 And yet they mow her lustres not amend.

What may I conclude of this longe serie,
 But after forwe I rede us to be merie,
 And thanken Jupiter of all his grace;
 And er that we departen from this place,
 I rede that we make of forwes two
 O parfit joye lasting evermo:

And loketh now wher most forwe is herein,
 Ther wol I firste amenden and begin.

Sister, (quod he) this is my full assent,
 With all th' avis here of my parlement,
 That gentil Palamon, your owen knight,
 That serveth you with will, and herte, and might,
 And ever hath don sin you first him knew,
 That ye shall of your grace upon him rew,
 And taken him for husband and for lord:
 Lene me your hand, for this is oure accord.

Let see now of your womanly pitee:
 He is a kinges brothers some pardee;
 And though he were a poure bachelere,
 Sin he hath served you so many a yere,
 And had for you so gret adversite,
 It mooste ben considered, leveth me,
 For gentil mercy oweth to passen right.

Than sayd he thus to Palamon the Knight;
 I trow ther nedeth litel sermoning

To maken you assenten to this thing.
 Cometh ner, and take your lady by the hond.

Between hem was maken anon the bond
 That highte Matrimoine or Mariage,
 By all the conseil of the baronage;
 And thus with alle blisse and melodie
 Hath Palamon ywedded Emelie;
 And God, that all this wide world hath wrought,
 Send him his love that hath it dere ybought.
 For now is Palamon in alle wele,
 Living in blisse, in richeffe, and in hele,
 And Emelie him loveth so tendrely,
 And he hire serveth all so gentilly,
 That never was ther no word hem betwene
 Of jalousie, ne of non other tene.

Thus endeth Palamon and Emelie,
 And God save all this fayre compaignie,

THE MILLERES PROLOGUE.

WHAN that the Knight had thus his Tale told,
In all the compaignie n'as ther young ne old
That he ne said it was a noble storie,
And worthy to be drawn to memorie,
And namely the gentiles everich on.
Our Hoste lough and swore, So mote I gon
This goth aright; unbokede is the male;
Let see now who shall tel another Tale,
For trewely this game is wel begonne:
Now telleth ye fire Monk, if that ye conne,
Somewhat to quiten with the Knightes Tale.

The Miller, that for-dronken was all pale,
So that unnethes upon his hors he fat,
He n'old avalen neither hood ne hat,
Ne abiden no man for his curtesie,
But in Pilates vois he gan to crie,
And swore by armes, and by blood, and bones,
I can a noble Tale for the nones,
With which I will now quite the Knightes Tale.

Our Hoste saw that he was dronken of ale,
And sayd, abide, Robin, my leve brother,
Some better man shall tell us first another;
Abide, and let us werken thriftily.

By Goddes soule (quod he) that wol not I,
For I wol speke, or elles go my way.

Our Hoste answered, Tell on a devil way;
Thou art a fool; thy wit is overcome.

Now herkeneth, quod the Miller, all and some:
But first I make a protestacioun
That I am dronke, I know it by my soun,
And therefore if that I misspeke or say
Wite it the ale of Southwerk I you pray;
For I woll tell a legend and a lif
Both of a carpenter and his wif,
How that a clerk has fet the wrightes cappe.

The Reve answerd and saide, Stint thy clappe;
Let be thy lewed dronken harlotrie.
It is a finne and eke a gret folie
To apeiren any man, or him defame,
And eke to bringen wives in fwich a name;

Thou mayst ynough of other thinges sain.

This dronken Miller spake ful sone again,
And sayde, Leve brother Osewold,
Who hath no wif he is no cokewold;
But I say not therefore that thou art on;
Ther ben ful goode wives many on*.

Why art thou angry with my Tale now?

I have a wif parde as wel as thou,

Yet n'olde I for the oxen in my plough

Taken upon me more than ynough

As demen of myself that I am on;

I wol beleven wel that I am non.

An husbond shuld not be inquisitif

Of Goddes privite ne of his wif:

So he may finden Goddes foison there

Of the remenant nedeth not to enquire.

What shuld I more say, but this Millere

He n'olde his wordes for no man forbere,

But told his cherles Tale in his manere,

Me thinketh that I shal reherse it here;

And therefore every gentil wight I pray,

For Goddes love, as deme not that I say

Of evil entent, but that I mote reherse

Hir Tales alle, al be they better or werse,

Or elles falsen som of my matere;

And therefore who so list it not to here

Turne over the leef, and chese another Tale,

For he shal find ynow bothe grete and smale,

Of storial thing that toucheth gentilleffe,

And eke moralite and holinesse.

Blameth not me if that ye chese amis;

The Miller is a cherl, ye know well this,

So was the Reve, (and many other mo)

And harlotrie they tolden bothe two.

Aviseh you now, and put me out of blame;

And eke men shuld not make ernest of game.

* After this verse the two following are found in so many mss. that perhaps they ought to have been inserted in the text:

And ever a thousand good ageins on badde,
That knoweth thou wel but if thou be madde.

THE MILLERES TALE*.

WHILOM ther was dwelling in Oxenforde
A riche gnof, that gestes helde to borde,
And his craft he was a carpenter.
With him ther was dwelling a poor scolar,
Had lerned art, but all his fantasie
Was turned for to lerne astrologie,
And coude a certain of conclusions
To demen by interrogations,
If that men asked him in certain houres
Whan that men shulde have drougt or elles
Or if men asked him what shulde falle [shoures;
Of every thing, I may not reken alle.

This clerk was cleped Hendy Nicholas;
Of derne love he coude and of folas;
And therto he was slie and ful prive,
And like a maiden meke for to fe.
A chambre had he in that hostelrye
Alone, withouten any compaignie,
Ful fetisly ydight with herbes fote,
And he himself was swete as is the rote,
Of licoris, or any fetewale.
His almageste, and bokes gret and smale,
His astrelabre, longing for his art,
His augrim stones†, layen faire apart
On shelves couched at his beddes hed,
His presse ycovered with a falding red;
And all above ther lay a gay fautric,
On which he made on nightes melodie
So swetely, that all the chambre rong,
And *Angelus ad Virginem* he song;
And after that he song the kinges note:
Ful often blessed was his mery throte,
And thus this swete clerk his time spent
After his frendes finding and his rent.

This carpenter had wedded new a wif
Which that he loved more than his lif:
Of eightene yere she was I gesse of age.
Jalous he was, and held hire narwe in cage,
For she was wild and yonge, and he was old,
And demed himself belike a cokewold.
He know not Caton, for his wit was rude,
That bade a man shudde wedde his similitude;
Men shulden wedden after hir estate,
For youthe and elde is often at debate;
But sithen he was fallen in the snare
He most endure (as othere folk) his care.

Fayre was this yongue wif, and therewithal
As any wesel hire body gent and smal.
A feint she wered, barred all of silk,
A barme-cloth eke as white as morwe milk

Upon hire lendes, ful of many a gore;
White was hire smok, and brouded all before
And eke behind on hire colere aboute
Of cole-black silk within and eke withoute;
The tapes of hire white volupere
Were of the same suit of hire colere;
Hire fillet brode of silk, and fet full hie;
And likerly she had a likerous eye:
Ful smal ypollud were hire browes two,
And they were bent, and black as any flo:
She was wel more blisful for to see
Than is the newe perienete tree,
And softer than the wolfe is of a wether.

And by hire girdel heng a purse of lether
Tasseled with silk and perled with latoun.
In all this world to seken up and doun
Ther n'is no man so wif that coude thenche
So gay a popelot or swiche a wenche.
Ful brighter was the shining of hire hewe
Than in the Tour the noble yforged newe;
But of hire song, it was as loud and yerne
As any swalow sitting on a berne.
Thereto she coude skip and make a game
As any kid or calf folowing his dame.
Hire mouth was swete as braket or the meth,
Or hord of apples laid in hay or heth.
Winfing she was as is a joly colt,
Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt.
A broche she bare upon hire low colere,
As brode as is the bosse of a bokelere.
Hire shoon were laced on hire legges hie;
She was a primerole, a piggefinie,
For any lord to lighen in his bedde,
Or yet for any good yemen to wedde.

Now fire, and est fire, so befell the cas,
That on a day this Hendy Nicholas
Fel with this yonge wif to rage and pleye,
While that hire husband was at Oseney,
As clerkes ben ful subtil and ful queint,
And prively he caught hire by the queint,
And sayde, Ywis but if I have my will
For derne love of thee, lemman, I spill;
And helde hire faste by the hanche bones,
And sayde, Lemman, love me wel at ones,
Or I wol dien, al so God me save.

And she sprong as a colt doth in the trave
And with hire hed the writhed faste away,
And sayde, I wol not kisse thee by my fay.
Why, let be, (quod she) let be, Nicholas,
Or I wol crie out Harow and Alas!
Do way your hondes for your curtesie.

This Nicholas gan mercy for to crie,
And spake so faire, and profered him so fast,
That she hire love him granted at the last,
And swore hire oth by Seint Thomas of Kent,
That she wold ben at his commandement
Whan that she may hire leifer wel espie.
Myn husband is is so ful of jalouse

* Nicholas, a scholar of Oxford, practiseth with Allison, the carpenter's wife of Oseney, to deceive her husband, but in the end is rewarded accordingly. This is one of those Tales that Lydgate (in his Prologue to The Story of the Siege of Thebes) says are of ribauldrie.

To makin laughtir in the company.
So, reader, you know what you are to expect; read or forbear as you think fitting. Urry.

† Augrim is a corruption of *algorithm*, the Arabian term for numeration. Augrim stones therefore were the pebbles or counters which were anciently used in numeration.

THE MILLER'S TALE.

That but ye waiten wel and be prive
I wot right wel I n'am but ded, quod she;
Ye mosten be ful derne as in this cas.

Nay, therof care you not, quod Nicholas:
A clerk ha h litherly beset his while
But if he coude a carpenter begile.
And thus they were accorded and yfworne
To waite a time, as I h. ve said beforne.
Whan Nicholas had don thus every del,
And thacked hire about the lendes wel,
He kised hire swete, and taketh his faurie,
And plaieth fast, and maketh melodie.

Than fell it thus, that to the parish cherche
(Of Cristes owen werkes for to werche)
This good wif went upon a holy day;
Hire forched shone as bright as any day,
So was it walken whan she lete hire werk.

Now was ther of that chirche a parish clerk
The which that was ycleped Abfolon.
Cruelle was his here, and as the gold it shon,
And flouted as a fanne large and brode;
Ful freight and even lay his joly shode:
His rode was red, his eyen grey as goos,
With Poules windowes corven on his shoos:
In hosen red he went ful fetisly:
Yclad he was ful smal and proprely
All in a kirtel of a light waget *;
Ful faire and thicke ben the pointes set;
And therupon he had a gay furplise,
As white as is the blosme upon the rise.

A mery childe he was, so God me save;
Wel coude he leten blod, and clippe and shave,
And make a chartre of lond and a quitance:
In twenty manere coude he trip and dance,
(After the scole of Oxenforde tho)
And with his legges casten to and fro;
And playen fonges on a smal ribble;
Therto he song somtime a loud guimble:
And as wel coude he play on a giterne:
In all the toun n'as brewhous ne tavern
That he ne visited with his folas,
Ther as that any gaillard tapstere was;
But soth to say he was somdel squamous
Of farting, and of speche dangerous.

This Abfolon, that joly was and gay,
Goth with a censer on the holy day,
Censing the wives of the parish faste,
And many a lovely loke he on hem caste,
And namely on this carpenteres wif;
To loke on hire him thought a mery lif;
She was so propre, and swete, and likorous,
I dare wel sain if she had been a mous
And he a cat, he wolde hire hente anon.

This parish clerk, this joly Abfolon,
Hath in his herte swiche a love longing,
That of no wif toke he non offering;
For curtesie, he sayd, he n'olde non.

The moone at night ful clere and brighte shon,
And Abfolon his giterne hath ytake,
For paramours he thoughte for to wake;

* Or *watchet*. Skinner explains *watchet* to mean a colour, a whitish blue; but in this place it seems rather to mean some kind of cloth, denominated perhaps from the town of Watchet in Somersetshire. Instead of *light* some mss. read *fin*, and mss. *A. robis*. This last epithet would be quite inconsistent with Skinner's explanation.

And forth he goth jolif and amorous,
Til he came to the carpenteres hous,
A litel after the cockes had ycrow,
And dressed him up by a shot window
That was upon the carpenteres wal.
He singeth in his vois gentil and final,
Now, dere Lady—if thy wille be,
I pray you that ye—wol rewre on me;
Ful wel accordant to his giterning.

This carpenter awoke, herd him sing,
And spake unto his wif, and said anon,
What, Alison! heres thou not Abfolon,
That chanteth thus under our houres wal?
And she answered hire husbond therewithal,
Yes, God wot, John! I here him every del.

This passeth forth; what wol ye bet than wel?
Fro day to day this joly Abfolon

So loveth hire that him is wo-begon:
He waketh all the night, and all the day
He kembeth his lockes brode, and made him gay;
He woeth hire by menes and brocage,
And swore he wolde ben hire owen page:
He singeth brokking as a nightingale;
He sent her pinnes, methc, and spiced ale,
And wafres piping hot out of the glade;
And for she was of toun he profered mede;
For som folk wol be wommen for richeffe,
And som for strokes, and some with gentilleffe.

Sometime to shew his lightnesse and maistrie
He plaieth Herode on a skafold hie.
But what availleth him as in this cas?
So loveth she this Hendy Nicholas,
That Abfolon may blow the buckes horne;
He ne had for his labour but a scorne:
And thus she maketh Abfolon hire ape,
And all his ernest turneth to a jape.
Ful soth is this proverbe, it is to lie;
Men say right thus alway, The neighe fle
Maketh of time the fer leef to be lothe:
For though that Abfolon be wood or wrothe,
Because that he fer was from hire sight,
This neighe Nicholas stood in his light.

Now bere thee wel, thou Hendy Nicholas,
For Abfolon may waile and sing alas.

And so befell that on a Saturday
This carpenter was gon to Osenay,
And Hendy Nicholas and Alison
Accorded ben to this conclusion,
That Nicholas shal shapen him a wile
This sely jalous husbond to begile;
And if so were the game went aright
She shuld slepe in his armes alle night,
For this was hire desire and his also.
And right anon, withouten wordes mo,
This Nicholas no lenger wold tarie,
But doth ful soft unto his chambre carie
Both mete and drinke for a day or twey.

And to hire husbond bad her for to sey,
If that he axed after Nicholas
She shulde say she n'iste not wher he was;
Of all the day she saw him not with eye;
She trowed he was in som maladie,
For for no crie hire maiden coude him calle,
He n'olde answer for nothing that might falle.

Thus passeth forth all thilke Saturday,
That Nicholas still in his chambre lay,

THE MILLERES TALE.

And ete, and slept, and dide what him list,
Til Sonday that the sonne gothe to rest.

This fely carpenter hath gret mervaille
Of Nicholas, or what thing might him aile,
And said, I am adrad by Seint Thomas
It stondeth not aright with Nicholas;
God shilde that he died sodenly;
This world is now ful tikel fikerly:
I saw to-day a corps yborne to cherche
That now on Monday last I saw him werche.

Go up (quod he unto his knave) anon,
Clepe at his dore, or knocke with a ston;
Loke how it is, and telle me boldeby.

This knave got him up ful sturdely,
And at the chambre dore while that he stood
He cried and knocked as that he were wood;
What? how? what do ye, Maister Nicholay?
How may ye slepen all the longe day?
But all for nought, he herde not a word.
An hole he fond ful low upon the bord,
Ther as the cat was wont in for to crepe,
And at that hole he loked in ful depe,
And at the last he had of him a sight.

This Nicholas sat ever gaping upright,
As he had kyked on the newe mone.

Adoun he goth, and telleth his maister sone
In what array he saw this ilke man.

This carpenter to blissen him began,
And said, Now helpe us Seinte Fridefwide!
A man wote litel what shal him betide.
This man is fallen with his astronomie
In som woodnesse or in som agonie.
I thought ay wel how that it shulde be;
Men shulde not knowe of Goddes privetee:
Ya, blessed be alway a lewed man,
That nought but only his beleve can.
So ferd another clerk with astronomie;
He walked in the feldes for to prie
Upon the sterres, what ther shuld be falle,
Til he was in a marlepit yfalle.

He saw not that. But yet by Seint Thomas
Me reweth fore of Hendy Nicholas:
He shal be rated of his studying,
If that I may, by Jesus, heven king.

Get me a staff, that I may underspore
While that thou, Robin, hevest of the dore:
He shal out of his studying as I gesse.
And to the chambre dore he gan him dresse.
His knave was a strong carl for the nones,
And by the haspe he haf it of at ones:
Into the flore the dore fell anon.

This Nicholas sat ay as stille as ston,
And ever he gaped upward into the cire.

This carpenter wond he were in despire,
And hent him by the shuldres mightily,
And shoke him hard, and cried spytoufly;
What, Nicholas? what, how man? loke adoun;
Awake, and thinke on Cristes passioun.
I crouche thee from elves and from wighes.
Therwith the nightpel said he anon rightes
On foure halves of the hous aboute
And on the threswold of the dore withoute:
Jesu Crist and Seint Benedight
Blisse this hous from every wicked wight,

Fro the nightes mare, the wite Pater-noster!
Wher wonest thou Seint Peters sulter?

And at the last this Hendy Nicholas
Gan for to fiken fore, and said, alas!
Shal all the world be loft eftsones now?

This carpenter answered, What faiest thou?
What? thinke on God, as we do, men that fwinke.

This Nicholas answered, Fetch me a drinke;
And after wol I speke in privetee
Of certain thing that toucheth thee and me:
I wol tell it non other man certain.

This carpenter goth down and cometh again,
And brought of mighty ale a large quart;
And whan that ech of hem had dronken his part,
This Nicholas his dore faste shette,
And doun the carpenter by him he sette,
And saide, John, min hoste lese and dere,
Thou shalt upon thy trouthe swere me here
That to no wight thou shalt my counseil wrey;
For it is Cristes counseil that I say,
And if thou tell it man thou art forlore;
For this vengeance thou shalt have therfore,
That if thou wreye me thou shalt be wood.

Nay, Crist forbode it for his holy blood,
Quod tho this fely man: I am no labbe,
Ne though I say it I n'am not lese to gabbe.
Say what thou wolt, I shall it never telle
To child ne wif, by him that harwed helle.

Now, John, (quod Nicholas) I wol not lie;
I have yfounde in min astrologie;
As I have loked in the moone bright,
That now on Monday next, at quarter night,
Shal fal a rain, and that so wild and wood,
That half so gret was never Noes flood:
This world (he said) in lesse than in an houre
Shal all be dreint, so hidous is the shoure:
Thus shal mankinde drenche and lese hir lif.

This carpenter answerd, Alas my wif!
And shal she drenche? alas min Alifoun!
For sorwe of this he fell almost adoun,
And said, Is ther no remedie in this cas?

Why yes, for God, quod Hendy Nicholas;
If thou wolt werken after lore and rede,
Thou maist not werken after thin owen hede;
For thus faith Salomon, that was ful trewe,
Werke all by conseil, and thou shalt not rewe.
And if thou werken wolt by good conseil
I undertake, withouten mast or seyl,
Yet shall I saven hire, and thee and me.
Hast thou not herd how saven was Noe,
Whan that our Lord had warned him before,
That all the world with water shuld be lorne?

Yes, (quod this carpenter) ful yore ago:
Hast thou not herd (quod Nicholas) also
The sorwe of Noe with his felawship,
Or that he might get his wif to ship?
Him had be lever, I dare wel undertake,
At thilke time, than all his wethers blake,
That she had had a ship hire self alone;
And therefore wolt thou what is best to done?
This axeth hast, and of an hastif thing
Men may not preche and maken taryng.
Anon go get us fast into this in
A kneding trough or ellis a kemelyn

THE MILLERES TALE.

For eche of us; but loke that they ben large,
In which we mowen swimme as in a barge;
And have therin vitaille suffisant
But for a day; fie on the remenant;
The water shall aflake and gon away
Abouten prime upon the nexte day.
But Robin may not wete of this thy knave,
Ne eke thy mayden Gille I may not save:
Axe not why; for though thou axe me,
I wol not tellen Goddes privetee.
Sufficeth thee, but if thy wittes madde,
To have as gret a grace as Noe hadde.
Thy wif shal I wel faven out of doute.
Go now thy way, and spede thee hereabout.

But whan thou hast for hire, and thee, and me,
Ygeten us these kneding tubbes thre,
Than shalt thou hang hem in the roofe ful hie,
That no man of our purveyance espie:
And whan thou hast don thus as I have said,
And hast our vitaille faire in hem ylaide,
And eke an axe to smite the cord a-two
Whan that the water cometh, that we may go
And breke a hole on high upon the gable
Unto the gardin ward, over the stable,
That we may frely passen forth our way,
Whan that the grette shoure is gon away,
Than shal thou swim as mery, I undertake,
As doth the white doke after hire drake;
Than wol I clepe, How, Alifon! how, John!
Be mery, for the flood wol passe anon.
And thou wolt fain, Haile! Maister Nicholas,
Good morwe! I fee thee wel, for it is day.
And than shall we be lordes all our lif
Of all the world, as Noe and his wif.
But of o thing I warne thee ful right,
Be wel avised on that ilke night,
That we ben entred into shippes bord,
That non of us ne speke not o word,
Ne clepe ne crie, but be in his praier,
For it is Goddes owen heste dere.

Thy wif and thou moste hangen fer a-twinne,
For that betwixen you shal be no sinne,
No more in loking than ther shall in dede.
This ordinance is said; go, God thee spede.
To morwe at night, whan men ben all aslepe,
Into our kneding tubbes wol we crepe,
And sitten ther, abiding Goddes grace.
Go now thy way, I have no lenger space
To make of this, no lenger sermoning:
Men fain thus, Send the wif, and say nothing:
Thou art so wise it nedeth thee nought teche.
Go, fave our lives, and that I thee beseeche.

This fely carpenter goth forth his way,
Ful oft he said Alas! and Wala wa!
And to his wif he told his privetee,
And she was ware, and knew it bet than he
What all this queinte cast was for to fey;
But natheles the ferde as the wold dey,
And said, Alas! go forth thy way anon;
Helpe us to scape, or we be dede eche on:
I am thy trewe veray wedded wif;
Go, dere spouse! and helpe to save our lif.

Lo, what a gret thing is affection!
Men may die of inagination,

So depe may impressioun be take.
This fely carpenter beginneth quake;
Him thinketh veraily that he may see
Noes flood comen walwing as the see
To drenchen Alifon, his honey dere:
He wepeth, waileth, maketh sory chere;
He fiketh, with ful many a fory swough.
He goth and geteth him a kneding trough,
And after a tubbe and a kemelin,
And prively he sent hem to his in,
And heng hem in the roof in privetee.
His owen hond than made he ladders three†,
To climben by the renges and the stalkes
Unto the tubbes honging in the balkes;
And hem vitailled, kemelin, trough, and tubbe,
With bred and chefe, and good ale in a jubbe,
Sufficing right ynow as for a day.

But er that he had made all this array
He sent his knave, and eke his wenche also,
Upon his nede to London for to go.
And on the Monday, whan it drew to night,
He shette his dore, withouten candel light,
And dressed all thing as it shulde bee;
And shortly up they clomben alle thre.
They sitten stille wel a furlong way.
Now, *Pater-noster*, Clum, said Nicholas,
And Clum, quod John, and Clum, said Alifon;
This carpenter said his devotion,
And still he sit, and biddeth his praier,
Awaiting on the rain, if he it here.

The dede slepe, for wery besineffe,
Fell on this carpenter, right as I gesse,
Abouten curfew time, or litel more.
For travaille of his gost he groweth fore,
And eft he routeth, for his hed mislay.
Doun of the ladder staketh Nicholas,
And Alifon ful soft adoun hire spedde.
Withouten wordes mo they went to bedde,
Ther as the carpenter was wont to lie;
Ther was the revel and the melodie.
And thus lith Alifon and Nicholas
In besineffe of mirthe and in solas,
Til that the bell of *laudes* gan to ring,
And freres in the chancel gon to sing.

This parish clerk, this amorous Abfolon,
That is for love alway so wo-begon,
Upon the Monday was at Osenay
With compaignie, him to disport and play,
And asked upon cas a cloisterer
Ful prively after John the carpenter;
And he drew him apart out of the chirche.
He said, I no't, I saw him not here wirche
Sith Saturday; I trow that he be went
For timbre ther our abbot hath him sent;
For he is wont for timbre for to go,
And dwellen at the Grange a day or two;
Or elles he is at his hous certain:
Wher that he be I cannot sothly fain.

This Abfolon ful joly was and light,
And thoughte, now is time to wake al night,

† With his own hand. So Gower, *Conf. Amant.* fol. 76. b.
The craite Mynerve of wolfe fonde,
And made cloth her owen bende.

For sickerly I saw him nat stirring
 About his dore sin day began to spring.
 So mote I thrive. I shal at cockes crow
 Ful prively go knocke at his window,
 That stant full low upon his boures wall :
 To Alifon wol I now tellen all
 My love longing; for yet I shal not misse
 That at the leste way I shal hire kisse.
 Some maner comfort shal I have parfay,
 My mouth hath itched al this longe day;
 That is a signe of kissing at the leste :
 All night me mette eke I was at a feste :
 Therefore I wol go slepe an houre or twey,
 And all the night than wol I wake and play.
 When that the firste cock hath crowe, anon
 Up rist this joly lover Absolon,
 And him arayeth gay, at point devise;
 But first he cheweth grein and licorise,
 To smellen sote or he had spoke with here.
 Under his tonge a trewe love he bere,
 For therby wend he to ben gracious.
 He cometh to the carpenteres hous,
 And still he stant under the shot window;
 Unto his brest it raught, it was so low;
 And soft he cougheth with a semisoun.
 What do ye, honycombe, swete Alifoun,
 My faire bird, my swete finanome!
 Awaketh, lemman min, and speketh to me.
 Ful litel thinken ye upon my wo,
 That for your love I swete ther as I go.
 No wonder is though that I swelte and swete,
 I mourne as doth a lamb after the tete.
 Ywis, lemman, I have swiche love longing
 That like a turtel trewe is my mourning.
 I may not ete no more than a maid.
 Go fro the window, jacke fool, she said :
 As helpe me God it wol not be, compame.
 I love another, or elles I blame,
 Wel bet than thee by Jesu, Absolon.
 Go forth thy way, or I wol cast a ston;
 And let me slepe; a twenty divel way.
 Alas! (quod Absolon) and wala wa!
 That trewe love was ever so yvel besette :
 Than kisse me, sin that it may be no bette,
 For Jesus love, and for the love of me.
 Wilt thou than go thy way therwith? quod she.
 Ya certes, lemman, quod this Absolon.
 Than make thee gedy, (quod she) I come anon.
 This Absolon doun set him on his knees,
 And saide, I am a lord at all degrees :
 For after this I hope ther cometh more;
 Lemman, thy grace, and, swete bird! thyn ore.
 The window she undoth, and that in haste.
 Have don, (quod she) come of, and spede thee faste,
 Lest that our neighbours thee espie.
 This Absolon gan wipe his mouth ful dric.
 Derke was the night as pitch or as the cole,
 And at the window she put out hire hole,
 And Absolon him felle ne bet ne wers;
 But with his mouth he kist hire naked ers
 Ful favorly, er he was ware of this.
 Abak he sterte, and thought it was misis,
 For wel he wist a woman hath no berd.
 He felt a thing all rowe, and long ythred,

And saide, Fy, alas! what have I do?

Te he, quod she, and clapt the window to;
 And Absolon goth forth a fory pas.

A berd, a berd! said Hendy Nicholas;
 By Goddes corpus this goth faire and wel.

This fely Absolon herd every del,
 And on his lippe he gan for anger bite,
 And to himself he said I shal thee quite.
 Who rubbeth now, who frotheth now his lippes
 With dust, with sond, with straw, with cloth, with
 But Absolon? that faith full oft Alas! (chippea;
 My soule betake I unto Sathanas
 But me were lever than all this toun (quod he)
 Of this despit awroken for to be.

Alas! alas! that I ne had yblent.
 His hote love is cold and all yqueint;
 For fro that time that he had kist hire ers
 Of paramours ne raught he not a kers,
 For he was heled of his maladie;
 Ful often paramours he gan desie,
 And wepe as doth a child that is ybete.
 A softe pas he went him over the strete
 Until a smith man callen Dad Gerveis,
 That in his forge smithed plow-harnais;
 He sharpeth share and cultre besily.
 This Absolon knocketh all esily,
 And said, Undo, Gerveis, and that anon.

What, who art thou? It am I Absolon.
 What, Absolon? what, Christes swete tre;
 Why rise ye so rath? ey benedicite!
 What eileth you? some gay girle, God it wote,
 Hath brought you thus upon the viretote :
 By Seint Neote ye wote wel what I mene.

This Absolon ne raughte not a bene
 Of all his play; no word again he yaf :
 He hadde more tawe on his distaf
 Than Gerveis knew, and saide, Frend so dere,
 That hote culter in the cheminee here
 As lene it me, I have therwith to don; ?
 I wol it bring again to thee ful sone.

Gerveis answered, Certes were it gold,
 Or in a poke nobles all untold,
 Thou shuldest it have, as I am trewe smith.
 Ey, Cristes foot, what wol ye don therwith ?
 Therof, quod Absolon, be as be may,
 I shal wel tellen thee another day;
 And caught the culter by the tolde stele.
 Ful soft out at the dore he gan to stele,
 And went unto the carpenteres wall;
 He coughed first, and knocked therewithall
 Upon the window, right as he did er.

This Alifon answered, Who is ther
 That knocketh so? I warrant him a thiefe.

Nay, nay, (quod he) God wot, my swete lese;
 I am thin Absolon, thy dereling.
 Of gold (quod he) I have thee brought a ring;
 My mother yave it me, so God me save,
 Ful fine it is, and therto wel ygrave;
 This wol I even thee if thou me kisse.

This Nicholas was risen for to pisse,
 And thought he wolde amenden all the jape,
 He shulde kisse his ers er that he scape;
 And up the window did he hastily,
 And out his ers he putteth privily

THE MILLERES TALE.

Over the buttok, to the hanche bon;
And therwith spake this clerk, this Abfolon,
Speke swete bird, I n'ot not wher thou art.

This Nicholas anon let fleen a fart
As gret as it had been a thonder dint,
That with the stroke he was wel nie yblint;
And he was redy with his yren hote,
And Nicholas amid the ers he smote.

Off goth the skinne an hondbrede al aboute.
The hote culter brenned so his tonte,
That for the smert he wened for to die;
As he were wood for wo he gan to crie
Helpe, water, water! help for Goddes herte!

This carpenter out of his slumber sterre,
And herd on crie Water as he were wood,
And thought, alas! now cometh Noes flood.
He set him up withouten wordes mo,
And with his axe he smote the cord atwo,
And down goth all; he fond neyther to selle
Ne breed ne ale til he came to the selle,
Upon the flore, and ther afwonne he lay.

Up sterten Alifon and Nicholay,
And crieden, Out and harrow! in the strete.

The neigheboures bothe smale and grete
In rannen for to gauren on this man,
That yet afwonne lay bothe pale and wan,

For with the fall he brosten hath his arm.
But stonden he must unto his owen harm,
For whan he spake, he was anon bore down
With Hendy Nicholas and Alifoun:

They tolden, every man that he was wood,
He was agaste so of Noes flood
Thurgh fantasie, that of his vanitee
He had ybought him kneding tubbes three,
And had hem honged in the roof above,
And that he praied hem for Goddes love
To fitten in the roof *par compaignie*.

The folk gan laughen at his fantasie.
Into the roof they kyken and they gape,
And turned all his harm into a jape.
For what so that this carpenter answerd
It was for thought, no man his reson herd.
With othes gret he was so sworne adoun
That he was holden wood in all the toun.
For everich clerk anon right held with othe;
They said the man was wood, my leve brother;
And every wight gan laughen at this strif.

Thus swived was the carpenteres wif
For all his keping and his jalousie,
And' Abfolon hath kist hire nether eye,
And Nicholas is scalded in the tonte.
This Tale is don, and God save all the route.

Vol. I.

THE REVES PROLOGUE

THE REVES PROLOGUE.

WHAN folk han laughed at this nice cas
Of Abbelon and Hendy Nicholas,
Diverse folk diversely they saide,
But for the more part they lought and plaide;
Ne at this Tale I saw no man greve
But it were only Osewold the Reve:
Because he was of carpenteres craft
A litel ire is in his herte ylast;
He gan to grutch and blamen it a lite.
Se the ik, quod he, ful wel coude I him quite
With blering of a proude milleres eye,
If that me list to speke of ribaudrie.
But ik am olde; me list not play for age;
Gras time is don, my foddre is now forage:
This white top writeth mine old yeres;
Min herte is also moulded as min heres;
But if I fare as doth an open ers,
That ilke fruit is ever lenger the wers
Til it be roten in mullok or in fire.

We olde men, I drede, so faren we;
Til we be roten can we not be ripe;
We hoppe alway while that the world wol pipe;
For in our will ther stiketh ever a nayl,
To have an hore hed and a grene tayl,
As hath a leke; for though our might be gon
Our will desireth folly ever in on;
For whan we may not don than wol we speken,
Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken.

Four gledes han we which I shal devise,
Avaunting, lying, anger, and covetise;
These foure sparkes longen unto elde;
Our olde limes mow wel ben unwelde,
But will ne shall not failen that is sothe:
And yet have I alway a coltes tothe,
As many a yere as it passed henne
Sin that my tappe of lif began to renne:

For sikerly whan I was borne anon
Deth drow the tappe of lif and let it gon;
And ever sith hath so the tappe yronne,
Til that almost all empty is the tonne;
The streme of lif now droppeth on the chimbe.
The sely tonge may wel ringe and chimbe
Of wretchednesse that passed is ful yore:
With olde folk save dotage is no more.

Whan that our Hoste had herd this sermoning,
He gan to speke as lordly as a king,
And sayde, What amounteth all this wit?
What, shall we speke all day of holy writ?
The devil made a Reve for to preche,
Or of a souter a shipman or a leche.

Say forth thy Tale, and tary not the time;
Lo Depeford, and it is half way prime:
Lo Greenwich, ther many a shrew is inne:
It were al time thy Tale to beginne.

Now, fires, quod this Osewold the Reve,
I pray you alle that ye not you greve
Though I answere, and somdel fet his howve,
For lesul is with force force off to showve.

This drunken Miller hath ytold us here
How that begiled was a carpentere,
Paraventure in scorne, for I am on;
And by your leve I shal him quite anon:
Right in his cherles termes wol speke;
I pray to God his necke mote to breke.
He can wel in min eye seen a stalk,
But in his owen he cannot seen a balk.

* *Kime*, Teut. means the promineny of the flaves beyond the head of the barrel. The imagery is very exact and beautiful.

THE REVES TALE*.

At Trompington, not fer fro Cantebrugge,
 Ther goth a brook, and over that a brigge,
 Upon the whiche brook ther stont a melle;
 And this is veray sothe that I you telle.
 A miller was ther dwelling many a day,
 As any peacock he was proude and gay:
 Pipen he coude, and fische, and nettes bete,
 And turnen cuppes, and wrafflen wel and shete.
 Ay by his belt he bare a long pavade,
 And of a fwerd ful trenchant was the blade:
 A joly popper bare he in his pouche.
 Ther n'as no man for peril dorst him touche.
 A Shefeld thwitel bare he in his hofe:
 Round was his face, and camuse was his nose:
 As pilled as an ape was his skull:
 He was a market-beter at the full.
 Ther dorste no wight bond upon him legge,
 That he ne swore he shuld anon abegge.

A thefe he was forsoth of corne and mele,
 And that a flie, and usant for to stele:
 His name was hoten Deinous Simekin †.
 A wif he hadde comen of noble kin:
 The perfon of the toun hire father was:
 With hire he yaf ful many a panne of bras
 For that Simkin shuld in his blood allie:
 She was yfostered in a nonnerie;
 For Simkin wolde no wif, as he sayde,
 But she were wel ynourished and a mayde,
 To saven his estat of yemanrie:
 And she was proud and pert as is a pie.
 A ful faire sight was it upon hem two.
 On holy dayes beforen hire wold he go
 With his tipet ybounde about his hed,
 And she came after in a gite of red,
 And Simkin hadde hosen of the fame.
 Ther dorste no wight clepen her but Dame:

* Denyse Simkin, the miller of Trompington, deceiveth two clarkes of Soller's hall in Cambridge in stealing their corn; but they so manage their matters that they revenge the wrong to the full. This Tale is imitated from Boccace, Novel the 6th; Day the 9th.---This you may pass over if you please. Urry.

† His name was Simon, of which Simekin is the diminutive, and from his disdainful insolent manners he had acquired the surname of *Deinous*, just as Nicholas, in the former tale, was cleped *Hendy* from the very opposite behaviour. A great number of our surnames have been derived from qualities of the mind, and it is reasonable to suppose that at the beginning they were merely personal, like what we call nicknames. It is probable that the use of hereditary surnames was not even in Chaucer's time fully established among the lower classes of people.

Was non so hardy, that went by the way,
 That with hire dorste rage or ones play,
 But if he wolde be slain of Simikin
 With pavade, or with knif or bodekin;
 (For jalous folk ben perilous evermo,
 Algate they wold hir wives wenden so.)
 And eke, for she was fomedel smoterlich,
 She was as digne as water in a dich,
 And al so ful of hoker and of bismare,
 Hire thoughte that a ladie shuld hire spare,
 What for hire kinrede and hire nortelric
 That she had lerned in the nonnerie.

A doughter hadden they betwix hem two
 Of twenty yere, withouten any mo,
 Saving a child that was of half yere age;
 In cradle it lay, and was a propre page.
 This wenche thicke and wel ygrowen was,
 With camuse nose and eyen grey as glas;
 With buttokes brode, and brestes round and hie,
 But right faire was hir here, I wol not lie.

The perfon of the toun, for she was faire,
 In purpos was to maken hire his haire
 Both of his catel and of his mesuage,
 And strange he made it of hire mariage.
 His purpos was for to bestow hire hie
 Into some worthy blood of ancefrie,
 For holy chirches good mote ben deipended
 On holy chirches blood that is descended;
 Therefore he wolde his holy blood honour
 Though that he holy chirche shuld devour.

Gret foken hath this miller out of doute
 With whete and mak of all the land aboute,
 And namely ther was a gret college
 Men-clep the Soller hall at Cantebrege,
 Ther was hir whete and eke hir malte yground,
 And on a day it happed in a stound
 Sike lay the manciple on a maladie,
 Men wenden wisly that he shulde die;
 For which this miller stale both mele and corn
 An hundred times more than beforn,
 For therbeforn he stale but curteisly,
 But now he was a thefe outrageously,
 For which the wardein chidde and made fare,
 But therof set the miller not a tare;
 He craked boft, and swore it n'as not so,

Than were ther yonge poure scolours two
 That dwelten in the halle of which I say;
 Telfif they were, and lusty for to play,

And only for hir mirth and revelrie
Upon the wardein besily they crie
To yeve hem leve but a little steound
To gon to mille and seen hir corn yground;
And hardly they dorsten lay hir necke
The miller shuld not stele hem half a pecke
Of corn by sleighte, ne by force him reve.

And at the last the wardein yave hem leve.
John highte that on, and Alein highte that other;
Of a toun were they born that highte Strother,
Fer in the north, I cannot tellen wher.

This Alein maketh redy all his gere,
And on a hors the fak he cast anon;
Forth goth Alein the clerk, and also John,
With good sward and with bokeler by hir side.
John knew the way, him neded not no guide,
And at the mille the fak adoun he laith.

Alein spake first; All haile, Simond, in faith,
How fares thy faire daughter and thy wif?

Alein, welcome (quod Simkin), by my lif,
And John also. How now, what do ye here?
By God, Simond (quod John), nede has no pere;
Him behoves serve himself that has na swain,
Or elles he is a fool, as clerkes fain.
Our manciple I hope he wol be ded,
Swa werkes ay the wanges in his hed;
And therefore is I come, and eke Alein,
To grind our corn and cary it hame agein;
I pray you spede us hencen that ye may.

It shal be don (quod Simkin) by my fay.
What wol ye don while that it is in hand?
By God, right by the hopper wol I stand,
(Quod John) and seen how that the corn gas in;
Yet saw I never by my fader kin
How that the hopper wagges til and fra.

Alein answered, John, and wolt thou swa?
Than wol I be benethe by my croun,
And see how that the mele falles adoun
In til the trogh; that shal be my disport;
For, John, in faith I may ben of your fort:
I is as ill a miller as is ye.

This miller smiled at hir nicetee,
And thought all this n'is don but for a wile.
They wenen that no man may hem begile,
But by my thrift yet shal I blere hir cie
For all the sleighte in hir philosophie.
The more queinte knakkes that they make,
The more wol I stele whan that I take.
In stede of flour yet wol I yeve hem bren.
The greteft clerkes ben not the wifed men,
As whilom to the wolf thus spake the mare:
Of all hir art ne count I not a tare.

Out at the dore he goth ful prively
Whan that he saw his time softly.
He loketh up and down, til he hath found
The clerkes hors ther as he stood ybound
Behind the mille under a levestell,
And to the hors he goth him faire and well,
And stripeth of the bridel right anon.

And whan the hors was laus he gan to gon
Toward the fen ther wilde mares renne,
And forth with wehee thurgh thick and thinne.
This miller goth again; no word he said,
But doth his note, and with these clerkes plaid,

Till that hir corn was faire and wel yground.
And whan the mele is sacked and ybound,
This John goth out and sint his hors away,
And gan to crie Harow and wala wa!
Our hors is lost: Alein, for Goddes banes
Step on thy feet; come of, man, al at anes:
Alas! our wardein has his passfey lorn.

This Alein al forgat both mele and corn;
Al was out of his mind his hufbandrie:
What, whilke way is he gon? he gan to crie.

The wif came leping inward at a renne;
She sayd, Alas! youre hors goth to the fenne
With wilde mares as fast as he may go.
Unthank come on his hand that bond him so,
And he that better shuld have knit the rein.

Alas! (quod John) Alein, for Cristes pein
Lay doun thy sward, and I shal min alswa;
I is ful wight, God wate, as is a ra.
By Goddes faule he shall not scape us bathe.
Why ne had thou put the capel in the lathe?
Ill haile, Alein, by God thou is a sonne.

These fely clerkes han ful fast yronne
Toward the fen, bothe Alein and eke John;
And whan the miller saw that they were gon
He half a bushel of hir flour hath take,
And bad his wif go knede it in a cake.
He sayd, I trow the clerkes were aferde:
Yet can a miller make a clerkes berde
For all his art. Ye, let hem gon hir way.
Lo wher they gon. Ye, let the children play:
They get him not so lightly by my croun.
These fely clerkes rennen up and down
With Kepe, kepe; Stand, stand; joffa, warderere.
Ga whistle thou, and I shal kepe him here.
But shortly, till that it was veray night
They coude not, though they did all hir might,
Hir capel catch, he ran alway so fast,
Til in a diche they caught him at the last.

Wery and wet, as beestes in the rain,
Cometh fely John, and with him cometh Alein.
Alas (quod John) the day that I was borne!
Now are we driven til hething and til scorne.
Our corn is stolne, men wol us founnes calle,
Both the wardein and eke our felawes alle,
And namely the miller, wala wa!

Thus plaineth John as he goth by the way
Toward the mille, and Bayard in his hond.
The miller sitting by the fire he fond,
For it was night, and forther might they nought;
But for the love of God they him besought
Of herberwe and of ese, as for his peny.

The miller faide agen, if ther be any,
Swiche as it is yet shall ye have your part.
Myn house is freit, but ye have lerned art;
Ye can by arguments maken a place
A mile brode of twenty foot of space.
Let see now if this place may suffice,
Or make it rounne with speche, as is your gife.
Now, Simond (said this John), by Seint Cuthberd
Ay is thou mery, and that is faire answerd.
I have herd say man sal take of twa thinges,
Slike as he findes, or slike as he brings.
But specially I pray thee, hoste dere,
Gar us have mete and drinke, and make us chere,

THE REVESTALE.

And we sal paien trewely at the full :
With empty hand men may na hawkes full.
Lo here our silver redy for to spend.

This miller to the toun his daughter send
For ale and bred, and rosted hem a goos,
And bond hir hors he shuld no more go loos,
And in his owen chambre hem made a bedde,
With shetes and with chalons faire yspredde,
Nat from his owen bed ten foot or twelve :
His daughter had a bed all by hire selve,
Right in the same chambre by and by :
It mighte be no bet, and cause why,
Ther was no roumer herberwe in the place.
They soupen, and they speken of solace,
And drinken ever strong ale at the best.
Abouten midnight wente they to rest.

Wel hath this miller vernished his hed,
Ful pale he was, for-dronken, and nought red.
He yoxeth, and he speketh thurgh the nose,
As he were on the quakke or on the pose.
To bed he goth, and with him goth his wif ;
As any jay she light was and jolif ;
So was hire joly whistle wel ywette.
The cradel at hire beddes feet was sette
To rocken, and to yeve the child to fouke.
And whan that dronken was all in the crouke
To bedde went the daughter right anon,
To bedde goth Alein and also John.
Ther n'as no more ; nedeth hem no dwale.
This miller hath so willy bibbed ale,
That as an hors he snorteth in his slepe,
Ne of his tail behind he toke no kepe.
His wif bare him a burdon a ful strong,
Men might hir routing heren a furlong.
The wenche routeth eke *par compaignie*.

Alein the clerk, that herd this melodie,
He poketh John, and sayde, Slepest thou ?
Herdest thou ever slike a song er now ?
Lo whilke a complin is ymell hem alle ;
A wilde fire upon hir bodies falle,
Wha herked ever slike a ferly thing ?
Ye, they shall have the flour of yvel ending.
This lange night ther tides me no reste ;
But yet na force, all shal be for the beste.
For, John (sayd he), as ever mote I thrive,
If that I may yon wenche wol I swive.
Som esement has lawe yshapen us ;
For, John, ther is a lawe that saith thus,
That if a man in o point be agreved
That in another she shal be releved.
Our corn is stolne, sothly it is na nay,
And we han had an yvel fit to-day ;
And fin I shal have nan amendement
Again my losse I wol have an esement :
By Goddes faule it shal nan other be.

This John answered, Alein, avise thee ;
The miller is a perilous man, he sayde,
And if that he out of his slepe abraide,
He mighte don us bathe a vilanie.
Alein answered, I count him nat a flie.
And up he rift, and by the wenche he crept.
This wenche lay upright, and faste slept,
Til he so nigh was, er she might espie,
That it had ben to late for to crie :

And shortly for to say, they were at on,
Now play Alein, for I wol speke of John.

This John lith still a furlong way or two,
And to himself he maketh routh and wo.
Alas ! (quod he) this is a wicked jape ;
Now may I say that I is but an ape.
Yet has my felaw somwhat for his harme ;
He has the millers daughter in his arme :
He aunted him, and hath his nedes spedde,
And I lie, as a draf sak in my bedde ;
And whan this jape is tald another day
I shal be halden a daffe or a cokenay :
I wol arise and aunte it by my fay :
Unhardy is unsely, thus men say.

And up he rose, and softly he went
Unto the cradel, and in his hand it hent,
And bare it soft unto his beddes fete.
Sone after this the wif hire routing lete,
And gan awake, and went hire out to pisse,
And came again, and gan the cradel misse,
And groped here and ther, but she fond non.
Alas (quod she) ! I had almost misgon ;
I had almost gon to the clerkes bedde :
Ey *benedicite* ! than had I soule yspedde.
And forth she goth til she the cradel fond.
She gropeth alway forther with hire hond,
And fond the bed, and thoughte nat but good,
Because that the cradel by it stood,
And n'iste wher she was, for it was derk,
But faire and wel she crept in by the clerk,
And lith ful still, and wold han caught a slepe,
Within a while this John the clerk up lepe,
And on this goode wif he laith on fore ;
So mery a fit he had she nat ful yore :
He priketh hard and depe as he were mad.

This joly lif han these two clerkes lad
Til that the thridde cok began to sing.
Alein wex werie in the morwening,
For he had iwonken all the longe night,
And sayd, Farewel, Malkin, my swete wight :
The day is come, I may no longer bide,
But evermo-where so I go or ride
I is thin awen clerk, so have I hele.
Now, dere lemman, quod she, go, farewele ;
But or thou go, o thing I wol thee tell.
Whan that thou wendest homeward by the mell,
Right at the entree of the dore behind
Thou shalt a cake of half a bushel find
That was ymaked of thin owen miele,
Which that I halpe my fader for to stele :
And, goode lemman, God thee save and kepe.
And with that word she gan almost to wepe.

Alein uprist, and thought er that it daw,
I wol go crepen in by my felaw ;
And fond the cradel at his hand anon.
By God, thought he, all wrang I have misgon :
My hed is tottie of my fwink to night,
That maketh me that I go nat aright.
I wot wel by the cradel I have misgo ;
Here lith the miller and his wif also.
And forth he goth a twenty divel way
Unto the bed, ther as the miller lay.
He wend have copen by his felaw John,
And by the miller in he crept anon,

And caught him by the necke, and gan him shake,
 And sayd, Thou John, thou swinehed, awake
 For Cristes saule, and here a noble game;
 For by that lord that called is Seint Jame,
 As I have thries as in this short night
 Swived the millers doughter bolt upright
 While thou hast as a coward ben agast.

Ye, false harlot, quod the miller, hast?
 A, false traitour, false clerk (quod he),
 Thou shalt be ded by Goddes dignitee,
 Who dorste be so bold to disparage
 My doughter, that is come of swiche linage.
 And by the throte-bolle he caught Alein,
 And he him hent despitously again,
 And on the nose he smote him with his fist;
 Doun ran the bloody streame upon his brest:
 And in the fore with nose and mouth to-broke
 They walwe, as don two pigges in a poke.
 And up they gon, and doun again anon,
 Til that the miller sporned at a ston,
 And doun he fell backward upon his wif,
 That wiste nothing of this nice strif:
 For she was fall aslepe a litel wight
 With John the clerk, that waked had all night,
 And with the fall out of hire slepe she braide.
 Helpe, holy crofs of Bromeholme! (she sayde)
In manus tuas, Lord, to thee I call.
 Awake, Simond, the fend is on me fall;
 Myn herte is broken; helpe; I n'am but ded;
 Ther lith on up my wombe and up myn hed:
 Helpe, Simkin, for the false clerkes fight.
 This John stert up as fast as ever he might,

And graspeth by the walles to and fro
 To find a staf, and she stert up also,
 And knew the estres bet than did this John,
 And by the wall she toke a staf anon,
 And saw a litel shemering of a light,
 For at an hole in shone the mone bright,
 And by that light she saw hem bothe two,
 But fikerly she n'iste who was who,
 But as she saw a white thing in hire eye;
 And whan she gan this white thing espie
 She wend the clerk had wered a volupere,
 And with the staf she drow ay nere and nere,
 And wend han hit this Alein atte full,
 And smote the miller on the pilled skull,
 That doun he goth, and cried, Harrow! I die.
 Thise clerkes bete him wel, and let him lie,
 And greithen hem, and take hir hors anon,
 And eke hir mele, and on hir way they gon;
 And at the mille dore eke they toke hir cake
 Of half a busshel flour ful wel ybake.

Thus is the proude miller wel ybette,
 And hath ylost the grinding of the whete,
 And paid for the souper every del
 Of Alein and of John that bete him wel;
 His wif is swived and his doughter als;
 Lo, swiche it is a miller to be fals:
 And therefore this proverb is sayd ful soth,
 Him thar not winnen wel that evil doth;
 A gilour shal himself begiled be;
 And God, that siteth hic in magestee,
 Save all this compaignie gret and smale.
 Thus have I quit the miller in my Tale.

THE COKES PROLOGUE.

THE COKES PROLOGUE.

THE Coke of London, while the Reve spake,
For joye (him thought) he clawed him on the bak :
A ha (quod he) for Cristes passion,
This miller had a sharpe conclusion
Upon this argument of herbergage.
Wel sayde Salomon in his langage
Ne bring not every man into thin hous,
For herberwing by night is perilous.
Wel ought a man aviled for to be
Whom that he brought into his privetee.
I pray to God so yowe me forwe and care
If ever, sithen I highte Hodge of Wame,
Herd I a miller bet yfette a-werk ;
He had a jape of malice in the derk.
But God forbode that we stinten here,
And therefore if ye vouchen sauf to here
A Tale of me that am a poure man,
I wol you tell as wel as ever I can
A litel jape that fell in our citee.
Our Hoste answerd and sayde; I grant it thee :

Now tell on, Roger, and loke that it be good,
For many a paftee hast thou letten blood,
And many a Jacke of Dover hast thou sold
That hath been twies hot and twies cold :
Of many a pilgrim hast thou Cristes curfe,
For of thy perseele yet fare they the werle,
That they han eten in thy stoble goos,
For in thy shop goth many a flie loos.
Now tell on, gentil Roger by thy name,
But yet I pray thee be not wroth for game ;
A man may say ful soth in game and play.
Thou sayst ful soth, quod Roger, by my fay ;
But soth play *quade spel*, as the Fleming saith,
And therefore, Herry Bailly, by thy faith
Be thou not wroth, or we departen here,
Though that my Tale be of an hostelere :
But natheles, I wol not telle it yet,
But er we part ywis thou shalt be quit.
And therewithal he lough and made chere
And sayd his Tale, as ye shal after here.

THE COKES TALE*.

A PRENTIS whilom dwelt in our citee,
And of a craft of vitaillers was he :
Gaillard he was as goldfinch in the shawe,
Broune as a bery, a propre short felawe,
With lokkes blake kembed ful fetifly :
Dancen he coude so wel and jolily,
That he was cleped Perkin Revelour :
He was as ful of love and paramour
As is the hive ful of honey swete ;
Wel was the wenche with him mighte mete,

At every bridale would he sing and hoppe ;
He loved bet the taverne than the shoppe ;
For whan ther any riding was in Chepe
Out of the shoppe thider wold he lepe,
And til that he had all the fight yfein,
And dancet wel, he wold not come agein ;
And gadred him a meinie of his fort
To hoppe and sing, and maken swiche disport ;
And ther they setten steven for to mete
To plain at the dice in swiche a frete ;
For in the Toun ne was ther no prentis
That fairer coude caste a pair of dis
Than Perkin coude, and thereto he was fro
Of his dispence, in place of privetee ;

* The description of an unthrifty prentice given to dice, women, and wine, waiting thereby his master's goods, and purchasing to himself Newgate. The most part of this Tale is lost, or never finished by the Author.

THE COKE'S TALE.

That fond his maister wel in his chaffere,
For often time he fond his box ful bare.

For sothly a prentis, a revelour,
That hauntheth dis, riot and paramour,
His maister shal it in his shoppe abie,
Al have he no part of the minstralcie;
For theft and riot they ben convertible,
Al can they play on giterne or ribible.
Revel and trowth, as in a low degree,
They ben ful wroth all day, as men may see.

This joly prentis with his maister abode,
Til he was neigh out of his prentishode,
Al were he snibbed bothe erly and late,
And somtime lad with revel to Newgate:
But at the last his maister him bethought,
Upon a day whan he his paper fought,
Of a proverbe that saith this same word,
Wel bet is roten appel out of hord

Than that it rote alle the remenant:
So fareth it by a riotous servant;
It is wel lasse harm to let him pace
Than he shende all the servants in the place:
Therefore his maister yaf him a quittance,
And bad him go, with forwe and with mefchance,
And thus this joly prentis had his leve:
Now let him riot all the night or leve.

And for ther n'is no thefe without a louke
That helpeth him to waften and to fouke
Of that he briben can or borwe may,
Anon he sent his bed and his array
Unto a comper of his owen sort
That loved dis, and riot, and disport,
And had a wif that held for countenance
A shoppe, and swived for hire sustenance.

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THE MAN OF LAWES PROLOGUE.

OUR Hoste saw wel that the brighte sonne
The ark of his artificial day had ronne
The fourthe part and half an houre and more;
And though he were not depe expert in lore,
He wiste it was the eighte-and-twenty day
Of April, that is messager to May,
And saw wel that the shadow of every tree
Was as in lengthe of the same quantitee
That was the body erect that caused it,
And therefore by the shadow he toke his wit
That Phebus, which that shone so clere and bright,
Degrees was five-and-forty clombe on hight;
And for that day, as in that latitude,
It was ten of the klok he gan conclude,
And sodenly he plight his hors aboute.

Lordings, quod he, I warne you all this route
The fourthe partie of this day is gon:
Now for the love of God and of Seint John
Lefeth no time, as ferforth as ye may.
Lordings, the time it wasteth night and day,
And sleeth from us, what prively sleping,
And what thurgh negligence in our waking,
As doth the streme, that turneth never again,
Descending fro the montagne into a plain.
Wel can Senek and many a philosophre
Bewailen time more than gold in coffre;
For losse of catel may recovered be,
But losse of time shendeth us, quod he.
It wol not come again withouten drede,
No more than wol Malkins maidenhede
When she hath lost it in hire wantonnesse:
Let us not moulten thus in idleness.

Sire Man of Lawe, quod he, so have ye blis,
Tel us a Tale anon, as forword is.
Ye ben submitted thurgh your free assent
To stonde in this cas at my judgement.
Acquitteth you now, and holdeth your behest;
Than have ye don your devoir at the left.

Hoste, quod he, *de par dieux jeo assente*,
To breken forword is not min entente.
Behest is dette, and I wold hold it fayn
All my behest, I can no better sayn.
For swiche lawe as man yeveth another wight
He shuld himselven usen it by right.
Thus wol our text; but natheles certain
I can right now no thrifty Tale fain,
But Chaucer (though he can but lewdely
On metres and on riming craftily)
Hath sayd hem in swiche English as he can
Of olde time, as knoweth many a man;

And if he have not sayd hem, leve brother,
In o book, he hath sayd hem in another:
For he hath told of lovers up and down
Mo than Ovide made of mentioun
In his *Epistolis*, that ben ful olde.
What shuld I tellen hem sin they ben tolde?
In youthe he made of Ceyes and Alcyon,
And sithen hath he spoke of everich on
Thise noble wives, and thise lovers eke,
Who so that wol his large volume seke
Clepeth The Seintes Legende of Cupide:
Ther may he se the large woundes wide
Of Lucrece, and of Babylon Thisbe;
The swerd of Dido for the false Enee;
The tree of Phillis for hire Demophon;
The plaint of Deianire and Hermion,
Of Adriane and Ysiphilee;
The barrene ile stonde in the see;
The dreint Leandre for his fayre Hero;
The teres of Heleine, and eke the wo
Of Briseide and of Ladomia;
The crueltee of thee, Quene Medes,
Thy litel children hanging by the hals
For thy Jafon, that was of love so fals:
O Hipermetra, Penelope, Alceste!
Your wis hood he commendeth with the beste.

But certainly no word ne writeth he
Of tilke wicke ensample of Canace,
That loved hire owen brother sinfully;
(Of all swiche cursed stories I say Fy)
Or elles of Tyrius Appolonious,
How that the cursed king Antiochus
Berafte his daughter of hire maidenhede,
That is so horrible a tale for to rede,
Whan he hire threw upon the pavement.
And therefore he of ful avisement
N'old never write in mon of his sermons
Of swiche unkinde abhominations:
Ne I wol non reherse, if that I may,
But of my Tale how shal I don this day?
Me were loth to be likened douteles
To Muses that men clepe Pierides,
(*Metamorphosias* wrote what I mene)
But natheles I recche not a bene
Though I come after him with hawebake;
I speke in prose, and let him rimes make.
And with that word he with a sobre chere
Began his Tale, and sayde as ye shull here,

THE MAN OF LAWES TALE.

O SCATHFUL harm, condition of poverté,
With thirst, with cold, with hunger, so confounded,
To asken helpe thee shameth in thine herte,
If thou non ask, so fore art thou ywounded,
That veray nede unwrappeth al thy wound hid.
Maugre thin hed thou most for indigence
Or stele or begge, or borwe thy dispence.

Thou blamest Crist, and sayst ful bitterly,
He misdeparteth richesse temporal;
Thy neighebour thou wifest sinfully,
And sayst thou hast to litel and he hath all:
Parfay (sayst thou) sometime he reken shall,
Whan that his tayl shal brennen in the glede,
For he nought helpeth needful in hir nede.

Herken what is the sentence of the wife,
Bet is to dien than have indigence,
Thy selve neighebour wol thee despise;
If thou be poure farewel thy reverence.
Yet of the wife man take this sentence,
Alle the dayes of poure men ben wicke;
Beware therfore or thou come to that pricke.

If thou be poure, thy brother hateth thee,
And all thy frendes fleen fro thee, alas!
O riche marchants! ful of wele ben ye,
O noble, o prudent folk! as in this cas,
Your bagges ben not filled with ambes as,
But with his cink, that renneth for your chance;
At Cristenmasse mery may ye dance.

Ye seken lond and see for your winninges;
As wise folk ye known all th' estat
Of regnes; ye ben fathers of tidinges
And tales both of pees and of debat:
I were right now of tales desolat,
N'ere that a marchant, gon is many a yere,
Me taught a Tale which that ye shull here.

In Surrie whilom dwelt a compaignie
Of chapmen rich, and therto sad and trewe,
That wide were senten hir spicerie,
Clothes of gold, and fatins riche of hewe:
Hir chaffare was so thrifty and so newe,
That every wight hath deintee to chaffare
With hem, and eke to sellen hem hir ware.

Now tell it that the maisters of that fort
Han shapen hem to Rome for to wende,
Were it for chapmanhood or for disport,
Non other message wolde they thider sende,
But comen hemself to Rome, this is the ende;
And in swiche place as thought hem advantage
For hir entente they taken hir herbergeage.

Sojourned han these marchants in that town
A certain time, as fell to hir plesance;
And so befell that the excellent renoun
Of the emperoures doughter, Dame Custance,
Reported was with every circumstance
Unto these Surrien marchants in swiche wise
Fro day to day as I shall you devise.

This was the commun vois of every man:
Our emperour of Rome, God him se,
A doughter hath that sin the world began,
To reken as wel hire goodnesse as beaute,
N'as never swiche another as is she;
I pray to God in honour hire sustene,
And wold she were of all Europe the quene.

In hire is high beaute withouten pride,
Youthe withouten grenehed or folie:
To all hire werkes vertue is hire guide;
Humbleste hath slaen in hire tyrannie:
She is mirrour of alle curtesie,
Hire herte is veray chambre of holinesse,
Hire hond ministre of freedom for almesse.

And al this vois was soth, as God is trewe;
But now to purpos let us turne agin.
These marchants han don fraught hir shippes newe,
And whan they han this blisful maiden sein
Home to Surrie ben they went ful fayn,
And don hir nedes, as they han don yore,
And liven in wele; I can say you no more.

Now tell it that these marchants stood in grace
Of him that was the Soudan of Surrie;
For whan they came from any strange place
He wold of his benigne curtesie
Make hem good chere, and besily espie
Tidings of sundry regnes, for to lere
The wonders that they mighte seen or here.

Amonges other things specially
These marchants han him told of Dame Custance
So gret nobleste, in earnest seriously,
That this Soudan hath caught so gret plesance
To han hire figure in his remembrance,
That all his lust and all his besy cure
Was for to love hire while his lif may dure.

Paraventure in thilke large book
Which that men clepe the Heven ywritten was
With sterres, whan that he his birthe took,
That he for love shuld han his deth, alas!
For in the sterres, clerer than is glas,
Is written, God wot, who so coud it rede,
The deth of every man withouten drede.

In ferres many a winter therbeforen
Was writ the deth of Hector, Achilles,
Of Pompey, Julius, or they were born;
The strif of Thebes, and of Hercules,
Of Sampson, Turnus, and of Socrates
The deth; but mennes wittes ben so dull
That no wight can wel rede it at the full.

This Soudan for his prive councei sent,
And shortly of this matere for to pace,
He hath to hem declared his entent,
And sayd hem certain, but he might have grace
To han Cufance, within a litel space
He n'as but ded, and charged hem in hie
To shapen for his lif som remedie.

Diverse men diverse things fainen;
They arguments casten up and down;
Many a subtil reson forth they laiden;
They speken of magike and abusoun;
But finally, as in conclusion,
They cannot seen in that non advantage,
Ne in non other way save mariage.

Than saw they therein swiche difficultee
By way of reson, for to speke all plain,
Because ther was swiche diversitee
Betwene hir bothe lawes, that they sayn
They trowen that no Cristen prince wold sayn
Wedden his childe under our law swete,
That us was yeven by Mahound our prophete.

And he answered, Rather than I lese
Cufance I wol be cristened doubteles:
I mote ben hires, I may non other chese,
I pray you hold your arguments in pees;
Saveth my lif, and beth not reccheles
To geten hire that hath my life in cure,
For in this wo I may not long endure.

What nedeth greter dilatation?
I say by tretise and ambaffatrie,
And by the Popes mediatioun,
And all the chirche, and all the chevalrie,
That in destruction of Maumetrie,
And in encrese of Cristes lawe dere,
They ben accorded so as ye may here:
How that the Soudan and his baronage,
And all his lieges, shuld ycriftened be,
And he shal han Cufance in mariage,
And certain gold, I n'ot what quantitee,
And hereto finden sufficient suretee.
The same accord is sworne on eyther side;
Now, fair Cufance, almighty God thee gide.

Now wolden som men waiten, as I gesse,
That I shuld tellen all the purveiance
The which that the Emperbur of his noblesse
Hath shapen for his daughter Dame Cufance.
Wel may men know that so gret ordinance
May no man tellen in a litel claufe
As was arraied for so high a cause.

Bishopes ben shapen with hire for to wende,
Lordes, ladies, and knightes of renoun,
And other folk ynow; this is the end:
And notified is thurghout all the toun
That every wight with gret devotioun
Should prayen Crist that he this mariage
Receive in gree, and speede this viage.

The day is comen of hire departing,
I say the woful day fatal is come
That ther may be no longer taryng,
But forward they hem dresseñ all and some.
Cufance, that was with forwe all overcome,
Ful pale arif, and dresseñ hire to wende,
For wel she feth ther n'is non other ende.

Alas! what wonder is it though she wept,
That shal be sent to strange nation
Fro frendes that so tendrely hire kept,
And to be bounde under subjection
Of on the knoweth not his condition?
Housbondes ben all good, and han ben yore,
That knowen wives, I dare say no more.

Fader, (she said) thy wretched child Cufance;
Thy yonge doughter, fostered up so soft,
And ye, my moder, my soveraine plesance
Over all thing, (out taken Crist on loft)
Cufance your child hire recommendeth oft
Unto your grace, for I shal to Surrie,
Ne shal I never seen you more with eye.

Alas! unto the Barbare nation
I muste gon, sin that it is your will;
But Crist, that starfe for our redemption,
So yeve me grace his hestes to fulfill,
I wretched woman no force though I spill:
Women are borne to thraldom and penance,
And to ben under mannes governance.

I trow at Troye whan Pirrus brake the wall
Or Ilion brent, or Thebes the citee,
Ne at Rome for the harm thurgh Hanniball,
That Romans hath venqueshed times three,
N'as herd swiche tendre weping for pitee
As in the chambere was for hire parting;
But forth the mote wheder she wepe or sing.

O firste moving cruel firmament!
With thy diurnal swegh that croudest ay,
And hurtlest all from est til occident,
That naturally wold hold another way,
Thy crouding set the heven in swiche array
At the beginning of this fierce viage
That cruel Mars hath slain this marriage.

Infortunat ascendent tortuous,
Of which the lord is helpeles fall, alas!
Out of his angle into the derkest hous,
O Mars, o Atyzar! as in this cas;
O feble Mone! unhappy ben thy pas,
Thou knittest thee ther thou art not received,
Ther thou were wel fro thennes art thou weived.

Imprudent Emperour of Rome, alas!
Was ther no philosophre in al thy toun?
Is no time bet than other in swiche cas?
Of viage is ther non electioun,
Namely to folk of high condition,
Nat whan a rote is of a birth yknowe?
Alas! we ben to lewed or to slow.

To ship is brought this woful faire maid
Solempnely, with every circumstance:
Now Jesu Crist be with you all, she said.
Ther n'is no more, but Farewel, fair Cufance.
She peineth hire to make good countenance;
And forth I let hire sayle in this manere,
And turne I wol againe to my matere.

The mother of Soudan, well of vices,
Espied hath hire fones pleine entente,
How he wol lete his old sacrifices;
And right anon she for her conseil sente,
And they ben comen to know what she mente;
And whan assembled was this folk in fere,
She set hire doun, and sayd as ye shul here:

Lordes, (she sayd) ye known everich on
How that my fone in point is for to lete.

The holy lawes of our Alkaron,
Yeven by Goddes Messager Mahomete;
But on avow to grete God I hete,
The lif shal rather out of my body sterne
Than Mahometes lawe out of myn herte.

What shuld us tiden of this newe lawe
But thraldow to our bodies and penance,
And afterward in helle to ben drawe,
For we reneied Mahound our creance?
But, Lordes, wol ye maken assurance,
As I shal say, assenting to my lore?
And I shal make us sauf for evermore.

They sworn and assented every man
To live with hire and die, and by hire flond;
And everich on, in the best wise he can,
To strengthen hire shal all his frendes fond.
And she hath this emprise ytaken in hond
Which ye shul heren that I shal devise,
And to hem all she spake right in this wise.

We shul first feyn us Cristendom to take;
Cold water shal not greve us but a lite;
And I shal swiche a feste and revel make
That, as I trow, I shal the Soudan quite:
For tho his wif be cristened never so white
She shal have nede to wash away the rede
Though she a font of water with hire lede.

O Soudanneffe! rote of iniquitee,
Virago thou Semyramee the second,
O serpent under femininitee,
Like to the serpent depe in helle ybound,
O feined woman! all that may confound
Vertue and innocence, thurgh thy malice
Is bred in thee, as nest of every vice.

O Sathan envious! sin thilke day
That thou were chafed from our heritage,
Wel knowest thou to woman the olde way:
Thou madest Eva bring us in servage,
Thou wolt fardon this Cristen mariage:
Thin instrument so (wala wa the while!)
Makest thou of women whan thou wolt begile.

This Soudanneffe, whom I thus blame and warrie,
Let prively hire conseil gon hir way:
What shuld I in this Tale longer tarie?
She rideth to the Soudan on a day,
And sayd him that the wold reinie hire lay,
And Cristendom of prestes hondes fong,
Repenting hire she Hethen was so long;

Beseching him to don hire that honour
That the might han the Cristen folk to fest;
To plesen hem I wol do my labour.
The Soudan faith, I wol don at your hest,
And kneling thanked hire of that request;
So glad he was ne n'iste not what to say,
She kist hire fone, and home she goth hire way.

Arrived ben these Cristen folk to lond
In Surrie, with a gret solempne route,
And hastily this Soudan sent his fond
First to his mother and all the regne aboute,
And sayd his wif was comen out of doute,
And praide hem for to riden again the quene,
The honour of his regne to sustene.

Gret was the preffe, and riche was th' array
Of Surriens and Romanes met in fere.
The mother of the Soudan riche and gay
Received hire with all so glad a chere
As any mother might hire doughter dere;
And to the nexte citee ther beside
A softe pas solempnely they ride.

Nought trow I the triumph of Julius,
Of which that Lucan maketh swiche a boft,
Was realler or more curious
Than was th' assemblee of this blisful host;
Butte this scorpion, this wicked goft,
The Soudanneffe, for all hire flattering
Cast under this ful mortally to sting.

The Soudan cometh himself fone after this
So really, that wonder is to tell,
And welcometh hire with alle joy and blis.
And thus in mirth and joye I let hem dwell;
The fruit of this matere is that I tell.
Whan time came, men thought it for the best
That revel stint, and men go to hir rest.

The time come is this olde Soudanneffe
Ordeined hath the feste of which I tolde,
And to the feste Cristen folk him dresse
In general, ya, bothe yonge and olde.
Ther may men fest and realtee beholde,
And deintees mo than I can you devise;
But all to dere they bought it or they rise.

O soden wo, that ever art successour
To worldly blis! spreint is with bitterneffe
Th' ende of the joye of our worldly labour:
Wo occupieth the fyn of our gladneffe.
Herken this conseil for thy sikernesse,
Upon thy glade day have in thy minde
The unware wo of harme that cometh behinde.

For shortly for to tellen at a word,
The Soudan and the Cristen everich on
Ben all to-hewe and stiked at the bord
But it were only Dame Custance alone.
This old Soudanneffe, this cursed crone,
Hath with hire frendes don this cursed dede,
For she hireself wold all the cuntree lede.

Ne ther was Surrien non that was converted,
That of the conseil of the Soudan wot,
That he n'as all to-hewe er he asserted;
And Custance han they taken anon fote-hot,
And in a ship all sterles (God wot)
They han hire set, and bidden hire lerne sayle
Out of Surrie againward to Itaille.

A certain trefor that she thither ladde,
And soth to sayn vitaille gret plentee,
They han hire yeven, and clothes eke she hadde,
And forth she sayleth in the salte see.
O my Custance! ful of benignitee,
O Emperoures yonge doughter dere!
He that is Lord of fortune be thy stee.

She bleſſeth hire, and with ful pitious vois
Unto the croiſ of Criſt thus ſayde ſhe :

O clere, o weleful auter, holy croiſ !
Red of the Lambes blood ful of pitee,
That weſt the world fro the old inquitee,
Me fro the fende and fro his clawes kepe
That day that I ſhal drenchen in the depe.

Victorious tree, protection of trewe,
That only worthy were for to bere
The King of heven with his woundes newe,
The white Lamb, that hurt was with a ſpere ;
Flemer of fendes out of him and here
On which thy limmes faithfully extenden,
Me kepe, and yewe me might my liſ to amenden.

Yeres and dayes fleet this creature
Thurghout the ſee of Grece, unto the Straite
Of Maroc, as it was hire aventure :
On many a fory mele now may ſhe baite ;
After hire deth ful often may ſhe waite,
Or that the wilde waves wol hire drive
Unto the place ther as ſhe ſhal arive.

Men mighten aſken why ſhe was not flain ?
Eke at the feſte who might hire body ſave ?
And I anſwer to that demand again,
Who ſaved Daniel in the horrible cave,
Ther every wight ſawe he, maſter or knave,
Was with the leon frette or he aſterte ?
No wight but God, that he bare in his herte.

God liſt to ſhew his wonderful miracle
In hire, for we ſhuld ſeen his mighty werkes :
Criſt, which that is to every harm triacle,
By certain menes oft, as knewen clerkes,
Doth thing for certain ende that ful derke is
To mannes wit, that for our ignorance
Ne can nat know his prudent purveiance.

Now ſith ſhe was not at the feſte yllawe,
Who kepte hire fro the drenching in the ſee ?
Who kept Jonas in the fiſhes mawe,
Til he was ſpouted up at Ninevee ?
Wel may men knowe it was no wight but he
That kepte the peple Ebraike fro drenching,
With drye feet thurghout the ſee paſſing.

Who bade the foure ſpirits of tempeſt,
That power han to anoyen lond and ſee,
Both north and ſouth, and alſo weſt and eſt,
Anoyen nether ſee, ne lond, ne tree ?
Sothly the commander of that was he
That fro the tempeſt ay this woman kepte
As wel whan ſhe awoke as whan ſhe ſlepte.

Wher might this woman mete and drinke have ?
Three yere and more how laſteth hire vitaille ?
Who fed the Egyptian Mary in the cave
Or in deſert ? no wight but Criſt ſans faille.
Five thouſand folk it was a gret maravaille
With loves five and fiſhes two to fede :
God ſent his foyſon at hire grete nede.

She driveth forth into our ocean
Thurghout our wide ſee, til at the laſt
Under an hold, that nempen I ne can,
Fer in Northumberland, the wave hire caſt,
And in the ſand hire ſhip ſtiked ſo faſt.
That thennes wolde it not in all a tide :
The wille of Criſt was that ſhe ſhulde abide.

The Conſtable of the caſtle down is fare
To ſeen this wrecke, and al the ſhip he ſought;
And fond this very woman ful of care;
He fond alſo the treſour that ſhe brought :
In hire langage mercy ſhe beſought,
The liſ out of hire body for to twinne,
Hire to deliver of wo that ſhe was inne.

A maner Latin corrupt was hire ſpeche,
But algate therby was ſhe underſtond.
The Conſtable, whan him liſt no longer ſeche,
This woful woman brought he to the lond.
She kneleth down, and thanketh Goddes fond ;
But what ſhe was ſhe wolde no man ſeye
For ſoule ne faire, though that ye ſhulde deye.

She ſaid ſhe was ſo maſed in the ſee
That ſhe forgate hire minde, by hire trouth.
The Conſtable hath of hire ſo gret pitee,
And eke his wiſ, that they wepen for routh :
She was ſo diligent withouten ſlouth
To ſerve and plegen everich in that place,
That all hire love that loken in hire face.

The Conſtable and Dame Hermegild his wiſ
Were Payenes, and that contree every wher ;
But Hermegild loved Cuſtance as hire liſ ;
And Cuſtance hath ſo long ſojourned ther
In oriſons, with many a bitter tere,
Til Jeſu hath converted thurgh his grace
Dame Hermegild, Conſtableſſe of that place.

In all that lond no Criſten dorſte route ;
All Criſten folk ben fled fro that contree
Thurgh Payenes, that conquereden all aboute
The plages of the north by lond and ſee.
To Wales fled the Chriſtianitee
Of olde Bretons dwelling in this ile ;
Ther was hir refuge fer the mane while.

But yet n'ere Criſten Bretons ſo exiled
That ther n'ere ſom which in hir privtee
Honoured Criſt, and Hethen folk begiled,
And neigh the caſtle ſwicke ther dwelten three :
That on of hem was blind, and might not ſee,
But it were with thilke eyen of his minde,
With which men mowen ſee whan they ben blinde.

Bright was the ſonne as in that ſommers day,
For which the Conſtable and his wiſ alſo,
And Cuſtance, han ytake the righte way
Toward the ſee a furlong way or two,
To plaien and to romen to and fro,
And in hir walk this blinde man they mette,
Croked and olde, with eyen faſt yſhette.

In the name of Criſt, (cried this blinde Breton)
Dame Hermegild, yewe me my ſight again.
This lady waxe afraid of that ſoun,
Leſt that hire huſbond, ſhortly for to fain,
Wold hire for Jeſu Criſtes love have flain,
Till Cuſtance made hire bold, and bad hire werche
The will of Criſt, as daughter of holy cherche.

The Conſtable waxe abaſhed of that fight,
And ſayde, What amounteth all this fare ?
Cuſtance answered, Sire, it is Criſtes might,
That helpeth folk out of the fendes ſnare :
And ſo forth the gan our lay declare,
That ſhe the Conſtable, er that it were eve,
Converted, and on Criſt made him beleve.

This Constable was not lord of the place
Of which I speke, ther as he Custance fond,
But kept it strongly many a winter space
Under Alla King of Northumberland,
That was ful wife, and worthy of his hond
Againe the Scottes, as men may wel here;
But tourne I wol againe to my matere.

Sathan, that ever us waiteth to begile,
Saw of Custance all hire perfectioun,
And cast anon how he might quite hire while,
And made a yonge knight, that dwelt in that toun,
Love hire so hote of foule affectioun,
That verailly him thought that he shuld spille
But he of hire might ones han his wille.

He woeth hire, but it availleth nought;
She wolde do no sinne by no wey;
And for despit he compassed his thought
To maken hire on shameful deth to dey:
He waiteth whan the Constable is away,
And privily upon a night he crepte
In Hermegildes chambre while she slepte.

Wery, forwaked in hire orisons,
Slepeþ Custance, and Hermegilde also.
This knight, thurgh Sathanes temptations,
All softly is to the bed ygo,
And cut the throte of Hermegilde atwo,
And layd the bloody knif by Dame Custance,
And went his way, ther God yeve him mischance.

Sone after cometh this Constable home again,
And eke Alla, that king was of that lond,
And saw his wife despitously yslain,
For which ful oft he wept and wrong his hond;
And in the bed the bloody knif he fond
By Dame Custance. Alas! what might the say!
For veray wo hire wit was all away.

To King Alla was told all this mischance,
And eke the time, and wher, and in what wise,
That in a ship was fonden this Custance,
As here before ye han herd me devise:
The kinges herte of pitee gan agrife
Whan he saw fo benigne a creature
Fall in difese and in misaventure.

For as the lamb toward his deth is brought,
So stant this innocent before the king:
This false knight, that hath this trefon wrought,
Bereth hire in hond that she hath don this thing:
But natheles there was gret murmuring
Among the peple, and sayn they cannot gesse
That she had don so great a wickednesse;

For they han seen hire ever so vertuous,
And loving Hermegild right as hire lif.
Of this bare witnesse everich in that hous,
Save he that Hermegild slaw with his knif.
This gentil king hath caught a gret motif
Of this witnesse, and thought he wold enquire
Deper in this cas, trouthe for to lere.

Alas! Custance, thou hast no champion,
Ne fighten canst thou not, so wala wa!
But he that starf for our redemption,
And bond Sathan, and yet lith ther he lay,
So be thy stronge champion this day:
For but if Crist on thee miracle kithe,
Withouthen gilt thou shalt be slain as swithe.

She set hire down on knees, and thus she sayde;

Immortal God! that savedst Susanne
Fro false bleme, and thou mercifal mayde,
Mary I mene, doughter to Seint Anne,
Before whos child angels singen Ofsanne.
If I be gilteles of this felonie:
My socour be, or elles shal I die.

Have ye not seen somtime a pale face
(Among a prees) of him that hath ben lad
Toward his deth, where as he getteth no grace,
And swiche a colour in his face hath had,
Men mighten know him that was so bestad
Amonges all the faces in that route,
So stant Custance, and loketh hire aboute.

O quenes living in prosperitee,
Duchesses, and ye ladies everich on!
Haveþ som routhe on hire adversitee,
An emperoures doughter stant alone;
She hath no wight to whom to make hire mone.
O blood real, that stondeþ in this drede,
Fer ben the frendes in thy grete nede!

This Alla king hath swiche compassioun,
As gentil herte is ful filled of pitee,
That fro his eyen ran the water down.
Now hastily do fecche a book, quod he,
And if this knight wol sweren how that she
This woman flow, yet wol we us awife,
Whom that we wol that shal ben our justice.

A Breton book, written with Evangiles,
Was fet, and on this book he swore anon
She giltif was, and in the mene whiles
An hond him smote upon the nekke bone,
That doun he fell at ones as a ston,
And both his eyen brost out of his face
In sight of every body in that place.

A voice was herd, in general audience,
That sayd, Thou hast desclandered gilteles
The doughter of holy chirche in high presence
Thus hast thou don, and yet hold I my pees.
Of this mervaille agast was all the prees;
As mased folk they stonden everich on
For drede of wreche, save Custance alone.

Gret was the drede and eke the repentance
Of hem that hadden wronge suspection
Upon this fely innocent Custance:
And for this miracle, in conclusion,
And by Custances mediation,
The king, and many another in that place,
Converted was, thanked be Cristes grace.

This false knight was slain for his untrouthle
By judgement of Alla hastily;
And yet Custance had of his deth gret routhe;
And after this Jesus of his mercy
Made Alla wedden ful solempnely
This holy woman, that is so bright and shene;
And thus hath Crist ymade Custance a quene.

But who was woful (if I shall not lie)
Of this wedding but Donegild, and no mo,
The kinges mother, full of tyrannie?
Hire thoughte hire cursed herte brast atwo;
She wolde not that hire sone had do so:
Hire thoughte a despit that he shulde take
So strange a creature unto his make.

Me list not of the chafne of the fire
Maken so long a tale as of the corn.
What shuld I tellen of the realtee

Of this marriage, or which cours goth befor,
Who bloweth in a trompe or in an horn?
The fruit of every tale is for to say;
They ete and drink, and dance, and sing, and play.

They gon to bed, as it was skill and right,
For though that wives ben ful holy thinges,
They moisten take in patience a night
Swiche maner necessaries, as ben plesinges
To folk that han ywedded him with ringes.
And lay a lite hir holiness aside
As for the time, it may no bet betide.

On hire he gat a knave childe anon,
And to a bishop, and his Constable eke,
He toke his wif to kepe, when he is gon
To Scotland ward, his fomen for to seke.
Now faire Cufstance, that is so humble and meke,
So long is gen with childe til that still
She halt hire chambre, abiding Cristes will.

The time is come, a knave child she bere;
Mauricius at the fontstone they him calle.
This Constable doth forth come a messenger,
And wrote unto his king that cleped was Alle,
How that this blisful tiding is befall,
And other tidings spedeful for to say.
He hath the lettre, and forth he goth his way.

This messenger, to don his advantage,
Unto the kinges mother rideth swithe,
And sajueth hire ful faire in his langage.
Madame, quod he, ye may be glad and blithe,
And thanken God an hundred thousand fith;e;
My lady quene hath child, withouten doute,
To joy and blisse of all this regne aboute.

Lo here the lettre seled of this thing,
That I most bere in all the hast I may:
If ye wol ought unto your sone the king,
I am your servant bothe night and day.
Donegilde answerd, As now at this time nay;
But here I wol all night thou take thy rest,
To-morwe wol I say thee what me leif.

This messenger drank fadly ale and wine,
And stolen were his lettres prively
Out of his box, while he slept as a swine;
And contrefeted was ful subtilly
Another lettre, wrought ful sinfully,
Unto the king directe of this matere
Fro his Constable, as ye shal after here.

This lettre spake, the quene delivered was
Of so horrible a fendliche creature,
That in the castle non so hardy was
That any while dorst therein endure:
The mother was an elf by aventure
Ycome, by charmes or by forcerie,
And everich man hateth hire compaignie.

Wo was this king when he this lettre had sein.
But to no wight he told his sorwes fore,
But of his owen hand he wrote again;
Welcome the sonde of Crist for evermore
To me, that am now lerned in his lore:
Lord, welcome be thy lust and thy plesance;
My lust I put all in thyn ordinance.

Kepeth this child, al be it foule or faire,
And eke my wif, unto min hente coming:
Crist whan him list may senden me an heire
More agreable than this to my liking.
This lettre he seled, prively weping,

Which to the messenger was taken sone,
And forth he goth, there is no more to done.

O messenger fulfilled of dronkenesse!
Strong is thy breth, thy limmes faitren ay,
And thou bewreiest alle secresse;
Thy mind is lornie, thou janglest as a jay;
Thy face is tourned in a new array:
Ther dronkenesse regneth in any route
Ther is no conseil hid withouten doute.

O Donegild! I ne have non English digne
Unto thy malice and thy tyrannie,
And therefore to the fende I thee resign.
Let him enditen of thy traitorie.
Fy, mannish, fy! o nay, by God I lie;
Fy, fendliche spirit! for I dare well telle,
Though thou here walke, thy spirit is in helle.

This messenger cometh fro the king again,
And at the kinges modres court he light,
And she was of this messenger ful fayn,
And plesed him in all that ever she might.
He dranke and wel his girdel underpight;
He slepeth and he snoreth in his gife
All night until the sonne gan arise.

Eft were his lettres stolen everich on,
And contrefeted lettres in this wise.
The king commanded his Constable anon,
Up peine of hanging and of high jewise,
That he ne shulde soffran in no wise
Cufstance within his regne for to abide
Three daies and a quarter of a tide;

But in the same ship as he hire fond
Hire and hire yonge sone, and all hire gere,
He shulde put, and croude hire fro the lond,
And charge hire that she never eft come there.
O my Cufstance! wel may thy ghoft have fere,
And sleping in thy dreame ben in penance,
Whan Donegild cast all this ordinance.

This messenger on morwe whan he awoke
Unto the castle halt the nexte way,
And to the Constable he the lettre toke;
And whan that he this pitous lettre sey
Ful oft he sayd Alas, and wala wa!
Lord Christ, quod he, how may this world endure,
So ful of sinne is many a creature?

O mighty God! if that it be thy will,
Sin thou art rightful juge, how may it be
That thou wolt soffren innocence to spill,
And wicked folk regne in prosperitee?
A! good Cufstance, alas! so wo is me,
That I mote be thy turmentour, or dey
On shames deth, ther is non other wey.

Wepen both yonge and olde in all that place
Whan that the king this cursed lettre sent:
And Cufstance with a dedly pale face
The fourthe day toward the ship she went;
But natheless the taketh in good entent
The will of Crist, and kneeling on the strond
She sayde; Lord, ay welcome be thy sond.

He that me kepte fro the false blame,
While I was in the lond amonges you,
He can me kepe fro harme and eke fro shame
In the salt see, although I se not how:
As strong as ever he was he is yet now:
In him trust I, and in his mother dere,
That is to me my sail and eke my ster.

Hire litel child lay weping in hire arm,
And kneling pitously to him she said,
Pees, litel sone, I wol do thee no harm :
With that hire couerchief of hire hed she braid,
And over his litel eyen she it laid,
And in hire arme she lulleth it ful fast,
And into the heven hire eyen up she cast.

Mother, quod she, and mayden, bright Marie!
Soth is that thurgh womanes eggement
Mankind was lorne, and damned ay to die,
For which thy child was on a crois yrent :
Thy blisful eyen saw all his turment,
Than is ther no comparison betwene
Thy wo and any woman may sustene.

Thou saw thy child yslain before thin eyen,
And yet now liveth my litel child parfay :
Now, Lady bright! to whom all woful crien,
Thou glory of womanhed, thou faire May!
Thou haven of refute, bright sterre of day!
Rew on my child, that of thy gentilleffe
Rwest on every rewful in distresse.

O litel child, alas! what is thy gilt,
That never wroughtest sinne as yet parde?
Why wol thin harde father have thee spilt?
O mercy, dere Constable! (quod she)
As let my litel child dwell here with thee;
And if thou darst not faven him fro blame,
So kisse him ones in his fadres name.

Therwith she loketh backward to the lond,
And saide, Farewel, housbond routheles!
And up she rift, and walketh doun the stroud
Toward the ship; hire foloweth all the pees:
And ever she praieth hire child to hold his pees,
And taketh hire leve, and with an holy entent
She blessed hire, and into the ship she went.

Vitailed was the ship, it is no drede,
Habundantly for hire a ful long space;
And other necessities that shuld nede
She had ynow, heried be Goddes grace:
For wind and wether, almighty God purchase,
And bring hire home, I can no better say,
But in the see she driveth forth hire way.

Alla the king cometh home sone after this
Unto his castel, of the which I told,
And asketh wher his wif and his child is;
The Constable gan about his herte cold,
And plainly all the matere he him told
As ye han herd, I can tell it no better,
And shewed the king his sele and his letter;

And saide, Lord, as ye commanded me
Up peine of deth, so have I don certain.
This messager turmented was til he
Moste beknowe, and tellen plat and plain
Fro night to night in what place he had lain:
And thus by wit and subtil enquering
Imagined was by whom this harm gan spring.

The hand was knowen that the lettre wrote,
And all the venime of this cursed dede,
But in what wise certainly I n'ot.
The effect is this, that Alla out of drede
His moder slew, that moun men plainly rede,
For that she traitour was to hire ligeance.
Thus ended this old Donegild with meschance.

The forwe that this Alla might and day

Maketh for his wif and for his child also,
Ther is no tonge that it tellen may.
But now wol I agen to Cufance go,
That fleteth in the see in peine and wo
Five yere and more, as liked Cristes sonde,
Or that hire ship approached to the londe.

Under an Hethen castel at the last,
(Of which the name in my text I not find)
Cufance and eke hire child the see up cast.
Almighty God, that saved all mankind,
Have on Cufance and on hire child som mind
That fallen is in Hethen hond efttore
In point to spill, as I shal tell you sone.

Doun fro the castel cometh ther many a wight
To gauren on this ship and on Cufance:
But shortly fro the castel on a night,
The lordes steward, (God yeve him meschance)
A thief that had reneyed our creance,
Came into the ship alone, and said he wolde
Hire lemman be whether she wolde or n'olde.

Wo was this wretched woman tho begon;
Hire child cried, and she cried pitously;
But blisful Mary halpe hire right anon,
For with hire strogling wel and mightily
The thief fell over bord all sodenly,
And in the see he drenched for vengeance;
And thus hath Crist unwemmed kept Cufance.

O foule lust of luxurie! lo thin ende,
Not only that thou faintest mannes mind,
But veraily thou wolt his body shende.
Th' ende of thy werk, or of thy lustes blind,
Is complaining: how many may men find
That not for werk sometime, but for th' entent
To don this sinne, ben eyther slain or fient?

How may this weke woman han the strengthe
Hire to defend again this renegade?

O Golias! unmesurable of length,
How mighte David maken thee so mate?
So yonge, and of armure so desolate,
How dorst he loken upon thy dreful face?
Wel may men seen it was but Goddes grace.

Who yaf Judith corage or hardinesse
To sleen him Holofernes in his tent,
And to deliver out of wretchednesse
The peple of God? I say for this entent,
That right as God spirit of vigour sent
To hem, and saved hem out of meschance,
So sent he might and vigour to Cufance.

Forth goth hire ship thurghout the narwe mouth
Of Jubaltre and Septe, driving alway,
Sometime west, and sometime north and south,
And sometime est, ful many a wery day,
Til Cristes moder (blessed be she ay)
Hath shapen thurgh hire endeles goodnesse
To make an end of all hire hevinesse.

Now let us flint of Cufance but a throw,
And speke we of the Romane emperor;
That out of Surrie hath by lettres knowen
The slaughter of Cristen folk, and dishonour
Don to his daughter by a false traitour,
I mene the cursed wicked Souddanesse,
That at the fest let sleen both more and lesse.

For which this emperor hath sent anon
His senatour, with real ordinance,

And other lordes, God wote, many on,
On Surriens to taken high vengeance :
They brennen, sleen, and bring hem to meschance,
Ful many a day : but shortly this is th' ende,
Homward to Rome they shapen hem to wende.

This senatour repaireth with victorie
To Rome ward, sayling ful really,
And met the ship driving, as faith the storie,
In which Custance sitteth ful pitously :
Nothing ne knew he what she was, ne why
She was in swiche array, ne she wil sey
Of hire estat, though that she shulde dey.

He bringeth hire to Rome, and to his wif
He yaf hire, and hire yonge sonne also,
And with the senatour she lad hire lif.
Thus can our Lady bringen out of wo
Woful Custance, and many another mo :
And longe time dwelled she in that place
In holy werkes ever, as was hire grace.

The senatoures wif hire aunte was,
But for all that she knew hire never the more :
I wol no longer tarien in this cas,
But to King Alla, which I spake of yore,
That for his wif wipeth and siketh sore,
I wol returne, and let I wol Custance
Under the senatoures governance.

King Alla, which that had his moder slain,
Upon a day fell in swiche repentance,
That if I shortly tellen shal and plain,
To Rome he cometh to receive his penance,
And putte him in the Popes ordinance
In high and low, and Jesu Crist besought
Foryeve his wicked werkes that he had wrought.

The same anon thurghout the toun is born,
How Alla king shal come on pilgrimage,
By herbergeours that wenten him befor,
For which the senatour, as was usage,
Rode him againe, and many of his linage,
As wel to shewn his high magnificence
As to don any king a reverence.

Gret chere doth this noble senatour
To King Alla, and he to him also :
Everich of hem doth other gret honour ;
And so befell that in a day or two
This senatour is to King Alla go
To fest, and shortly, if I shal not lie,
Custances sone went in his compaignie.

Som men wold fain at requeste of Custance
This senatour hath lad this childe to feste ;
I may not tellen every circumstance ;
Be as he may ther was he at the feste :
But soth is this, that at his mothers heste
Beforn Alla, during the metes space,
The child stood, lokin in the kings face.

This Alla king hath of this child gret wonder,
And to the senatour he said anon,
Whos is that faire child that stondeth yonder ?
I n'ot, quod he, by God, and by Seint John ;
A moder he hath, but fader hath he non
That I of wote : but shortly in a stound
He told Alla how that this child was found.

But God wot, quod this senatour also,
So vertuous a liver in all my lif
Ne saw I never as she, ne herd of mo

Vol. I.

Of worldly woman, maiden, widewe or wif :
I dare wel sayn hire hadde lever a knif
Thurghout hire brest than ben a woman wikke ;
Ther is no man coude bring hire to that prikke.

Now was this child as like unto Custance
As possible is a creature to be :
This Alla hath the face in remembrance
Of Dame Custance, and thereon mused he,
If that the childes moder were aught she
That is his wif, and prively he fighte,
And sped him fro the table that he mighte.

Parfay, thought he, fantome is in min hed ;
I ought to deme of skilful jugement
That in the salte see my wif is ded.
And afterward he made his argument ;
What wot I if that Crist have hider sent
My wif by see, as wel as he hire lent
To my contree, fro thennes that she went ?

And after noon home with the senatour
Goth Alla, for to see this wonder chance.
This senatour doth Alla gret honour,
And hastily he sent after Custance ;
But trusteth wel hire luste not to dance :
Whan that the wiste wherfore was that sonde
Unnethe upon hire feet the mighte stonde.

Whan Alla saw his wif faire he hire grette,
And wept that it was routhe for to see ;
For at the firste look he on hire sette
He knew wel veraily that it was she ;
And she for forwe as domb stant as a tree :
So was hire herte shette in hire distresse
Whan she remembered his unkindenesse.

Twies she swouneth in his owen fight ;
He wepeth and him excuseth pitously :
Now God, quod he, and all his halwes bright,
So willy on my soule as have mercy,
That of your harme as gilteles am I
As is Maurice my sone, so like your face,
Elles the fend me fetche out of this place.

Long was the sobbing and the bitter peine
Or that hir woful hertes mighten cese ;
Gret was the pitee for to here hem pleine,
Thurgh whiche pleintes gan hir wo encrese.
I pray you all my labour to relse,
I may not tell hir wo until to-morwe,
I am so wery for to speke of forwe.

But finally, whan that the soth is wist,
That Alla gilteles was of hire wo,
I trow an hundred times han they kist,
And swiche a blisse is ther betwix hem two,
That, save the joye that lasteth evermo,
Ther is non like that any creature
Hath seen or shal while that the world may dure.

Tho prajed the hire husband mekely.
In releef of hire longe pitous pine,
That he wold pray hire fader specially
That of his magestee he wolde encline
To vouchesauf som day with him to dine ;
She prajed him eke he shulde by no way
Unto hire fader no word of hire say.

Som men wold sayn how that the child Maurice
Doth this message until this emperour ;
But as I gesse Alla was not so nice,
To him that is so soveraine of honour,

D

As he that is of Cristen folk the flour,
Send any child, but it is bet to deme
He went himself, and so it may wel seme.

This emperour hath granted gentilly
To come to dinner as he him besoughte;
And wel rede I he loked besily
Upon this child, and on his daughter thought.
Alla goth to his inne, and as him ought
Arraied for this feste in every wise
As ferforth as his conning may suffice.

The morwe came, and Alla gain him dresse,
And eke his wif, this emperour to mete;
And forth they ride in joye and in gladnesse;
And whan she saw hire fader in the strete,
She light adoun and falleth him to sete.
Fader, quod she, your yonge child Custance
Is now ful clene out of your remembrance.

I am your daughter, your Custance, quod she,
That whilom ye han sent into Surrie;
It am I, fader, that in the salte see
Was put alone, and dampned for to die:
Now, goode fader, I you mercie crie;
Send me no more into non Hethenesse,
But thanketh my lord here of his kindnesse.

Who can the pitous joye tellen all
Betwix hem thre sin they ben thus ymette?
But of my Tale make an ende I shal,
The day goth faste, I wol no longer lette.
Thise glade folk to dinner ben yfette;
In joye and blisse at mete I let hem dwell,
A thousand fold wel more than I can tell.

This child Maurice was sithen Emperour
Made by the Pope, and lived Christenly;
To Cristes chirche did he gret honour;
But I let all his storic passen by;
Of Custance is my Tale specially;

In the olde Romane gestes men may find
Maurices lif, I bere it not in mind.

This King Alla, when he his time sey,
With his Custance, his holy wif so swete,
To Englund ben they come the righte wey,
Ther as they live in joye and in quite:
But litel while it lasteth I you hete;
Joye of this world for time wol not abide,
Fro day to night it changeth as the tide.

Who lived ever in swiche delite o day
That him ne meved eyther conscience,
Or ire, or talent, or som kin affray,
Envie, or pride, or passion, or offence?
I ne say but for this end this sentence,
That litel while in joye or in plesance
Lasteth the blisse of Alla with Custance.

For Deth, that taketh of hie and lowe his rente,
Whan passed was a yere, even as I gesse,
Out of this world this King Alla he hente,
For whom Custance hath ful gret hevenesse;
Now let us praien God his soule blesse:
And Dame Custance, finally to say,
Toward the toun of Rome goth hire way.

To Rome is come this holy creature,
And findeth ther hire frendes hole and sound;
Now is she scaped all hire aventure:
And whan that she hire fader hath yfound,
Doun on hire knees falleth she to ground,
Weping for tenderesse in herte blithe,
She herieth God an hundred thousand sithes.

In vertue and in holy almesse dede
They liveen alle, and never asonder wende;
Till deth departeth hem this lif they lede:
And fareth now wel, my Tale is at an ende.
Now Jesu Crist, that of his might may sende
Joye after wo, governe us in his grace,
And kepe us alle that ben in this place.

THE WIF OF BATHES PROLOGUE*.

EXPERIENCE, though non aforitee
Were in this world, is right ynough for me
To speke of wo that is in mariage;
For, Lordings, fin I twelf yere was of age
(Thanked be God that is eterne on live)
Husbondes at chirche dore have I had five,
(If I so often might han wedded be)
And all were worthy men in hir degree.

But me was told, not longe time agon is,
That sithen Crist ne went never but onis
To wedding in the Cane of Galilee,
That by that ilke ensample taught he me
That I ne shulde wedded be but ones.
Lo, herke eke, which a sharp word for the nones,
Beside a welle Jesu God and man
Spake in repreise of the Samaritan;
Thou hast yhadde five husbonds, sayde he,
And thilke man that now hath wedded thee
Is not thyn husband. Thus said he certain;
What that he ment therby I can not sain;
But that I aske why that the fiftre man
Was non husband to the Samaritan?
How many might he have in mariage?
Yet herd I never tellen in min age
Upon this nounbre diffinitoun;

Men may devine and glosen up and down.
But wel I wot expresse withouten lie,
God bad us for to wex and multiplie;
That gentil text can I wel understand:
Eke wel I wot he sayd that min husband

* The want of a few verses to connect this Prologue with the preceding Tale was perceived long ago, and the defect was attempted to be supplied by the author of the following lines, which in ms. B. are prefixed to the common Prologue;

Oure Oost gan tho to loke up anon.
Gode men, quod he, herkeneth everich one,
As evere mote I drynke wyn or ale
This Marchant hath told a mery Tale,
Howe Januarie hadde a lither jape,
His wyf put in his hood an ape.
But hereof I will leve off as now.
Dame Wyf of Bathe, quod he, I pray you
Telle us a Tale now nexte after this.
Sir Oost, quod he, so God my soule blis
As I, fully thereto wil consente,
And also it is myn hole entente
To done yow alle disporte as that I can.
But holde me excused; I am a woman:
I can not reherie as these clerkes kune.
And riht anon the hath hir Tale bygunne.
Experience, &c.

These lines are printed here as a justification for not inserting them in the text.

Shuld leve fader and moder and take to me;
But of no nounbre mention made he
Of bigamie or of octogamie;
Why shuld men than speke of it vanitie?

Lo here the wise King, Dan Salomon,
I trowe he hadde wives mo than on,
(As wolde God it lesful were to me
To be refreshed half so oft as he)
Which a gift of God had he for alle his wives?
No man hath swiche that in this world on live is.
God wot this noble king, as to my witte,
The firste night had many a mery fitte
With eche of hem; so wel was him on live.
Blessed be God that I have wedded five;
Welcome the sixthe whan that ever he shall;
For sith I wol not kepe me chaste in all,
Whan min husband is fro the world ygone
Som Cristen man shal wedden me anon;
For than the apostle saith that I am fre
To wedde a Goddes half wher it liketh me;
He saith that to be wedded is no synne;
Better is to be wedded than to brinne.

What rekketh me though folk say vanitie
Of shrewed Lamech and his bigamie?
I wot wel Abraham was an holy man,
And Jacob eke, as fer as ever I can,
And eche of hem had wives mo than two,
And many another holy man also.
Wher can ye seen in any maner age
That highe God defended mariage
By expresse word? I pray you telleth me,
Or wher commanded he virginitee?

I wot as wel as ye, it is no drede,
The apostle, whan he spake of maidenhede,
He said that precept thereof had he non;
Men may conseille a woman to ben on,
But consailing is no commandement;
He put it in our own judgement.
For hadde God commanded maidenhede,
Than had he dampned wedding out of drede;
And certes if ther were no fede yfowe
Virginitee than whereof shuld it growe?

Poule dorite not commanden at the lest
A thing of which his maister yaf non hest.
The dart is sette up for virginitee,
Catch who so may, who renneth best let see,

But this word is not take of every wight,
But ther as God wol yeve it of his might,
I wot wel that the apostle was a maid,
But natheles, though that he wrote and said
He wold that every wight were swiche as he,
All n'is but conseil to virginitee.
And for to ben a wif he yaf me leve,
Of indulgence, so n'is it non repreve
To wedden me, if that my make die,
Without exception of bigamie;
All were it good no woman for to touche,
(He ment as in his bed or in his couche)
For peril is both fire and tow to assemble;
Ye know what this ensample may resemble.

This is all and som, he held virginitee
More parfit than wedding in freelte: :
(Freelte clepe I, but if that he and she
Wold lede hir lives all in chastitee)
I graunt it wel, I have of non envie
Who maidenhed preferre to bigamie;
It liketh hem to be cleve in body and gost:
Of min-estat I wol not maken boft.

For wel ye know a lord in his houshold
Ne hath nat every vessell all of gold:
Som ben of tree, and don hir lord service.
God clepeth folk to him in fondry wise,
And everich hath of God a propre gift,
Som this, som that, as that him liketh shift.
Virginitee is gret perfeccion,
And continence eke with devotion;
But Crist, that of perfeccion is welles,
Ne bade not every wight he shuld go felle
All that he had and yeve it to the poure,
And in swiche wise follow him and his lore:
He spake to hem that wold live parfitly,
And, Lordings, (by your leve) that are nat I:
I wold bestow the flour of all myn age
In th' actes and the fruit of mariage,

Tell me also to what conclusion
Were membres made of generation,
And of so parfit wise a wight ywrought?
Trusteth me wel they were nat made for nought.
Glose who so wol, and say bothe up and down,
That they were made for purgatioun
Of urine, and of other thinges smalle,
And eke to know a female from a male:
And for non other cause? say ye no?
The experience wot wel it is not fo.
So that the clerkes be not with me wroth;
I say this, that they maked ben for both;
This is to sayn, for office and for ese
Of engendrure, ther we not God displese.
Why shuld men elles in hir bookes sette
That man shal yelden to his wif hire dette?
Now wherwith shuld he make his payement
If he ne used his sely instrument?
Than were they made upon a creature
To purge urine, and eke for engendrure.

But I say not that every wight is hold,
That hath swiche harnais as I to you told,
To gon and usen hem in engendrure;
Than shuld men take of chastitee no cure.
Crist was a maide, and shapen as a man,
And many a seint, sith that this world began,

Yet lived they ever in parfit chastitee;
I n'll envie with no virginitee.
Let hem with bred of pured whete be fed,
And let us wives eten barly bred:
And yet with barly bred, Mark tellen can,
Our Lord Jesu refreshed many a man.
In swiche estat as God hath cleped us
I wol perfever, I n'am not precious.
In wif hode wol I use min instrument
As frely as my Maker hath it sent.
If I be dangerous, God yeve me sorwe,
Min husband shal it have both even and morwe,
Whan that him list come forth and pay his dette.
An husband wol I have, I wol not lette,
Which shal be both my detour and my thrall,
And have his tribulation withall
Upon his flesh, while that I am his wif.
I have the power during all my lif
Upon his propre body, and nat he;
Right thus the apostle told it unto me,
And bad our husbandes for to love us wel:
All this sentence me liketh every del.

Up stert the Pardoner, and that anon;
Now, Dame, quod he, by God and by Seint John
Ye ben a noble prechour in this cas:
I was about to wed a wif, alas!
What? shuld I bie it on my flesh so dere?
Yet had I lever wed no wif to-yere.

Abide, quod she, my Tale is not begonne;
Nay, thou shalt drinke of another tonne,
Er that I go, shall favor worse than ale:
And whan that I have told thee forth my Tale
Of tribulation in mariage,
Of which I am expert in al min age,
(This is to sayn myself hath ben the whippe)
Than maiest thou chefen wheder thou wolt sippe
Of thikke tonne that I shal abroche:
Beware of it er thou to neigh approche,
For I shal tel ensamples mo than ten.
Who so that n'll beware by other men
By him shal other men corrected be:
Thise same wordes writeth Ptholomee,
Rede in his Almahestie, and take it there.

Dame, I wold pray you, if your will it were,
Sayde this Pardoner, as ye began
Tell forth your Tale, and spareth for no man,
And techeth us yonge men of your practike.

Gladly, quod she, sin that it may you like,
But that I pray to all this compaignie,
If that I speke after my fantasie,
As taketh not a greese of that I say,
For min entente is non but for to play.

Now, Sires, than wol I tell you forth my Tale.
As ever mote I drinke win or ale
I shal say soth, the husbandes that I had
As three of hem were good and two were bad.
The three were goode men and riche and olde;
Unnetthes mighten they the statute holde
In which that they were bounden unto me;
Ye wot wel what I mene of this parde.
As God me helpe I laugh whan that I thinke
How pitously a-night I made hem fwinke;
But by my say I tolde of it no store:
They had me yeven hir lond and hir tresore;

Me neded not do lenger diligence
 To win hir love or don hem reverence.
 They loved me so wel, by God above,
 That I ne tolde no deintee of hir love.
 A wife woman wol besie hire ever in on
 To gotten hir love ther as she hath non.
 But sith I had hem holly in min hond,
 And that they hadde yeven me all hir lond,
 What shuld I taken kepe hem for to plesse,
 But it were for my profit or min ese?
 I fet hem so a-werke by my say,
 That many a night they songen Wala wa!
 The bacon was not fet for hem I trow
 That som men have in Essex at Donmow.
 I governed hem so wel after my lawe
 That eche of hem ful blisful was and fawe
 To bringen me gay thinges fro the feyre:
 They were ful glade whan I spake him fayre;
 For God it wol I chidde hem spitously.
 Now herkeneth how I bare me proprely.

Ye wife wives, that can understond,
 Thus shul ye speke, and bere hem wrong on hond,
 For half so boldely can ther no man
 Sweren and lien as a woman can.
 (I say not this by wives that ben wise,
 But if it be whan they hem misaivise.)
 A wife wif, if that she can hire good,
 Shal beren hem on hond the cow is wood,
 And taken witnesse of hire owen mayd
 Of hir assent; but herkeneth how I sayd.

Sire olde Kaynard, is this thin aray?
 Why is ye neighebores-wif so gay?
 She is honoured over al wher she goth;
 I sit at home, I have no thrifty cloth.
 What dost thou at my neighebores hous?
 Is she so faire? art thou so amorous?
 What, rownest thou with our maide? *benedicite!*
 Sire olde Lechour, let thy japes be.

And if I have a gossib or a frend,
 (Withouten gilt) thou chiddest as a fend
 If that I walke or play unto his hous.
 Thou comest hom as dronken as a mous,
 And prechest on thy benche with evil prefe:
 Thou sayst to me, It is a gret meschief
 To wed a poure woman for costage;
 And if that she be riche of high parage,
 Than sayst thou that it is a tourmentrie
 To soffere hire pride and hire melancolie:
 And if that she be faire, thou veray knave,
 Thou sayst that every holour wol hire have;
 She may no while in chafitee abide
 That is assailed upon every side.

Thou sayst som folk desire us for richesse,
 Som for our shape, and som for our fairnesse,
 And som for she can eyther sing or dance,
 And som for gentillese and daliance,
 Som for hire hondes and hire armes smale:
 Thus goth all to the devil by thy tale.
 Thou sayst men may not kepe a castel wal,
 It may so long assailed be over al.
 And if that she be foul, thou sayst that she
 Coveteth every man that she may see;
 For as a spanile she wol on him lepe
 Til she may finden som man hire to chepe.

Ne non so grey goos goth ther in the lake
 (As sayst thou) that wol ben without a make:
 And sayst it is an hard thing for to welde
 A thing that no man wol his thanks helde.

Thus sayst thou, lorel, whan thou gost to bed,
 And that no wife man nedeth for to wed,
 Ne no man that entendeth unto heven.
 With wilde thonder dint and firy leven
 Mote thy welked nekke be to-broke.

Thou sayst that dropping houles and eke smoke,
 And chiding wives, maken men to flee
 Out of hir owen hous. *A, benedicite!*
 What aileth swiche an old man for to chide?

Thou sayst we wives wol our vices hide
 Til we be fast, and than we wol hem shewe.
 Wel may that be a proverbe of a shewe.

Thou sayst that oxen, asses, hors, and houndes,
 They ben assaied at diverse stoundes,
 Basines, lavoures, or that men hem bie,
 Spones, stooles, and all swiche husbondrie,
 And so ben pottes, clothes, and aray,
 But folk of wives maken non assay
 Til they ben wedded, olde dotard shrewe,
 And than, sayst thou, we wol our vices shewe.

Thou sayst also that it displeth me
 But if that thou wolt preisen my beautee,
 And but thou pore alway upon my face,
 And clepe me Faire Dame in every place;
 And but thou make a feste on thilke day
 That I was borne, and make me fresh and gay;
 And but thou do to my norice honour,
 And to my chamberere within my bour,
 And to my faders folk and myn allies:
 Thus sayst thou, olde barel ful of lies.

And yet also of our prentis Jankin,
 For his crispe here, shining as gold so fin,
 And for he squiereth me both up and down,
 Yet hast thou caught a false suspicion:
 I wol him nat, though thou were ded to-morwe.

But tell me this, Why hidest thou with forwe
 The keyes of thy chest away fro me?
 It is my good as well as thin parde.
 What, wenest thou make an idiot of our Dame?
 Now by that Lord that cleped is Seint Jame,
 Thou shalt nat bothe, though that thou were wood,
 Be maister of my body and of my good;
 That on thou shalt forgo maugre thin eyen.
 What helpeth it of me to enquire and spien?
 I trow thou woldest locke me in thy cheste.
 Thou shuldest say, Fayr wif, go where thee leste;
 Take your disport; I wol nat leve no tales;
 I know you for a trewe wif, Dame Ales.

We love no man that taketh kepe or charge
 Wher that we gon; we wol be at our large.
 Of alle men yblessed mote he be
 The wise astrologien Dan Ptholomee,
 That sayth this proverbe in his Almageste,
 Of alle men his wisdom is higheste
 That rekketh not who hath the world in hond.

By this proverbe thou shalt wel understond,
 Have thou ynough, what thar thee rekke or care
 How merily that other folkes fare?
 For certes, olde dotard, by your leve,
 Ye shullen have queint right ynough at eve.

He is to gret a nigard that wol werne
A man to light a candel at his lanterne;
He shal have never the lesse light parde:
Have thou yough thec thar not plainen thee.

Thou sayst also if that we make us gay
With clothing and with precious aray,
That it is peril of our chafitee:
And yet with forwe thou enforcest thee,
And sayst thise wordes in the apostles name;
In habit made with chafitee and shame
Ye women shul appareile you, (quod he)
And nat in tressed here and gay perrie,
As perles, ne with gold, ne clothes riche.

After thy text ne after thy rubriche
I wol not work as mochel as a gnat.
Thou sayst also I walke out like a cat;
For who so wolde fenge the cattles skin
Than wol the cat wel dwellen in hire in;
And if the cattles skin be fleke and gay,
She wol nat dwellen in hous half a day,
But forth she wol, or any day be dawed,
To shew hire skin and gon a caterwawed.
This is to say, if I be gay, fire shrewe,
I wol renne out my borel for to shewe.
Sire oide fool, what helpeth thee to spien?
Though thou pray Argus with his hundred eyen
To be my wardcorps, as he can best,
In faith he shal not kepe me but me lest:
Yet coude I make his berd, so mote I the.

Thou sayest eke that ther ben thinges thre,
Which thinges gretly troublen all this erthe,
And that no wight ne may endure the ferthe:
O lese fire shrewe, Jesu short thy lif.

Yet prechest thou, an sayst, an hateful wif
Yrekened is for on of thise mischances.
Be ther non other maner resemblances
That ye may liken your parables to
But if a sely wif be on of tho?

Thou likenest eke womans love to helle,
To barrein lond ther water may not dwelle.

Thou likenest it also to wilde fire;
The mor it brenneth, the more it hath desire
To consume every thing that brent would be.

Thou sayest right as wormes shende a tre
Right so a wif destroioeth hire husbond;
This knowen they that ben to wives bond.

Lordings, right thus, as ye han understond,
Bare I stify min old husbondes on hond,
That thus they saiden in hir dronkenesse;
And all was false but as I toke witnesse
On Jankin, and upon my nece also.

O Lord! the peine I did hem and the wo,
Ful giltelese, by Goddes swete pine,
For as an hors I coude bite and whine;
I coude plain, and I was in the gilt,
Or elles oftentime I had ben spilt.

Who so first cometh to the mill first grint;
I plained first, so was our werre ystint.
They were ful glad to excusen hem full blive
Of thing the which they never agilt hir live.
Of wenches wold I beren hem on hond
Whan that for sike unnethes might they stond,
Yet tikeled I his herte for that he
Wend that I had of him so gret chiertee;

I swore that all my walking out by night
Was for to espien wenches that he dight:
Under that colour had I many a mirth;
For all fwiche wit is yeven us in our birth;
Deceite, weping, spinning, God hath yeven
To women kindly while that they may liven.
And thus of o thing I may avaunten me,
At th' ende I had the beter in eche degree,
By sleight or force, or by som maner thing,
As by continual murmur or grutching,
Namely a-bed; ther hadden they meschance;
Ther wold I chide, and don hem no plesance:
I wold no longer in the bed abide
If that I felt his arme over my side,
Till he had made his raunson unto me,
Than wold I soffre him do his nicetee:
And therefore every man this Tale I tell,
Winne who so may, for all is for to fell.
With empty hond men may no haukes lure;
For winning wold I all his lust endure,
And maken me a feined appetit,
And yet in bacon had I never delit,
That maked me that ever I wold him chide;
For though the Pope had sitten hem beside,
I wold not spare hem at hir owen bord,
For by my trouthe I quite hem word for word.
As helpe me veray God omnipotent,
Tho I right now should make my testament,
I ne owe him not a word that it n' is quit;
I brought it so abouten by my wit
That they must yeve it up as for the best,
Or elles had we never been in rest;
For though he loked as a wood leon
Yet shuld he faillie of his conclusion.

Than wold I say, Now, goode lese, take kepe;
How mekely loketh Wilkin oure shepe!
Come ner my spouse, and let me ba thy cheke;
Ye shulden be al patient and meke,
And han a swete spiced conscience,
Sith ye so preche of Jobes patience.
Suffreth alway sin ye so wel can preche,
And but ye do, certain we shall you teche
That it is faire to han a wif in pees.
On of us two most howen douteles;
And sith a man is more resonable
Than woman is, ye mosten ben suffrable.
What aileth you to grutchen thus and grone?
Is it for ye wold have my queint alone?
Why take it all; lo, have it every del;
Peter, I shrew you but you love it wel;
For if I wolde sell my *bella cheffe*,
I coude walke as freshe as is a rose,
But I wol kepe it for your owen toth.
Ye be to blame, by God I say you soth.

Swiche maner wordes hadden we on hond.
Now wol I speken of my of fourthe husbond.

My fourthe husbonde was a revellour,
This is to sayn, he had a paramour,
And I was yonge and ful of ragerie,
Stibborne and strong, and joly as a pie;
Though coude I dancen to an harpe smale,
And sing ywis as any nightingale,
When I had dronke a draught of swete wine,
Mettellius, the foul cherle, the swine,

That with a staf beraft his wif hire lif
For the drank wine, though I had been his wif
Ne shuld he not have daunted me fro drinke;
And after wine of Venus most I thinke;
For al so liker as cold engendreth hayl
A likerous mouth most hau a likerous tayl.
In woman vinolent is no defence,
This knowne lechours by experience.

But, Lord Crist! whan that it remembreth me
Upon my youth, and on my jolitee,
It tikeleth me about myn herte rote:
Unto this day it doth myn herte bote,
That I have had my world as in my time.
But age, alas! that all wol envenime,
Hath me beraft my beautee and my pith;
Let go, farewell, the devil go therwith!
The flour is gon, ther n'is no more to tell;
The bren as I best may now moste I sell.
But yet to be right mery wol I fond,
Now forth to tellen of my fourthe husbond.

I say I had in herte gret despit
That he of any other had delit:
But he was quit by God and by Seint Joce:
I made him of the fame wood a croce,
Not of my body in no foule manere,
But certainly I made folk swiche chere,
That in his owen grese I made him frie,
For anger and for veray jalousie.
By God, in erth I was his Purgatorie,
For which I hope his foule be in glorie:
For, God it wote, he fate ful oft and songe
Whan that his sho ful bitterly him wronge:
Ther was no wight, save God and he, that wiste
In many a wise how fore that I him twiste.
He died whan I came fro Jerusalem,
And lith ygrave under the rode-beem;
All is his tombe not so curious
As was the sepulcre of him Darius,
Which that Appelles wrought so sotely:
It is but wast to bury hem preciously.
Let him farewell, God give his foule rest,
He is now in his grave and in his chest.

Now of my fifthe husbonde wol I telle:
God let his foule never come in helle:
And yet was he to me the moste shrew;
That fele I on my ribbes all by rew,
And ever shal unto min ending day:
But in our bed he was so fresh and gay,
And therwithall he coude so well me glose,
Whan that he wolde han my *belle chose*,
That though he had be bet on every bon
He coude win agen my love anon.
I trow I loved him the bet, for he
Was of his love so dangerous to me.
We wimmen han, if that I shal not lie,
In this matere a queinte fantasie.
Waite, what thing we may nat lightly have,
Therafter wol we cry all day and crave.
Forbode us thing and that desiren we;
Prese on us fast and thanne wol we see.
With danger uttren we all our chaffare;
Gret pries at market maketh dere ware,
And to gret chepe is holden at litel prife;
This knoweth every woman that is wif.

My fifthe husbonde, God his foule blesse,
Which that I toke for love and no richeffe,
He somtime was a clerk of Oxenforde,
And had lest scole, and went at home at borde
With my gossib, dwelling in oure toun,
God have hire soule! hire name was Alisoun.
She knew my herte and all my privtee
Bet than our parish preest, so mote I the:
To hire bewried I my counseil all,
For had my husbond piffed on a wall;
Or don a thing that shuld have cost his lif,
To hire, and to another worthy wif,
And to my nece, which that I loved wel,
I wold have told his counceil every del:
And so I did ful often, God it wote,
That made his face full often red and hote
For veray shame, and blamed himself, for he
Had told to me so gret a privatee.

And so befell that ones in a Lent
(So often times I to my gossib went,
For ever yet I loved to be gay,
And for to walke in March, April, and May,
From hous to hous, to heren fundry tales)
That Jankin clerk, and my gossib Dame Ales,
And I myself, into the felde went.
Myn husbond was at London all that Lent:
I had the better leiser for to pleie,
And for to see, and eke for to be seie
Of lusty folk. What wif I wher my grace
Was shapen for to be, or in what place?
Therfore made I my visitations
To vigilies and to proceffions,
To prechings eke, and to thise pilgrimages,
To playes of miracles, and mariages,
And wered upon my gay skarlet gites.
Thise wormes, ne thise mothes, ne thise mites,
Upon my paraille frett hem never a del;
And wost thou why? for they were used wel.

Now wol I tellen forth what happened me.
I say that in the felde walked we
Till trewely we had swiche daliance,
This clerk and I, that of my purveance
I spake to him, and said him how that he,
If I were widewe, shulde wedden me.
For certainly, I say for no bobance,
Yet was I never without purveance
Of mariage, ne of other thinges eke:
I hold a mouses wit not worth a leke
That hath but on hole for to sterten to,
And if that faille, than is all ydo.

I bare him on hond he had enchanted me;
(My dame taughte me that subtiltee)
And eke I sayd I mette of him all night,
He wold han slain me as I lay upright,
And all my bed was ful of veray blood;
But yet I hope that ye shuln do me good,
For blood betokeneth gold, as me was taught,
And al was false, I dreamed of him right naught,
But as I folowed ay my dames lore,
As wel of that as of other thinges more.
But now, Sire, let me see, what shall I sain?
A ha! by God I have my Tale again.
Whan that my fourthe husbonde was on bere,
I wept algate and made a sory chere,

As wives moten, for it is the usage,
 And with my coverchefe covered my visage;
 But for that I was purveyed of a make,
 I wept but final, and that I undertake.
 To chirche was myn hufbond born a-morwe
 With neighgeboures that for him maden sorowe,
 And Jankin oure clerk was on of tho:
 As helpe me God, whan that I saw him go
 After the bere, me thought he had a paire
 Of legges and of feet so clene and faire
 That all my herte I yave unto his hold.
 He was, I trow, a twenty winter old,
 And I was fourty, if I shal say foth,
 But yet I had alway a coltes toth.
 Gat-tothed I was, and that became me wele;
 I had the print of Seint Venus sefe.
 As helpe me God, I was a lusty on,
 And faire, and riche, and yonge, and wel begon;
 And trewely, as min hufbondes tolden me,
 I had the beste queint that mighte be,
 For certes I am all Venerian
 In feling, and my herte is Martian:
 Venus me yave my lust and likerousnesse,
 And Mars yave me my sturdy hardinesse.
 Min ascendent was Taure, and Mars therinne:
 Alas, alas! that ever love was sinne!
 I folwed ay min inclination
 By vertue of my constellation;
 That made me that I coude nat withdraw
 My chambre of Venus from a good felaw;
 Yet have I Martes merke upon my face,
 And also in another privee place:
 For God so wily be my salvation,
 I loved never by no discrecion,
 But ever folwed min appetit,
 All were he shorte, longe, blacke, or white:
 I toke no kepe, so that he liked me,
 How poure he was, ne eke of what degree.

What shulde I say? but at the monthes ende
 This joly clerk Jankin, that was so hende,
 Hath wedded me with gret solempnitee,
 And to him yave I all the lond and see
 That ever was me yeven therbefore,
 But afterward repented me ful sore.
 He n'olde suffre nothing of my list:
 By God he smote me opes with his fist,
 For that I rent out of his book a lefe,
 That of the stroke myn ere wax all dese.
 Stibborne I was as is a leoneffe,
 And of my tonge a veray jangleresse;
 And walke I wold, as I had don beforn,
 Fro hous to hous, although he had it sworn,
 For which he oftentimes wold preche,
 And me of olde Romaine gestes teche.

How he Sulpitius Gallus left his wif,
 And hire forfok for terme of all his lif,
 Not but for open-headed he hire fay
 Loking out at his dore upon a day.

Another Romaine told he me by name,
 That for his wif was at a sommer game
 Without his weting he forfok hire eke.

And than wold he upon his Bible seke
 That ilke proverbe of Ecclesiaste,
 Wher he commandeth, and forbedeth faste,

Man shal not suffer his wif go roule aboute.

Than wold he say right thus withouten dout,
 Who so that bildeth his hous all of falwes,
 And priketh his blind hors over the falwes,
 And fuffereth his wif to go seken halwes,
 Is worthy to be honged on the galwes.

But all for nought; I fette not an hawe
 Of his proverbes ne of his olde sawe;
 Ne I wold not of him corrected be.
 I hate hem that my vices tellen me,
 And so do me of us (God wote) than I.
 This made him wood with me all utterly;
 I n'olde not forbere him in no cas.

Now wol I say you foth, by Seint Thomas,
 Why that I rent out of his book a lefe,
 For which he smote me so that I was dese.

He had a book that gladly night and day
 For his disport he wolde it rede alway;
 He cleped it Valerie and Theophrast,
 And with that book he lough away ful fast.
 And eke ther was a clerk somtime at Rome,
 A cardinal, that highte Seint Jerome,
 That made a book again Jovinian,
 Which book was ther, and eke Tertullian,
 Crisippus, Trotula, and Helowia,
 That was abbeffe not fer fro Paris,
 And eke the Paraboles of Salomon,
 Ovides Art, and bourdes many on;
 And alle thise were benden in o volume.
 And every night and day was his custume
 (Whan he had leiser and vacacion.

From other worldly occupation)
 To reden in this book of wikked wives:
 He knew of hem mo legendes and mo lives
 Than ben of goode wives in the Bible.

For trusteth wel it is an impossible
 That any clerk wol spoken good of wives,
 (But if it be of holy feintes lives)
 Ne of non other woman never the mo.
 Who painted the leon, telleth me who?
 By God if wimmen hadden written stories,
 As clerkes han, within hir oratories,
 They wold have writ of men more wikkednesse
 Than all the merke of Adam may redresse.

The children of Mercury and of Venus
 Ben in hir werking ful contrarious.
 Mercury loveth wisdom and science,
 And Venus loveth riot and dispence;
 And for hir divers disposition

Eche falleth in others exaltation:
 As thus; God wote Mercury is desolat

In Pises, wher Venus is exaltat,
 And Venus falleth wher Mercury is reised,
 Therfore no woman of no clerk is preised.

The clerk whan he is old, and may naught do
 Of Venus werkes net worth his old sho,
 Than siteth he down and writeth in his dotage
 That wimmen cannot kepe hir mariage.

But now to purpos why I tolde thee
 That I was beten for a book parde.

Upon a night Jankin, that was our fire,
 Red on his book as he fate by the fire,
 Of Eva first, that for hire wikkednesse,
 Was all mankind brought to wretchednesse.

For which that Jesu Crist himself was slain,
That bought us with his herte blood again.

Lo here expresse of wimmen may ye find
That woman was the lomme of all mankind.

The redde he me how Sampson lost his heres,
Sleping his lemman kitte hem with hire sheres,
Thurgh whiche treson lost he both his eyen,

The redde he me, if that I shall not lien,
Of Hercules, and of his Deianire,
That caused him to set himself a-fire.

Nothing forgat he the care and the wo
That Socrates had with his wives two;

How Xantippa cast pisse upon his hed.

This sely man sat still as he were ded;
He wiped his hed; no more dorst he fain
But, Er the thonder tint ther cometh rain.

Of Pasiphae, that was the Quene of Crete,
For shrewednesse him thought the tale swete.

Fie! speke no more (it is a grisely thing)
Of hire horrible lust and hire liking.

Of Clitemnestra, for hire lecherie
That falsely made hire husband for to die,
He redde it with ful good devotion.

He told me eke for what occasion
Amphiorax at Thebes lost his lif:
My husband had a legend of his wif
Eriphile, that for an ouche of gold
Hath prively unto the Grekes told
Where that hire husband hidde him in a place,
For which he had at Thebes sory grace.

Of Lima told he me, and of Lucie;
They bothe made hir husbandes for to die,
That on for love, that other was for hate.
Lima hir husband, on an even late
Enpoysoned hath, for that he was his fo:
Lucia likerous loved hire husband so,
That for he shuld alway upon hire thinke,
She yave him swiche a maner love-drinke,
That he was ded er it were by the morwe:
And thus algates husbandes hadden forwe.

Than told he me how on Latumeus
Complained to his felaw Arius,
That in his gardin growed swiche a tree,
On which he said how that his wives three
Honged herself for hertes despitous.
O leve brother! quod this Arius,
Yeve me a plant of thilke blessed tree,
And in my gardin planted shal it be.

Of later date, of wives hath he redde,
That som han slain hir husbandes in hir bedde,
And let hir lechour dight hem all the night,
While that the corps lay in the flore upright;
And som han driven nailes in hir brain,
While that they slepe, and thus they han hem slain;
Som han hem yeven poyson in hir drink.
He spake more harm than herte may bethinke.

And therewithall he knew of mo proverbes
Than in this world ther grown gras or herbes.

Bet is (quod he) thin habitation
Be with a leon or a foule dragon
Than with a woman using for to chide.

Bet is (quod he) high in the roof abide
Than with an angry woman down in the hous,
They ben so wikked and contrarious:

They haten that hir husbandes loven ay.

He sayd a woman cast hire shame away
Whan she cast of hire smock; and forther mo,
A faire woman, but she be chaste also,
Is like a gold ring in a fowes nose.

Who coude wene or who coude suppose
The wo that in min herte was and the pine?
And whan I saw he n'olde never fine
To reden on this cursed book all night,
Al sodenly three leves have I plight
Out of his book, right as he redde, and eke

I with my fist so toke him on the cheke
That in oure fire he fell backward adoun;
And he up fterte as doth a wood leoun,
And with his fist he smote me on the hed,
That in the flore I lay as I were ded.
And whan he saw how stille that I lay
He was agast, and wold have fled away,
Til at the last out of my swough I brayde.

O! hast thou slain me, false thief? I sayde,
And for my lond thus hast thou mordred me?
Er I be ded yet wol I kissen thee.

And nere he came, and kneled faire adoun,
And sayde, Dere suster Alisoun!

As helpe me God I shal thee never finite:
That I have don it is thyself to wite;
Foryeve it me, and that I thee beseke.

And yet eftsones I hitte him on the cheke,
And sayde, Theef, thus much am I awreke.
Now wol I die, I may no longer speke.

But at the last, with mochel care and wo,
We fell accorded by ourselven two.
He yaf me all the bridel in min hond
To han the governance of hous and lond,
And of his tonge and of his hond also,
And made him brenne his book anon right tho.

And whan that I had gotten unto me
By maistrie all the soverainetee,
And that he sayd, Min owen trewe wif,
Do as thee list the terme of all thy lif;
Kepe thin honour, and kepe eke min estat;
After that day we never had debat.
God helpe me so, I was to him as kinde
As any wif fro Denmark unto Inde,
And al so trewe, and so was he to me:
I pray to God that sit in majestee
So blisse his soule, for his mercy dere.
Now wol I say my Tale if ye wol here.

The Frere lough whan he had herd all this:
Now, Dame, quod he, so have I joye and blis,
This is a long preamble of a Tale.

And whan the Sompnour herd the Frere gale,
Lo (quod this Sompnour) Goddes armes two,
A Frere wol entermete him evermo:
Lo, goode men, a fie and eke a Frere
Wol fall in every dish and eke matere.
What spekest thou of preambulation?
What? amble or trot, or pees, or go fit down:
Thou lettest our disport in this matere.

Ye, wolt thou so, Sire Sompnour? quod the Frere,
Now by my faith I shal, er that I go,
Tell of a Sompnour swiche a Tale or two,
That all the folk shal laughen in this place.

Now elles, Frere, I will beshrewe thy face,

(Quod this Sompnour) and I beshrewe me
 But if I telle Tales two or three
 Of Freres, or I come to Sidenborne,
 That I shal make thin herte for to morne,
 For wel I wot thy patience is gone.
 Our Hofte cried, Pees, and that anon ;

And sayde, Let the woman tell hire Tale ;
 Ye fare as folk that dronken ben of ale.
 Do, Dame, tell forth your Tale, and that is best.
 Al redy, Sire, quod she, right as you lest,
 If I have licence of this worthy Frere.
 Yes, Dame, quod he, tell forth, and I wol here.

THE WIF OF BATHES TALE*.

In olde dayes of the King Artour,
 Of which that Bretons speken gret honour,
 All was this lond fulfilled of Faerie ;
 The Elf quene with hire joly compaignie
 Danced ful oft in many a grene mede,
 This was the old opinion as I rede ;
 I speke of many hundred yeres ago,
 But now can no man see non elves mo ;
 For now the grete charitee and prayeres
 Of limitoures and other holy freres,
 That serchen every land and every fireme,
 As thikke as motes in the sonne beme,
 Blissing halles, chambres, kichens, and boures,
 Citees and burghes, castles highe and toures,
 Thropes and bernes, shepenes and daires,
 This maketh that therben no Faeries :
 For ther as wont to waken was an elf,
 Ther walketh now the limatour himself
 In undermeles and in morweninges,
 And sayth his matines and his holy thinges
 As he goth in his limitation.
 Women may now go safely up and down,
 In every bush, and under every tree,
 Ther is non other Incubes but he,
 And he ne will don hem no dishonour.

An so befell it that this King Artour
 Had in his hous a lusty bachelor,
 That on a day came riding fro river :
 And happed that, alone as she was borne,
 He saw a maiden walking him beforne,
 Of which maid he anon, maugre hire hed,
 By veray force beraft hire maidenhed :
 For which oppreßion was swiche clamour,
 And swiche pursuite unto the King Artour,
 That damned was this knight for to be ded,
 By cours of lawe, and shuld have lost his hed,
 (Paraventure swiche was the statute tho).
 But that the quene and other ladies mo

So longe praieden the king of grace,
 Til he his lif him granted in the place,
 And yaf him to the quene, all at hire will
 To chese whether she wold him save or spill.

The quene thanketh the king with all hire might;
 And after this thus spake she to the knight,
 Whan that she saw hire time upon a day.

Thou standest yet (quod she) in swiche array,
 That of thy lif yet hast thou not seuretee ;
 I grant thee lif if thou canst tellen me
 What thing is it that women most desiren :
 Beware, and keppe thy nekke bone from yren.
 And if thou canst not tell it me anon,
 Yet wol I yeve thee leve for to gon
 A twelvemonth and a day to seke and lere
 And answer sufficient in this matere ;
 And seuretee wol I have, or that thou pace,
 Thy body for to yelden in this place.

Wo was the knight, and sorwefully he siketh :
 But what ? he may not don all as him liketh.
 And at the last he chese him for to wende,
 And come agen right at the yeres ende
 With swiche answer as God wold him purvay,
 And taketh his leve, and wendeth for his way.

He seketh every hous and every place.
 Wher as he hopeth for to finden grace,
 To lernen what thing women loven moste ;
 But hene coude ariven in no cofte
 Wher as he mighte find in this matere
 Two creatures according in fere.
 Som saiden women loven best richeße,
 Som saiden honour, som saiden jolinesse,
 Som riche array, som saiden lust a-bedde,
 And oft time to be widewe and to be wedde.

Some saiden that we ben in herte most esed
 Whan that we ben yflattered and ypreised.
 He goth ful nigh the soth, I wol not lie ;
 A man shal winne us best with flaterie ;
 And with attendance and with befinesse
 Ben we ylimed bothe more and lesse.

And som men saiden that we loven best
 For to be free, and do right as us lest,

* A bachelor of King Arthur's court is enjoined by the Queen, upon pain of death, to tell what thing it is that women do most desire. At length he is taught it by an old woman, whom he is enforced to marry. *Urry.*

And that no man reprove us of our vice,
But say that we ben wise and nothing nice :
For trewely ther n'is non of us all,
If any wight wol claw us on the gall,
That we n'ill kike for that he saith us soth;
Assay, and he shal find it that so doth :
For be we never so vicious withinne
We wol be holden wise and cleue of sinne.

And som saiden that gret delit han we
For to be holden stable and eke secre,
And in o purpos stedfastly to dwell,
And not bewreyen thing that men us tell;
Bot that tale is not worth a rake-stele.
Parde we women connen nothing hele,
Witnesse on Mida; wol ye here the Tale?

Ovide, amonges other thinges smale,
Said Mida had under his longe heres
Growing upon his hed two asses eres,
The whiche vice he hid, as he beste might,
Ful subtilly from every mannes sight,
That save his wif ther wist of it no mo;
He loved hire most, and trusted hire also;
He praied hire that to no creature
She n'olde tellen of his disfigure.

She swore him Ney, for all the world to winne
She nolde do that vilanie ne sinne,
To make hire husbond han so foule a name :
She n'olde not tell it for hire owen shame.
But natheles hire thoughte that she dide
That she so longe shuld a conseil hide;
Hire thought it swal so fore about hire herte,
That nedely som word hire must asterte;
And fith she dorst nat telle it to no man,
Doun to a mareis faste by she ran;
Til she came ther hire herte was a-fire :
And as a bitore bumbleth in the mire,
She laid hire mouth unto the water doun.
Bewrey me not, thou water, with thy foun,
Quod she; to thee I tell it, and no mo,
Min husbond hath long asses eres two.
Now is min herte all hole, now is it out,
I might no lenger kepe it out of dout.
Here may ye see, though we a time abide,
Yet out it moste; we can no conseil hide.
The remenant of the Tale, if ye wol here,
Redeth Ovide, and ther ye may it lere.

This knight, of which my Tale is specially,
Whan that he saw he might not come therby,
(This is to sayn, what women loven most)
Within his breft ful sorweful was his gost.
But home he goth, he mighte not sojourne;
The day was come that homward must he turne.
And in his way it happed him to ride,
In all his care, under a forest side,
Wheras he saw upon a dance go
Of ladies foure-and-twenty, and yet mo.
Toward this ilke dance he drow ful yerne,
In hop that he som wisdom shulde lerne;
But certainly er he came fully there
Yvanished was this dance he n'iste not wher;
No creature saw he that bare lif,
Save on the grene he saw sitting a wif,
A fouler wight ther may no man devise.
Againe this knight this olde wif gan arise,

And saide Sire Knight, here forth ne lith no way.
Tell me what that ye seken by your fay,
Paraventure it may the better be :
Thise olde folk con mochel thing, quod she.

My leve mother, quod this knight, certain
I n'am but ded but if that I can fain
What thing it is that women most desire :
Coude ye me wisse I wold quite wel your hire.
Plight me thy trouthe here in myn bond, quod she,
The nexte thing that I requere of thee
Thou shalt it do, if it be in thy might,
And I wol tell it you or it be night.

Have here my trouthe, quod the knight, I
graunte.

Thanne, quod she, I dare me wel avaunte
Thy lif is sauf, for I wol stond therby,
Upon my lif the quene wol say as I.
Let see which is the proudest of hem alle,
That wereth on a kerchief or a calle,
That dare sayn nay of that I shal you teche.
Let us go forth withouten lenger speche.

Tho rowned she a pissel in his ere,
And bad him to be glad, and have no fere.

Whan they ben comen to the court, this knight
Said he had hold his day as he had light,
And redy was his answer, as he saide.
Ful many a noble wif, and many a maide,
And many a widewe, for that they ben wise,
(The quene hireself sitting as a justice)
Assembled ben his answer for to here,
And afterward this knight was bode appere.

To every wight commanded was silence,
And that the knight shuld tell in audience
What thing that worldly women loven best.
This knight ne stood not still as doth a best,
But to this question anon answered
With manly vois, that all the court it herd.

My liege Lady, generally, quod he,
Women desiren to han soveraintee,
As well over hir husbond as hir love,
And for to ben in maistrie him above.
This your most desire, though ye me kille;
Doth as you list, I am here at your wille.

In all the court ne was ther wif ne maide,
Ne widewe, that contraried that he saide,
But said he was worthy to han his lif.

And with that word up stert this olde wif
Which that the knight saw sitting on the grene.
Mercy, quod she, my soveraine lady Quene,
Er that your court depart, as doth me right,
I taughte this answer unto this knight,
For which he plighted me his trouthe there,
The firste thing I wold of him requere,
He wold it do, if it lay in his might.
Before this court than pray I thee, Sire, Knight,
Quod she, that thou me take unto thy wif.
For wel thou wost that I have kept thy lif :
If I say false, say nay upon thy fay.

This knight answered, Alas and wala wa!
I wot right wel that swiche was my behest.
For Goddes love as cheste a new request :
Take all my good, and let my body go.

Nay than, quod she, I shrewd us bothe two!

For though that I be olde, foule, and pore,
I n'olde for all the metal ne the ore
That under erthe is grave, or lith above,
But if thy wif I were and eke thy love.

My love! quod he; nay, my dampnation.
Alas! that any of my nation
Shuld ever so foule disparaged be.

But all for nought; the end is this, that he
Constrained was he nedes must hire wed,
And taketh this olde wif, and goth to bed.

Now wolden som men sayn paraventure,
That for my negligence I do no cure
To tellen you the joye and all the array
That at the feste was that ilke day.

To which thing shortly answeren I shal:
I say ther was no joye ne feste at al;
Ther n'as but hevinesse and mochel sorwe;
For prively he wedded hire on the morwe,
And all day after hid him as an oule,
So wo was him his wif loked so foule.

Gret was the wo the knight had in his thought
Whan he was with his wif a-bed ybrought;
He walweth, and he turneth to and fro.

This olde wif lay smiling evermo,
And said, O dere husbond, *benedicite*!
Fareth ever knight thus with wif as ye?
Is this the lawe of King Artoures hous?
Is every knight of his thus dangerous?
I am your owen love, and eke your wif,
I am the which that saved hath your lif,
And certes yet did I you never unright;
Why fare ye thus with me this firste night?
Ye faren like a man had loth his wit.
What is my gilt? for Goddes love tell it,
And it shal ben amended if I may.

Amended! quod this knight, alas! nay, nay,
It wol not ben amended never mo;
Thou art so lothly, and so olde also,
And therto comen of so low a kind,
That littel wonder is though I walwe and wind;
So wolde God min herte wolde brest.

Is this, quod she, the cause of your unrest?
Ye certainly, quod he, no wonder is.
Now Sire, quod she, I coude amend all this,
If that me list, er it were dayes three,
So wel ye mighten bere you unto me.

But for ye speken of swiche gentilleffe
As is descended out of old richeffe;
That therefore shullen ye be gentilmen;
Swiche arrogance n'is not worth an hen.

Loke who that is most vertuous alway,
Prive and apert, and most entendeth ay
To do the gentil dedes that he can,
And take him for the grettest gentilman.
Crift wol we claime of him our gentilleffe,
Not of our elders for hir old richeffe;
For though they yewe us all hir heritage,
For which we claime to ben of high parage,
Yet may they not bequethen for no thing
To non of us hir vertuous living,
That made hem gentilmen called to be,
And bade us solwen hem in swiche degree

Wel can the wif poet of Florence,
That highte Dant, speken of this sentence:

Lo in swiche maner rime is Dantes tale.

Ful selde up riseth by his branches finale
Prowesse of man, for God of his goodnesse
Wol that we claime of him our gentilleffe;
For of our elders may we nothing claime
But temporel thing, that man may hurt and

Eke every wight wot this as wel as I, [maime.
If gentilleffe were plantid naturelly
Unto a certain linage down the line,
Prive and apert, than wold they never fine
To don of gentilleffe the faire office;
They mighten do no vilanie or vice.

Take fire, and bere it into the derkest hous
Betwix this and the Mount of Cacafus,
And let men shette the doers, and go thenne,
Yet wol the fire as faire lie and brenne
As twenty thousand men might it behold;
His office naturel ay wol it hold,
Up peril of my lif, til that it die.

Here may ye see wel how that genterie
Is not annexed to possession,
Sith folk ne don hir operation
Alway, as doth the fire, lo, in his kind:
For God it wot men moun ful often find
A lordes sone do shame and vilanie.
And he that wol han pris of his genterie,
For he was boren of a gentil hous,
And had his elders noble and vertuous,
And n'ill himselfen do no gentil dedes,
Ne solwe his gentil auncestrie that ded is,
He n'is not gentil, be he duk or erl,
For vilains sinful dedes make a cherl:
For gentilleffe n'is but the renomee
Of thin auncestres for hir high bountee,
Which is a strange thing to thy persone:
Thy gentilleffe cometh fro God alone;
Than cometh our veray gentilleffe of grace;
It was no thing bequethed us with our place.

Thinketif how noble, as saith Valerius,
Was thilke Tullius Hostilius,
That out of poverte rose to high noblesse.
Redeth Senek, and redeth eke Boece,
Ther shull ye seen expresse that it no dred is
That he is gentil that doth gentil dedis:
And therefore, leve husbond, I thus conclude,
Al be it that min auncestres weren rude,
Yet may the highe God, and so hope I,
Granten me grace to liven vertuously;
Than am I gentil whan that I beginne
To liven vertuously and weiven sinne.

And ther as ye of poverte me repreve,
The highe God, on whom that we beleve,
In wilful poverte chese to lede his lif;
And certes every man, maiden, or wif,
May understand that Jesus heven king
Ne wold not chese a vicious living.

Glad poverte is an honest thing certain,
This wol Senek and other clerkes sain.
Who so that halt him paid of his poverte,
I hold him rich, al had he not a sherte.
He that coveteth is a poure wight,
For he wold han that is not in his might;
But he that nought hath, ne coveteth to have,
Is riche, although ye hold him but a knave.

Veray poverte is finne proprely.

Juvenal faith of poverte merily,
The poure man whan he goth by the way,
Beforen theves he may sing and play.
Poverte is hateful good; and, as I gesse,
A ful gret bringer out of besineffe;
A gret amender eke of sapience
To him that taketh it in patience.
Poverte is this, although it some cenge,
Possession that no wight wol challenge.
Poverte ful often, whan a man is low,
Maketh his God and eke himself to know.
Poverte a spectakel is, as thinketh me,
Thurgh which he may his veray frendes see.
And therefore, Sire, sin that I you not greve,
Of my poverte no more me repreve.

Now, Sire, of elde that ye repreven me:

And certes, Sire, though non auctoritee
Were in no book, ye gentiles of honour
Sain that men shuld an olde wight honour,
And clepe him Fader, for your gentillese;
And auctours shal I finden, as I gesse.

Now ther ye sain that I am foule and old,
Than drede ye not to ben a cokewold;
For filthe, and elde also, so mote I the,
Ben grete wardeins upon chastitee.
But natheles, sin I know your delit,
I shal fulfill your wordly appetit.

Chese now (quod she) on of thise thinges twey,
To han me foule and old til that I dey,
And be to you a trewe humble wif,
And never you displese in all my lif;
Or elles wol ye han me yonge and faire,
And take your aventure of the repaire.
That shal be to your hous because of me,
Or in som other place it may wel be?
Now chese yourselven whether that you liketh.

This knight avifeth him, and fore siketh,

But at the last he said in this manere:

My lady and my love, and wif so dere,
I put me in your wif governance,
Chese the yourself which may be most plesance
And most honour to you and me also,
I do no force the whether of the two,
For as you liketh it sufficeth me.

Than have I got the maistere, quod she,
Sin I may chese and governe as me lef.
Ye certes, wif, quod he, I hold it best.

Kisse me, quod she, we be no lenger wrothe,
For by my trouth I wol be to you bothe,
This to sayn, ye bothe faire and good.
I pray to God that I mote sterven wood
But I to you be al so good and trewe
As ever was wif sin that the world was newe,
And but I be to-morwe as faire to seen
As any lady, emperice, or queene,
That is betwix the est and eke the west,
Doth with my lif and deth right as you lef.
Cast up the curtein, loke how that it is.

And whan the knight saw veraily all this,
That she so faire was, and so yonge therto,
For joye he hent hire in his armes two:
His herte bathed in a bath of blisse,
A thousand time a-row he gan hire kisse:
And she obeyed him in every thing
That mighte don him plesance or liking.
And thus they live unto hir lives ende
In parfit joye; and Jesu Crist us sende
Husbondes meke and yonge, and fresh a-bed,
And grace to overlive hem that we wed.
And eke I pray Jesus to short hir lives
That wol not be governed by hir wives;
And old and angry nigards of dispence
God fend hem sone a veray pestilence.

THE FRERES PROLOGUE.

This worthy limitour, this noble Frere,
 He made alway a maner louring chere
 Upon the Sompnour, but for honestee
 No vilains word as yet to him spake he;
 But at the last he said unto the Wif,
 Dame, (quod he) God yeve you right good lif,
 Ye have here touched, all so mote I the,
 In scole maters a ful gret difficultie;
 Ye han said mochel thing right wel I say:
 But, Dame, here as we riden by the way
 Us nedeth not to speken but of game,
 And let auctoritees, in Goddes name,
 To preching and to scole eke of clergie.
 But if it like unto this compaignie
 I wol you of a Sompnour tell a game;
 Parde ye may wel knownen by the name
 That of a Sompnour may no good be said;
 I pray that non of you be evil apaid:

A Sompnour is a renner up and doun
 With mandemens for fornicatioun,
 And is ybete at every tounes ende.

Tho spake our Hoste, A, Sire, ye shuld ben
 And curteis, as a man of your estat, [hende
 In compaignie we wiln have no debat:
 Telleth your Tale, and let the Sompnour be.
 Nay, quod the Sompnour, let him say by me
 What so him list; whan it cometh to my lot,
 By God I shal him quiten every grot;
 I shal him tellen which a gret honour
 It is to be a flatering limitour,
 And eke of many another maner crime,
 Which nedeth not reherfen at this time,
 And his office I shal him tell ywis.
 Our Hoste answered, Pees, no more of this.
 And afterward he said unto the Frere
 Tel forth your Tale min owen maister dere.

THE FRERES TALE†.

WHILOM ther was dwelling in my contree
 An archedeken, a man of high degree,
 That boldely did execution
 In punishing of fornication,
 Of witchcraft, and eke of bauderie,
 Of defamacion, and avouterie,
 Of chirche-reves, and of testaments,
 Of contracts, and of lack of sacraments,
 Of usure, and of simonie also,
 But certes lechours did he grettest wo;
 They shulden sigen if that they were hent,
 And smale titheres weren foule ysent;

† A Sompnour and the devil meeting on the way, after
 conference become sworn brethern, and to hell they go
 together. A covert invective against the bribery and cor-
 ruption of the spiritual courts in those days. Urry.

If any persone wold upon hem plaine
 Ther might aften hem no pecunial peine.
 For smale tithes and smale offering
 He made the peple pitously to sing,
 For er the bishop hent hem with his crook
 They weren in the archedekens book;
 Than had he thurgh his jurisdiction
 Power to don on hem correction.

He had a Sompnour redy to his hond,
 A slier boy was non in Englelond;
 For subtilly he had his espiaille,
 That taught him wel wher it might ought availle
 He coude spare of lechours on or two
 To techen hem to foure-and-twenty mo:
 For though this Sompnour woud be as an hare,
 To tell his harlotrie I wol not spare,

THE FRERES TALE.

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For we ben out of hir correction,
They han of us no jurisdiction,
Ne never shul have, terme of all hir lives.

Peter, so ben the women of the stives,
Quod this Sompnour, yput out of our cure?

Pees, with mischance and with misaventure,
Our Hoste said, and let him tell his Tale.
Now telleth forth, and let the Sompnour gale,
Ne spaireth not, min owen maister dere.

This false thief, this Sompnour, quod the Frere,

Had alway baundes redy to his hond,
As any hauke to lure in Englelond,
That told him all the secree that they knewe,
For hir acquaintance was not come of newe;

They weren his approvers prively:
He toke himself a gret profit therby,
His maister knew not alway what he wan.

Withouten mandement a lewed man
He coude sompne up peine of Cristes curse,
And they were inly glad to fille his purse,
And maken him gret festes at the nale.

And right as Judas hadde purfes smale,
And was a thief, right swiche a thief was he;
His master hadde but half his ductee.

He was (if I shal yeven him his laud)
A thief, and eke a Sompnour, and a baud.

He had eke wenches at his retenue,
That whether that Sire Robert or Sire Hue,
Or Jakke or Rauf, or who so that it were
That lay by hem, they told it in his ere.

Thus was the wenche and he of on assent;
And he wold secche a feined mandement,
And sompne hem to the chapitre bothe two,
And pill the man and let the wenche go:

Than wold he say, Frend, I shal for thy sake
Do strike thee out of oure lettres blake;
Thee thar no more as in this cas travaille;
I am thy frend ther I may thee availle.

Certain he knew of briboures many mo
Than possible is to tell in yeres two;
For in this world n'is dogge for the bowe
That can an hurt dere from an hole yknowe

Bet than this Sompnour knew a flie lechour,
Or an avouter or a paramour;
And for that was the fruit of all his rent,
Therefore on it he set all his entent,

And so befell that ones on a day
This Sompnour, waiting ever on his praye,
Rode forth to sompne a widewe, an old ribibe,
Feining a cause, for he wold han a bribe;

And happed that he saw befor him ride
A gay yeman under a forest side;
A bow he bare, and arwes bright and kene,
He had upon a courtepy of grene.

An hat upon his hed with frenes blake.
Sire, quod the Sompnour, haile, and wel atake.

Welcome, quod he, and every good felaw.
Whider ridest thou under this grene shaw?
(Saide this yeman) wolt thou fer to-day?

This Sompnour him answerd, and saide Nay.
Here faste by (quod he) is min entent
To riden, for to reisen up a rent
That longeth to my lordes ductee.

A! art thou than a baillif? Ye, quod he,

(He dorste not for veray filth and shame
Say that he was a Sompnour, for the name.)

De par dieux, quod this yeman, leve brother,
Thou art a baillif, and I am another.

I am unknowen as in this contree;
Of thin acquaintance I wol prayen thee,
And eke of brotherhed, if that thee list.

I have gold and silver lying in my chist;
If that thee hap to come in to our shire
Al shal be thin right as thou wolt desire.

Grand mercy, quod this Sompnour, by my faith,
Everich in others hond his trouthe laith
For to be sworne brethren til they dey.
In daliaunce they riden forth and play.

This Sompnour, which that was as ful of jangles
As ful of venime ben thise wariangles,
And ever enquering upon every thing,
Brother, quod he, wher is now your dwelling,

Another day if that I shuld you secche?

This yeman him answerd in softe speche,
Brother, quod he, fer in the north contree,
Wher as I hope sometime I shal thee see.

Or we depart I shal thee so wel wisse,
That of min hous ne shalt thou never misse.

Now brother, quod this Sompnour, I you pray
Teche me, while that we riden by the way,
(Sith that ye ben a baillif as am I)

Som subtiltee, and tell me faithfully
In min office how I may moke winne;
And spareth not for conscience or for sinne,
But as my brother tell me how do ye.

Now by my trouthe, brother min, said he,
As I shal tellen thee a faithful Tale.

My wages ben ful streit and eke ful smale;
My lord is hard to me and dangerous,
And min office is ful laborious,

And therefore by extortion I leve;
Forsoth I take all that men wol me yeve:
Algates by sleighte or by violence
Fro yere to yere I win all my dispence:

I can no better tellen faithfully.

Now certes (quod this Sompnour) so fare I;
I spare not to taken, God it wote,

But if it be to hevy or to hote.
What I may gete in conseil prively
No maner conscience of that have I.

N're min extortion I might not liven,
Ne of swiche japes wol I not be shriven.
Stomak ne conscience know I non;

I shrew thise shrifte faders everich on:
Wel be we met by God and by Seint Jame.

But, leve brother, tell me than thy name,
Quod this Sompnour. Right in this mené while
This yeman gan a litel for to smile.

Brother, quod he, wolt thou that I thee tell?
I am a fend, my dwelling is in hell,

And here I ride about my purchasing
To wote wher men wol give me any thing;
My purchas is th' effect of all my rent,
Loke how thou ridest for the same entent:

To winnen good thou rekest never how:
Right so fare I, for riden wol I now
Unto the worldes ende for a praye.

A, quod this Sompnour, *benedicite*! what say ye!

I wend ye were a yeman trewely,
Ye have a mannes shape as wel as I:
Have ye then a figure determinat
In helle, ther ye ben in your estat?

Nay certainly, quod he, ther have we non,
But whan us liketh we can take us on,
Or elles make yqu wene that we ben shape
Somtime like a man, or like an ape,
Or like an angel can I ride or go;
It is no wonder thing though it be so;
A lousy jogelour can deceiven thee,
And parde yet can I more craft than he.

Why, quod the Sompnour, ride ye than or gon
In sondry shape, and not alway in on?

For we, quod he, wol us swiche forme make
As most is able our preye for to take.

What maketh you to han al this labour?

Ful many a cause, leve Sire Sompnour,
Saide this fend. But alle thing hath time;
The day is short, and it is passed prime,
And yet ne wan I nothing in this day;
I wol entend to winning if I may,
And not entend our thinges to declare;
For, brother min, thy wit is al to bare
To understand, although I told hem thee.
But for thou axest why labouren we?
For somtime we be Goddes instruments,
And menes to don his commandements,
Whan that him list, upon his creatures,
In divers actes and in divers figures:
Withouten him we have no might certain,
If that him list to stonden theragain.

And somtime at our praiere han we leve
Only the body and not the foul to greve;
Witnesse ou Job, whom that we didnen wo,
And somtime han we might on bothe two,
This is to fain, on foule and body eke:
And somtime he we suffered for to seke
Upon a man, and don his foule unreste
And not his body, and all is for the beste.
Whan he withstandeth our temptation
It is a cause of his salvation,
Al be it that it was not our entente
He shuld be faul, but that we wold him hente.
And somtime be we servants unto man,
As to the Archebishop Seint Dunstan,
And to the apostle servant eke was I.

Yet tell me, quod this Sompnour, faithfully,
Make ye you newe bodies this alway
Of elements? The fend answered Nay.
Somtime we feine, and somtime we arise
With ded bodies, in ful sondry wise,
And speke as renably, and faire, and wel,
As to the Phitoness did Samuel;
And yet wol som men say it was not he:
I do no force of your divinitee.
But o thing warne I thee, I wol not jape,
Thou wolt algates wete how we be shape:
Thou shalt hereafterward, my brother dere,
Come wher thee nedeth not of me to lere,
For thou shalt by thin owen experience
Conne in a chaire rede of this sentence
Bet than Virgile, while he was on live,
Or Dant also, Now let us riden blive,

For I wol holden compaignie with thee
Til it be so that thou forsake me.

Nay, quod this Sompnour, that shal never betide,
I am yeman knowen is ful wide;
My trouthe wol I hold, as in this cas;
For though thou were the devil Sathanas
My trouthe wol I hold to thee, my brother,
As I have sworne, and eche of us to other,
For to be trewe brethren in this cas,
And bothe we gon abouten our pourchas.
Take thou thy part, what that men wol thee yeve,
And I shal min, thus may we both leve;
And if that any of us have more than other
Let him be trewe, and part it with his brother.

I graunte, quod the devil, by my fay;
And with that word they riden forth her way,
And right at entring of the tounes ende
To which this Sompnour shope him for to wende,
They saw a cart that charged was with hay,
Which that a carter drove forth on his way.
Depe was the way, for which the carte stood;
The carter smote, and cried as he were wood,
Heit Scot, heit Brok; what, spare ye for the stones?
The fend (quod he) you fecche body and bones,
As ferforthly as ever ye were soled,
So mochel wo as I have with you tholed.
The devil have al, bothe hors, and cart, and hay.

The Sompnour sayde, Here shal we have a praye;
And nere the fend he drow, as nought ne were,
Ful prively, and rouned in his ere,
Herken my brother, herken, by thy faith;
Hereft thou not how that the carter faith?
Hent it anon, for he nath yeve it thee,
Both hay and cart, and eke his caples three.

Nay, quod the devil, God wot never a del!
It is not his entente, trust thou me wel:
Axe him thyself, if thou not trowest me,
Or elles flint a while and thou shalt see.

This carter thakketh his hors upon the croupe,
And they begonne to drawen and to stoupe.
Heit now, quod he; ther, Jesu Crist you blesse,
And all his hondes werk bothe more and lesse!
That was wel twight, min owen Liard boy,
I pray God save thy body and Seint Eloy.
Now is my cart out of the slough parde.

Lo, brother, quod the fend, what told I thee?
Here may ye seen, min owen dere brother,
The cherl spake o thing but he thought another.
Let us go forth abouten our viage;
Here win I nothing upon this cariage.

Whan that they comen somwhat out of toun
This Sompnour to his brother gan to roun;
Brother, quod he, here woneth an old rebekke
That had almost as lese to lese hire nekke
As for to yeve a peny of hire good.
I wol have twelf pens though that she be wood,
Or I wol somone hire to our office,
And yet, God wot, of hire know I no vice;
But for thou canst not as in this contree
Winnen thy cost, take here ensample of me.

This Sompnour clappeth at the widewes gate;
Come out, he sayd, thou olde very trate;
I trow thou, hast som frere or preest with thee,

Who clappeth? said this wif, benedicite!

THE FRERES TALE.

God save you, Sire, what is your swete will?

I have, quod he, of somons here a bill:
Up peine of cursing loke that thou be
To-morwe before the archdekenes knee,
To answer to the court of certain thinges.

Now Lord, quod she, Christ Jesu, King of kinges,
So wisely helpe me as I ne may:
I have been sike, and that full many a day:
I may not go so fer (quod she) ne ride
But I be ded, so priketh it in my side.
May I not axe a libel, Sire Sompnour,
And answer ther by my procuratour
To swiche thing as men wold apposen me?

Yes, quod this Sompnour, pay anon, let see;
Twelf pens to me, and I will thee acquite:
I shall no profit han therby but lite;
My maister hath the profit and not I.
Come of, and let me riden hastily;
Yeve me twelf pens, I may no lenger tarie.

Twelf pens! quod she; now Lady Seint Marie
So wisely helpe me out of care and sinne,
This wide world though that I shuld it winne,
Ne have I not twelf pens within my hold,
Ye knowen wel that I am poure and old;
Kithe your almesse upon me poure wretche.

Nay than, quod he, the soule fend me fetche
If I thee excuse, though thou shuldest be spilt.

Alas! quod she, God wot I have no guilt.
Pay me, quod he, or by the swete Seinte Anne
As I wol bere away thy newe panne
For dette which thou owest me of old,
Whan that thou madest thyn husbond cokewold,
I paid at home for thy correction.

Thou liest, quod she, by my salvation;
Ne was I never or now, widew ne wif,
Sompned unto your court in all my lif,
Ne never I n'as but of my body trewe.
Unto the devil rough and blake of hewe
Yeve I thy body and my panne also.

And whan the devil herd hire cursen fo

Upon hire knees he sayd in this manere;

Now Mabily, min moder dere,
Is this your will in earnest that ye say?

The devil, quod she, so fetche him or he dey,
And panne and all, but he wol him repent.

Nay, olde flot, that is not min entent,
Quod this Sompnour, for to repenten me
For any thing that I have had of thee:
I wold I had thy smok and every cloth.

Now brother, quod the devil, be not wroth;
Thy body and this panne ben min by right:
Thou shalt with me to helle yet to-night,
Wher thou shalt known of our privete
More than a maister of divinitee.

And with that word the soule fend him hent
Body and soule: he with the devil went
Wher as thise Sompnours han her heritage:
And God, that maketh after his image
Mankinde, save and gide us all and some,
And lene this Sompnour good man to become.

Lordings, I coude have told you (quod this Frere)

Had I had leiser for this Sompnour here,
After the text of Crist, and Poule, and John,
And of oure other doctours many on,

Swiche peines that your hertes might agrife,
Al be it so that no tonge may devise,
Though that I might a thousand winter tell,
The peines of thilke cursed hous of hell:

But for to kepe us fro that cursed place
Waketh and prayeth Jesu of his grace
So kepe us fro the temptour Sathanas.

Herkneth this word, beware as in this cas;
The leon sit in his awaite alway
To sle the innocent if that he may.

Disposeth aye your hertes to withstond
The fend, that you wold maken thral and bond:
He may not tempten you over your might,
For Crist wol be your champion and your knight:

And prayeth that this Sompnour him repent
Of his mysdedes, or that the fend him hent.

THE SOMPNOURES PROLOGUE.

THIS Sompnour in his stirops high he stood;
Upon this Frere his hearte was for wood,
That like an aspen leef he quoke for ire.
Lordings, quod he, but o thing I desire;
I you besече that of your curtesie,
Sin ye han herd this false Frere lie,
As suffereth me I may my tale telle.

This Frere boasteth that he knoweth helle,
And God it wot that is but litel wonder;
Freres and fendes ben but litel afonder.

For pardo ye han often time herd telle
How that a frere ravished was to helle
In spirit ones by a visoun,
And as an angel lad him up and down,
To shewen him the paines that ther were,
In all the place saw he not a frere:
Of other folk he saw ynow in wo.

Unto this angel spake the frere tho;
Now Sire, quod he, han freres swich a grace,
That non of hem shall comen in this place?

Yes, quod this angel, many a millioun;
And unto Sathanas he lad him down.

(And now hath Sathanas, faith he, a tayl
Broder than of a carrike is the sayl)
Hold up thy tayl, thou Sathanas, quod he,
Shew forth thin ers, and let the frere see
Wher is the nest of freres in this place.
And ere than half a furlong way of space,
Right so as bees out swarmen of an hive,
Out of the devils ers ther gonnen drive
A twenty thousand freres on a route.
And thurghout hell they swarmed al aboute;
And com agen, as fast as they may gon,
And in his ers they crepen everich on:
He clapt his tayl again, and lay ful still.

This frere, whan he loked, had his fill
Upon this turments of this fory place;
His spirit God restored of his grace
Into his body agen, and he awoke;
But nathles for fere yet he quoke,
So was the devils ers ay in his mind,
That is his heretage of veray kind.

God save you alle save this curfed Frere;
My Prologue wel I end in this manere.

THE SOMPNOURES TALE*.

LORDINGS, there is in Yorkshire, as I gesse,
A marsh contree ycalled Holdernesse;
In which ther went a limitour aboute,
To preach and eke to beg it is no doubt.

* A begging friar coming to a farmer's house who lay sick, obtaineth of the sick man a certain legacy which must be equally divided among his convent. A requital to the friar, shewing their cozenage, loitering, impudent begging, and hypocritical praying.

And so befell that on a day this frere
Had preached at a chirche in his manere,
And specially aboven every thing
Excited he the peple in his preching
To trentals, and to yeve, for Goddes sake,
Wherwith men mighten holy houses make,
Ther as divine service is honoured,
Not ther as it is wasted and devoured,

Ne ther it nedeth not for to be yeven,
As to posselions, that mowen leuen
(Thanked be God) in wele end abundance;
Trentalt, sayd he, deliveren fro penance
Hir frendes soules as well old as yonge,
Ye, whan that they ben hastily ylonge,
Not for to hold a preest jolif and gay,
He singeth not but o masse on a day.
Delivereth out (quod he) anon the soules.
Ful hard it is with flethhook or with oules
To ben yclawed, or to bren or bake.
Now spede you hastily for Cristes sake.

And whan this frere had said all his entent,
With *qui cum patri* forth his way he went.
Whan folk in chirche had yeve him what hem list
He went his way, no longer wold he rest.
With scrippe and tipped staf, ytucked hie,
In every hous he gan to pore and prie,
And begged mele and chefe, or elles corn;
His felaw had a staf tipped with horn,
A pair of tables all of ivory,
And a pointel ypolished fetilly,
And wrote alway the names, as he stood,
Of alle folk that yave hem any good,
Alkaunce that he woulde for hem preye.
Yeve us a bushel whete, or malt or reye,
A Goddes kichel, or a trippe of chefe,
Or elles what you list, we may not chefe;
A Goddes halfpenny, or a masse peny,
Or yeve us of your braun, if ye have any,
A dagon of your blanket, leve Dame,
Our suster dere, (lo, here I write your name)
Bacon or beef, or swiche thing as ye find.

A sturdy harlot went hem ay behind,
That was her hostes man, and bare a sekke,
And what men yave hem laid it on his bakke,
And whan that he was out at dore, anon he
He planed away the names everich on
That he before had written in his tables;
He served hem with nisses and with fables.

Nay ther thou liest, thou Sompnour, quod the
Frere.

Pees, quod our Hoste, for Cristes moder dere
Tell forth thy Tale, and spare it not at all.

So thrive I, quod this Sompnour, so I shall.

So long he went fro hous to hous til he
Came to an hous ther he was wot to be
Refreshed more than in a hundred places.

Sike lay the husband man whos that the place
is;

Bedred upon a couche low he lay.

Deus bic, quod he; O Thomas! frend, good day,
Sayde this frere all curtisly and soft.

Thomas, quod he, God yelde it you, ful oft
Have I upon this benche faren ful wele,

Here have I eten many a mery mele.

And fro the benche he drove away the cat,

And laid adoun his potent and his hat,

And eke his scrip, and set himself adoun;

His felaw was ywalked into toun,

Forth with his knave, into that hostellerie

Wher as he thope him thilke night to lie.

O dere maister! quod this sike man,

How have ye faren sin that March began?

I saw you not this fourtene night and more.

God wot, quod he, laboured have I full fore,
And specially for thy salvation.

Have I sayd many a precious orison,

And for your other frendes God hem blesse.

I have this day ben at your chirche at messe,

And said a sermon to my simple wit,

Not all after the text of holy writ;

For it is hard to you as I suppose,

And therefore wol I teche you ay the glose.

Glosing is a ful glorious thing certain,

For letter fleth, so as we clerkes sain;

There have I taught hem to be charitable,

And spend hir good ther it is reasonable;

And ther I saw our dame; a! wher is she?

Yonder, I trow that in the yard she be,

Sayde this man, and she wol come anon.

Ey maister, welcome be ye by Seint John!

Sayde this wif; how fare ye heretily?

This frere ariseth up ful curtisly;

And hire embraceth in her armes narwe,

And kisseth hire swete, and chirbeth as a sparwe

With his lippes. Dame, quod he, right wel,

As he that is your servant every del.

Thanked be God that you yaf soule and lif.

Yet saw I not this day so faire a wif

In all the chirche, God to save me.

Ye God amende defamés, Sire, quod she,

Algates welcome be ye, by my fay.

Grand mercy, Dame, that have I found alway.

But of your grette goodnesse, be your leve,

I wolde pray you that ye not you greve,

I wol, with Thomas speke a litel throw;

Thise curates ben so negligent and slow

To gropen tenderly a conscience.

In shrift, in preching, is my diligence

And study, in Peters wordes and in Poules;

I walke and sisse Cristen mennes soules,

To yeld our Lord Jesu his propre rent;

To spred his word is set all mine entent.

Now by your faith, o dere Sire! quod she,

Chideth him wel for Seinte Charitee:

He is ay angry as is a pissimire,

Though that he have all that he can desire;

Though I him wrie a-night, and make him warm,

And over him lay my leg and eke mine arm,

He groneth as our bore lith in our stie;

Other disport of him right non have I;

I may not please him in no maner cas.

O Thomas, *jeo vous die*, Thomas, Thomas!

This maketh the fend, this muste ben amended.

Ire is a thing that high God hath defended,

And therof wol I speke a word or twe.

Now maister, quod the wif, er that I go,

What wol ye dine? I wol go thersaboute.

Now Dame, quod he, *jeo vous die sans doute*,

Have I not of a capon bot the liver,

And of your white bred nat but a shiver,

And after that a roasted pigges hed,

(But I ne wolde for me no best were ded)

Than had I with you homly suffiance;

I am a man of little sustenance;

My spirit hath his solking in the Bible;

My body is ay so ready and so penible.

To waken, that my stomak is destroyed.
I pray you, Dame, that ye be nought annoied,
Though I fo frendly you my conseil shewe;
By God I n'old have told it but a few.

Now Sire, quod she, but o word er I go.
My child is ded within these wekes two,
Sone after that ye went out of this town.

His deth saw I by revelatioun,
Sayde this frere, at home in our dortour.
I dare wel sain that er than half an hour
After his deth I saw him borne to blisse
In mine avision, so God me wisse;
So did our sextein and our fermerere,
That han ben trewe freres fifty yere*;
They may now, God be thanked of his lone,
Maken hir jabilce, and walke alone.
And up I arose, and all our covent eke,
With many a tere trilling on our cheke,
Withouten noise, or clattering of belles,
Te deum was our song, and nothing elles,
Save that to Crist I bade an orison,
Thanking him of my revelatioun.

For, Sire and Dame, trusteth me right wel
Our orisons ben more effectuel,
And more we seen of Cristes secret thinges,
Than borel folk, although that they be kinges.
We live in poverté and in abstinence,
And borel folk in richeffe and dispence
Of mete and drinke, and in her foule delit:
We han this worldes lust all in despit.
Lazar and Dives lividen diversely,
And divers guerdon hadden they therby.
Who so wol pray, he must fast and be cene,
And fat his soule and make his body lene.
We fare as sayth the apostle; cloth and food
Sufficeth us, though they be not ful good.
The cleneseffe and the fasting of us freres
Maketh that Crist accepteth our praieres.

Lo, Moises forty daies and forty night
Fasted er that the high God ful of might
Spake with him in the mountagne of Sinay:
With empty wombe of fasting many a day
Received he the lawe that was writen
With Goddes finger; and Eli, wel ye witen,
In Mount Oreb, er he had any speche
With highe God, that is our lives leche,
He fasted long, and was in contemplance.

Aaron, that had the temple in governance,
And eke the other preestes everich on,
Into the temple whan they shulden gon
To praien for the peple, and do servise,
They n'olden drinken in no maner wise
No drinke which that might hem drunken make,
But ther in abstinence pray and wake
Lest that they deiden. Take heed what I say—
But they be sobre that for the peple pray—
Ware that I say—No more; for it sufficeth.
Our Lord Jesu, as holy writ deviseth,
Yave us ensample of fasting and praieres;
Therefore we mendiaunts, we sely freres,

Ben wedded to poverté and continence,
To charitee, humbleffe, and abstinence,
To perfecution for rightwisnesse,
To weping, misericorde, and to cleneseffe;
And therefore may ye see that our praieres
(I speke of us, we mendiaunts, we freres)
Ben to the highe God more acceptable
Than yours, with your festes at your table.

Fro Paradis first, if I shal not lie,
Was man outchased for his glotonie;
And chast was man in Paradis certain.
But herken now, Thomas, what I shal sain:
I have no text of it as I suppose,
But I shal find it in a maner glofe;
That specially our swete Lord Jesus
Spake this by freres whan he sayde thus,
Blessed be they that poure in spirit ben;
And so forth all the gospel may ye sen,
Whether it be liker our professioun
Or hirs that swimmen in possessioun.
Fie on hir pompe, and on hir glotonie,
And on hir lewednesse! I hem desie.
Me thinketh they ben like Jovinian,
Fat as a whale, and walken as a swan;
Al vinolent as botel in the spence;
Hir praier is of ful gret reverence:
Whan they for soules say the Psalm of Davit,
Lo, but they say, *Cor meum cruciavit*.

Who foloweth Cristes gospel and his lore
But we, that humble ben, and chast and pore,
Workers of Goddes word, not auditors?
Therefore right as an hauke upon a sours
Up springeth into the aire, right so praieres
Of charitable and chast besy freres
Maken hir fours to Goddes eres two.
Thomas, Thomas! so mote I ride or go,
And by that lord that cleped is Seint Ive,
N'ere thou our broder shuldest thou not thrive.
In our chapitre pray we day and night
To Crist, that he thee sende heke and might
Thy body for to welden hastily.

God wot, quod he, nothing thereof fel I.
As help me Crist, as I in fewe yeres
Have spenden upon divers maner freres
Ful many a pound, yet fare I never the bet;
Certain my good have I almost beset:
Farewel my good, for it is al ago.

The frere answered, O Thomas! dost thou so?
What nedeth you diverse freres to seche?
What nedeth him that hath a parfit leche
To sechen other leches in the town?
Your inconstance is your confusioun.
Hold ye than me, or elles our covent,
To pray for you ben insufficient?
Thomas, that jape n'is not worth a mite;
Your maladie is for we han to lite.
A! yeve that covent half a quarter otes,
And yeve that covent four-and-twenty grotes,
And yeve that frere a peny and let him go:
Nay, nay, Thomas, it may no thing be so.
What is a ferthing worth parted on twelve?
Lo, eche thing that is oned in himselfe
Is more strong than whan it is yscattered.
Thomas, of me thou shalt not be yflattered,

* See *Du Cange*, in v. *Sempetate*. Peculiar honours and immunities were granted by the rule of St. Benedict to those monks "qui quinquaginta annos in ordine exegerant, quous annum jubileum exegisse vulgo dicimus." It is probable that some similar regulation obtained in the other orders.

Thou woldest han our labour al for nought,
The highe God, that all this world hath wrought,
Saith that the workman worthy is his hire.
Thomas, nought of your tresor I desire
As for myself, but that all our covent
To pray for you is ay so diligent,
And for to bidden Cristes owen chirche.
Thomas, if ye wol lerne for to wirche,
Of bilding up of chirches may ye finde
If it be good in Thomas lif of Inde.

Ye lissen here ful of anger and of ire,
With which the devil fet your herte on fire,
And chiden here this holy innocent,
Your wif, that is so good and patient;
And therefore trow me, Thomas, if thee left,
Ne strive not with thy wif, as for the best.
And bere this word away now by thy faith,
Touching swiche thing, lo, what the wise saith:

Within thy hous ne be thou no leon,
To thy suggets do non oppression,
Ne make thou not thin acquaintance to flee.

And yet, Thomas, eftsones charge I thee,
Beware from ire that in thy bosom slepeth;
Ware fro the serpent that so slyly crepeth
Under the gras, and stingeth subtilly:
Beware, my sone, and herken patiently,
That twenty thousand men han lost hir lives
For striving with hir lemmans and her wives.
Now sith ye han so holy and meek a wif,
What nedeth you, Thomas, to maken strif?
Ther n'is ywis no serpent so cruel,
Whan man tredeth on his tail, ne half so fel,
As woman is whan she hath caught an ire;
Veray vengeance is than all hire desire.

Ire is a sinne on of the grete seven,
Abominable unto the God of heven,
And to himself it is destruction:
This every lewed vicar and person
Can say how ire engendreth homicide:
Ire is in soth executour of pride.

I could of ire say so mochel sorwe
My Tale shulde lasten til to-morwe;
And therefore pray I God both day and night
An irous man God fend him litel might.
It is gret harm, and certes gret pitee,
To sette an irous man in high degree.

Whilom ther was an irous potestat,
As faith Senek, that during his estat
Upon a day outriden knightes two;
And, as Fortune wold that it were so,
That on of hem came home, that other nought.
Anon the knight before the judge is brought,
That saide thus; Thou hast thy felaw slain,
For which I deme thee to the deth certain.
And to another knight commanded he,
Go, lede him to the deth, I charge thee.
And happed as they wenten by the wey
Toward the place ther as he shulde dey,
The knight came which men wenden had be ded:
Than thoughten they it was the beste rede
To lede hem both to the juge again.
They saiden, Lord, the knight ne hath not slain
His felaw, here he stondest hol alive.

Ye shull be ded, quod he, so mot I thrive,

That is to say, both on, and two, and three.

And to the first knight right thus spake he.

I damned thee, thou must algate be ded;
And thou also must nedes lese thy nede,
For thou art cause why thy felaw deyeth;
And to the thridde knight right thus he seyeth,
Thou hast not don that I commanded thee.
And thus he did do fien hem alle three.

Irous Cambises was eke dronkelew,
And ay delighted him to ben a shrew;
And so befell a lord of his meinie,
That loved vertuous moralitee,
Sayd on a day betwix hem two right thus;
A lord is lost if he be vicious;
And dronkennesse is eke a foule record
Of any man, and namely of a lord.

Ther is ful many an eye and many an ere
Awaiting on a lord, and he n'ot wher,
For Goddes love drink more attemprely
Win maketh man to lesen wretchedly
His mind, and eke his limmes everich on.
The revers shalt thou see, quod he, anon,
And preve it by thy n'wen experience
Than win ne doth to folk no swich offence.
Ther is no win bereveth me my might
Of hond, ne foot, ne of myn eyen sight,
And for despit he dranke mochel more
An hundred part than he had don before,
And right anon this cursed irous wreche
This knightes sone let before him fetchen,
Commanding him he shuld before him stond;
And sodenly he took his bow in hond,
And up the string he pulled to his ere,
And with an arwe he slow the child right ther.

Now whether have I a siker hond or non?
Quod he; is al my might and mind agon?
Hath win bereved me min eyen sight?

What shuld I tell the answer of the knight?
His son was slain, ther is no more to say.
Beth ware therfore with lordes for to play,
Singeth Placebo, and I shal if I can,
But if it be unto a poure man:

To a poure man men shuld his vices telle,
But not to a lord, though he shuld go to helle.

Lo, irous Cyrus, thilke Persien,
How he destroyed the river of Gisen,
For that an hors of his was dreint therin,
Whan that he wente Babilon to win:
He made that the river was so smal,
That wimmen might it waden over al.
Lo, what saide he, that so wel techen can?
Ne be no felaw to non irous man,
Ne with go wood man walke by the way,
Lest thee repent: I wol no further say.

Now Thomas, leve brother, leve thin ire,
Thou shalt me find as just as is a squire:
Hold not the devils knif ay to thin herte,
Thin anger doth thee all to fore smerte;
But fiew to me all thy confession.

Nay, quod the sick man, by Seint Simon,
I have ben shiven this day of my curat;
I have him told al holly min estat.
Nedeth no mo to speke of it, sayth he,
But if me list of min humilitee.

Yeve me than of thy gold to make our cloistre,
Quod he, for many a muscle and many an oistre,
Whan other men han ben ful wel at ese,
Hath ben our spood, our cloistre for to rese;
And yet, God wot, unneth the fundament
Parlourmed is, ne of our pavement
N'is not a tile yet within our wones:

By God we owen fourty pound for stones.
Now help, Thomas, for him that harwed helle,
For elles mote we our bokes felle,
And if ye lack our predication,

Than goth this world all to destruction;
For who so fro this world wold us bereve,
So God me save, Thomas, by your leve
He wold bereve out of this world the sonne;
For who can teche and werken as we conne?
And that is not of litel time (quod he)

But sithen Elie was and Elisee
Han freres ben, that find I of record,
In charitee, ythouked be our Lord.

Now Thomas, help for Seinte Charitee,
And doun anon he sette him on his knee.

This fike man woxe wel neigh wood for ire;
He wolde that the frere had ben a-fire
With his false dissimulation.

Swiche thing as is in my possession,
Quod he, that may I yeve you, and non other.
Ye fain me thus, how that I am your brother.
Ye certes, quod this frere, ye trusteth wel;
I took our dame the letter of our fele.

Now wel, quod he, and somwhat shal I yeve
Unto your holy covent while I live;
And in thin hond thou shalt it have anon,
On this condition, and other non,
That thou depart it so, my dere brother,
That every frere have as moche as other;
This shalt thou swere on thy proffession
Withouten fraud or cavilation.

I swere it, quod the frere, upon my faith;
And therewithal his hond in his he layth.
Lo here my faith; in me shal be no lak.

Than put thin hond adoun right by my bak,
Saide this man, and grope wel behind
Benethe my buttok, ther thou shalt find
A thing that I have hid in privete.

A! thought this frere, that shal go with me;
And doun his hond he launcheth to the cliffe,
In hope for to finden ther a giste.

And whan this fike man felt this frere

About his towel gropen ther and here,

Amid his hond he let the frere a fart:

Ther n'is no capel drawing in a cart

That might han let a fart of swiche a foun.

The frere up sterte as doth a wood leoun;

A! false cherl, quod he, for Goddes bones,

This shalt thou in despit don for the nones;

Thou shalt abide this fart if that I may.

His meinie, which that herden this asray,

Came leping in, and chased out the frere,

And forth he goth with a ful angry chere,

And set his felaw ther as lay his store;

He loked as it were a wilde bore,

And grinte with his teeth, so was he wroth.

A sturdy pas doun to the court he goth,

Wher as ther woned a man of gret honour,
To whom that he was alway confessor;
This worthy man was lord of that village,
This frere came, as he were in a rage.

Wher as this lord sat eting at his bord;
Unnethe might the frere speke a word,
Til atte laste he saide, God you see!

This lord gan loke, and said, *Benedicite!*
What? Frere John, what maner world is this?
I see wel that som thing ther is amys;
Ye loken as the wood were ful of theves.
Sit doun anon, and tell me what your greve is,
And it shal ben amended if I may.

I have, quod he, had a despit to day,
God yelde you, adoun in your village,
That in this world ther n'is for poure a page,
That he n'olde have abominacion
Of that I have received in youre toun;
And yet ne greveth me nothing so foren
As that the olde cherl with lokkes bore
Blasphenied hath oure holy covent chere.

Now master, quod this lord, I you beseeke.
No maister, Sire, quod he, but serviteur,
Though I have had in scole that honour,
God liketh not that man us Rabi call
Neither in market ne in your large hall.

No forwe, quod he, but tell me all your grefe,
Sire, quod this frere, an odious mischefe
This day betid is to min ordre and me,
And so per consequens to eche degree
Of holy chirche, God amende it fone.

Sire, quod the lord, ye wot what is to don;
Distempere you not, ye ben my confessor;
Ye ben the salt of the erthe and the favour;
For Goddes love your patience now hold;
Telle me your grefe. And he anon him told

As ye han herd before, ye wot wel what I tolde.

The lady of the hous ay stille sat;
Til she had herde what the frere seid.

Ey, Goddes moder, quod she, blisful maid!
Is ther ought elles? tell me faithfully.

Madame, quod he, how thinketh you therby?
How that me thinketh? quod she; so God me spede.

I say a cherle had don a cherles dede.
What shuld I say? God let him never the;

His fike hed is ful of vanitee;
I hold him in a maner frenesie.
Madame, quod he, by God I shal not lie.

But I in other wise may ben awreke;
I shal diffame him over all ther I speke;
This false blasphemour, that charged me
To parten that wol not departed be.

To every man ylike, with meschance,
The lord sat stille as he were in a trance;
And in his herte he rolled up and doun;
How had this cherl imagination

To shewen swiche a probleme to the frere,
Never erst or now ne herd I swiche matere;
I trow the devil put it in his mind.
In all arismetrike shal ther no man find
Beforen this day of swiche a question;
Who shulde make a demonstration
That every man shuld han ylike his part
As of a feyn or favour of a fart?

On ice proude cherl! I shrewe his face.

Lo, Sires, quod the lord, with harde grace,
Who ever herd of swiche a thing or now?

To every man ylike! tell me how.

It is an impossible, it may not be:

Ey, nice cherl! God let him never the.

The rombling of a fart, and every soun,

N'is but of aire reverberatioun,

And ever it wasteth lite and lite away;

Ther n'is no man can demen, by my fay,

If that it were departed equally.

What? lo my cherl, lo yet how shrewedly

Unto my confessor to-day he spake!

I hold him certain a demoniacke.

Now ete your mete, and let the cherl go play;

Let him go honge himself a devil way.

Now stood the lordes squier atte bord

That carf his mete, and herde word by word

Of all this thing of which I have you sayd.

My Lord, quod he, be ye not evil apaid;

I coude telle for a gounce-cloth

To you, Sire Frere, so that ye be not wroth,

How that this fart shuld even ydeled be

Amonge your covent, if it liked thee.

Tell, quod the lord, and thou shalt have anon

A gounce-cloth, by God and by Seint John.

My Lord, quod he, whan that the weder is

Withouten winde or pertourbing of aire, [faire,

Let bring a cart-whele here into this hall,

But loke that it have his spokes all;

Twelf spokes hath a cart-whele communly;

And bring me than twelf freres, wete ye why?

For threttene is a covent as I gesse:

Your confessor here for his worthinesse

Shal parfourme up the noumbre of his covent.

Than shull they knele adoun by on assent,

And to every spokes end in this manere

Ful sadly lay his nose shal a frere;

Your noble confessor, ther God him save,

Shal hold his nose upright under the nave,

Than shal this cherl, with bely stif and tought

As any tabour, hider ben ybrought;

And set him on the whele right of this cart

Upon the nave, and make him let a fart,

And ye shull seen, wþ peril of my lif,

By veray preef that is demonstratif,

That equally the soun of it wol wende,

And eke the stinke, unto the spokes ende,

Save that this worthy man, your confessor,

(Because he is a man of gret honour)

Shal han the firste fruit, as reson is.

The noble usage of freres yet it is

The worthy men of hem shul first be served,

And certainly he hath it wel deserved;

He hath to-day taught us so mochel good,

With preching in the pulpit ther he stood,

That I may vouchesaf, I say for me,

He hadde the firste sinel of fartes three,

And so wold all his brethren hardely,

He bereth him so faire and holyly.

The lord, the lady, and eche man, save the

Sayden that Jankin spake in this matere [frere,

As wel as Euclide or elles Ptholomee.

Touching the cherl they saydan, Subtiltee

And highe wit made him speken as he spake;

He n'is no fool ne no demoniacke.

And Jankin hath ywonne a new gounce.

My Tale is don; we ben almost at tounce,

E iij

THE CLERKES PROLOGUE.

SINCE Clerk of Oxenforde, our Hoste said,
Ye ride as stille and coy as doth a maid
Were newe spoused, sitting at the bord;
This day ne herd I of your tonge a word,
I trow ye studie abouten som sophime;
But Salomon saith that every thing hath time,
For Goddes sake as beth of better chere,
It is no time for to studein here.
Tell us som mery Tale by your fay;
For what man that is entred in a play
He nedes most unto the play assent.
But precheth not, as freres don in Lent,
To make us for our olde finnes wepe,
Ne that thy Tale make us not to slepe.

Tell us som mery thing of adventures;
Your termes, your coloures, and your figures,
Kepe hem in store til so be ye endite
Hic stile, as whan that men to kinges write.
Speketh so plain at this time, I you pray,
That we may understonden what ye say.

This worthy Clerk benignely answerde;
Hoste, quod he, I am under your yerde,
Ye have of us now the governance,
And therefore wolde I do you obeyfance,
As fer as reson asketh hardely;
I wol you tell a Tale which that I
Lerned at Padowe of a worthy clerk,
As preved by his wordes and his werk;
He is now ded and nailed in his cheste,
I pray to God so yeve his soule reste,

Fraunceis Petrark, the Laureat poete,
Highte this clerk, whos rethorike swete
Enlumined all Itaille of poetrie,
As Lynyan & did of philosophie
Or law, or other art particulere;
But Deth that wol not suffre us dwellen here,
But as it were a twinkling of an eye,
Hem both hath slaine, and alle we shul dye.

But forth to tellen of this worthy man
That taughte me this Tale as I began,
I say that first he with highe stile enditeth
(Or he the body of his Tale writeth)
A proheme, in the which describeth he
Piemont, and of Saluces the contree,
And speketh of Apennin the hilles hie,
That ben the boundes of west Lombardie,
And of Mount Vesulus in special,
Wher as the Poo out of a welle smal
Taketeth his firste springing and his fours,
That estward ay encrefeth in his cours
To Emelie ward, to Ferare and Venise,
The which a longe thing were to devise;
And trewely, as to my jugement,
Me thinketh it a thing impertinent,
Save that he wol, conveyen his matere:
But this is the Tale which that ye mow here.

{ Or *Linian*. The person meant was an eminent lawyer,
and made a great noise (as we say) in his time.

THE CLERKES TALE.

THER is right at the west side of Itaille,
Doun at the rote of Vefulus the coid,
A lusty plain habundant of vitaille,
Ther many a toun and tour thou maist behold,
That founded were in time of fathers old,
And many another delitable sighte,
And Saluces this noble contree highte.

A markis whilom lord was of that lond,
As were his worthy elders him before,
And obeyfant, ay redy to his hond,
Were all his lieges both, lesse and more :
Thus in delit he liveth, and hath don yore,
Beloved and drad, thurgh favour of Fortune,
Both of his lordes and of his commüne.

Therwith he was, to spoken of linage,
The gentlest yborne of Lumbardie,
A faire person, and strong, and yong of age,
And ful of honour and of curtesie;
Discret ynough, his contree for to gie,
Sauf in some thinges that he was to blame,
And Walter was this yonge lordes name.

I blame him thus, that he considered nought
In time coming what might him betide,
But on his lust present was all his thought,
And for to hauke and hunt on every side;
Wel neigh all other cures let he slide;
And eke he nol'd (and that was worst of all)
Wedden no wif for ought that might befall.

Only that point his peple bare so fore
That flockmel on a day to him they went,
And on of hem, that wifest was of lore,
(Or elles that the lord wold best assent
That he shuld tell hem what the peple ment,
Or elles could he wel shew swiche matere)
He to the markis said as ye shull here.

O noble Markis, your humanitee
Affureth us and yveth us hardinesse,
As oft as time is of necessitee
That we to you mow tell our hevinesse;
Accepteth, Lord, than of your gentillese
That we with pitious herte unto you plaine,
And let your eres nat my vois didaïne.

Al have I not to don in this matere
More than another man hath in this place,
Yet for as moch as ye, my Lord so dere,
Han alway shewed me favour and grace,
I dare the better aske of you a space
Of audience to shewen our request,
And ye, my Lord, to don right as you lest.

For certes, Lord, so wel us liketh you
And all your werke, and ever hath don, that we
Ne couden not ourself devisen how
We mighten live in more felicitee,
Save o thing, Lord, if it your wille be
That for to be a wedded man you lest
Than were your peple in foverain hertes rest.

Boweth your nekke under the blisful yok
Of foveraintee, and not of servise,
Which that men clepen Spousaile or Wedlok :
And thinketh, Lord, among your thoghtes wif,
How that our days passe in sondry wif;
For though we slepe, or wake, or rome, or ride,
Ay fleteth the time, it wol no man abide.

And though your grene youthe floure as yet,
In crepeth age alway as still as ston,
And deth manafeth every age, and smit
In eche estat, for ther escapeth non :
And al so certain as we knowe eche on
That we shul die, as uncertain we all
Ben of that day when deth shal on us fall.

Accepteth than of us the trewe entent,
That never yet refuseden your heft,
And we wol, Lord, if that you wol assent,
Chese you a wif in short time at the mest
Borne of the gentillest and of the best
Of all this lond, so that it oughte seme
Honour to God and you as we can deme.

Deliver us out of all this besy drede,
And take a wif for highe Goddes sake;
For if it so befell, as God forbede,
That thurgh your deth your linage shulde flake,
And that a strange successeur shuld take
Your heritage, o! wo were us on live;
Wherfore we pray you hastily to wive.

Hir meke praicre and hir pitous chere
Made the markis for to han pitee.
Ye wol, quod he, min owen peple dere,
To that I never er thought constrainen me;
I me rejoiced of my libertee,
That selden time is found in mariage;
Ther I was free I moste ben in servage.

But natheles I see your trewe entent,
And trust upon your wit, and have don ay;
Wherfore of my free will I wol assent
To wedden me as sone as ever I may;
But ther as ye han profred me to-day
To chesen we a wif, I you relese
That chois, and pray you of that profer chese.

For God it wot that children often ben
Unlike hir worthy eldres hem before :
Bountee cometh al of God, not of the stren
Of which they ben ygendred and ybore :
I trust in Goddes bountee, and therefore
My mariage, and min estat and rest,
I him betake ; he may don as him list.

Let me alone in cheving of my wif ;
That charge upon my bak I wol endure :
But I you pray and charge upon your lif
That what wif that I take ye me assure
To worship hire, while that hire lif may dure,
In word and werk both here and elles where,
As she an emperours daughter were.

And forthermore this shuln ye swere, that ye
Again my chois shal never grutch ne strive ;
For sith I shal forgo my libertee
At your request, as ever mote I thrive
Ther as min herte is set ther wol I wive :
And but ye wol assent in swiche manere
I pray you speke no more of this matere.

With hertly will they sworn and assenten
To all this thing, ther saide not a wight nay,
Beseeching him of grace, or that they wenten,
That he wold granten hem a certain day
Of his spousaile as fone as ever he may,
For yet alway the peple somewhat dred
Lest that this markis wolde no wif wed.

He granted hem a day, swiche as him list,
On which he wold be wedded sickerly,
And saide he did all this at hir request ;
And they with humble herte ful buxumly,
Kneling upon hir knees ful reverently,
Him thonken all : and thus they han an end
Of hir entente, and home agen they wend.

And hereupon he to his officeres
Commandeth for the feste to purvay,
And to his privee knightes and squieres
Swiche charge he yave as hem list on hem lay,
And they to his commandement obey,
And eche of hem doth all his diligence
To do unto the feste al reverence.

Partes secunda.

Nought fer fro thilke paleis honourable,
Wher as this markis shope his mariage,
Ther stood a thorpe, of sighte delitable,
In which that poure folk of that village
Hadden hir beites and hir herbergage,
And of hir labour toke hir sustenance,
After that the erthe yave hem habundance.

Among this poure folk ther dwelt a man
Which that was holden pourest of hem all,
But highe God somtime senden can
His grace unto a litel oxes stall ;
Janicola men of that thorpe him call :
A daughter had he, faire ynough to fight,
And Grisildis this yonge maiden hight.

But for to speke of vertuous beautee,
Than was she on the fairest under sonne.
Ful pourely yofstred up was she ;
No likerous lust was in hire herte yronne :
Wel ofter of the well than of the tonne
She dranke ; and for she wolde vertue plesse
She knew wel labour but non idel esse.

But though this mayden tendre were of age,
Yet in the brest of hire virginitee
Ther was enclosed sad and ripe corage,
And in gret reverence and charitee
Hire olde poure fader fostred she :
A few sheep spinning on the feld she kept ;
She wolde not ben idel til she slept.

And whan she homward came she wolde bring
Wortes and other herbes times oft,
The which she shred and sethe for hire living,
And made hire bed ful hard and nothing soft ;
And ay she kept hire fadres lif on lost
With every obeisance and diligence
That child may don to fadres reverence.

Upon Grisilde, this poure creature,
Ful often sith this markis sette his eye,
As he on hunting rode paraventure ;
And whan it fell that he might hire espie,
He not with wanton loking of folie
His eyen cast on hire, but in sad wise
Upon hire chere he wold him oft avise ;

Commending in his herte hire womanhede,
And eke hire vertue, passing any wight
Of so yong age as wel in chere as dede :
For though the peple have no gret in sight
In vertue, he considered ful right
Hire bountee, and disposed that he wold
Wedde hire only if ever he wedden shold.

The day of wedding came, but no wight can
Tellen what woman that it shulde be,
For which marvaille wondred many a man,
And saiden, whan they were in privetee,
Wol not our lord yet leve his vanitee ?
Wol he not wedde ? Alas, alas the while !
Why wol he thus himself and us begile ?

But natheles this markis hath do make
Of gemmes sette in gold and in asure
Broches and ringes, for Grisildes sake ;
And of hire clothing toke he the mesure
Of a maiden like unto hire stature,
And eke of other ornamentes all
That unto swiche a wedding shulde fall.

The time of underne of the same day
Approcheth that this wedding shulde be,
And all the paleis put was in array,
Both halle and chambres, eche in his degree,
Houfes of office stuffed with plentee ;
Ther mayst thou see of deinteous vitaille
That may be found as fer as lasteth itaille.

This real markis richely arraide,
Lordes and ladies in his compaignie,
The which unto the feste weren praide,
And of his retenue the bachelorie,
With many a soun of foadry melodie,
Unto the village of the which I told
In this array the righte way they hold.

Grisilde of this (God wot) ful innocent
That for hire shapen was all this array,
To fetchen water at a welle is went,
And cometh home as fone as ever she may ;
For wel she had herd say that thilke day
The markis shulde wedde, and if she might
She wolde fayn han seen som of that sight.

She thought I wol with other maidens stond,
That ben my felawes, in our dore, and see
The markisse, and therto wol I fond

To don at home, as fone as it may be,
The labour which that longeth unto me,
And than I may at leifer hire behold,
If the this way unto the Castel hold.

And as the wolde over the threfwold gon
The markis came and gan hire for to call,
And she fet doun hire water-pot anon
Beside the threfwold in an oxes stall,
And doun upon hire knees she gan to fall,
And with sad countenance kneleth still,
Til she had herd what was the lordes will.

This thoughtful markis spake unto this maid
Ful soberly, and said in this manere;
Wher is your fader, Grisildis? he said.
And she with reverence in humble chere
Answered, Lord, he is al redy here.
And in the goth withouten lenger lette,
And to the markis she hire fader sette.

He by the hond than toke this poure man,
And saide thus whan he him had aside;
Janicola, I neither may ne can
Lenger the plesance of min herte hide;
If that thou vouchesaf, what so betide,
Thy daughter wol I take or that I wend
As for my wif unto hire lives end.

Thou lovest me, that wot I wel certain,
And art my faithful liegeman ybore,
And all that liketh me, I dare wel sain,
It liketh thee, and specially therfore
Tell me that point that I have said before,
If that thou wolt unto this purpos drawe,
To taken me as for thy son in lawe?

This foden cas this man astoned so,
That red he wex, abaisht, and al quaking
He stood; unnethes said he wordes mo
But only thus; Lord, quod he, my willing
Is as ye wol, ne ageins your liking
I wol no thing, min owen Lord so dere;
Right as you list governeth this matere.

Than wol I, quod this markis feistely,
That in thy chambre I, and thou, and she,
Have a collation; and wost thou why?
For I wol ask hire if it hire wille be
To be my wif, and reale hire after me?
And all this shal be don in thy presence;
I wol not speke out of thin audience.

And in the chambre, while they were aboute
The trece, which as ye shul after here,
The peple came into the hous withoute,
And wondred hem in how honest manere
Ententifly she kept hire fader dere:
But utterly Grisildis wonder might,
For never erst ne saw she swiche a sight.

No wonder is though that she be astoned.
To see so gret a gest come in that place,
She never was to non swiche gestes woned,
For which she loked with ful pale face.
But shortly forth this matere for to chace,
Thise arn the wordes that the markis said
To this benigne veray faithful maid.

Grisilde, he said, ye shuln wel understond
It liketh to your fader and to me
That I you wedde, and eke it may so stond,
As I suppose, ye wol that it so be:
But thise demaundes aske I first (quod he)

That sin it shal be don in hasty wise,
Wol ye assent, or elles you avise?

I say this, be ye redy with good herte
To all my lust, and that I freely may,
As me best thinketh, do you laugh or smerte,
And never ye to grutchen, night ne day,
And eke whan I say Ya ye say Nay,
Neither by word ne frowning countenance?
Swere this, and here I swere our alliance.

Wondring upon this thing, quaking for drede,
She saide, Lorde, indigne and unworthy
Am I to thilke honour that ye me bede,
But as ye wol yourself, right so wol I:
And here I swere that never willingly
In werk ne thought I n'll you disobeie
For to be ded, though me were loth to deie.

This is ynough, Grisilde min, quod he.
And forth he goth with a ful sobre chere
Out at the dore, and after than came she,
And to the peple he said in this manere;
This is my wif, quod he, that stondeh here;
Honoureth her, and loveth hire, I pray,
Who so me loveth; ther n'is no more to say.

And for that nothing of hire olde gere
She shulde bring into his hous, he bad
That women shuld despoilen hire right there,
Of which thise ladies weren nothing glad
To handle hire clothes wherin she was clad:
But natheles this maiden bright of hew
Fro foot to hed they clothed han all new.

Hire heres han they kempt, that lay untressed
Ful rudely, and with hir fingers smal
A coroune on hire hed they han ydressed,
And sette hire ful of nouches gret and smal.
Of hire array what shuld I make a tale?
Unneth the peple hire knew for hire fairnesse
Whan she transmewed was in swiche richesse.

This markis hath hire spoused with a ring
Brought for the same cause, and than hire sette
Upon an hors snow-white and wel ambling,
And to his paleis, or be lenger lette,
(With joyful peple that hire lad and mette)
Conveyed hire; and thus the day they spende
In revel til the sonne gan descende.

And shortly forth this tale for to chace,
I say that to this new markisfesse
God hath swiche favour sent hire of his grace,
That it ne semeth not by likeliness
That she was borne and fed in rudenessse,
As in a cote or in an oxes stall,
But nourished in an emperoures hall.

To every wight the waxen is so dere
And worshipful, that folk ther she was bore,
And fro hire birthe knew hire yere by yere,
Unnethes trowed they, but dorf han swore
That to Janicle, of which I spake before,
She daughter n'as; for as by conjecture
Hem thoughte she was another creature.

For though that ever vertuous was she,
She was encrefed in swiche excellence
Of thewes good, yset in high bountee,
And so discrete, and faire of eloquence,
So benigne, and so digne of reverence,
And coude so the peples herte embrace,
That eche hire loveth that loketh on hire face.

Not only of Saluces in the toun
Published was the bountee of hire name,
But eke beside in many a region;
If on faith wel, another faith the fame:
So spredeth of hire hie bountee the fame,
That men and women, yong as wel as old,
Gon to Saluces upon hire to behold.

Thus Walter lowly, nay but really,
Wedded with fortunat honestee;
In Goddes pees liveth ful efly
At home, and grace ynough outward had he:
And for he saw that under low degree
Was honest vertu hid, the peple him held
A prudent man, and that is seen ful feld.

Not only this Grifildis thurgh hire wit
Coude all the fete of wysly homlineffe;
But eke whan that the cas required it,
The comune profit coude she redresse:
Ther n'as discord, rancour, ne hevynesse,
In all the lond that she ne coude appele,
And wysly bring hem all in hertes ese.

Though that hire husbond absent were or non
If gentilmen or other of that contree
Were wroth, she wolde bringen hem at on,
So wise and ripe wordes hadde she,
And jugement of so grete equitee,
That she from heven sent was, as men wend,
Peple to save, and every wrong to amend.

Not longe time after that this Grifilde
Was wedded, she a daughter hath ybore,
All had hire lever han borne a knave childe:
Glad was the markis and his folk therfore;
For though a maiden childe come all before,
She may unto a knave child atteine,
By likelyhed, fin she n'is not barreine.

Paras tertia.

Ther fell, as it befallthe times mo,
Whan that this childe had fouked but a throwe,
This markis in his herte longed so
To tempt his wif, hire sadnesse for to knowe,
That he ne might out of his herte throwe
This marvellous desir his wif to assay:
Nedlees, God wot, he thought hire to affray.

He had assaid hire ynough before,
And found hire ever good: what needeth it
Hire for to tempt, and alway more and more?
Though some men praisse it for a subtil wit;
But as for me, I say that evil it fit
To assay a wif whan that it is no nede,
And putten hire in anguiss and in drede.

For which this markis wrought in this manere:
He came a-night alone ther as she lay
With stern face and with full trouble chere,
And sayde thus, Grifilde, (quod he) that day
That I you toke out of your poure array,
And put you in estat of high noblesse,
Ye han it not forgotten, as I gesse;

I say, Grifilde, this present dignitee,
In which that I have put you, as I trow,
Maketh you not forgetful for to be
That I you toke in poure estat ful low,
For on wele ye mote yourselven know,
Take hede of every word that I you say,
Ther is ne wight that hereth it but we tway.

Ye wote yourself wel how that ye came here

Into this hous, it is not long ago;
And though to me ye be right less and dere,
Unto my gentils ye be nothing so:
They say to hem it is gret shame and wo
For to be fuggetes and ben in servage
To thee, that borne art of a final linage.

And namely sin thy doughter was ybore,
Thise wordes hen they spoken douteles;
But I desire, as I have done before,
To live my lif with hem in rest and pees:
I may not in this cas be recheles:
I mote do with thy doughter for the best,
Not as I wold, but as my gentils left.

And yet, God wote, this is ful looth to me;
But natheles withouten your wetting
I wol nought do; but thus wol I (quod he)
That ye to me assenten in this thing;
Shew now your patience in your working
That ye me hight and swore in your village
The day that maketh was our mariage.

Whan she had herd all this, she not amoved
Neither in word, in chere, ne countenance,
(For as it semed, she was not agrieved)
She sayde, Lord, all lith in your pleasance;
My child and I with hertely obeisance
Ben yours, all, and ye may save or spill
Your owen thing: werketh after your will.

Ther may no thing, so God my soule save,
Like unto you that may displese me;
Ne I desire nothing for to have,
Ne drede for to lese, sauf only ye:
This will is in myn herte, and ay shall be,
No length of time or deth may this deface,
Ne change my courage to an other place.

Glad was this markis for hire answering,
But yet he feined as he were not so;
Al dreary was his chere and his loking,
Whan that he shuld out of the chamber go,
Sone after this, a furlong way or two,
He prively hath told all his entent
Unto a man, and to his wif him sent.

A maner fergeant was this prive man,
The which he faithful often founden had
In things gret, and eke swiche folk wel can
Don execution on things bad;
The lord knew wel that he him loved and drad,
And whan this fergeant wist his lordes will,
Into the chambere he stalked him ful still.

Madame, he sayd, ye mote foryeve it me,
Though I do thing to which I am confreined;
Ye ben so wif, that right wel known ye
That lordes heltes may not ben yfeined;
They may wel be bewailed and complained,
But men mote nedes to hir lust obey,
And so wol I; ther n'is no more to say.

The child I am commanded for to take—
And spake no more, but out the child he hent
Dispitously, and gan a chere to make,
As though he wold have slain it or he went,
Grifildis must al suffer and al consent;
And as a lambe she sitteth meke and still,
And let this cruel fergeant do his will.

THE CLERKES TALE.

Suspectous was the diffame of this man,
Suspect his face, suspect his word also,
Suspect the time in which he this began:
Alas! hire daughter, that the loved so
She wende he wold han slaien it right tho;
But natheles she neither wept ne fiked,
Conforming hire to that the markis liked.

But at the last to spoken she began,
And mekely she to the sergeant praid
(So as he was a worthie gentelman)
That she might kisse hire child or that it deid;
And in hire barme this litel child she leid;
With ful sad face, and gan the child to blisse,
And lulled it, and after gan it kisse.

And thus the sayd in hire benigne vois;
Farewel, my child, I shal the never see,
But sin I have thee marked with the crois,
Of thilke fader ybleffed mote thou be
That for us died upon a crois of tree,
Thy foule, litel child, I him betake,
For this night shalt thou dien for my sake.

I trow that to a norice in this cas
It had been hard this ronthe for to see;
Wel might a moder than han cried Alas!
But natheles so sad stedfast was she,
That she endured all adverstee.
And to the sergeant mekely she sayde,
Have here agen your litel yonge mayde.

Goth now (quod she) and doth my lordes heft:
And o thing wold I pray you of your grace,
But if my lord forbade you at the left,
Burieth this litel body in fow place
That bestes ne no briddes it to-race.

But he no word to that purpos wold say,
But toke the child, and went upon his way.

This sergeant came unto his lord again,
And of Grisildes wordes and hire chere
He told him point for point, in short and plain,
And him presented with his daughter dere.
Somwhat this lord hath routh in his manere,
But natheles his purpos held he still,
As lordes don when they wol have hir will;

And bad this sergeant that he prively
Shulde this child ful softe wind and wrappe,
With alle circumstances tendrely,
And carry it in a cofre or in a lappe;
But upon peine his hed of for to swappe
That no man shulde know of his entent,
Ne whens he came ne whider that he went;

But at Boloigne, unto his suster dere,
That thilke time of Pavie was Countesse,
He shuld it take and shew hire this matere,
Beseeching hire to don hire besineffe,
This child to fostren in all gentilleffe;
And whose child that it was he bade hire hide
From every wight, for ought that may betide.

The sergeant goth, and hath fulfild this thing.
But to this markis now retorne we;
For now goth he ful fast, imagining
If by his wives chere he mighte see,
Or by hire wordes apperceive, that she
Were changed; but he never could hire finde
But ever in on ylike sad and kinde.

As glad, as humble, as besy in service

And eke in love, as she was wont to be,
Was she to him in every manner wise;
Ne of hire doughter not a word spake she:
Non accident for non adverstee
Was seen in hire, ne never hire doughters name
Ne nevened she for ernest ne for game.

Part quarta.

In this estat ther passed ben foure yere
Er she with childe was, but as God wold,
A knave childe she bare by this Waltere
Ful gracious, and fair for to behold;
And when that folk it to his fader told,
Not only he but all his contree mery
Was for this childe, and God they thonk and hery.

Whan it was two yere old, and from the brest
Departed of his norice, on a day
This markis caughte yet another left
To tempte his wif yet ofter, if he may.
O! nedeles was she tempted in assay:
But wedded men ne connen no mesure
Whan that they finde a patient creature.

Wif, quod this markis, ye han herd or this
My peple fikelly beren our mariage,
And namely sin my sone yboren is,
Now is it werse than ever in al our age;
The murmur sleth myn herte and my corage,
For to myn eres cometh the vois so smerte,
That it wel nie destroyed hath myn herte.

Now say they thus; Whan Walter is agon,
Than shall the blood of Janicle succede,
And ben our lord, for other han we non.
Swiche wordes sayn my peple, it is no drede;
Wel ought I of swiche murmur taken hede,
For certainly I drede al swiche sentence,
Though they not plainen in myn audience.

I worde live in pees if that I might;
Wherefore I am disposed utterly,
As I his suster served er by night,
Right so thinke I to serve him prively.
This warne I you, that ye not sodenly
Out of yourself for no wo shuld outraie;
Beth patient, and therof I you praie.

I have, quod she, sayd thus, and ever shal,
I wol no thing, ne n'ill ne thing certain,
But as you list: not greveth me at al
Though that my daughter and my sone be slain
At your commandement: that is to fain,
I have not had no part of children twein
But first sikeneffe and after wo and peine.

Ye ben my lord, doth with your owen thing
Right as you list: asketh no rede of me;
For as I left at home al my clothing
Whan I came first to you, right so (quod she)
Left I my will and all my libertee,
And toke your clothing; wherefore I you prey
Doth your plesance, I wol youre lust obey.

And certes, if I hadde preface
Your will to know er ye your lust me told,
I wold it do withouten negligence;
But now I wote your lust, and what ye wold,
All your plesance ferme and stable I hold;
For wist I that my deth might do you ese
Right gladly wold I dien you to plesce.

Deth may not maken no comparisoun
Unto your love. And whan this markis say
The constance of his wif, he cast adoun
His eyen two, and wondreth how she may
In patience suffer al this array;
And forth he goth with dreery contenance.
But to his herte it was ful gret plesance.

This ugly sergeant in the same wise
That he hire daughter caughte, right so he
(Or werse, if men can any werse devise)
Hath hent hire sone, that ful was of beautee:
And ever in on so patient was she
That she no chere made of hevynesse,
But kist hire sone, and after gan it blisse.

Save this she praied him, if that he might,
Hire litel sone he wold in erthe grave,
His tendre limmes, delicat to sight,
Fro foules and fro bestes for to save.
But the non answer of him mighte have:
He wen his way as him no thing ne rought,
But to Boloigne he tenderly it brought.

This markis wondereth ever lenger the more
Upon hire patience: and if that he
Ne hadde sothely knowen ther before
That partly hire children loved she,
He wold han wend that of som subtiltee
And of malice, or for cruel corage,
That she had suffred this with sad visage.

But wel he knew that next himself certain,
She loved hire children best in every wise.
But now of women wold I asken sayn,
If thisse assaies mighten not suffice?
What coude a sturdy husband more devise
To preve hire wisshood and hire stedfastnesse,
And he continuing ever in sturdinesse?

But ther ben folk of swiche condition,
That whan they han a certain purpos take,
They cannot stint of hir entencion,
But right as they were bounden to a flake,
They wol not of hir firste purpos flake:
Right so this markis fully hath purposed
To tempt his wif as he wes first disposed.

He waiteth if by word or contenance
That she to him was changed of corage;
But never coude he finden variance;
She was aye on in herte and in visage;
And aye the further she was in age,
The more trewe (if that it were possible)
She was to him in love, and penible.

For which it semed thus, that of hem two
Ther was but o will; for as Walter left,
The same lust was hire plesance also;
And God be thanked, all fell for the best.
She shewed wel for ne wordly unrest
A wif, as of hireself, no thing ne sholde
Wille in effect but as hire husband wolde.

The sclandre of Walter wonder wide spradde,
That of a cruel herte he wikkedly,
For he a poure woman wedded hadde,
Hath murdered both his children prively:
Swich murmur was among hem comunly.
No wonder is, for to the peples ere
Ther came no word but that they murdered were.

For which ther as his peple therbefore
Had loved him wel, the sclandre of his diffame
Made hem that they him hateden therefore:
To ben a mudroure is an hateful name.
But natheles for earnest ne for game
He of his cruel purpos n'olde stente:
To tempt his wif was sette all his entente.

Whan that his daughter twelf yere was of age
He to the court of Rome, in subtil wife
Enformed of his will, sent his message,
Commanding him swiche billes to devise
As to his cruel purpos may suffice,
How that the Pope, as for his peples rest,
Bade him to wed another if him left.

I say he bade they shulden contrefete
The Popes bulles, making mention
That he hath leve his firste wif to lete,
As by the Popes dispensation
To stinten rancour and dissention
Betwix his peple and him. Thus spake the bull,
The which they han published at the full.

The rude peple, as no wonder is,
Wenden ful wel that it had ben right so;
But whan thisse tidings came to Grisildis,
I deme that hire herte was ful of wo;
But she ylike sad for evermo
Disposed was, this humble creature,
The adverfitee of fortune al to endure;

Abiding ever his lust and his plesance
To whom that she was yeven herte and al,
As to hire veray worldly suffisance.
But shortly if this storie tell I shal,
This markis written hath in special
A lettre, in which he sheweth his entente,
And secretly he to Boloigne it sente

To the Erl of Pavie, which that hadde tho
Wedded his suster, prayed he specially
To bringen home agein his children two
In honourable estat al openly;
But o thing he him prayed utterly,
That he to no wight, though men wold enquire,
Shulde not tell whos children that they were.

But say the maiden shuld ywedded be
Unto the Markis of Saluces anon.
And as this erl was prayed, so did he;
For at day sette he on his way is gon
Toward Saluces, and lordes many on
In rich arraie, this maiden for to gide,
Hire yonge brother riding hire beside.

Arraied was toward hire mariage
This freshe maiden, ful of gemmes clere,
Hire brother, which that seven yere was of age,
Arraied eke ful fresh in his manere:
And thus in gret nobleffe and with glad chere
Toward Saluces shaping hir journey
Fro day to day they riden in hir way.

Par. quinta.

Among al his, after this wicked usage,
This markis yet his wif to tempten more
To the uttereste prefe of hire corage,
Fully to have experience and lore
If that she were as stedfast as before,

He on a day in open audience

Ful boistously hath said hire this sentence :

Certes, Grisfelde, I had ynough plesance
To han you to my wif for your goodnesse,
And for your trouthe and for your obeyfance,
Not for your linage ne for your richesse;
But now know I in very fothfastnesse
That in gret lordship, if I me wel avise,
Ther is gret servitude in sondry wif.

I may not don as every ploughman may :
My peple me confreineth for to take
Another wif, and crien day by day ;
And eke the Pope, rancour for to flake,
Consenteth it, that dare I undertake :
And trewely thus moche I wol you say,
My newe wif is coming by the way.

Be strong of herte, and void anon hire place,
And thilke dower that ye broughten me
Take it agen ; I grant it of my grace.
Returneth to your fadres hous, (quod he)
No man may alway have prosperitee.
With even herte I rede you to endure
The stroke of Fortune or of aventure.

And she agen answerd in patience ;
My Lord, quod she, I wote and wist alway
How that betwixen your magnificence
And my poverté no wight ne can ne may
Maken comparison ; it is no nay :
I ne held me never digne in no manere
To be your wif, ne yet your chamberere.

And in this hous ther ye me lady made
(The highe God take I for my witnesse,
And all so wifly he my soule glad)
I never held ne lady ne maistresse,
But humble servant to your worthinesse,
And ever shal, while that my life may dure,
Aboven every wordly creature.

That ye so longe of your benignitee
Han holden me in honour and nobley,
Wheras I was not worthy for to be,
That thanke I God and you, to whom I prey
Foryelde it you ; ther is no more to sey.
Unto my fader gladly wol I wende,
And with him dwell unto my lives ende.

Ther I was softred of a childe ful smal ;
Til I be ded, my lif ther wol I lede,
A widow clene in body, herte, and al :
For sith I yave to you my maidenhede,
And am your trewe wif, it is no drede,
God shilde swiche a lordes wif to take
Another man to husband or to make.

And of your newe wif God of his grace
So graunte you wele and prosperite,
For I wol gladly yelden hire my place,
In which that I was blisful wont to be :
For sith it liketh you, my Lord, (quod she)
That whilom weren all myn hertes rest,
That I shal gon, I wol go when you lest.

But ther as ye me profre swiche dowaire
As I first brought, it is wel in my mind
It were my wretched clothes, nothing faire,
The which to me were hard now for to find.
O goode God ! how gentil and how kind
Ye fered by your speche and your visage
The day that maked was oure marriage !

But soth is said, algate I find it trewe,

For in effect it proved is on me,

Love is not old as whan that it is newe.

But certes, Lord, for non adversitee

To dein in this cas, it shal not be

That ever in word or werke I shal repent

That I you yave min herte in hole entent.

My Lord, ye wote that in my fadres place

Ye did me stripe out of my poure wede,

And richely ye clad me of your grace ;

To you brought I nought elles out of drede

But faith, and nakednesse, and maidenhede ;

And here agen your clothing I restore,

And eke your wedding ring, for evermore.

The remenant of your jeweles redy be

Within your chambre, I dare it fastly fain.

Naked out of my fadres hous (quod she)

I came, and naked I mote turne again.

All your plesance welde I solwe fain ;

But yet I hope it be not your entent

That I smokke out of your paleis went.

Ye coude not do so dishonest a thing.

That thilke wombe, in which your children lay,

Shulde before the peple in my walking

Be seen al bare ; wherefore I you prey

Let me not like a worme go by the way :

Remembre you, min owen Lord so dere,

I was your wif, though I unworthy were.

Wherefore in guerdon of my maidenhede,

Which that I brought and not agen I bere,

As vouchesaf to yeve me to my mede

But swiche a smok as I was wont to were,

That I therwith may wrie the wombe of hire.

That was your wif. And here I take my leve

Of you, min owen Lord, lest I you greve.

The smok, quod he, that thou hast on thy bake

Let it be still, and bere it forth with thee.

But wel unnethes thilke word he spake,

But went his way for routhe and for pitee.

Before the folk hirefelsen stripeth she,

And in hire smok, with foot and hed al bare,

Toward hire fadres hous forth is she fare.

The folk hire solwen weping in hir wry,

And Fortune ay they curfen as they gon ;

But she fro weping kept hire eyen drey,

Ne in this time word ne spak she nou.

Hire fader, that this tiding herd anon,

Curfeth the day and time that Nature

Shope him to ben a lives creature.

For out of doute this old poure man

Was ever in suspect of hire mariage ;

For ever he demed, sin it first began,

That whan the lord fulfilled had his corage,

Him wolde thinke it were a disparage

To his estat so lowe for to alight,

And voiden hire as sone as ever he might.

Again his daughter hastily goth he,

(For he by poise of folk knew hire coming)

And with hire olde cote, as it might be,

He covereth hire, ful forwefully weping

But on hire body might he it not bring,

For rude was the cloth, and more of age

By daies fele than at hire mariage.

Thus with hire fader for a certain space

Dwelleth this flour of wifly patience,

THE CLERKES TALE.

That nother by hire wordes ne hire face,
 Before the folk, ne eke in hir absence,
 Ne shewed she that hire was don offence,
 Ne of hire high estat no remembrance
 Ne hadde she as by hire contenance.

No wonder is, for in hire gret estat
 Hire goft was ever in pleine humilitee;
 No tendre mouth, no herte delicat,
 No pompe, no semblant of realtee,
 But ful of patient benignitee,
 Discrete, and prideles, ay honourable,
 And to hire husbond ever meke and stable.

Men speke of Job, and most for his humbleste,
 As clerkes whan hem list can wel endite,
 Namely of men, but as in sothfastnesse,
 Though clerkes preisen women but a lite,
 Ther can no man in humbleste him acquite
 As woman can, ne can be half so trewe
 As women ben, but it be falle of newe:

Pars sexta.

Fro Boloigne is this Earl of Pavie come,
 Of which the fame up sprang to more and lesse:
 And to the peples cress all and some
 Was couth eke that a newe markiseffe
 He with him brought in swiche pomp and richesse,
 That never was ther seen with mannes eye
 So noble array in al West Lumbardie.

The markis, which that shope and knew all this,
 Er that this erl was come sent his messaige
 For thilke poure sely Grifildis,
 And she with humble herte and glad visage,
 Not with no swollen thought in hire corage,
 Came at his hest, and on hire knees hire sette,
 And reverently and wisely the him grette.

Grifilde, (quod he) my will is utterly
 This maiden that shal wedded be to me
 Received be to-morwe as really
 As it possible is in myn hous to be;
 And eke that every wight in his degree
 Have his estat in sitting and service,
 And high plesance, as I can best devise.

I have no woman fuffisant certain
 The chambres for to array in ordinaunce
 After my lust, and therefore wolde I fain
 That thin were all swiche manere governance;
 Thou knowest eke of old all my plesance:
 Though thin array be bad, and evil besey,
 Do thou thy devoir at the leste wey.

Not only, Lord, that I am glad (quoth she)
 To don your lust, but I desire also
 You for to serve and plesse in my degree
 Withouten fainting, and shal evermo:
 Ne never for no wele ne for no wo
 Ne shal the goft within myn herte stente
 To love you best with all my trewe entente.

And with that word she gan the hous to dight,
 And tables for to sette, and beddes make,
 And peined her to don all that she might,
 Praying the chambereres for Goddes sake
 To hasten hem, and faste swepe and shake;
 And she, the moste servicable of all,
 Hath every chambre arraied and his hall.

Abouten undren gan this erl alight
 That with him brought thise noble children twey,
 For which the peple ran to see the fight
 Of hir array, so richely besey;
 And that at erst amonges hem they sey
 That Walter was no fool, though that him lest
 To change his wif, for it was for the best.

For she is fairer, as they demen all,
 Than his Grifilde, and more tendre of age,
 And fairer fruit betwene hem shulde fall,
 And more plesant, for hire high linage:
 Hire brother eke so faire was of visage
 That hem to seen the peple hath caught plesance,
 Commending now the markis governance.

O stormy peple, unsad and ever untrew,
 And undidcrete and changing as a fane,
 Delighting ever in rombel that is newe,
 For like the mone waxen ye and wane:
 A ful of clapping, dere ynough a jane,
 Your dome is fals, your constance evil preveth,
 Ay ful gret fool is he that on you leveth!

Thus saiden fadde folk in that citee
 Whan that the peple gafed up and down,
 For they were glad right for the noveltee
 To have a new lady of hir toun.
 No more of this make I now mentioun,
 But to Grifilde agen I wol me dreffe.
 And tell hire constance and hire besinesse:

Ful besy was Grifilde in every thing
 That to the feste was appertinent;
 Right naught was she abaft of hire clothing,
 Though it were rude; and somdel eke to-rent.
 But with glade chere to the yate is went,
 With other folk, to grete the markiseffe,
 And after that doth forth hire besinesse.

With so glad chere his gesses she receiveth,
 And conningly everich in his degree,
 That no defaut no man apperceiveth,
 But ay they wondren what the mighte be
 That in so poure array was for to see,
 And coude swiche honour and reverence,
 And worthily they preisen hire prudence.

In all this mene while she ne stent
 This maide and eke hire brother to commend,
 With all hire herte in ful benigne entent,
 So wel that no man coude hire preise amend;
 But at the last whan that thise lordes wend
 To sitten down to mete, he began to call
 Grifilde, as she was besy in the hall.

Grifilde, (quod he, as it were in his play)
 How liketh thee my wif and hire beautee?
 Right wel, my Lord, quod she, for in good fay
 A fairer saw I never non than she;
 I pray to God yewe you prosperitee,
 And so I hope that he wol to you send
 Plesance ynough unto your lives end.

O thing beseech I you and warne also,
 That ye ne prikke with no turmenting
 This tendre maiden as ye han do me.
 For she is softred in hire nourishing
 More tendrely, and to my supposing
 She mighte not advertee endure
 As coude a poure softred creatur.

And whan this Walter saw hire patience,
Hire glad chere, and no malice at all,
And he so often hadde hire don offence,
And she ay fader and constant as a wall,
Continuing ever hire innocence over all,
This sturdy markis gan his herte dresse
To rewe upon hire wifly stedfastnesse.

This is ynough, Grisilde min, quod he,
Be now no more agast ne evil apaid;
I have thy faith and thy benigntee,
As wel as ever woman was, affaid,
In gret estat and pouverelich arraid:
Now know I, dere wif, thy stedfastnesse;
And hire in armes toke, and gan to kesse.

And she for wonder toke of it no kepe;
She herde not what thing he to hire said;
She ferde as she had stert out of a slepe,
Til she out of hire malednesse abraid.
Grisilde, quod he, by God that, for us deid,
Thou art my wif; non other I ne have
Ne never had, as God my soule save.

This is thy daughter which thou hast supposid
To be my wif; that other faithfully
Shal be min heir, as I have ay disposid;
Thou bare hem of thy body trewely;
At Boloigne have I kept hem prively:
Take hem agen, for now maist thou not say
That thou hast lorn non of thy children tway.

And folk that otherwife han said of me,
I warne hem wel that I have don this dede
For no malice ne for no crueltee,
But for to assay in thee thy womanhede,
And not to fley my children (God forbode)
But for to kepe hem prively and still
Til I thy purpos knew and ail thy will.

Whan she this herd, afwounedoun she falleth
For pitous joye; and after hire swouning
She both hire yonge children to hire calleth,
And in hire armes, pitously weping,
Embraceth hem, and tendrely kissing
Ful like a moder, with hire salte teres
She bathed both hir visage and hir heres.

O, swiche a pitous thing it was to see
Hire swouning, and hire humble vois to here!
Grand mercy! Lord, God thank it you (quod she)
That ye han saved me my childten dere:
Now rekke I never to be ded right here,
Sin I stond in your love and in your grace,
No force of deth, ne whan my spirit pace.

O tendre, o dere, o yonge, children mine!
Your woful mother wened stedfastly
That cruel houndes or fow foul vermine
Had eten you; but God of his mercy
And your benigne fader tendrely
Hath don you kepe: and in that same stound
Al sodenly she swapt adoun to ground.

And in hire swough so sadly holdeth she
Hire children two, whan she gan hem embrace,
That with gret sleight and gret difficultee
The children from hire arm they gan arrace.
O! many a tere on many a pitous face
Doun ran of hem that stoden hire beside;
Unnethe abouten hire might they abide.

Walter hire gladeth, and hire forwe slaketh;
She riseth up abashed from hire trance,

And every wight hire joye and feste maketh
Til she hath caught agen hire contenance.
Walter hire doth so faithfully plesance,
That it was deintee for to seen the chere
Betwixt hem two sin they ben met in fere.

Thise ladies, whan that they hir time fey,
Han taken hire, and into chambre gon,
And stripen hire out of hire rude arrey,
And in a cloth of gold that brighte shone,
With a coroune of many a riche stone
Upon hire hed, they into hall hire broughte,
And ther she was honoured as hire ought.

Thus hath this pitous day a blisful end,
For every man and woman doth his might
This day in mirth and revel to dispend,
Til on the welkin shone the sterres bright;
For more solempne in every mannes sight
This feste was, and greter of costage,
Than was the revel of hire mariage.

Ful many a yere in high prosperitee
Liven thise two in-concord and in rest,
And richely his daughter married he
Unto a lord, on of the worthiest
Of all Itaille, and than in pees and rest
His wives fader in his court he kepeth
Til that the soule out of his body crepeth.

His sone succedeth in his heritage,
In rest and pees, after his fadres day,
And fortunat was eke in mariage,
Al put he not his wif in gret assay:
This world is not so strong, it is no nay,
As it hath ben in olde times yore,
And herkeneth what this auctour saith therfore.

This story is said, not for that wives shuld
Folwe Grisilde as in humilitee,
For it were importable tho they wold,
But for that every wight in his degree
Shulde be constant in adversitee
As was Grisilde, therfore Petrark writeth
This storie, which with high stile he enditeth.

For sith a woman was so patient
Unto a mortal man, wel more we ought
Receiven all in gree that God us sent.
For gret skill is he prove that he wrought;
But he ne tempteth no man that he bought,
As saith Seint Jame, if ye his pistell rede;
He preveth folk al day, it is no drede;

And suffreth us, as for our exercise,
With sharpe scourges of adversitee
Ful often to be bete in sondry wise,
Not for to know our will, for certes he,
Or we were borne, knew all our freeletee,
And for our best is all his governance;
Let us than live in vertuous suffrance.

But o word, Lordings, herkeneth or I go:
It were ful hard to finden now adayes
In all a toun Grisildes three or two;
For if that they were put to swiche assayes
The gold of hem hath now so bad alayes
With bras, that though the coine be faire at eye
It wolde rather brast atwo than plie.

For which here, for the Wives love of Bathe,
Whas lif and al hire secte God maintene
In high maistrise, and elles were it seathe,

I wol with lusty herte freshe and grene
Say you a song to gladen you I wene,
And let us stint of ernestful matere.
Herkeneth my song, that faith in this manere :

Grifilde is ded, and eke hire patience,
And both at ones buried in Itaille,
For which I crie in open audience,
No wedded man so hardy be to affaille
His wives patience, in trust to find
Grifildes, for in certain he shal faille.

O noble wives ! ful of high prudence,
Let non humilitee your tonges naile,
Ne let no clerk have cause or diligence
To write of you a storie of swiche mervaille
As of Grifildis, patient and kinde,
Lest Chichevache you swalwe in hire entraille.
Folweth Ecco, that holdeth no silence,
But ever answereth at the countretaille :
Beth not bedafled for your innocence,
But sharply taketh on you the governaille :
Emprenteth wel this lesson in your minde

For comun profit, sith it may availle.

Ye archiewives ! stondeth ay at defence,
Sin ye be strong as is a gret camaille,
Ne suffreth not that men do you offence.
And sclendre wives, feble as in bataille,
Beth egre as is a tigre yond in Inde ;
Ay clappeth as a mill I you counsaile.

Ne drede hem not, doth hem no reverence,
For though thin husband armed be in maille,
The arwes of thy crabbed eloquence
Shal perce his brest and eke his aventaille :
In jalouse I redde eke thou him binde,
And thou shalt make him couche as doth a quaille,

If thou be faire, ther folk ben in presence
Shew thou thy visage and thin aparaille ;
If thou be soule, be free of thy dispence ;
To get thee frendes ay do thy travaille :
Be ay of chere as light as lefe on linde,
And let him care, and wepe, and wringe, and
waille.

THE MARCHANTES PROLOGUE.

THE MARCHANTES PROLOGUE.

WEeping and wailing, care, and other forwe,
I have ynough on even and on morwe,
Quod the Marchant, and so have other me
That wedded ben; I trowe that it be so,
For wel I wot it fareth so by me.
I have a wif the werste that may be,
For though the fend to hire ycoupled were,
She wolde him overmatche, I dare wel swere.
What shulde I you reherse in special
Hire high malice? she is a shrew at al.
Ther is a long and a large difference
Betwix Grifildes grete patience
And of my wif the passing crueltee.
Were I unbounden, all so mote I the,
I wolde never eft comen in the snare.
We wedded men live in sorwe and care:

Affay it who so wol, and he shal finde
That I say soth, by Seint Thomas of Inde,
As for the more part, I say not alle;
God shilde that it shulde so befall.

A, good Sire Hoste, I have ywedded be
Thise monethes two, and more not parde;
And yet I trowe that he that all his lif
Wifes hath ben, though that men wolde him rise
Into the herte, ne coude in no manere
Tellen so much sorwe as I you here
Coud tellen of my wives cursednesse. (bless.

Now, quod our Hoste, Marchant, so God you
Sin ye so mochel knowen of that art,
Ful hertely I pray you tell us part.
Gladly, quod he, but of min owen fore,
For fory herte I tellen may no more.

THE MARCHANTES TALE *.

WHILOM ther was dwelling in Lumbardie
A worthy knight, that born was at Pavie,
In which he lived in gret prosperitee;
And sixty yere a wifes man was he,
And folwed ay his bodily delit
On women ther as was his appetit,
As don thise fooles that ben feculere.
And whan that he was passed sixty yere,
Were it for holinesse or for dotage
I cannot fain, but swiche a gret corage
Hadde this knight to ben a wedded man,
That day and night he doth all that he can
To espien wher that he might wedded be,
Praying our Lord to granten him that he
Mighte ones knowen of that blisful lif
That is betwix an husband and his wif,

And for to live under that holy bond
With which God firste man and woman bond,
Non other lif (said he) is worth a bene;
For wedlok is so cly and so clene
That in this world it is a paradise.
Thus saith this olde knight that was so wise,
And certainly, as soth as God is king,
To take a wif it is a glorious thing;
And namely whan a man is old and hore,
Than is a wif the fruit of his tresore;
Than shuld he take a yong wif and a faire,
On which he might engendren him an heire;
And lede his lif in joye and in solas,
Wheras thise bachelers sungen alas!
Whan that they finde any advertee
In love, which n'is but childish vanitee.
And trewely it sit wel to be so wedded,
That bachelers have often peine and wo:

* Old January marieth young May, and for his unequal match receiveth a foul reward. *erry.*

THE MARCHANTES TALE.

On brotel ground they bilde, and brotelnesse
They finden when they wenen sikernesse :
They live but as a bird or as a beste,
In libertee and under non areste,
Ther as a wedded man in his estat
Liveth a lif blisful and ordinat,
Under the yoke of mariage ybound ;
Wel may his herte in joye and blisse abound :
For who can be so buxom as a wif ?
Who is so trewe and eke so contentif
To kepe him, like and hole, as is his make ?
For wele or wo the n'll him not forsake ;
She n'is not wery him to love and serve,
Though that he lie bedrede til that he sterve.

And yet som clerkes fain it is not so,
Of which he Theophrast is on of tho.
What force though Theophrast list for to lie ?

Ne tak no wif, quod he, for hufbondrie,
As for to spare in houshold thy dispence :
A trewe servant doth more diligence
Thy good to kepe, than doth thin owen wif,
For the wol claimen half part al hire lif.
And if that thou be like, so God me save,
Thy veray frendes or a trewe knave
Wol kepe thee bet than she, that waiteth ay
After thy good, and hath don many a day.

This sentence, and an hundred thinges werse,
Writeth this man, ther God his bones curse.
But take no kepe of all swiche vanitee ;
Defieth Theophrast, and herkeneth me.

A wif is Goddes yeste veraily ;
All other maner yestes hardely,
As londes, rentes, pasture, or commune,
Or mebles, all ben yestes of Fortune,
That passen as a shadow on the wall :
But drede thou not if plainly speke I shal ;
A wif wol last and in thin hous endure
Wel lenger than thee list paraventure.

Mariage is a ful grete sacrament ;
He which that hath no wif I hold him shent ;
He liveth helple and all desolat :
(I speke of folk in secular estat)
And herkneth why, I say not this for nought,
That woman is for mannes helpe ywrought :
The highe God, when he had Adam maked,
And saw him al alone belly naked,
God of his grete goodnesse saide than,
Let us now make an helpe unto this man
Like to himself, and than he made him Eve.

Here may ye see, and hereby may ye preve,
That a wif is mannes helpe and his comfort,
His paradis terrestre, and his disport :
So buxom and so vertuous is she,
They mosten nedes live in untee ;
O flesh they ben, and o flesh, as I gesse,
Hath but on herte in wele and in distresse.

A wif ? a ! Sainte Marie, benedicite !
How might a man have any adversite
That hath a wif ? certes I cannot seye.
The blisse the which that is betwix hem tweye
Ther may no tonge telle or herte thinke.
If he be poure, she helpeth him to swinke ;
She kepeth his good, and wasteth never a del ;
All that hire hufbond doth, hire liketh wel :

She faith not ones, Nay, when he faith, Ye :
Do this, faith he ; Al redy, Sire, faith she.

O blisful ordre, o wedlok precious !
Thou art so mery and eke so vertuous,
And so commended and approved eke,
That every man that holt him worth a leke,
Upon his bare knees ought all his lif
Thanken his God that him hath sent a wif,
Or elles pray to God him for to send
A wif to last unto his lives end ;
For than his lif is set in sikernesse,
He may not be deceived, as I gesse,
So that he werche after his wives rede ;
Than may he boldly beren up his hede,
They ben so trewe, and therewithal so wise ;
For which, if thou wilt werchen as the wif,
Do alway so as women wol thee rede.

Lo how that Jacob, as thise clerkes rede,
By good conseil of his mother Rebekke
Bounde the kiddes skin about his necke,
For which his fadres benison he wan.

Lo Judith, as the storie eke tell can,
By good conseil the Goddess peple kept,
And flow him Holofernes while he slept.

Lo Abigail, by good conseil how she
Saved hire hufbond Nabal, when that he
Shuld han be slain. And loke, Hester also
By good conseil delivered out of wo
The peple of God, and made him Mardochee
Of Assuere enhaused for to be.

Ther n'is no thing in gree superlatif
(As faith Senek) above an humble wif.
Suffer thy wives tonge, as Caton bit ;
She shal command and thou shalt suffren it,
And yet she wol obey of curtesie.

A wif is keper of thin hufbondrie :
Wel may the like man bewaile and wepe
Ther as ther is no wif the hous to kepe.
I warne thee, if wisely thou wilt werche,
Love wel thy wif, as Crist loveth his cherche :
If thou lovest thyself, love thou thy wif.
No man hateth his flesh, but in his lif
He fostreth it, and therefore bid I thee
Cherish thy wif, or thou shalt never the.
Hufbond and wif, what so men jape or play,
Of worldly folk holden the fiker way :
They ben so knit ther may non harm betide,
And namely upon the wives fide.

For which this January, of whom I told,
Considered hath within his dayes old
The lusty lif, the vertuous quiete,
That is in mariage honey-swete,
And for his frendes on a day he sent
To tellen hem the effect of his entent.

With face sad his tale he hath hem told :
He sayde, Frendes, I am here and old,
And almost (God wot) on my pites brinke,
Upon my soule somewhat most I thinke.
I have my body folily dispended,
Blessed be God that it shall ben amended !
For I wol ben certain a wedded man,
And that anon in all the hast I can.
Unto som maiden, faire and tendre of age,
I pray you shapeth for my mariage

THE MARCHANTES TALE.

All soderly, for I wol not abide;
 And I wol fonde to espion on my side
 To whom I may be wedded hastily.
 But for as moche as ye ben more than I,
 Ye shullen rather swiche a thinge espion
 Than I, and wher me beste were to allien.
 But o thing warn I you, my frendes dere;
 I wol non olde wif han in no manere;
 She shal not passen twenty yere certain:
 Old fish and yonge flesh wold I have fain.
 Bet is (quod he) a pike than a pikerel,
 And bet than old beef is the tendre veel.
 I wol no woman thirty yere of age;
 It is but benefraw and gret forage.
 And eke thise olde widewes (God it wote)
 Ther connen so moch craft on Wades bote,
 So mochel broken harm whan that hem left,
 That with hem shuld I never live in rest.
 For sondry scoles maken subtil clerkes;
 Woman of many scoles half a clerk is.
 But certainly a yong thing men may gie,
 Right as men may warm wax with handes plie;
 Wherfore I say you plainly in a claufe
 I wol non old wif han right for this cause.
 For if so were I hadde swiche meschance,
 That I in hire ne coude have no plesance,
 Than shuld I lede my lif in avoutrie,
 And so streight to the devil whan I die.
 Ne children shuld I non upon hire geten;
 Yet were me lever houndes had me eten
 Than that min heritage shulde fall
 In strange hondes; and this I tell you all.
 I dote not, I wot the cause why
 Men shulden wedde; and furthermore wot I
 Ther speketh many a man of mariage
 That wot no more of it than wot my page
 For which causes a man shuld take a wif.
 If he may not liven chaste his lif,
 Take him a wif with gret devotion,
 Because of lesul procreation
 Of children, to the honour of God above,
 And not only for paramour or love,
 And for they shulden lecherie eschue,
 And yield hir dette whan that it is due,
 Or for that ech of hem shuld helpen other
 In meschese, as a suster shal the brother,
 And live in chastitee ful holly.
 But, Sires, (by your leve) than ani not I,
 For, God be thanked, I dare make avaunt,
 I cle my limmes stark and fuffant
 To don all that a man belongeth to:
 I wot myselven best what I may do.
 Though I be hoor, I fare as doth a tre
 That blousmieth er the fruit ywoven be;
 The blousmy tre n'is neither drie ne ded:
 I fele me no wher hoor but on my hed:
 Min herte and all my limmes ben as grene
 As laurer thurgh the yere is for to sene.
 And sin that ye han herd all min entent,
 I pray you to my will ye wolde assent.
 Diverse men diversely him told
 Of mariage many ensamples old;
 Som blamed it, som praised it certain;
 But atte laste, shortly for to sein,

(As all day falleth altercation
 Betwixen frendes and disputioun).
 Ther fell a strif betwix his brethren two;
 Of which that on was cleped Placebo,
 Justinus sothly called was that other.
 Placebo sayd, O January! brother,
 Ful litel nede han ye, my lord so dere;
 Confeil to aske of any that is here;
 But that ye ben so ful of sapience
 That you ne liketh for your high prudence
 To weiven fro the word of Salomon;
 This word, sayd he, unto us everich on,
 Werke alle thing by confeil, thus sayd he,
 And than ne shalt thou not repenten thee.
 But though that Salomon spake swiche a word,
 Min owen dere brother and my lord,
 So wisly God my soule bringe at rest,
 I hold your owen confeil is the best.
 For, brother min, take of me this motif,
 I have now ben a court-man all my lif,
 And God it wot, though I unworthy be,
 I have stonden in ful gret degree
 Abouten lordes of ful high estat,
 Yet had I never with non of hem debat;
 I never hem contraried trewely.
 I wot wel that my lord can more than I;
 What that he faith I holde it firme and stable;
 I say the same, or elles thing semblable.
 A ful gret fool is any conceillour,
 That serveth any lord of high honour;
 That dare presume, or ones thinken it,
 That his conseil shuld passe his lordes wit:
 Nay, lordes be no foolles by my fay.
 Ye han yourselven shewed here to-day
 So high sentence, so holly, and wel,
 That I consent, and confirme every del
 Your wordes all, and your opinioun.
 By God ther n'is no man in all this toun,
 Ne in Itaille, coud bet han sayd:
 Crist holt him of this conseil wel appaid,
 And trewely it is an high courage
 Of any man that stopen is in age
 To take a young wif: by my fader kin
 Your herte hongeth on a joly pin.
 Doth now in this matere right as you list,
 For finally I hold it for the best.
 Justinus, that ay stille sat and herd,
 Right in this wise he to Placebo answerd:
 Now, brother min, be patient I pray,
 Sin ye han said, and herkneth what I say.
 Senek, among his other wordes wise,
 Saith that a man ought him right wel avise
 To whom he yeveth his lond or his catel:
 And sith I ought avisen me right wel
 To whom I yeve my good away fro me,
 Wel more I ought avisen me, pardee,
 To whom I yeve my body; for alway
 I warne you wel it is no childes play
 To take a wif without avisement.
 Men must enqueren (this is min assent)
 Wheder she be wise and sobre or dronkelew,
 Or proud, or elles other wales a threw.

A chidester, or a waisour of thy good,
 Or riche or poure, or elles a man is wood :
 Al be it so that no man finden shal
 Non in this world that trotteyth hol in al,
 Ne manne beste, swiche as men can devise,
 But natheles it ought ynough suffice
 With any wif, if so were that she had
 Mo good thewes than hire vices bad :
 And all this axeth leifure to enquire ;
 For God it wot I have wept many a tere
 Ful prively sin that I had a wif.
 Praise who so wol a wedded mannes lif,
 Certain I find in it but cost and care,
 And observances of alle blisses bare ;
 And yet, God wot, my neighbours aboute,
 And namely of women many a route,
 Sain that I have the moste stedefast wif,
 And eke the mekest on, that bereth lif :
 But I wot best wher wringeth me my sho.
 Ye may for me right as you liketh do.
 Aviseth you, ye ben a man of age,
 How that ye entren into mariage,
 And namely with a yong wif and a faire.
 By him that made water, fire, erth, and aire,
 The yongest man that is in all this route
 Is bese ynow to bringen it aboute
 To han his wif alone, trusteth me :
 Ye shul not plesen hire fully yeres three ;
 This is to sain, to don hire ful plesance :
 A wif axeth ful many an observance.
 I pray you that ye be not evil appaid.

Wel, quod this January, and hast thou saide ?
 Straw for Senek, and straw for thy proverbes ;
 I counte not a panier ful of herbes
 Of scole termes : wiser men than thou,
 As thou hast herd, assented here right now
 To my purpos. Placebo, what saye ye ?

I saye it is a cursed man, quod he,
 That letteth matrimoine sickerly.
 And with that word they risen sodenly,
 And ben assented fully that he sholde
 Be wedded whan him list and wher he wolde.

High fantasie and curious befinesse
 Fro day to day gan in the soule empressse
 Of January about his mariage :
 Many a faire shap and many a faire visage
 Ther passeth thurgh his herte night by night.
 As who so toke a mirrour polished bright,
 And set it in a comune market place,
 Then shuld he see many a figure pace
 By his mirrour, and in the same wise
 Gan January in with his thought devise
 Of maidens which that dwelten him beside ;
 He wiste not wher that he might abide ;
 For if that on have beautee in hire face,
 Another stont so in the peples grace,
 For hire sadnesse and hire benigitee,
 That of the peple the grettest vois hath she :
 And som were riche and hadden a bad name ;
 But natheles, betwix ernest and game,
 He at the last appointed him on on,
 And let all other from his herte gon,
 And chees hire of his owen auctoritee,
 For love is blind all day and may not see.

And whan that he was in his bed ybrought,
 He purtreied in his herte and in his thought
 Hire freshe beautee and hire age tendre,
 Hire middel smal, hire armes long and scleindre,
 Hire wise governance, hire gentillese,
 Hire womanly bering, and hire sadnesse.

And whan that he on hire was condescended,
 Him thought his choise it might not ben amended ;
 For whan that he himself concluded had,
 Him thought eche other mannes wit so bad,
 That impossible it were to replie
 Again his choise : this was his fantasie.

His frendes sent he to, at his instance,
 And praied hem to don him that plesance
 That hastily they wolden to him come ;
 He wolde abregge hir labour all and some :
 Neded no more to hem to go ne ride,
 He was appointed ther he wolde abide.

Placebo came, and eke his frendes sone,
 And alderfirst he bade hem all a bone,
 That non of hem non argumentes make
 Again the purpos that he hath ytake ;
 Which purpos was plesant to God (said he)
 And veray ground of his prosperitee.

He said ther was a maiden in the toun
 Which that of beautee hadde gret renoun,
 Al were it so she were of smal degree ;
 Sufficeth him hire youth and hire beautee ;
 Which maid (he said) he wold han to his wif,
 To lede in ese and holinesse his life ;
 And thanked God that he might han hire all,
 That no wight with his blisse parten shal ;
 And praied hem to labour in this nede,
 And shapen that he faille not to spede :
 For than, he sayd, his spirit was at ese ;
 Than is (quod he) nothing may me dispese,
 Save o thing pricketh in my conscience,
 The which I wol reharpe in your presence.

I have (quod he) herd said ful yore ago,
 Ther may no man han parfite blisses two,
 This is to say, in erthe and eke in heven ;
 For though he kepe him fro the finnes seven,
 And eke from every branch of thilke tree,
 Yet is ther so parfite felicittee,
 And so grette ese and lust, in mariage,
 That ever I am agast, now in min age,
 That I shal leden now so mery a lif,
 So delicat, withouten wo or strif,
 That I shal han min heven in erthe here ;
 For sin that veray heven is bought so dere,
 With tribulation and gret penance,
 How shuld I than, living in swiche plesance
 As alle wedded men don with hir wives,
 Come to the blisse ther Crist eterne on live is ?
 This is my drede, and ye, my brethren tweie,
 Assoileth me this question I preie.

Justinus, which that hated his folie,
 Answerd anon right in his japerie,
 And for he wold his long tale abregge,
 He wolde non auctoritee allege,
 But sayde, Sire, so ther be non obstacle
 Other than this, God of his hie miracle,
 And of his mercy, may so for you werche,
 That er ye have your rights of holy cherche

Ye may repent of wedded mannes lif,
 In which ye sain ther is no wo ne strif;
 And elles God forbede but if he sent
 A wedded man his grace him to repent
 Wel often, rather than a single man:
 And therefore, Sire, the best rede that I can,
 Despeire you not, but haveth in memorie
 Paraventure she may be your Purgatorie;
 She may be Goddes mene and Goddes whippe,
 Than shal your soule up unto heaven skippe
 Swifter than doth an arrow of a bow.
 I hope to God hereafter ye shal know
 That ther n'is non so gret felicitee
 In mariage, ne never more shall be;
 That you shal let of your salvation,
 So that ye use, as skill is and reson,
 The lustes of your wif attemptely,
 And that ye plesse hire nat to amorously,
 And that ye kepe you eke from other sinne.
 My Tale is don, for my wit is but thinne.
 Beh not agast hereof, my brother dere,
 But let us waden out of this matere.
 The Wif of Bathe, if ye han understond,
 Of mariage, which ye now han in hond,
 Declared hath ful wel in litel space.
 Fareth now wel, God have you in his grace!

And with this word this Justine and his brother
 Han take hir leve, and eche of hem of other.
 And whan they saw that it must nedes be,
 They wroughten so by sleighte and wise trectee
 That she this maiden, which that Maius hight,
 As hastily as ever that she might,
 Shal wedded be unto this January.
 I trow it were to longe you to tary,
 If I you told of every script and bond
 By which that she was seoffed in this lond,
 Or for to rekken of hire rich array.
 But, finally, yemen is the day
 That to the chirche both ben they went
 For to receive the holy sacrament.
 Forth cometh the preest, with stole about his necke,
 And bade hire be like Sara and Rebekke
 In wisdom and in trouthe of mariage;
 And sayd his orisons, as is usage,
 And crouched hem, and bade God shuld hem blesse,
 And made all liker ynow with holinesse.

Thus ben they wedded with solemnpnitee;
 And at the feste sitteth he and she,
 With other worthy folk, upon the deis.
 Al ful of joye and blisse is the paleis,
 And ful of instruments, and of vitaille
 The moste deinteous of all itaille.
 Before hem stood swiche instruments of soun
 That Orpheus, ne of Thebes Amphion,
 Ne maden never swiche a melodie:
 At every cours in came loud minstreltrie,
 That never Joab tromped for to here,
 Ne he Theodomas yet half so clere
 At Thebes whan the citee was in doute.
 Bacchus the win him skinketh all aboute,
 And Venus laugheth upon every wight,
 (For January was become hire knight,
 And wolde both assaien his corage
 In libertee and eke in mariage)

And with hire firebrond in hire bond aboute
 Danceth before the bride and all the route.
 And certainly I dare right wel say this,
 Ymeneus, that god of Wedding is,
 Saw never his lif so mery a wedded man.

Hold thou thy pees, thou poet Marcian,
 That writest us that ilke wedding mery
 Of hire Philologie and him Mercurie,
 And of the songes that the Muses songe;
 To smal is both thy pen and eke thy tonge
 For to descriven of this mariage.
 Whan tendre Youth hath wedded stouping Age,
 Ther is swiche mirth that it may not be written:
 Assaieth it yourself, than may ye witen
 If that I lie or non in this matere.

Maius, that sit with so benigne a chere,
 Hire to behold it semed Faerie.
 Quene Hester loked never with swiche an eye
 On Assuere, so meke a look hath she.
 I may you not devise all hire beautee;
 But this moch of hire beautee tell I may;
 That she was like the brighte morwe of May,
 Fulfilled of all beautee and plesance.

This January is ravished in a trance
 At every time he loketh in hire face;
 But in his herte he gan hire to manace
 That he that night in armes wold hire streine
 Harder than ever Paris did Heline.
 But natheles yet had he gret pitee
 That thilke night offenden hire must he,
 And thought, alas! o tendre creature!
 Now wolde God ye mighten wel endure
 All my corage; it is so sharpe and kene
 I am agast ye shal it nat sustene!
 But God forbede that I did all my might!
 Now wolde God that it were waxen night,
 And that the night wold lasten ever mo!
 I wold that all this peple were ago!
 And, finally, he doth all his labour,
 As he best mighte, saving his honour,
 To heste him fro the mete in subtil wise.

The time came that reson was to rise,
 And after that men dance and drinken fast,
 And spices all about the hous they cast,
 And ful of joye and blisse is every man,
 All but a squier that highte Damian,
 Which carf before the knight ful many a day:
 He was so raviht on his Lady May,
 That for the veray peine he was nie wood;
 Almost he swelt, and frownded ther he stood:
 So sore hath Venus hurt him with hire brond
 As that she bare it dancing in hire hond;
 And to his bed he went him hastily:
 No more of him as at this time speke I,
 But ther I let him wepe ynow and plaine,
 Til freshe May wol rewen on his peine.

O perilous fire that in the beddraw bredeth!
 O famuler so that his service bedeth!
 O servant traitor, false of holy hewe,
 Like to the nedder in bosom she untrew,
 God shelde us alle from your acquaintance!
 O January! dronken in plesance
 Of mariage, see how thy Damian,
 Thin owen squier and thy boren man,

Entendeth for to do thee vilanie :

God grant thee thin homly fo to espie,
For in this world n'is werse pestilence
Than homly fo all day in thy presence.

Parformed hath the sonne his arke diurne,
No longer may the body of him sojourne
On the orizont, as in that latitude ;
Night, with his mantel that is derke and rude,
Can oversprede the hemisperie aboute,
For which departed is this lusty route
Fro January, with thank on every side.
Home to hir houses lustily they ride,
Ther as they don hir thinges as men lest,
And whan they saw hir time gon to rest.

Sone after that this halstif January
Wol go to bed, he wol no longer tarye.
He drinketh Ipcoras, clarre, and Vernage,
Of spices hot, to encrefen his corage ;
And many a letuarie had he ful fine,
Swiche as the cursed monk Dan Constantine
Hath written in his book *De Coitis* :

To ete hem all he wolde nothing eschue :
And to his priuee frendes thus sayd he :
For Goddes love, as sone as it may be,
Let vouden all this hous in curteis wise.

And they han don right as he wol devise.
Men drinken, and the trauers drawe anon ;
The bride is brought a-bed as still as ston :
And whan the bed was with the preest yblessed
Out of the chambre hath every wight him dressed,
And January hath fast in armes take
His freshe May, his paradis, his make.
He lulleth hire, he kisseth hire ful oft ;
With thicke bristles of his berd unsoft,
Like to the skin of houndfish, sharp as brere,
(For he was shave al newe in his manere)
He rubbeth hire upon hire tendre face,
And sayde thus ; Alas ! I mote trespace
To you my spouse, and you gretly offend,
Or time come that I wol doun descend :
But natheles considereth this, (quod he)
Ther n'is no werkman, whatsoever he be,
That may both werken wel and hastily :
This wol be don at leiser parfitly.

It is no force how longe that we play ;
In trewe wedlock coupled be we tway ;
And blessed be the yoke that we ben inne,
For in our actes may ther be no sinne.
A man may do no sinne with his wif,
Ne hurt himselfen with his owen knif,
For we have leue to play us by the lawe.

Thus laboureth he til that the day gan dawne,
And than he taketh a sop in fine clarre,
And upright in his bed than sitteth he,
And after that he sang ful loud and clere,
And kist his wif, and maketh wanton chere.
He was al coltish, ful of ragerie,
And ful of jergon as a flecked pie.
The slacke skin about his necke shaketh
While that he sang, so chaneth he and craketh.
But God wot what that May thought in hire herte
Whan he him saw up sitting in his sherte,
In his night cap, and with his necke lene :
She praiseth not his playing worth a bene.

Than sayd he thus ; My reste wol I take,
Now day is come, I may no longer wake ;
And doun he layd his hed and slept til prime.
And afterward, whan that he saw his time,
Up riseth January, but freshe May
Held hire in chambre til the fourth day,
As usage is of wives for the beste ;
For every labour somtime moste han reste,
Or elles longe may he not endure ;
This is to say, no lives creature,
Be it of fish, or brid, or best, or man.

Now wol I speke of woful Damian,
That langureth for love, as ye shal here,
Therefore I speke to him in this manere.

I say, O sely Damian, alas !
Answer to this demand as in this cas ;
How shalt thou to thy lady freshe May
Tellen thy wo ? she wol alway say nay ;
Eke if thou speke she wol thy wo bewrein :
God be thin help ! I can no better sein.

This like Damian in Venus fire
So brenneth that he dieth for desire,
For which he put his lif in aventure,
No longer might he in this wise endure,
But priuely a penner gan he borwe,
And in a lettre wrote he all his sorwe,
In manere of a complaint or a lay,
Unto his faire freshe Lady May,
And in a purse of silk heng on his sherte
He hath it put, and layd it at his herte.

The mone that at none was thilke day
That January hath wedded freshe May,
In ten of Taure was into Cancer gliden,
So long hath Maius in hire chambre abiden,
As custome is unto thise nobles alle.
A bride shal not eten in the halle
Til dayes four, or three days at the leste,
Ypassed ben, than let hire go to sefe.
The fourthe day complete fro none to none,
Whan that the highe messe was ydone,
In halle sat this January and May,
As fresh as is the brighte somers day ;
And so besel how that this goode man
Remembered him upon this Damian,
And sayde, Seinte Marie, how may it be
That Damian entendeth not to me ?
Is he aylike ? or how may this betide ?

His squiers, which that stoden ther beside,
Excused him because of his siknesse,
Which letteth him to don his besinesse ;
Non other cause mighte make him tary.

That me forthinketh, quod this January ;
He is a gentil squier by my trouthe,
If that he died, it were gret harme and routh :
He is as wise, discret, and as secrete,
As any man I wote of his degree,
And theerto manly and eke servisable,
And for to ben a thrifty man right able.
But after mete, as sone as ever I may,
I wol myselfe visite him, and eke May,
To don him all the comfort that I can.
And for that word him blessed every man,
That of his bountee and his gentilleffe
He wolde so comferten in siknesse

THE MARCHANTE TALE

His squier, for it was a gentil dede;

Dame, quod this January, take good hede
At after mete ye with your women alle,
(When that ye ben in chambre out of this halle)
That all ye gon to see this Damian;
Doth him disport, he is a gentil man;
And telleth him that I wol him visite,
Have I no thing but rested me a lite:
And spede you faste, for I wol abide
Til that ye slepen faste by my side.
And with that word he gan unto him calle
A squier that was marshal of his halle,
And told him certain thinges that he wolde.

This freshe May hath freight hire way yhold,
With all hire women, unto Damian:
Doun by his beddes side sit she than,
Comforting him as goodly as she may.

This Damian, when that his time he say,
In secree wife his purse and eke his bill,
In which that he ywritten had his will,
Hath put into hire hond withouten more,
Save that he siked wonder depe and fore,
And softly to hire right thus sayd he;
Mercie, and that ye nat discover me,
For I am ded if that this thing be kid.

This purse hath she in with hire bosome hid,
And went hire way: ye get no more of me:
But unto January ycome is she,
That on his beddes side fate ful soft.
He taketh hire and kisseth hire ful oft,
And layd him doun to slepe, and that anon.
She feined hire as that she muste gon
Ther as ye wote that every wight mot nede;
And when she of this bill hath taken hede,
She rent it all to cloutes at the last,
And in the privree softlytly it cast.

Who studieth now but faire freshe May?
Adoun by olde January she lay,
That slepte til the cough had him awaked.
Anon he prayd hire stripen hire all naked,
He wolde of hire, he said, have som plesance,
And said hire clothes did him encombrance.
And she obeieth him, be hire lese or loth.
But lest that precious folk be with me wroth,
How that he wrought I dare nat to you tell,
Or wheder hire thought it paradis or hell:
But ther I let hem werken in hir wise
Til evesong rang, and that they must arise.

Were it by destinee or aventure,
Were it by influence or by nature,
Or constellation, that in swiche estat
The heven stood at that time fortunat,
As for to put a bill of Venus werkes
(For alle thing hath time, as fain thise clerkes)
To any woman for to get hire love,
I cannot say but grete God above,
That knoweth that non act is causeles,
He deme of all, for I wol hold my pees.
But soth is this, how that this freshe May
Hath taken swiche impressioun that day
Of pitee on this like Damian,
That for hire herte she ne driven can
The remembrance for to don him ese.
Certain (thought she) whom that this thing displese

I rekke not, for here I him assure
To love him best of any creature,
Though he no more hadde than his sherte.
Lo, pitee renneth sone in gentil herte:
Here may ye seen how excellent franchise
In women is when they hem narwe avise.
Som tyraunt is, as ther ben many on,
That hath an herte as hard as any ston,
Which wold han lette him sterven in the place
Wel rather than han granted him hire grace.
And hem rejoycen in hir cruel pride,
And rekken not to ben an homicide.

This gentil May, fulfilled of pitee,
Right of hire hond a lettre maketh she,
In which the granteth him hire veray grace:
Ther lacked nought but only day and place.
O wher that she might unto his lust suffice;
For it shal be right as he wol devise.

And when she saw hire time upon a day
To visiten this Damian goth this May,
And sotily this lettre doun she threst
Under his pilwe, rede it if him left.
She taketh him by the hond, and hard him twist,
So secretly that no wight of it wist,
And bade him ben all hol; and forth the went
To January when he for hire sent.

Up riseth Damian the nexte morwe,
Al passed was his siknesse and his forwe,
He kembeth him, he proineth him and piketh,
He doth all that his lady lust and liketh;
And eke to January he goth as lowe
As ever did a dogge for the bowe.
He is so plesant unto every man,
(For craft is all, who so that don it can)
That every wight is fain to speke him good;
And fully in his ladies grace he stood.

Thus let I Damian about his nede,
And in my Tale forth I wol procede.

Some clerkes holden that felicitee
Stant in delit, and therefore certain he
This noble January, with all his might,
In honest wise as longeth to a knight,
Shope him to liven ful deliciously.
His housing, his array, as honestly
To his degree was makid as a kinges.
Amonges oþer of his honest thinges
He had a gardin walled all with ston,
So fayre a gardin wot I no wher non;
For out of doute I veraily suppose
That he that wrote the Romant of the Rose
Ne coude of it the beautee wel devise;
Ne Priapus ne mighte not suffice,
Though he be God of Gardins, for to tell
The beautee of the gardin, and the well,
That stood under a laurer alway grene,
Ful often time he Pluto and his quene
Proserpina and alle hir Faerie,
Disporten hem and maken melodie
Aboute that well, and daunced, as men told.

This noble knight, this January the old,
Swiche deintee bath in it to walke and pley,
That he wol suffice no wight bere the key
Sauf he himself, for of the final wicket
He bare alway of silver a cliket.

With which whan that him list he it unshette;
And whan that he wold pay his wives dette
In somer seson thider wold he go,
And May his wif, and no wight but they two;
And thinges which that were not don a-bedde
He in the gardin parfourned hem, and spedde.

And in this wise many a mery day
Lived this January and freshe May:
But worldly joye may not alway endure
To January ne to no creature.

O soden hap, o thou Fortune unstable!
Like to the scorpion so deceivable,
That statrest with thy hed whan thou wolt sting;
The tayl is deth thurgh thin eveninging.
O brotel joye! o swete poyson quente!
O monstre! that so sotilly canst peinte
Thy giftes under hewe of stedfastnesse,
That thou deceivest bothe more and lesse,
Why hast thou January thus deceived,
That haddest him for thy ful frend received?
And now thou hast beraft him both his eyen,
For forwe of which desireth he to dyen.

Alas! this noble January free,
Amidde his lust and his prosperitee,
Is waken blind, and that al sodenly.
He wepeth and he walleth pitously,
And therewithall the fire of jalousie
(Left that his wif shuld fall in som folie)
So brent his herte that he wolde fain
That som man had both him and hire yslein;
For nother after his deth pe in his lif
Ne wold he that she were no love ne wif,
But ever live as a widewe in clothes blake,
Sole as the turtle that hath lost hire make.
But at the last, after a moneth or tway,
His forwe gan asswagen, soth to say;
For whan he wist it might non other be,
He patiently toke his adversitee;
Save out of doute he ne may nat forgon
That he n'as jalous ever more in on;
Which jalousie it was so outrageous,
That neither in halle, ne in non other hous,
Ne in non other place never the mo,
He n'olde suffre hire for to ride or go,
But if that he had honde on hire alway;
For which ful often wepeth freshe May,
That loveth Damian so brenningly,
That she moste either dien sodenly
Or elles she moste han him as hire left:
She waited whan hire herte wold to-brest.

Upon that other side Damian
Becomen is the forwefullest man
That ever was, for neither night ne day
Ne might he speke a word to freshe May,
As to his purpos, of no swiche matere,
But if that January must it here,
That had an hand upon hire evermo;
But nathelcs by writing to and fro,
And priver signes, wist he what she ment,
And she knew eke the fin of his entent.

O January! what might it thee avail
Though thou mightst seen as fer as hippes sail?
For as good as blind to deceived be
As be deceived whan a man may see.

Lo Argus, which that had an hundred eyen,
For all that ever he coude pore or prien,
Yet was he blent, and, God wot, so ben mo,
That wenen willy that it be not so.
Passe over is an ele; I say no more.

This freshe May, of which I spake of yore,
In warm wex hath enprinted the cliket
That January bare of the final wiket,
By which into his gardin oft he went,
And Damian, that knew all hire entent,
The cliket contrefeted prively:
Ther n'is no more to say, but hastily
Som wonder by this cliket shal betide,
Which ye shul heren if ye wol abide.

O noble Ovide! soth sayest thou, God wote,
What sleight is it, if Love be long and hote,
That he n'll find it out in som manere?
By Pyramus and Thisbe may men lere;
Though they were kept ful long and streit over all,
They ben accorded, rowning thurgh a wall,
Ther no wight coude han founden swiche alleighte.
But now to purpos. Er that daies eighte
Were passed of the month of jui, befill
That January hath caught to gret a will,
Thurgh egging of his wif, him for to play
In his gardin, and no wight but they tway,
That in a morwe unto this May said he,
Rise up, my wif, my love, my lady free!
The turtles vois is herd, myn owen swete!
The winter is gon, with all his raines wete.
Come forth now with thin eyen columbine;
Wel fairer ben thy brefts than any wyne.
The gardin is enclosed all aboute;
Come forth, my white spouse, for out of doute
Thou hast me wounded in myn herte, o wif!
No spot in thee n'as never in all thy lif.
Come forth, and let us taken our disport;
I cheste thee for my wif and my comfort.

Swiche olde lewed wordes used he.
On Damian a signe made he,
That he shuld go before with his cliket.
This Damian hath opened the wiket,
And in he stert, and that in swiche manere
That no wight might him see neyther yhere,
And still he sit under a bush. Anon
This January, as blind as is a ston,
With Maius in his hand, and no wight mo,
Into this freshe gardin is ago,
And clappet to the wiket sodenly.

Now wif, quod he, here n'is but thou and I,
That art the creature that I best love;
For by that Lord that sit in heaven above
I hadde lever dien on a knif
Than thee offenden, dere trewe wif.
For Geddes sake thinke how I thee cheere,
Not for no covetise douteles,
But only for the love I had to thee.
And though that I be old and may not see,
Beth to me trewe, and I wol tell you why;
Certes three thinges shal ye win therby:
First love of Crist, and to yourself honour,
And all min heritage, toun and tour;
I yeve it you, maketh chartres as you list;
This shal be don to-morwe er sonne rest.

So wisly God my soule bring to blisse :
I pray you on this covenant ye me kisse.
And though that I be jalous wite me nought;
Ye ben so depe enprinted in my thought,
That whan that I consider your beautee,
And therewithall the unlikely elde of me,
I may not certes, though I shulde die,
Forbere to ben out of your compaignie
For veray love; this is withouten doute :
Now kisse me, wif, and let us rome aboute.

This freshe May, whan the thife wordes herd,
Benignly to January answerd,
But first and forward she began to wepe :
I have, quod she, a soule for to kepe
As wel as ye, and also min honour,
And of my wifhood, thilke tendre flour
Which that I have assured in your hond,
Whan that the preest to you my body bond,
Wherefore I wol answer in this manere,
With leve of you, myn owen lord so dere.

I pray to God that never daw that day
That I ne starve, as soule as woman may,
If ever I do unto my kin that shame,
Or elles I empeire so my name.
That I be false; and if I do that lakke,
Do stripen me and put me in a sakke,
And in the nexte river do me drenche :
I am a gentil woman and no wenche.
Why speke ye thus? but men ben ever untrewre,
And women han represe of you ay newe.
Ye con non other daliance, I leve,
But speke to us as of untruff and repreve.

And with that word she saw wher Damian
Sat in the bush, and coughen she began;
And with hire finger a signe made she
That Damian shulde climb up on a tre
That charged was with fruit, and up he went;
For veraily he new all hire entent,
And every signe that she coude make,
Wel bet than January her own make;
For in a lettre she had told him all
Of this matere, how that he werken shall.
And thus I let him sitting in the pery,
And January and May roming ful mery.

Bright was the day, and blew the firmament;
Phebus of gold his fliemes down hath sent
To gladen every flour with his warmnesse;
He was that time in Geminis I gesse,
But litel fro his declination
Of Cancer, Joves exaltation.
And so befell in that bright morwe tide,
That in the gardin, on the fether side,
Pluto that is the King of Faerie,
And many a ladie in his compaignie
Folwing his wif, the Quene Proserpina,
Which that he ravished out of Ethna,
While that the gadred floures in the mede,
(In Claudian ye may the story rede,
How that hire in his grisly carte he sette)
This King of Faerie adoun him sette
Upon a benche of turves freshe and grene,
And right anon thus said he to his quene :

My wif, quod he, ther may no wight say nay,
The experience so preveth it every day,

The trefon which that woman doth to man :
Ten hundred thousand stories tell I can
Notable of your untrouth and brotelnesse.

O Salomon! richest of all richesse,
Fulfilled of sapience and wordly glorie,
Ful worthy ben thy wordes to memorie
To every wight that wit and reson can.
Thus praiseth he the bountee yet of man;
Among a thousand men yet fond I on,
But of all women fond I never non.

Thus saith this king, that knewe your wickednesse;
And Jesus, *filius* Sirach, as I gesse,
He speketh of you but selden reverence.
A wilde fire, a corrupt pestilence,
So fall upon your bodies yet to-night,
Ne see ye not this honourable knight;
Because, alas! that he is blind and old
His owen man shal make him cokewold;
Lo wher he sit, the lechour, in the tre,
Now wol I graunten of my majestee
Unto this olde blinde worthy knight,
That he shal have again his eyen light
Whan that his wif wol don him vilanie,
Than shal he knowen all hire harlotrie,
Both in represe of hire and other mo.

Ye, Sire, quod Proserpine, and wol ye so?
Now by my modre Ceres soule I swere
That I shal yeve hire sufficient answer,
And alle women after for hire sake,
That though they ben in any gilt ytake,
With face bold they shul hemselve excuse,
And bere hem down that wolden hem accuse;
For lacke of answer non of us shul dien.
Al had ye seen a thing with both your eyen,
Yet shul we so visage it hardely,
And wepe, and swere, and chiden, subtilly,
That ye shul ben as lewed as ben gees.

What rekketh me of your auctoritees?
I wote wel that this Jewe, this Salomon,
Fond of us women foolles many on;
But though that he ne fond no good woman,
Ther hath yfonden many an other man
Women ful good, and trewe and vertuou,
Witnesse on hem that dwelte in Cristes hous;
With martyrdom they preved hir constance.
The Roman gesses maken remembrance
Of many a veray trewe wif also.

But, Sire, ne be not wroth al be it so,
Though that he said he fond no good woman;
I pray you take the sentence of the man:
He ment thus, that in sovercin bountee
N'is non but God, no, nouthur he ne she.

Ey, for the veray God that n'is but on,
What maken ye so moche of Salomon?
What though he made a temple, Goddes hous?
What though he were riche and glorios?
So made he eke a temple of false goddes;
How might he don a thing that more forbode is?
Parde as faire as ye his name emplastre,
He was a lechour and an idolastre,
And in his elde he veray God forsoke;
And if that God ne hadde (as saithe the boke)
Spared him for his fathers sake, he shoulde
Han lost his regne rather than he wolde.

THE MARCHANTES TALE.

I fete nat of all the vilanie
That he of women wrote a botterflic.
I am a woman; nedes moſte I ſpeke,
Or ſwell unto that time min herte breke:
For ſin he ſaid that we ben janglerettes,
As ever mote I brouken hole my trefſes,
I ſhal nat ſparen for no curteſie
To ſpeke him harm that ſayth us vilanie.

Dame, quod this Pluto, be no lenger wroth,
I yeve it up: but ſin I ſwore min oth,
That I wold graunten him his ſight again,
My word ſhal ſtand, that warne I you certain:
I am a king, it fit me not to lie.
And I, quod ſhe, am Quene of Faerie.
Hire anſwere ſhe ſhal han I undertake;
Let us no more wordes of it make.
Forſoth, quod he, I wol you not contrary.

Now let us turn again to January,
That in the gardin with his faire May
Singeth wel merier than the poppingay;
You love I beſt, and ſhal, and other non.

So long about the alleyes is he gon,
Til he was comen again to thiſke pery
Wher as this Damian ſitteth ful mery
On high, among the freſhe leves grene.

This freſhe May, that is ſo bright and ſhene,
Can for to like, and ſaid, Alas, my ſide!
Now, Sire, quod ſhe, for ought that may betide,
I moſte have of the peres that I ſee,
Or I moſte die, ſo ſore longeth me
To eten of the ſmale peres grene;
Help for hire love that is of heven quene.
I tell you wel a woman in my plit
May have to fruit ſo gret an appetit,
That ſhe may dien but ſhe of it have.

Alas! quod he, that I n'adde here a knave
That coude climbe: alas! alas! (quod he)
For I am blinde. Ye, Sire, no force, quod ſhe;
But wold ye voucherauf, for Goddes ſake,
The pery in with your armes for to take,
(For wel I wot that ye miſtruſten me)
Than wold I climben wel ynough, (quod ſhe)
So I my fote might ſetten on your back.

Certes, ſaid he, therin ſhal be no lack,
Might I you helpen with min herte blood.

He ſtoupeth down, and on his back ſhe ſtood,
And caught hire by a twiſt; and up ſhe goth.
(Ladies, I pray you that ye be not wroth;
I can nat gloſe; I am a rude man:)
And ſodenly anon this Damian
Can pullen up the ſmock, and in he throng.

And whan that Pluto ſaw this grete wrong,
To January he yaf again his ſight,
And made him ſee as wel as ever he might;
And whan he thus had caught his ſight again
Ne was ther never man of thing ſo fain:
But on his wiſ his thought was ever mo.

Up to the tree he caſt his eyen two,

And ſaw how Damian his wife had dreſſed
In ſwiche manere it may not ben expreſſed,
But if I wolde ſpeke uncurteily;
And up he yaf a roring and a cry,
As doth the mother whan the child ſhal die:
Out! helpe! alas! harow! he gan to cry;
O ſtronge lady ſtore, what doeſt thou?
And ſhe answered, Sire, what aileth you?
Have patience and reſon in your minde,
I have you holpen on both your eyen blinde.
Up peril of my ſoule, I ſhal nat lien,
As me was taught to helpen with your eyen
Was nothing better for to make you ſee
Than ſtrogel with a man upon a tree:
God wot, I did it in ful good entent.

Strogel! quod he; ye, algate in it went.
Gode yeve you both on ſhames deth to dien;
He ſwived thee, I ſaw it with min eyen,
And elles be I honged by the halfe.

Than is, quod ſhe, my medicine al falſe;
For certainly if that ye mighten ſee,
Ye wold not ſay thiſe wordes unto me.
Ye have ſom glimſing, and no parſit ſight.

I ſee, quod he, as wel as ever I might
(Thanked be God) with both min eyen two,
And by my feith me thought he did thee ſo.
Ye maſe, ye maſen, good Sire, quod ſhe;
This thank have I for I have made you ſee:
Alas! quod ſhe, that ever I was ſo kind.

Now Dame, quod he, let al paſſe out of mind;
Come down, my leſe, and if I have miſſaid,
God helpe me ſo as I am evil appaid:
But by my ſadres ſoule I wende have ſein
How that this Damian had by thee kein,
And that thy ſmock had lein upon his breſt.

Ye, Sire, quod ſhe, ye may wene as you leſt:
But, Sire, a man that weketh of his ſlepe,
He may not ſodenly wel taken kepe
Upon a thing, ne ſeen it parſily,
Til that he be adawed veraily:
Right ſo a man that lang hath blind ybe,
He may not ſodenly ſo wel yſee,
Fiſt whan his ſight is newe comen again,
As he that hath a day or two yſcin.
Til that your ſight yſateled be a while,
Ther may ful many a ſighte you begile.
Beware, I pray you, for by heven King
Ful many a man weneth to ſee a thing,
And it is all another than it ſemeth:
He which that miſconceiveth oft miſdemeth.

And with that word ſhe lep down fro the tree
This January who is glad but he?
He kiſſeth hire and clippeth hire ful oft,
And on hire wombe he ſtoketh hire ful ſoft,
And to his paleis home he hath hire lad.
Now, goode men, I pray you to be glad.

Thus endeth here my Tale of Januarie;
God bleſſe us, and his moder Seinte Marie!

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THE SQUIERES PROLOGUE.

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THE SQUIERES PROLOGUE.

By Goddes mercy, sayde our Hoste tho,
Now swiche a wif I preie God kepe me fro.
Lo, swiche sleighes and subtiltees
In women ben; for ay as besy as bees
Ben they us sely men for to deceiue,
And from a sothe wol they ever weie:
By this Marchantes Tale it preveth wel.
But natheles, as trewe as any stele
I have a wif, though that she poure be,
But of hire tonge a labbing shrewe is she;
And yet she hath an hepe of vices mo.
Therof no forcē; let all swiche thinges go.
But wete ye what? in conseil be it seyde,
Me reweth for I am unto hire teyde;
For and I shulde rekene every vice
Which that she hath, ywis I were to nice;

And cause why, it shulde reported be
And told to hire of som of this compaignie,
(Of whom it nedeth not for to declare,
Sin women connen utter swiche chaffare)
And eke my wit sufficeth not therto
To tellen all; wherefore my Tale is do.

Squier, come ner, if it youre wille be,
And say somwhat of love, for certes ye
Connen theron as moche as any man.
Nay, Sire, quod he, but swiche thing as I can
With hertly wille, for I wol not rebelle
Again your lust, a Tale wol I telle.
Have me excused if I speke amis:
My wille is good; and lo, my Tale is this.

THE SQUIERES TALE*.

At Sarra, in the lond of Tartarie,
Ther dwelt a king that werreid Ruffie,
Thurgh which ther died many a doughty man.
This noble king was cleped Cambuscan,
Which in his time was of so gret renoun,
That ther n'as no wher in no regioun

So excellent a lorde in alle thinge.
Him lacked nought that longeth to a king,
As of the secte of which that he was borne.
He kept his lay to which he was ysworne,
And therto he was hardy, wife, and riche,
And pitous and just, and alway yliche,
Trewe of his word, benigne and honourable,
Of his corage as any centre stable,
Yong, freshe, and strong, in armes defirous,
As any bachelor of all his hous.
A faire person he was and fortunate,
And kept alway so wel real estat,

* The King of Araba sendith to Cambuscan King of Sarra a horse and a sword of rare qualite, and to his daughter Canace a glaſs and a ring, by the virtue whereof the underſtandeth the language of all fowles. Much of this Tale is either lost or else never finished by Chaucer.
Vrry.

That ther n'as no wher swiche another man.

This noble king, this Tartre Cambuscan,
Hadde two sones by Elfeta his wif,
Of which the eldest sone highte Algaris,
That other was ycleped Camballo.

A doughter had this worthy king also,
That yongest was, and highte Canace;
But for to tellen you all hire beautee
It lith not in my tonge ne in my conning;
I dare not undertake so high a thing:
Min English eke is insufficient;
It muste ben a rethor excellent,
That coude his colours longing for that art,
If he shuld hire descriven ony part:
I am non swiche; I mote speke as I can.

And so befel that whan this Cambuscan
Hath twenty winter borne his diademe,
As he was wont fro yere to yere I deme,
He let the feste of his nativitee
Don crien thurghout Sarra his citee
The last idus of March after the yere.

Phebus the sonne ful jolif was and clere,
Fer he was nigh his exaltation
In Martes face, and in his mansion
In Aries, the colerike bote signe:
Ful lusty was the wether and benigne,
For which the foules again the soane thene:
What for the seson and the yonge grene
Ful longe songen hir affections:
Hem semed han gotten hem protections
Again the swerd of winter kene and cold.

This Cambuscan, of which I have you told,
In real vestiments, sit on his deis
With diademe, ful high in paleis,
And holt his feste so solempne and so riche,
That in this world ne was ther non it liche,
Of which if I shall tellen all the array,
Than wold it occupie a somers day;
And eke it nedeth not for to devise
At every cours the order of hir service:
I wol not tellen of hir strange sewes,
Ne of hir swannes ne hir heronsewes:
Eke in that lond, as tellen knightes old,
Ther is som mete that is ful deintee hold,
That in his lond men recche of it ful smal:
Ther n'is no man that may reporten al.
I wol not tarien you, for it is prime,
And for it is no fruit, but losse of time;
Unto my purpos I wol have recours.

And so befelle, that after the thridde cours,
While that this king sit thus in his nobley,
Herking his ministralles hir thinges pley,
Beforne him at his bord deliciously,
In at the halle dore al sodenly
Ther came a knight upon a stede of bras,
And in his hond a brod mirrour of glas;
Upon his thombe he had of gold a ring,
And by his side a naked-swerd hanging;
And up he rideth to the highe bord.
In all the halle ne was ther spoke a word
For mervaille of this knight; him to behold
Ful besily they waiten yong and old.

This strange knight that come this sodenly,
Al armed save his hed ful richely,

Salueth king and queene, and lordes alle,
By order as they faten in the halle,
With so high reverence and obseverance,
As wel in speche as in his contenance,
That Gawain with his olde curtesie;
Though he were come agen out of Faerie,
Ne coude him not amenden with a word:
And after this befor the highe bord
He with a manly vois sayd his message,
After the forme used in his langage,
Withouten vice of fillable or of letter:
And for his tale shulde seme the better,
Accordant to his wordes was his chere,
As techeth art of speche hem that it lere.
Al be it that I cannot sounne his stile,
Ne cannot climben over so high a stile,
Yet say I this, as to comun entent,
Thus much amounteth all that ever he ment.
If it so be that I have it in mind.

He sayd, The King of Arabie and of Inde,
My liege Lord, on this solempne day,
Salueth you as he best can and may,
And fendeth you, in honour of your feste,
By me, that am al redy at your heste,
This stede of bras, that esily and wel
Can in the space of a day naturel
(This is to sayn, in four-and-twenty houres).
Wher so you list, in drought or elles shoures,
Beren your body into every place
To which your herte willet for to pace,
Withouten wemme of you thurgh foule or faire;
Or if you list to fleen as high in the aire
As doth an egle, whan him list,
This same stede shal bere you evermore,
Withouten harme, till ye be ther you left,
(Though that ye slepen on his back or rest)
And turne again with writhing of a pin;
He that it wrought he coude many a gin;
He waited many a constellation
Or he had don this operation,
And knew ful many a sele and many a bond.

This mirrour eke that I have in min hond
Hath swiche a might that men may in it see
Whan ther shal falle ony adverteece
Unto your regne or to yourself also,
And openly who is your friend or fo;
And over all this, if any lady bright
Hath set hire herte on any maner wight,
If he be false, she shall his treson see,
His newe love, and all his subtiltee,
So openly, that ther shal nothing hide.

Wherefore again this lusty somer tide
This mirrour and this ring, that ye may se,
He hath sent to my Lady Canace,
Your excellent daughter that is here.

The vertue of this ring, if ye wol here,
Is this, that if hire list it for to were
Upon hire thombe, or in hire purse it bere,
Ther is no foule that fleeth under heven
That she ne shal wel understond his steven,
And know his mening openly and plaine,
And answer him in his langage again;
And every gras that groweth upon rote
She shal eke know, and whom it wol do bote,

All be his woundes never so depe and wide.

This naked swerd, that hangeth by my side,
Swiche vertue hath, that what man that it smite,
Thurghout his armure it wol kerve and bite,
Were it as thicke as is a braunched oke;
And what man that is wounded with the stroke
Shal never be hole, til that you list of grace
To stroken him with the platte in thilke place.
Ther he is hurt; this is as much to fain
Ye moten with the platte swerd again
Stroken him in the wound and it wol close.
This is the veray soth withouten glose:
It failleth not while it is in your hold.

And whan this knight hath thus his tale told
He rideth out of halle, and down he light.
His stede, which that shone as sonne bright,
Stant in the court as stille as any ston.
This knight is to his chambre ladde anon,
And is unarmed, and to the mete yfette.
Thilke presents ben ful richelich yfette,
This is to fain, the swerd and the mirrour,
And borne anon into the highe tour
With certain officers ordained therfore;
And unto Canace the ring is bore
Solempnely, ther the fat at the table.
But fikerly, withouten any fable,
The hors of bras, that may not be remued,
It stant as it were to the ground yglued:
Ther may no man out of the place it drive
For non engine of windas or polive:
And cause why, for they con not the craft,
And therfore in the place they han it laft
Til that the knight taught hem the manere
To voiden him, as ye shal after here.

Gret was the prees that swarmed to and fro
To gauren on this hors that stondeth so;
For it so high was, and so brod and long,
So wel proportioned for to be strong,
Right as it were a stede of Lumbardie,
Therwith so horfly and so quick of eye
As it a gentil Poileis courser were;
For certes fro his tayl unto his ere
Nature ne art ne coud him not amend
In no degree, as all the peple wend.

But evermore hir moste wonder was
How that it coude gon and was of bras:
It was of Faerie, as the peple semed:
Diverse folk diversely han demed:
As many heds as many wittes ben.
They murmured as doth a swarme of been,
And maiden skilles after hir fantasies,
Reherfing of the olde poetries,
And sayd it was ylike the Pegasee,
The hors that hadde winges for to flee,
Or elles it was the Grekes hors Sinon,
That broughte Troye to destruction,
As men moun in thise olde gestes rede.

Min herte (quod on) is evermore in drede;
I trow som men of armes ben therin,
That shapen hem this citee for to win:
It were right good that al swiche thing were know.
Another rowned to his felaw low,
And sayd, He lieth, for it is rather like
An apparence ymade by som magike,

As jogelours plaien at thise festes grette.
Of sondry doutes thus they jangle and trette,
As lewed peple demen comunly
Of thinges that ben made more subtilly
Than they can in hir lewednesse comprehend:
They demen gladly to the badder ende.

And som of hem wondred on the mirrour,
That born was up in to the maister tour,
How men mighte in it swiche thinges see.

Another answered and sayd, It might wel be
Naturally by compositions
Of angles and sie refledions;
And saide that in Rome was swiche on,
They speke of Alhazen and Vitellon,
And Aristotle, that writen in hir lives
Of queinte mirrours and of prospective,
As knownen they that han hir bookes herd.

And other folk han wondred on the swerd,
That wolde percen thurghout every thing;
And fell in speche of Telephus the king,
And of Achilles for his queinte spere,
For he coude with it bothe hele and dere,
Right in swiche wise as men may with the swerd
Of which right now ye have yourselven herd.
They speken of sondry harding of metall,
And speken of medicines therwithall,
And how and whan it shuld yharded be,
Which is unknow algates unto me.

Tho spoken they of Canacees ring,
And saiden all that swiche a wonder thing
Of craft of ringes herd they never non,
Save that he Moises and King Salomon
Hadden a name of conning in swiche art,
Thus fain the peple, and drawn hem apart.

But natheles som saiden that it was
Wonder to maken of ferne ashen glas,
And yet is glas nought like ashen of ferne;
But for they han yknownen it so ferne,
Therfore cesech hir jangling and hir wonder.
As fore wondren som on cause of thonder,
On ebbe and floud, on gossomer and on mist,
And on all thing til that the cause is wist.

Thus janglen they, and demen and devise,
Til that the king gan fro his bord arise.
Phebus hath left the angle meridional,
And yet ascending was the heste real,
The gentil Leon, with his Aldrian,
Whan that this Tartre king, this Cambuscan,
Rose from his bord, ther as he sat ful hie;
Before him goth the loude minstrelcie,
Til he come to his chambre of parements,
Ther as they founden divers instruments,
That it is like an heven for to here.

Now dauncen lusty Venus children dere,
For in the Fish hir lady sat ful hie,
And loketh on hem with a frendly eye.

This noble king is set upon his trone,
This straunge knight is fet to him ful sone,
And on the daunce he goth with Canace.

Here is the revell and the jolitee,
That is not able a dull man to devise:
He must han knowen Love and his servise,
And ben a festlich man, as fresh as May,
That shulde you devise swiche array.

Who coude tellen you the forme of daunces
So uncouth, and so freshe contenaunces,
Swiche subtil lokings and diffimulings,
For dred of jalous mennes apperceivings?
No man but Launcelot, and he is ded;
Therefore I passe over all this lustyhed;
I say no more, but in this jolineffe
I lete hem til men to the souper hem dresse.

The steward bit the spices for to hie,
And eke the win, in all this melodie;
The ushers and the squierie ben gon,
The spices and the win is come anon:
They ete and drinke, and whan this had an end
Unto the temple, as reson was, they wend:
The service don, they soupen all by day.

What nedeth you reherlen hir array?
Eche man wot wel that at a kinges fest
Is plentee to the most and to the left,
And deintees mo than ben in my knowing.

At after souper goth this noble king
To seen this hors of bras, with all a route
Of lordes and of ladies him aboute.
Swiche wondring was ther on this hors of bras,
That fin the gret asscege of Troye was
Ther as men wondred on an hors also,
Ne was ther swiche a wondring as was tho.
But, finally, the king asketh the knight
The vertue of this courser and the might,
And praied him to tell his governaunce.

This hors anon gan for to trip and daunce.
Whan that the knight laid hond up on his rein,
And saide, Sire, ther n'is no more to fain,
But whan you list to rideen any where
Ye moten trill a pin stant in his ere,
Which I shal tellen you betwixt us two,
Ye moten nempne him to what place also,
Or to what contree that you list to ride.

And whan ye come ther as you list abide,
Bid him descend, and trill another pin,
(For therin lieth the effect of all the gin)
And he wol down defend and don your will,
And in that place he wol abiden still;
Though all the world had the contrary swore,
He shal not thennes be drawe ne be bore:
Or if you list to bid him thennes gon,
Trille this pin, and he wol vanish anon
Out of the sight of every maner wight,
And come agen, be it by day or night,
Whan that you list to clepen him again
In swiche a guise as I shal to you fain
Betwixen you and me, and that ful sone.
Ride whan you list, ther n'is no more to done.

Enfourmed whan the king was of the knight,
And hath conceived in his wit aright
The maner and the forme of all this thing,
Ful glad and blith this noble doughty king
Repaireth to his revel as before.
The baidel is in to the tour yborne,
And kept among his jewels lese and dere:
The hors vanish, I n'ot in what manere,
Out of hir sight, ye get no more of me:
But thus I lete in lust and jolitee
This Cambuscan his lordes festeyng
Til that wel nigh the day began to spring.

Parti secunda.

The notice of digestion, the slepe,
Gan on hem winke, and bad hem taken kepe
That mochel drinke and labour wol have rest,
And with a galping mouth hem all he kest,
And said, that it was time to lie adoun,
For blood was in his dominatioun:
Cheriseth blood, natures frend, quod he.

They thanken him galping, by two, by three;
And every wight gan drawe him to his rest,
As slepe hem bade; they toke it for the best.

Hir dremes shal not now be told for me;
Ful were hir hedes of fumositee,
That causeth dreame, of which ther is no charge:
They slepen till that it was prime large,
The moste part, but it were Canace;
She was ful mesurable, as women be;
For of hire father had the take hire leve
To gon to rest sone after it was eve;
Here liste not appalled for to be,
Nor on the morwe uneffliche for to see,
And slept hire firste slepe, and than awoke:
For swiche a joy she in hire herte toke
Both of hire queinte ring and of hire mirroure,
That twenty time she chaunged hire colour.
And in hire slepe right for the impressioun
Of hire mirroure she had a visioun;
Wherefore or that the sonne gan up glide
She clepeth upon hire maistresse hire beside,
And saide that hire luste for to arise.

This olde woman that ben gladly wise,
As is hire maistresse, answerd hire anon,
And said, Madam, whider wol ye gon
Thus erly? for the folk ben all in rest.

I wol, quod she, arisen (for me lest
No longer for to slepe) and walken aboute.

Hire maistresse clepeth women a gret route,
And up they risen wel a ten or twelve;
Up riseth freshe Canace hireselve,
As rody and bright as the yonge sonne
That in the Ram is foure degrees yronne;
No higher was he whan she redy was;
And forth she walketh esily a pas,
Arrayed after the lusty seson-fote
Lightly for to playe, and walken on fote,
Nought but with five or fixe of hire meinie,
And in a trence forth in the park goth she.

The vapour which that fro the erthe glode
Maketh the sonne to seme rody and brode;
But natheles it was so faire a sight
That it made all hir hertes for to light,
What for the seson and the morwening,
And for the foules that she herde sing,
For right anon the wise what they ment
Right by hir song, and knew al hir entent.

The knotte why that every tale is tolde,
If it be taried til the lust be colde
Of hem that han it herkened after yore,
The favour passeth ever longer the more
For fulsumnesse of the prolixitee;
And by that same reson thinketh me
I shuld unto the knotte condescende,
And maken of hire walking sone an ende.

Amide a tree for-dry, as white as chalk,
As Canace was playing in hire walk,
Ther sat a faucon over hire hed ful hie
That with a pitous vois so gan to crie,
That all the wood resounded of hire cry,
And beten had hire self so pitously
With both hire winges til the rede blood
Ran endelclog the tree ther as the stood;
And ever in on alway she cried and shrighit,
And with hire bek hire selfen she so twighit,
That ther n'is tigre ne no cruel best
That dwelleth other in wood or in forest
That n'olde han wept, if that he wepen coude,
For sorwe of hire, the shrighit alway so loude.

For ther was never yet no man on live,
If that he coude a faucon wel descrive,
That herde of swiche another of fayrenesse
As wel of plumage as of gentillese
Of shape, of all that might yrekened be:
A faucon peregrine fened the
Of fremde lond, and ever as the stood
She fowned now and now for lack of blood,
Til wel neigh is the fallen fro the tree.

This faire kinges daughter Canace,
That on hire finger bare the queinte ring,
Thurgh which she understood wel every thing
That any foule may in his leden fain,
And coude answer him in his leden again,
Hath understonden what this faucon seyde,
And wel neigh for the routhe almost the deyde;
And to the tree she goth ful hastily,
And on this faucon loketh pitously,
And held hire lap abroad, for wel she wist
The faucon muste fallen from the twist
Whan that she fowned next, for faute of blood,
A longe while to waiten hire she stood,
Til at the last she spake in this manere
Unto the hawk, as ye shul after here:

What is the cause, if it be for to tell,
That ye ben in this furial peine of hell?
Quod Canace unto this hawk above;
Is this for sorwe of deth or losse of love?
For as I trow this be the causes two
That causen most a gentil herte wo.
Of other harme it nedeth not to speke,
For ye yourself upon yourself awreke,
Which preveth wel that other ire or drede
Mote ben enecheson of your cruel dede,
Sin that I se non other wight you chace.
For the love of God as doth yourselfen grace;
Or what may be your helpe? for west ne est
Ne saw I never er now no brid ne best
That ferde with himself so pitously.
Ye se me with your sorwe veraily,
I have of you so gret compassioun.
For Goddes love come fro the tree adoun,
And as I am a kinges daughter trewe,
If that I veraily the causes knewe
Of your disese, if it lay in my might
I wold amend it or that it were night,
As wily help me the gret God of kind;
And herbes shal I right ynough yfind
To helen with your hurtles hastily.

Tho shrighit this faucon yet more pitously
Than ever the did, and fell to ground anon;
And lith aswoun as ded as lith a ston,

Vol. I.

Til Canace hath in hire lappe hire take
Unto that time she gan of swoun awake,
And after that the out of swoun abraide
Right in hire haukes leden thus she sayde:

That pitee renneth fone in gentil herte
(Feling his similitude in peines inerte)
Is proved alle day, as men may see
As wel by werke as by auctoritee,
For gentil herte kitheth gentillese.
I see wel that ye have on my distreise
Compassioun, my faire Canace,
Of veray womanly benighted
That Nature in your principles hath set,
But for non hope for to fare the bet,
But for to obey unto your herte free,
And for to maken other yware by me,
As by the welpe chastised is the leon,
Right for that cause and that conclusion,
While that I have a leiser and a space,
Min harme I wol confessen er I pace.
And ever while that on hire sorwe told
That other wept as she to water wold,
Til that the faucon bad hire to be still,
And with a sike right thus she said hire till:

Ther I was bred (alas that ilke day!)
And fostred in a roche of marble gray
So tendrely, that nothing ailed me;
I ne wist not what was adversitee
Til I coude flee full high under the stie.

Tho dwelled a tercelet me faste by
That fened welles of alle gentillese,
Al were he ful of trefon and falsenese.
It was so wrapped under humble chere,
And under hew of trouth in swiche manere,
Under plesance, and under bely peine,
That no wight coude have wend he coude feine,
So depe in greyn he died his coloures,
Right as a serpent hideth him under floures;
Til he may see his time for to bite,
Right to this god of Loves hypocrite
Doth fo his ceremonies and obeisance,
And kepeth in semblaunt alle his observance
That souneth unto gentillese of love.
As on a tombe is all the faise above,
And under is the corpe, swiche as ye wote,
Swiche was this hypocrite both cold and hote,
And in this wise he served his entent,
That save the fend non wiste what he ment,
Til he so long had weped and complained,
And many a yere his service to me fained,
Til that min herte, to pitous and to nice,
Al innocent of his crowned malice,
For-fered of his deth, as thoughte me,
Upon his othes and his seuretee
Graunted him love on this condition,
That evermo min honour and renoun
Were saved, both priver and apert;
This is to say, that after his desert
I yave him all min herte and all my thought,
(God wote and he that other wayes nought)
And toke his herte in chaunge of min for ay,
But soth is said, gen stichen is many a day
A trewe wight and a theef thinken not on.
And whan he saw the thing so far ygon,
That I had granted him fully my love,
In swiche a guise as I have said above,

G

And yeven him my trewe herte as free
 As he swore that he yaf his herte to me,
 Anon this tigre, ful of doubleness,
 Fell on his knees with so gret humblesse,
 With so high reverence, as by his chere,
 So like a gentil lover of manere,
 So ravished, as it semed, for the joye, alle bevyng
 That never Jason ne Paris of Troye,
 Jason! certes no never other man
 Sin Lameche was, that alderfirst began
 To loven two, as writen folk beforne,
 Ne never sithen the first man was borne,
 Ne coude man by twenty thousand part
 Contrefete the sophimes of his art,
 Ne were worthy to unboole his galochie,
 Ther doubleness of faining shuld approche,
 Ne coude so thanke a wight as he did me.
 His maner was an heven for to see
 To any woman, were he never so wife,
 So painted he and kempt at point devise
 As wel his wordes as his contenance;
 And I so loved him for his obeisance,
 And for the trouthe I denied in his herte,
 That if so were that any thing him smerte,
 Al were it never so lye, and I it wist,
 Me thought I felt deth at myn herte twist.
 And, shortly, so forforth this thing is went,
 That my will was his willes instrument,
 This is to say, my will obeyed his will
 In alle thing, as fer as reson fill,
 Keping the boundes of my worship ever,
 Ne never had I thing so lese ne lever
 As him, God wot, ne never shal no mo.
 This lasteth longer than a yere or two,
 That I supposed of him nought but good;
 But, finally, thus at the last it stood,
 That Fortune wolde that he muſte twine
 Out of that place which that I was in,
 Wher me was wo it is no question;
 I cannot make of it description,
 For o thing dare I tellen boldly,
 I know what is the peine of deth therby,
 Swiche harme I felt, for he ne might byleve,
 So on a day of me he toke his leve,
 So forweful eke, that I wend veraily,
 That he had felt as moche harme as I,
 Whan that I herd him speke and saw his hewe
 But natheles I thought he was so trewe,
 And eke that he repairen shuld again
 Within a litel while, soth for to fain,
 And reson wold eke that he muſte go
 For his honour, as often happeth so,
 That I made vertue of necessitee,
 And toke it wel sin that it muſte be,
 As I best might I hid from him my sorwe,
 And toke him by the hond, Saint John to borwe,
 And said him thus, Lo, I am youre all,
 Beth swiche as I have ben to you and shall.
 What he answerd it nedeth not reserle;
 Who can say bet than he, who can do werse?
 Whan he hath al wel said than hath he done,
 Therefore behoveth him a ful long sponne
 That shal ete with a fend; thus herd I say.
 So at the last he muſte forth his way;
 Whan forth he fleeth, til he come ther him left,
 Whan it came him to purpos for to rest,

I trow that he had thilke text in mind,
 That alle thing repairing to his kind
 Gladeth himself; thus fain men as I gesse
 Men loven of propre kind newefangelnesse,
 As briddes don that men in cages fede
 For though thou might and day take of hem hede,
 And strew hir cage faire and soft as silke,
 And give hem sugre, hony, bred, and milke,
 Yet right anon as that his dore is up
 He with his feet wol spurnen doun his cup,
 And to the wood he wol and wormes ete,
 So newefangel ben they of hir mete,
 And loven noveltees of propre kind;
 No gentillesse of blood ne may hem bind.
 So ferd this terecel; alas the day!
 Though he were gentil borne, and fresh, and gay,
 And goodly for to see, and humble, and free,
 He saw upon a time a kite flece,
 And foderly he loved this kite so
 That all his love is clete from me ago,
 And hath his trouthe falsed in this go,
 Thus hath the kite my love in hire service,
 And I am lorn withouten remedy.
 And with that word this faucon gan to cry,
 And fowyneth eft in Canacees barme,
 Gret was the forwe for that haukes harme
 That Canace and all hire women made;
 They n'iften how they might the faucon glade
 But Canace home bereth hire in hire lap,
 And foderly in plaſtres gan hire wrap
 Ther as the with hir bek had hurt hire selfe,
 Now cannot Canace but herbes delve
 Out of the ground, and maken salves newe
 Of herbes precious and fine of hewe
 To helen with this hawk: fro day to night
 She doth hire beneficence and all hire might,
 And by hire beddes hed she made a mew,
 And covered it with velouettes blew,
 In signe of trouth that is in woman fene,
 And all without the mew is painted grene,
 In which were painted all thise false foules,
 As ben thise tidifles, terecelles, and owles,
 And pies, on hem for to cry and chide,
 Right for despit were painted hem beside.
 Thus Jete I Canace hire hawk keeping;
 I wol no more as now speke of hire ring,
 Til it come eft to purpos for to fain,
 How that this faucon gat hire love again
 Repentant, as the story telleth us,
 By mediation of Camballus,
 The kinges sone, of which that I you told;
 But hennesforth I wol my processe hold
 To speke of adventures and of batailles,
 That yet was never herd so gret mervailles,
 First wol I tellen you of a Cambustany
 That in his time many a citee wan;
 And after wol I speke of Algaris,
 How that he wan Theodora to his wif,
 For whom ful oft in gret peril he was,
 Ne had he ben holpen by the hors of bras;
 And after wol I speke of Camballo,
 That fought in liffes with the brethern two
 For Canace, er that he might hire wiune,
 And ther I left I wol again beginne.

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THE FRANKLEINES PROLOGUE.

99

THE FRANKLEINES PROLOGUE.

In faith, Squier, thou hast thee wel yquit,
And gently: I praise wel thy wit,
Quod the Frankelein. Considering thin youthe
So felingly thou spekest, Sire, I aloue the
As to my dome ther is non that is here
Of eloquence that shal be thy pere
If that you live: God yeve thee goode chance;
And in vertue send thee continuance,
For of thy speking I have gret deintee.
I have a sone, and by the Trinitee
It were me lever than twenty pound worth lond,
Though it right now were fallen in my hond,
He were a man of swiche discrecion
As that ye ben. Fic on posselion
But if a man be vertuous withal!
I have my sone snibbed and yet shal,
For he to vertue listeth not to entend,
But for to play at dis and to dispend,
And lese all that he hath, is his usage;
And he had lever talken with a page
Than to commune with any gentil wight
Ther he might lere gentillesse aright.
Straw for your gentillesse! quod our Hoste:
What? Frankelein, parde, Sire, wel thou wost
That eche of you mote tellen at the lest
A Tale or two, or breken his behest.
That know I wel, Sire, quod the Frankelein:
I pray you haveth me not in disdain

Though I to this man speke a word or two,
Tell on thy Tale withouten wordes mo.
Gladly, Sire Hoste, quod he, I wol obey
Unto your will: now herkeneth what I sey!
I wol you not contrarien in no wise,
As fer as that my wittes may suffice.
I pray to God that it may plesen you,
Than wot I wel that is good ynow.
Thise olde gentil Bretons in hir dayes
Of diverse aventures maden layes
Rimeyed in hir firste Breton tonge,
Which layes with hire instruments they longe,
Or elles reddeden hem for hir plesance,
And on of hem have I in remembrance,
Which I shall sayn with good wille as I can.
But, Sires, because I am a borel man,
At my beginning first I you beseeche
Have me excused of my rude speche:
I lerned never rhetorike certain;
Thing that I speke it mote be bare and plain;
I slept never on the Mount of Pernafo,
Ne lerned Marcus Tullius Cicero.
Colours ne know I non, withouten drede,
But swiche colours as growen in the mede,
Or elles swiche as men die with or peinte;
Colours of rhetorike ben to me queinte;
My spirit feleth not of swiche matere;
But if you lust, my Tale shul ye here:

THE FRANKLEINES TALE*.

In Armorique, that called is Bretaigne,
Ther was a knight that loved and did his peine
To serve a ladie in his beste wife,
And many a labour, many a gret emprise,
He for his lady wrought or she were wonne,
For she was on the fairest under soone.

And eke therto comen of so high kinrede
That wel unnethes durst this knight for drede
Tell hire his wo, his peine, and his distresse;
But at the last she for his worthinesse,
And namely for his meke obeyfance,
Hath swiche a pitee caught of his penance,
That prively the fell of his acord
To take him for hire husband and hire lord,
(Of swiche lordship as men han over hir wives)
And, for to lede the more in blisse hir lives,

* Aurelius, after much labour and cost bestowed to win the love of Dorigen, another man's wife, is content in the end, through the good dealing of her and her husband, to lose both his labour and cost. The scope of this Tale lemmeth to be a contention of courtely. Urry.

Of his free will he swore hire as a knight
 That never in all his lif he day ne night
 Ne shulde take upon him no maistrie
 Agains hire will, ne kithe hir jalousie,
 But hire obey, and folwe hire will in al,
 As any lover to his lady shal,
 Save that the name of soverainetee,
 That wold he han for shame of his degree,
 She thonked him, and with ful gret humbleffe
 She faide, Sire, sin of your gentilleffe
 Ye proffren me to have so large a reine,
 Ne wolde God never betwix us tweine,
 As in my gilt, were either werre or strif :
 Sire, I wol be your humble trewe wif,
 Have here my trowth, till that myn herte breste.
 Thus ben they both in quiete and in reste.

For o thing, Sires, fausly dare I seie,
 That frendes everich other must obeie,
 If they wol long holden compaignie :
 Love wol not be constrained by maistrie :
 Whan maistrie cometh, the god of Love anon
 Beteth his winges, and, farewell, he is gon.
 Love is a thing as any spirit free.
 Women of kind desiren libertee,
 And not to be constrained as a thral ;
 And so don men, if fothly I say shal.
 Loke, who that is most patient in love
 He is at his advantage all above.
 Patience is an high vertue certain,
 For it venquisheth, as thise clerkes sain,
 Thingis that rigour never shulde atteine.
 For every word men may not chide or pleine.
 Lerneth to suffren, or, so mote I gon,
 Ye shul it lerne whether ye wol or non ;
 For in this world certain no wight ther is
 That he ne doth or sayth somtime amis.
 Ire, siknesse, or constellation,
 Win, wo, or changing of complexion,
 Causeth ful oft to don amis or speken :
 On every wrong a man may not be wroken.
 After the time must be temperance
 To every wight that can of governance :
 And therefore hath this worthy wise knight
 (To liven in eke) suffrance hire behight,
 And she to him ful wisely gan to swere
 That never shuld ther be defeaute in here.

Here may men seen an humble wise accord ;
 Thus hath she take hire servant and hire lord,
 Servant in love and lord in mariage.
 Than was he both in lordship and servage ?
 Servage ! nay, but in lordship al above,
 Sin he hath both his lady and his love ;
 His lady certes, and his wif also,
 The which that law of love accordeth to.
 And whan he was in this prosperitee
 Home with his wif he goth to his contrée,
 Not fer fro Penmark, ther his dwelling was,
 Wher as he liveth in blisse and in solas.

Who coude telle, but he had wedded be,
 The joye, the eke, and the prosperitee
 That is betwix an husband and his wif ?
 A yere and more lasteth this blisful lif,
 Til that this knight, of which I spake of thus,
 That of Cairrud was cleped Arviragus,

Shope him to gon and dwelle a yere or twaine
 In Englelond, that cleped was eke Bretaigne,
 To seke in armes worship and honour,
 (For all his lust he set in swiche labour)
 And dwelte ther two yere : the book saith thus.

Now wol I stint of this Arviragus,
 And speke I wol of Dorigene his wif,
 That loveth hire husband as hire hertes lif.
 For his absence wepeth she and siketh,
 As don thise noble wives whan hem liketh :
 She morneth, waketh, waileth, fasteth, pleineth :
 Desir of his presence hire so distraineth,
 That all this wide world she set at nought.
 Hire frendes, which that knew hire hevvy thought,
 Comforten hire in all that ever they may :
 hey prechen hire, they telle hire night and day
 That causeles she sleth hireself, alas !
 And every comfort possible in this cas.
 They don to hire with all hire besinneffe,
 Al for to make hire leve hire hevvinesse.

By processe, as ye knowen everich on,
 Men mowe so longe graven in a ston
 Til som figure therin emprented be :
 So long han they comforted hire til she
 Received hath, by hope and by reson,
 The emprenting of hir consolation,
 Thurgh which hire grette sorwe gan assuage :
 She may not alway duren in swiche rage,
 And eke Arviragus, in all this care,
 Hath sent his lettres home of his welfare,
 And that he wol come hastily again,
 Or elles had this sorwe hire herte slain.

Hire frendes saw hire sorwe gan to flake,
 And preiden hire on knees, for Goddes sake,
 To come and romen in hir compaignie,
 Away to driven hire darke fantasie :
 And, finally, she granted that request,
 For wel she saw that it was for the best.
 Now flood hire castel faste by the see,
 And often with hire frendes walked she,
 Hire to disporten on the bank an hie,
 Wher as the many a ship and barge sie
 Sailing hir cours wher as hem list to go :
 But than was that a parcel of hire wo,
 For to hireself ful oft, alas ! said she,
 Is ther no ship, of so many as I see,
 Wol bringen home my lord ? than were my herte
 Al warished of his bitter peines smerte.

Another time wold she sit and thinke,
 And cast hire eyen downward fro the brinke ;
 But whan she saw the grisly rockes blake,
 For veray fere so wold hire herte quake
 That on hire feet she might hire not sustene :
 Than wold she sit adoun upon the grene,
 And pitously into the see behold,
 And say right thus, with careful sikkes cold :

Eterne God ! that thurgh thy purveance
 Ledest this world by certain governance,
 In idel, as men sain, ye nothing make :
 But, Lord ! thise grisly fendly rockes blake,
 That semen rather a soule confusion
 Of werk than any faire creation
 Of swiche a parfit wise God and stable,
 Why han ye wrought this werk unreasonable ?

For by this werk north, south, ne west, ne est,
 Ther n'is yfostred man, ne brid, ne best;
 It doth no good to my wit, but anyeth.
 See ye not, Lord! how mankind it destroyeth?
 An hundred thousand bodies of mankind
 Han rockes slain, al be they not in mind,
 Which mankind is so faire part of thy werk,
 Thou made it like to thyn owen merk.
 Than, semeth it, ye had a gret chertee
 Toward mankind; but how than may it be
 That ye swiche menes make it to destroyen,
 Which menes don no good, but ever anoyen?

I wote wel clerkes wol fain as hem lest,
 By arguments, that all is for the best,
 Though I ne can the causes nought yknow;
 But thilke God that made the wind to blow
 As kepe my lord; this is my conclusion;
 To clerkes lete I all disputation;
 But wolde God that all thise rockes blake
 Were sonken into helle for his sake:
 Thise rockes slee min herte for the fere.
 Thus wold she say with many a pitous tere.

Hire frendes saw that it was no disport
 To romen by the see, but discomfort,
 And shape hem for to plaien somwher elles.
 They leden hire by rivers and by welles,
 And eke in other places delitable;
 They dancen, and they play at ches and tables.
 So on a day, right in the morwe tide,
 Unto a gardin that was ther beside,
 In which that they had made hir ordinance
 Of vitaille and of other purveance,
 They gon and plaie hem all the longe day;
 And this was on the sixte morwe of May,
 Which May had painted with his softe shourea
 This garden ful of leves and of floures:
 And craft of mannes hond so curiously
 Arrayed had this gardin trewely,
 That never was ther gardin of swiche pris,
 But if it were the veray Paradis.
 The odour of floures and the freshe sight
 Wold han ymaked any herte light
 That ever was born, but if to gret sikencesse
 Or to gret sorwe held it in distresse,
 So ful it was of beautee and plesance.

And after dinner gonne they to dance
 And sing also, sauf Dorigene alone,
 Which made alway hire complaint and hire mone,
 For she ne saw him on the dance go
 That was hire husbond and hire love also:
 But natheles she must a time abide,
 And with good hope let hire sorwe slide.

Upon this dance, amonges other men,
 Danted a squier before Dorigen
 That fresher was and jolier of array,
 As to my dome, than is the month of May.
 He singeth, danceth, passing any man
 That is or was sin that the world began;
 Therwith he was, if men shuld him discrive,
 On of the beste fering men on live;
 Yong, strong, and vertuuous, and riche, and wise,
 And wel beloved, and holden in gret prife.
 And, shortly, if the soth I tellen shal,
 Unweting of this Dorigene at al,

This lusty squier, servant to Venus,
 Which that ycleped was Aurelius,
 Had loved hire best of any creature
 Two yere and more, as was his aventure,
 But never dorst he tell hire his grevance:
 Withouten cup he dranke all his penance.
 He was dispeired; nothing dorst he say,
 Sauf in his songes somewhat wold he wray
 His wo, as in a general complaining;
 He said he loved and was beloved nothing.
 Of swiche matere made he many layes,
 Songes, complaints, roundels, virelayes;
 How that he dorste not his sorwe telle,
 But languisheth as doth a Furie in helle;
 And die he must, he said, as did Ecco
 For Narcissus, that dorst not tell hire wo.

In other manner than ye here me say
 Ne dorst he not to hire his wo bewray,
 Sauf that paraventure sometime at dances,
 Ther yonge folk kepten hir observances,
 It may wel be he looked on hire face
 In swiche a wise as man that axeth grace;
 But nothing wiste she of his entent,
 Natheles it happened or they theennes went,
 Because that he was hire neighebour,
 And was a man of worship and honour,
 And had yknownen him of time yore,
 They fell in speche, and forth ay more and more
 Unto his purpos drew Aurelius,
 And when he saw his time he saide thus:
 Madame quod he, by God that this world mad,
 So that I wist it might your herte glade,
 I wold that day that your Arviragus
 Went over see that I Aurelius
 Had went ther I shuld never come again,
 For wel I wot my service is in vain;
 My guerdon n'is but bresting of min herte.
 Madame, rueth upon my pines smerte,
 For with a word ye may me fleen or save.
 Here at your feet God wold that I were grave,
 I ne have as now no leiser more to sey:
 Have mercy, swete! or ye wol do me dey.

She gan to loke upon Aurelius:
 Is this your will, (quod she) and say ye thus?
 Never erst (quod she) ne wist I what ye ment,
 But now, Aurelie, I know your entent.
 By thilke God that yaf me soule and lif
 Ne shal I never ben an untrew wif
 In word ne werk, es fer as I have wit;
 I wol ben his to whom that I am knit;
 Take this for final answer as of me.
 But after that in play thus saide she:

Aurelie, (quod she) by high God above
 Yet wol I granten you to ben your love,
 (Sin I you see so pitously complaine.)
 Loke, what day that endelong Bretaine
 Ye remue all the rockes ston by ston,
 That they ne letten ship ne bote to gon;
 I say, when he han made the cost so cleue
 Of rockes that ther n'is no ston yfene,
 Than wol I love you best of any man;
 Have here my trowth, in all that ever I can,
 For wel I wote that it shal never betide.
 Let swiche folie out of your herte glide:

What deintee shuld a man have in his lif
For to go love another mannes wif
That hath hire body whan that ever him liketh?
Aurelius ful often fore siketh:

Is ther non other grace in you? quod he.

No, by that Lord, quod she, that maked me.

Wo was Aurelie whan that he this herd,

And with a sorweful herte he thus answerd:

Madame, quod he, this were impossible;

Than moſte I die of foden deth horrible.

And with that word the turned him anon.

Tho come hire other frendes many on,

And in the alleys romed up and doun,

And nothing wist of this conclusioun,

But fodebly begonnen revel newe.

Til that the brighte ſonne had loſt his hewe,

For the orizont had reſt the ſonne his light,

(This is as much to ſayn as it was night)

And home they gon in mirthe and in ſolas,

Sauf oſly wrecche Aurelius, alas!

He to his hous is gon with ſorweful herte;

He ſaith he may not from his deth aſterte:

Him ſemeth that he felt his herte cold.

Up to the heven his hondes gan he hold,

And on his knees bare he ſet him doun,

And in his raving ſaid his oriſoun.

For veray wo out of his wit he braide;

He niſte what he ſpake, but thus he ſaide;

With pitous herte his plaint hath he begonne

Unto the goddes, and firſt unto the Sonne.

He ſaid, Apollo! god and governour

Of every plante, herbe, tree, and flour,

That yeveſt after thy declination

To eche of hem his time and his ſon,

As that; thin herbergh chaſgeth low and hie,

Lord Phebus! caſt thy merciable eie

On wrecche Aurelie, which that am but lorne:

Lo, Lord! my lady hath my deth yſworne

Withouten gilt, but thy benigntee

Upon my dedly herte have ſom pitee:

For wel I wot Lord Phebus, if you leſt,

Ye may me helpen ſauf my lady beſt.

Now voucheth ſauf that I may you deviſe

How that I may be holpe, and in what wiſe.

Yofr bliſful ſuſter, Lucina the ſhene,

That of the ſee is chief goddeſſe and queene,

Though Neptunus have deitee in the ſee,

Yet emperice aboven him is ſhe:

Ye knowe wel, Lord, that right as hire deſire

Is to be quicked and lighted of your fire,

For which ſhe folweth you ful beſily,

Right ſo the ſee deſireth naturelly

To ſolwen hire, as ſhe that is goddeſſe

Both in the ſee and rivers more and leſſe:

Wherefore, Lord Phebus! this is my requet,

Do this miracle, or do min herte beſt,

That now next at this oppoſition,

Which in the ſigne ſhal be of the Leon,

As preyeth hire ſo gret a flood to bring,

That ſive ſadome at the leſt it overſpring

The higheſt rock in Armoriſke Bretaigne,

And let this flood enduren yeres twaine;

Than certes to my lady may I ſay,

Holdeth your heſt, the rockes ben away.

Lord Phebus! this miracle doth for me,
Prey hire ſhe go no faſter cours than ye:

I ſay this, preyeth your ſuſter that the go

No faſter cours than ye thiſe yeres two,

Than ſhal ſhe ben even at ful alway,

And ſpring-flood laſten bothe night and day.

And but the voucherauf in ſwicke manere

To graunten me my ſoveraine lady dere,

Prey hire to ſinken every rock adoun

Into hire owen derke regioun

Under the ground, ther Pluto dwelleth in,

Or nevermo ſhal I my lady win.

Thy temple in Delphos wol I barefoot ſeke.

Lord Phebus! lee the teres on my cheke,

And on my peine have ſom compaſſioun,

And with that word in ſorwe he fell adoun,

And longe time he lay forth in a trance.

His brother, which that knew of his penance,

Up caught him, and to bed he hath him brought.

Diſpeired in this turment and this thought

Let I this woful creature lie.

Cheſe he for me whether he wol live or die.

Arviragus with hele and gret honour

(As he that was of chevalrie the flour)

Is comen home, and other worthy men:

Of bliſful art thou now, thou Dorigen!

That haſt thy luſty huſbond in thin armes,

The freſhe knight, the worthy man of armes,

That loveth thee as his owen hertes liſ.

Nothing liſt him to be imaginatif

If any wight had ſpoke while he was oute

To hire of love; he had of that no doubte:

He not entendeth to no ſwicke matere,

But danceth, juſteth, and maketh mery chere.

And thus in joye and bliſſe I let him dwell,

And of the ſike Aurelius wol I tell.

In langour and in turment furious

Two yere and more lay wrecched Aurelius

Er any foot on erthe he mighte gon;

Ne comfort in this time he had he non

Sauf of his brother, which that was a clerk:

He knew of all this wo and all this werk;

For to non other creature certain

Of this matere he dorſte no word ſain.

Under his breſt he bare it more ſecree

Than ever did Pamphilus for Galathee.

His breſt was hole withouten for to ſeen,

But in his herte ay was the arwe kene,

And wel ye knowe that of a ſurlanure

In ſurgerie is perilous the cure,

But men might touch the arwe or come thereby.

His brother wepeth and wailleth prively,

Til at the laſt him fell in remembrance

That while he was at Orleauce in France,

As yonge clerkes that ben likerous

To reden artes that ben curious

Seken in every halke and every herne

Particuler ſciences for to lerne,

He him remembered that upon a day

At Orleauce in ſtudie a book he lay

Of magike naturel, which his ſelaw

That was that time a bachelor of law,

Al were he ther to lerne another craft,

Had prively upon his deſk ylaſt;

Which book spake moche of operations
 Touching the eight-and-twenty manfions
 That longen to the mone, and swiche folie
 As in our dayes n'is not worth a flie;
 For holy churches feith, in our beleve,
 Ne fuffreth non illufion us to greve.
 And whan this book was in his remembrance
 Anon for joye his herte gan to dance,
 And to himfelf he faied prively,
 My brother fhall be warifhed haftily;
 For I am liker that ther be fciences
 By which men maken divers apperances
 Swiche as thife subtil tregetoures play;
 For oft at feftes have I wel herd fay
 That tregetoures, within an halle large,
 Have made come in a water and a barge,
 And in the halle rowen up and down;
 Some time had fomed com a grim leoun,
 And fomtime floures fpring as in a mede,
 Somtime a vine, and grapes white and rede,
 Somtime a caftel al of lime and fton,
 And whan hem liketh voideth it anon:
 Thus femeth it to every mannes fight.

Now than conclude I thus; if that I might
 At Orleauce fom olde felaw find
 That hath thife mones manfions in mind,
 Or other magike naturel above,
 He fhuld wel make my brother have his love;
 For with an apparence a clerk may make,
 To mannes fight, that all the rockes blake
 Of Bretagne were voided everich on,
 And fhippes by the brinke comen and gon,
 And in swiche forme endure a day or two:
 Than were my brother warefhed of his wo,
 Than muft fhe nedes holden hire behest,
 Or elles he fhall shame hire at the left.

What fhuld I make a longer Tale of this?
 Unto his brothers bed he comen is,
 And swiche comfort he gaf him for to gon
 To Orleauce, that he up ftert anon,
 And on his way forthward than is he fare,
 In hope for to ben lifed of his care.

Whan they were come almoft to that citee,
 But if it were a two furlong or three,
 A yonge clerk roming by himfelf they mette,
 Which that in Latine thriflily hem grette:
 And after that he fayd a wonder thing;
 I know, quod he, the caufe of your coming;
 And or they forther any foote went
 He told hem all that was in hir entent.

This Breton clerk him axed of felawes
 The which he had yknowen in olde dawes,
 And he answered him that they dede were,
 For which he wept ful often many a tere.

Doun of his hors Aurelius light anon,
 And forth with this magicien is gon
 Home to his hous, and made hem wel at efe:
 Hem lacked no vaitalle that might hem plefe.
 So wel arraied hous as ther was on
 Aurelius in his lif saw never non.

He fhewed him, or they went to foupere,
 Forestes, parkes, ful of wilde dere:
 Ther faw he hertes with hir hornes hie,
 The greteft that were ever feen with eie;

He faw of hem an hundred flain; with houndes
 And fom with arwes blede of bitter woundes:
 He faw, when voided were the wilde dere,
 Thife fauconers upon a faire rivere,
 That with hir haukes han the heron flain.

Tho faw he knightes juften in a plain;
 And after this he did him swiche plesance,
 That he him fhewed his lady on a dance,
 On which himfelfen danced, as him thought,
 And whan this maifter, that this magike wrought,
 Saw it was time, he clapped his hondes two,
 And farewel, al the revel is ago!
 And yet remued they never out of the hous,
 While they faw all thife fightes marvellous,
 But in his studie, ther his bookes be,
 They faten full, and no wight but they three.

To him this maifter called his squier,
 And fayd him thus, May we go to foupper?
 Almost an houre it is, I undertake,
 Sin I you bade our foupper for to make,
 Whan that thife worthy men wenten with me
 Into my studie ther my bookes be.

Sire, quod this squier, whan it liketh you,
 It is al redy, though ye wol right now.

Go we than foupper, quod he, as for the beft;
 Thife amorous folk fomtime muft han ref.

At after foupper fell they in tretree
 What fomme fhuld this maifters guerdon be
 To remue all the rockes of Bretagne,
 And eke from Gerounde to the mouth of Saine.

He made it ftrange, and fware, fo God him
 fave,

Leffe than a thoufand pound he wold not have,
 Ne gladly for that fomme he wol not gon.

Aurelius with blifful herte anon
 Answerd thus; Fie on a thoufand pound!
 This wide world, which that men fayn is round,
 I wold it yeve, if I were lord of it.

This bargaine is ful drive, for we ben knit.
 Ye fhul be paied trewely, by my trouth;
 But loketh, for non negligence or flouth
 Ye tarie us here no longer than to morwe.

Nay, quod this clerk, have here my faith to borwe.

To bed is gon Aurelius whan him left,
 And wel nigh all that night he had his ref.
 What for his labour and his hope of bliffe
 His woful herte of penance had a liffe.

Upon the morwe whan that it was day
 To Bretagne token they the righte way,
 Aurelie, and this magicien him befide,
 And ben defended ther they wold abide:
 And this was, as the bookes me remember,
 The colde frofty fefon of December.

Phebus waxe old and hewed like Laton,
 That in his hote declination

Shone as the burned gold with firemes bright;
 But now in Capricorne adoun he light,
 Wher as he shone ful pale, I dare wel fain.
 The bitter frofte with the flect and rain
 Destroyed bath the grene in every yerd;
 Janus fit by the fire with double berd,
 And drinketh of his bugle horn the wine;
 Beforn him ftant braune of the tusked swine.

And Nowel crieth every lusty man.

Aurelius in all that ever he can
Doth to his maister chere and reverence,
And praieth him to don his diligence
To bringen him out of his peines smerte,
Or with a swerd that he wold slit his herte.

This sotil clerk swiche routh hath on this man,
That night and day he spedeth him that he can
To wait a time of his conclusion ;

This is to sayn, to make illufion,
By swiche an apparence or joglerie,
(I can no termes of astrologie)

That she and every wight shuld wene and say
That of Bretaigne the rockes were away,
Or elles they were fonken under ground.

So at the last he hath his time yfound
To make his japes and his wretchednesse
Of swiche a superstitious cursednesse.

His tables Toletanes forth he brought,
Ful wel corrected, that ther lacked nought,
Nother his collect ne his expans yerces,

Nother his rotes ne his other geres,
As ben his centres and his argumentes,
And his proportionel convenientes,

For his equations in every thing ;
And by his eghte speres in his working
He knew ful wel how fer Alnath was shove

For the hed of thilke fix Aries above
That in the ninthe spere confidered is :
Ful sotilly he calculed all this.

Whan he had found his firste mansion
He knew the remenant by proportion,
And knew the rising of his mone wel,

And in whos face, and terme, and every del ;
And knew ful wel the mones mansion
Accordant to his operation ;

And knew also his other observances,
For swiche illufions and swiche meschances
As Hethen folke used in thilke daies ;

For which no longer maketh he delaies,
But thurgh his magike, for a day or tway,
It seemed all the rockes were away.

Aurelius, which that despaired is
Whether he shal han his love or fare amis,
Awaiteth night and day on this miracle ;

And whan he knew that ther was non obstacle,
That voided were thise rockes everich on,
Doun to his maisteres feet he fell anon,

And sayd, I, woful wretch Aurelius,
Thanke you, my lord, and lady min Venus,
That me han holpen fro my cares cold

And to the temple his way forth hath he hold,
Theras he knew he shuld his lady see ;
And whan he saw his time anon right he

With dredful herte and with ful humble chere
Salued hath his foveraine lady dere.

My rightful Lady, quod this woful man,
Whom I most drede and love as I best can,
And lothest were of all this world displese,

Ne're it that I for you have swiche difese
That I must die here at your foot anon,
Nought wold I tell how me is wo begon ;

But certes other must I die or plaine ;
Yesse me gilteles for veray peine :

But of my deth though that ye han no routh
Avifeth you or that you breke your trowth :
Repenteth you, for thilke God above,
Or ye me sle, because that I you love :

For, Madame, wel ye wote what ye have hight ;
Not that I chalenge any thing of right
Of you my foveraine Lady, but of grace ;

But in a garden yond, in swiche a place,
Ye wote right wel what ye behighten me,
And in myn hond your trouthe pligheten ye

To love me best : God wote ye faied so,
Although that I unworthy be therto.
Madame, I speke it for the honour of you,

More than to save my hertes lif right now,
I have don so as ye commanded me,
And if ye vouchesauf ye may go fee.

Doth as you list, have your beheft in mind,
For quick or ded right ther ye shul me find.
In you lith all to do me live or dey,

But wel I wote the rockes ben away.
He taketh his leve, and she astonied stood ;
In all hire face n'as o drope of blood :

She wened never han come in swiche a trappe.
Alas ! quod she, that ever this shoul happel
For wend I never by possibillitee

That swiche a monstre or mervaille might be ;
It is again the proceffe of Nature.
And home she goth a forweful creature ;

For veray fere unnethes may she go.
She wepeth, waileth, all a day or two,
And swouneth that it routhe was to see,

But why it was to no wight tolde she,
For out of toun was gon Arviragus ;
But to hireself she spake, and faied thus,

With face pale, and with ful sory chere,
In hire complaint, as ye shul after here.

Alas ! quod she, on thee, Fortune, I plain,
That unaware hast me wrapped in thy chain,
Fro which to escapen wote I no soccours

Sauf only deth or elles dishonour :
On of thise two behoveth me to chese.
But natheles, yet had I a lever lese

My lif than of my body have a shame,
Or know myselfen false, or lese my name :

And with my deth I may be quit ywis ;
Hath ther not many a noble wif or this,
And many a maid, yllaine hireself, alas !

Rather than with hire body don trespas ?
Yes certes ; lo, thise stories bere witnesse.

Whan thirty tyrants ful of cursednesse
Had slain Phidon in Athens at the fest,
They commanded his doughtren for to arrest

And bringen hem before him despit
Al naked, to fulfil hire foule desit ;
And in hir fadres blood they made hem dance

Upon the pavement, God yeve hem meschance !
For which thise woful maidens, ful of drede,
Rather than they wold lese hir maidenhede,

They prively ben fter into a well,
And dreint hemfelsen, as the bookes telle.

They of Messene let enquire and seke
Of Lacedomie fifty maidens eke
On which the wolden don hir lecherie ;

But ther was non of all that compaignie

That she was slaine, and with a glad entent
 Chees rather for to dien than assent
 To ben oppressed of hire maidenhede.
 Why shuld I than to dein ben in drede?

Lo eke the tyrant Aristocides,
 That loved a maid high Stimpthalides,
 When that hire father slaine was on a night,
 Unto Dianes temple goth she right,
 And hente the image in hire handes two,
 Fro which image wold she never go;
 No wight her handes might it of it arrace
 Til she was slaine right in the selve place.

Now sin that maidens hadden swiche despit
 To be defouled with mannes foule delit,
 Wel ought a wif rather hireselfen sle
 Than be defouled, as it thinketh me.

What shal I sayn of Hadrubales wif,
 That at Cartage beraft hireself hire lif?
 For whan she saw that Romains wan the toun,
 She toke hire children all, and skiped adoun
 Into the fire, and chees rather to die
 Than any Romain did hire valanie.

Hath not Lucrece yslaine hireself, alas!
 At Rome, whan that she oppressed was
 Of Tarquine? for hire thought it was a shame
 To liven whan she hadde lost hire name.

The seven maidens of Milefie also
 Han slaine hemself, for veray drede and wo,
 Rather than folk of Gaule hem shuld oppresse.

Mo than a thousand stories, as I gesse,
 Coude I now tell as touching this materesse.

Whan Abradate was slain, his wif so dere
 Hireselfen slow, and let hire blood to glide
 In Abradates woundes depe and wide,
 And sayd, My body at the leste way
 Ther shal no wight defoulen if I may.

What shuld I me ensamples hereof sain?
 Sin that so many han hemselven slain,
 Wel rather than they wold defouled be,
 I wol conclude that it is bet for me.

To sle myself than be defouled thus:
 I wol be trewe unto Arviragus,
 Orelles sle myself in soime manere,
 As Did Demotiones daughter dere,
 Because she wolde not defouled be.

O Sedasus! it is ful gret pitee
 To reden how thy doughtren died, alas!
 That slowe hemselven, for swiche maner cas.

As gret a pitee was it, or wel more,
 The Theban maiden that for Nicanore
 Hireselfen slow right for swiche menere wo.
 Another Theban mayden did right so,
 For on of Macedoine had hire oppressed;
 She with hire deth hire maidenhede redressed.

What shal I sain of Nicerates wif,
 That for swiche cas bereft hireself hire lif?

How trewe was eke to Alcibiades
 His love, that for to dien rather chees
 Than for to suffre his body unburied?

Lo, which a wif was Alceste eke? (quod she)
 What sayth Homere of good Penelope?
 All Greece knoweth of hire chastitee.

Parde of Laodomia is wretten thus,
 That whan at Troye was slain Prothesilaus

No lenger wolde she live after his day,
 The same of noble Portis tell I may;

Withouten Brutus coude she not live,
 To whom she had all whole hire herte yve;

The parfit wifhood of Artemille
 Honoured is thurghout all Barbarie.

O Teuta quene! thy wifly chastitee
 To alle wives may a mirroure be.

Thus plained Dorigene a day or twey,
 Purposing ever that she wolde dey;

But nacheles upon the thridde night
 Home came Arviragus, the worthy knight,

And axed hire why that she weep so fore?
 And she gan wepen ever lenger the more.

Alas, quod she, that ever I was yborne,
 Thus have I said, (quod she) thus have I sworn,

And told him all, as ye have herd before:
 It nedeth not reherse it you no more.

This husbond with glad chere, in frendly wise,
 Answerd and sayd as I shal you devise;

Is ther ought elles, Dorigene, but this?
 Nay, nay, quod she, God, helpe me so, as wis

This is to much, and it were Goddes will,
 Ye, wif, quod he, let slepen that is fill;

It may be wel paraventure, yet to-day,
 Ye shal your trouthe holden by my fay;

For God so wifly have mercy on me,
 I had wel lever stiked for to be,

For veray love which that I to you have,
 But if ye shuld your trouthe kepe and save

Trouth is the hiest thing that man may kepe,
 But with that word he braft anon to wepe,

And sayd; I you forbode, on peine of deth,
 That never while you lasteth lif or breth

To no wight tell ye this misaventure;
 As I may best I wol my wo endure:

Ne make no contenance of hevinesse,
 That folk of you may demen harme or gesse,

And forth he cleped a squier and a maid,
 Goth forth anon with Dorigene, he said,

And bringeth hire to swiche a place anon.
 They take hir leve, and on hir way they gon;

But they ne wisten why she thider went;
 She n'olde no wight tellen hire entent.

This squier which that highte Aurelius,
 On Dorigene that was so amorous,

Of aventure happed hire to mete
 Amid the toun, right in the quickest strete,

As she was bound to go the way forthright
 Toward the gardin, ther as she had hight;

And he was to the gardinward also,
 For wel he spied whan she wolde go

Out of hire hous to any maner place:
 But thus they met of aventure or grace,

And he salueth hire with glad entent,
 And axeth of hire whiderward she went.

And she answered half as she were mad,
 Unto the gardin, as myn husbond bad,

My trouthe for to hold, alas! alas!
 Aurelius gan wonden on this cas,

And in his herte had gret compassion
 Of hire, and of hire lamentation,

And of Arviragus, the worthy knight,
 That bad hire holden all that she had hight,

So loth him was his wif shuld breke hire trouthe;
And in his herte he caught of it gret routhe,
Considering the best on every side,
That fro his lust yet were him lever abide
Than do so high a cherlish wretchednesse,
Agains fraunchise and alle gentilleffe;
For which in few wordes sayd he thus:

Madame, say to your Lord Arviragus
That sin I see the grete gentilleffe
Of him, and eke I see wel your distresse,
That him were lever have shame (and that were
routhe)

Than ye to me shuld breken this your trouthe,
I hadde wel lever ever to suffren woe
Than to depart the love betwix you two.
I you relese, Madame, into your hand
Quit every seurement and every bond
That ye han made to me as herebefore
Sin thilke time that ye were yborne
Have here my trouthe, I shal you never reprove
Of no behest; and here I take my leve
As of the trewest and the beste wif

That ever yet I knew in all my lif
But every wif beware of hire behest;
On Dorigene remembreth at the lest
Thus can a squier don a gentil dede
As wel as can a knight, withouten drede.

She thanketh him upon hire knees bare,
And home unto hire husband is the fare,
And told him all as ye han herd me sayd;
And, trusteth me, he was so wel apayd
That it were impossible me to write.

What shuld I lenger of this cas endite?
Arviragus and Dorigene his wif
In foveraine blisse leden forth hir lif,
Never eft ne was ther anger hem betwene;
He cherished hire as though she were a queene,
And she was to him trewe for evermore.
Of thise two folk ye get of me no more.

Aurelius, that his cost hath all forlorne,
Curseth the time that ever he was borne.
Alas! quod he, alas that I behight
Of pure gold a thousand pound of wight
Unto this philosophre! how shal I do
I see no more but that I am fordo.

Min heritage mote I nedes sell,
And ben a beggar here I nill not dwell,
And shamen all my kinrede in this place;
But I of him may geten better grace;
But natheles I wol of him assay.

At certain daies yere by yere to pay,
And thanke him of his grete curtesie.
My trouthe wol I kepe, I wol not lie.

With herte fore he goth unto his cofre,
And brougte gold unto this philosophre;
The value of five hundred pound I gesse,
And him beseecheth of his gentilleffe
To graunt him daies of the remenaunt,
And sayde: Maister, I dare wel make avaunt
I failed never of my trouthe as yet;
For sikerly my dette shal be quit
Towards you, how so that ever I fare
To gon a begging in my kirtle bare;
But wold ye voucherssauf upon seurtée
Two yere or three for to resipen me;
Than were I wel, for elles mote I sell
Min heritage; ther is no more to tell.

This philosophre sublyly answerd,
And faied thus, whan he thise wordes herd:
Have I not holden covenant to thee?
Yes, certes, wel and trewely, quod he;
Hast thou not had thy lady as thee liketh?

No, no, quod he, and forswelfully he liketh
What was the cause? tell me if thou canst;
Aurelius his tale anon began,
And told him all as ye han herd before.

It nedeth not reherse it any more;
He sayd, Arviragus of gentilleffe
Had lever die in forwe and in distresse
Than that his wif were of hire trouthe felle.
The forwe of Dorigene he told him,
How loth hire was to ben a wicked wif;
And that she lever had lost that day hire lif.

And that her trouch she swore thurgh innocence;
She never erst hadde herd speke of apparence;
That made me hat of hire, so gret pitee
And right as freely as he sent hire to me
As freely sent I hire to him again.
This is all and somyng ther is no more to sayn.

The philosophre answerd; Leve brothere,
Everich of you did gentilly to other;
Thou art a squier, and he is a knight;
But God forbede, for his blisful night,
But if a clerk could don a gentil dede
As wel as any of you, it is no drede.

Sire, I relese thee thy thousand pound,
As thou right now were crope out of the ground;
Ne never er nowrie haddest knowen me;
For, Sire, I wol not take a peny of thee;
For all my craft, ne nought for my travaille;
Thou hast payaied wel for my vitaille;
It is ynough, and farewel, have good daye.

And toke his hors, and forth he goth his way.
Lordings, this question wold I axen now,
Which was the moste free, as thinketh you?
Now telleth me of that ye further wende,
I can go more, my Tale is at an ende.

THE DOCTOURES PROLOGUE

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THE DOCTOURES PROLOGUE

Ye, let that passen, quod our Hoste, as now,
Sire Doctour of Physike, I prey you,
Tell us a Tale of som honest matere,

It shal be don, if that ye wol it here,
Said this Doctour, and his Tale began anon.
Now, good men, quod he, herkeneth everich on,

THE DOCTOURES TALE*.

There was, as telleth Titus Livius,
A knight that cleped was Virginius,
Fulfilled of honour and worthinesse,
And strong of frendes, and of gret richesse.

This knight a doughter hadde by his wif;
No children had he mo in all his lif.
Faure was this maid in excellent beautee
Aboven every wight that man may see,
For Nature hath with souveraine diligence
Yformed hire in so gret excellence
As though she wolde sayn, Lo, I Nature,
Thus can I forme and peinte a creature,
Whan that me list; who can me countrefete?
Pigmacion? not though he ay forge and betc,
Or grave, or peinte; for I dare wel fain
Apelles, Xeuris, shulden werche in vain
Other to grave, or peinte, or forge, or betc,
If they presumed me to countrefete:
For he that is the former principal
Hath makid me his vicair general
To forme and peinten earthly creatures
Right as we list; and eche thing in my cure is
Under the mone that may wane and waxe;
And for my werk right nothing wol I axe:
My lord and I ben ful of on accord;
I made hire to the worship of my lord,

So do I all min other creatures,
What colour that they han or what figures.
Thus semeth me that Nature wolde sayn.

This maid of age twelf yere was and tway
In which that nature hadde swiche delit;
For right as she can peinte a lily whit
And red a rose, right with swiche peinture
She peinted hath this noble creature
Er she was borne upon hire limmes free,
Wheras by right swiche colours shulden be;
And Phœbus died hath hire tresses grette
Like to the stremes of his burned hete.
And if that excellent were hire beautee,
A thousand fold more vertuous was she.
In hire ne lacked no condition
That is to preise, as by discrecion.
As wel in goft as body chaste was she,
For which she flourid in virginitee.
With all humilitee and abstinence,
With all temperance and patience,
With measure eke of bering and array.
Discrete she was in answering alway,
Though she were wise as Pallas, dare I fain,
Hire facounde eke ful womanly and plain:
No countrefeted terms hadde she
To semen wise, but after hire degree
She spake, and all hire werdes more and lesse
Souning in vertue and in gentillesse.

* Virginius dayeth his only doughter rather than the
shall be defiled by the lecherous judge Appius. 37.

Shamefast she was in maidens shamefastnesse,
 Constant in herte out of idel befinesse
 To drive hire out of idel flogardie.
 Bacchus had of hire mouth right no maistrice,
 For wine and youthe don Venus encrese,
 As men in fire wol casten oile and grese.
 And of hire owen vertue unconstrained
 She hath hireself ful often like yfined,
 For that she wolde fleen the compaignie
 Wher likely was to treten of folie,
 As is at fettes, at revels, and at dances
 That ben occasions of daliances,
 Swiche thinges maken children for to be
 To some ripe and bold; as men may see,
 Which is ful perilous, and hath ben yore;
 For al to some may the lernen lore
 Of boidnesse whan the woxen is a wif.

And ye maistresses in your olde lif,
 That lordes daughters han in governance,
 Ne taketh of my wordes displeaunce:
 Thinketh that ye ben set in governinges
 Of lordes daughters only for two thinges,
 Other for ye han kept your honestee,
 Or elles for ye han fallen in freetee,
 And knowen wel ynough the olde dance,
 And han forsaken fully swiche meschance
 For evermo; therefore for Christes sake
 To teche hem vertue loke that ye ne flake.

A thief of venison, that hath forlorn
 His likerousnesse and all his olde craft,
 Can kepe a forest best of any man:
 Now kepeth hem wel, for if ye wol ye can.
 Loke wel that unto no vice assent,
 Left ye be damned for your wikke entent,
 For who so doth a traytour is certain:
 And taketh kepe of that I shal you sain;
 Of alle trefon souveraine penitence
 Is whan a wight betrayeth innocence.

Ye fathers, and ye mothers eke also,
 Though ye han children, be it on or mo,
 Your is the charge of all hir surveance,
 While that they ben under your governance:
 Beth ware that by ensample of your living.
 Or by your negligence in chastising,
 That they ne perissh, for I dare wel saye
 If that they don ye shal it dere abeye.
 Under a shepheard soft and negligent
 The wolf hath many a shepe and lamb to-rent,

Sufficeth this ensample now as here,
 For I mote turne agen to my matere.
 This maid, of which I tell my Tale expresse,
 She kept hireself, hire neded no maistresse,
 For in hire living maidens mighten rede,
 As in a book, every good word and dede
 That longeth to a maiden vertuous:
 She was so prudent and so bounteous,
 For which the same out sprong on every side
 Both of hire beautee and hire bountee wide,
 That thurgh the lond they praised hire ech one
 That loved vertue, sauf Envie alone,
 That fory is of other mannes wele,
 And glad is of his forwe and his unhele.

The Doctour maketh this description.
 This maiden on a day went in the toun

Toward a temple, with hire mother dere,
 As is of young maidens the manere.

Now was ther than a justice in that toun
 That governour was of that regionn;
 And so besell this juge his eyen cast
 Upon this maid, avising hire ful fast
 As she came forth by ther this juge stood:
 Anon his his herte changed and his mood,
 So was he caught with beautee of this maid,
 And to himself ful prively he said,
 This maiden shal be min for any man.

Anon the fend into his herte ran,
 And taught him sodenly that he by sleight
 This maiden to his purpos winnen might;
 For certes by no force ne by no mede
 Him thought the was not able for to spede;
 For she was strong of frendes, end eke she
 Confermed was in swiche souveraine bountee
 That wel he wist he might hire never winne
 As for to make hire with hire body sinne:
 For which with gret deliberatioun
 He sent after a cherl was in the toun,
 The which he knew for sotil and for bold.
 This juge unto this cherl his tale hath told
 In secree wif, and made him to ensue
 He shulde tell it to no creature,
 And if he did he shulde lese his hede.
 And whan assented was this cursed rede,
 Glad was the juge, and made him gret chere,
 And yaf him yestes precious and dere.

Whan shapen was all hir conspiracie
 Fro point to point, how that his lecherie
 Performed shulde be ful sotilly,
 As ye shul here it after openly,
 Home goth this cherl, that highte Claudius;
 This false juge, that highte Appius,
 (So was his name, for it is no fable,
 But knownen for an historial thing notable;
 The sentence of it soth is out of doute)
 This false juge goth now fast aboute
 To hasten his delit all that he may.
 And so besell, fone after on a day
 This false juge, as telleth us the storie,
 As he was wont, sat in his consistorie,
 And yaf his domes upon sondry cas,
 This false cherl came forth a ful gret pas,
 And saide; Lord, if that it be your will,
 As doth me right upon this pitous bill,
 In which I plaine upon Virginus;
 And if that he wol sayn it is not thus,
 I wol it preve, and finden good-witnesse
 That soth is that my bille wol expresse.

The juge answerd, Of this in his absence
 I may not yeve diffinitif sentence.
 Let don him call, and I wol gladly here:
 Thou shalt have right and wrong as now here.
 Virginus came to wete the juges will,
 And right anon was red this cursed bill;
 The sentence of it was as ye shal here.

To you my Lord Sire Appius so dert
 Sheweth your poure servant Claudius
 How that a knight called Virginus
 Agein the lawe, agein all equitee,
 Holdeth, expresse agein the will of ma,

My servant which that is my thral by right,
Which from min hous was stolen on a night
While that she was ful yong; I wol it preve
By witnesse, Lord, so that it you not greve:
She n'is his daughter nought, what so he say;
Wherefore to you, my Lord the juge, I pray;
Yeld me my thral, if that it be your will.
Lo, this was all the sentence of his bill.

Virginus gan upon the cherl behold;
But hastily er he his tale told,
And wold han preved it as shuld a knight,
And eke by witnessing of many a wight
That all was false that said his advcrfary,
This cursed juge wolde nothing tary,
Ne here a word more of Virginus,
But yave his judgement, and saide thus:

I deme anon this cherl his servant have;
Thou shalt no lenger in this hous hire save;
Go bring hire forth, and put hire in our ward;
The cherl shal have his thral; thus I award.

And whan this worthy knight Virginus,
Thurgh sentence of this justice Appius,
Muste by force his dere daughter yeven
Unto the juge, in lecherie to liven,
He goth him home, and set him in his hall,
And let anon his dere daughter call;
And with a face ded as ashen cold
Upon hire humble face he gan behold,
With fadres pitee stiking thurgh his herte,
Al wold he from his purpos not convertre,

Doughter, quod he, Virginia by thy name,
Ther ben two waies, other deth or shame,
That thou must suffre, alas that I was bore!
For never thou deservedest wherfore
To dien with a sword or with a knif.
O dere daughter, ender of my lif!
Which I have fostred up with swiche plesance
That thou were never out of my remembrance;
O doughter! which that art my laste wo,
And in my lif my laste joye also;
O gemme of chastitee! in patience
Take thou thy deth, for this is my sentence;
For love and not for hate thou must be ded;
My pitous hond must smiten of thin hed.
Alas that ever Appius thee say!
Thus hath he falsly judged thee to-day.
And told hire all the cas, as ye before
Han herd; it needeth not to tell it more.

O mercy, dere father! quod this maid.
And with that word she both hire armes laid
About his necke, as she was wont to do,
(The teres brast out of his eyen two)

And said, O goode father shal I die?
Is ther no grace? is ther no remedie?

No certes, dere daughter min! quod he.
Than yeve me leiser, father min quod she,
My deth for to complaine a litel space;
For parde Jephthe yave his daughter grace
For to complaine or he hire slow, alas!
And God it wot nothing was hire trespas,
But for she ran hire father first to see,
To welcome him with gret solempnitee.
And with that word she fell afwoun anon,
And after, whan hire swoonning was agon,
She riseth up, and to hire father said;
Blessed be God that I shal die a maid!
Yeve me my deth or that I have a shame:
Doth with your child your wille a Goddes name.
And with that word she praied him ful oft
That with his sword he wolde smite hire soft;
And with that word afwoune again the fell.
Hire father, with ful sorweful herte and will,
Hire hed of smote, and by the top it hent,
And to the juge he gan it to present,
As he sat yet in dome in consistorie.

And whan the juge it saw, as saith the storie,
He bad to take him and anhang him fast;
But right anon a thousand peple in thrast
To save the knight for routh and for pitee,
For knowen was the false iniquitee.

The peple anon had suspect in this thing,
By maner of the cherles challenging,
That it was by the assent of Appius
They wisten well that he was lecherous;
For which unto this Appius they gon
And caste him in a prison right anon,
Whereas he slow himself; and Claudius,
That servant was unto this Appius,
Was demed for to hang upon a tree,
But that Virginus of his pitee
So prayed for him that he was exiled,
And elles certes had he ben beguiled;
The remenant were unhangd, more and lesse,
That were consentant of this cursednesse.

Here men may see how sin hath his merite;
Beth were, for no man wot whom God wol smite.
In no degree, ne in which maner wise
The worme of conscience may agrife
Of wicked lif, though it so privee be
That no man wote thereof save God and he;
For be he lewed man or elles lered
He n'ot how sone that he shal ben asered;
Therefore I rede you this conseil take.
Forfaketh sinne or sinne you forsake.

THE PARDONERES PROLOGUE.

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Our Hoste gan to fwere as he were wood,
Harrow! (quod he) by nailes and by blood.
This was a false cherl and a false justice.
As shameful deth as herte can divide.
Come to this juges and hir advocas.
Algate this felly maide is slain, alas!
Alas! to dere aboute the hire beautee;
Wherefore I say that all day man may see.
That yestes of Fortune and of Nature
Ben cause of deth to many a creature.
Hire beautee was hire deth, I dare wel sayn:
Alas! so pitously as she was slain.
Of bothe yestes that I speke of now
Men han ful often more for harm than prow.

But trewely, min owen maister dere,
This was a pitous Tale for to here;
But natheles passe over is no force,
I pray to God to save thy gentil corps,
And eke thyn urinals and thy jordanes,
Thin Ypocras, and eke thy Galianes,
And every boist ful of thy letuarie,
God bleste hem and our Lady Seint Marie.

THE PARDONERES TALE.

LORDINGS, quod he, in chirche whan I preche,
I peine me to have an hautein speche,
And ring it out as round as goth a bell,
For I can all by rote that I tell.
My tene is alway on, and ever was,
Radix malorum est cupiditas.

Firft I pronounce whennes that I come,
And than my bulles shew I alle and some:
Our liege lordes sele on my patente
That shew I firft, my body to warrente,
That no man be so bold, ne preest ne clerk,
Me to disturbe of Cristes holy werk:

* A company of riotors conspire to kill Death, who
killeth them one after another. *Speight.*

So mote I the thou art a propre man,
And like a prelat, by Seint Ronian.
Said I not wel? I cannot speke in terme;
But wel I wot thou dost min herte to erme.
That I have almost caught a cardiale: *adv. bnd.*
By corpus Domini but I have triacle,
Or elles a draught of moist and corny ale,
Or but I here anon a mery Tale,
Myn herte is lost for pitee of this maide: *adv. bnd.*
Thou *bel amy*, thou Pardoner he said,
Tel us som mirth of japes right anon: *adv. bnd.*
It shal be don, quod he, by Seint Ronian.
But firft (quod he) here at this ale-stake,
I wol both drinke and biten on a cake.
But right anon this gentiles gan to crie;
Nay, let him tell us of no ribaudrie:
Tell us som moral thing, that we mow here;
Som wit, and thanne wol we gladly here.
I graunte ywis, quod he; but I must thinke
Upon som honest thing while that I drinke.

And after that than tell I forth my tales,
Bulles of popes and of cardinales,
Of patriarkes and bishoppes, I shewe,
And in Latin I speke a wordes fewe
To saffron with my predication,
And for to sterve men to devotion:
Than shew I forth my longe cristal stones,
Ycrammed ful of cloutes and of bones;
Relikes they ben, as wenen they echon.
Than have I in laton a shulder bone
Which that was of an holy lewes shepe.
Good men, say I, take of my wordes kepe;
If that this bone be washe in any well,
If cow, or calf, or shepe, or oxe, swell

That any worm hath etc, or worm ystonge,
Take water of that well and wash his tonge,
And it is hole anon; and forthermore,
Of pockes and of feab; and every fore,
Shal every shepe be hole that of this well
Drinketh a draught: take kepe of that I tell.

If that the good man that the bestes oweth
Wol every weke, or that the cok him croweth,
Fastyn ydrinken of this well a draught,
As thilke holy Jew our eldres taughe,
His bestes and his store shal multiplie:
And, Sires, also it heleth jaloasie;
For though a man be falle in jalous rage,
Let maken with this water his potage,
And never shal he more his wif mistrust,
Though he the soth of hire defaute wist,
Al had she taken preestes two or three.

Here is a mitaine eke that ye may see:
He that his hand wol put in this mitaine
He shal have multiplying of his graine,
Whan he hath sowed, be it whete or otes,
So that he offer pens or elles grotes.

And men and women, o thing warne I you;
If any wight be in this chirche now
That hath don sinne horrible, so that he
Dare not for shame of it yshriven be;
Or any woman, be she yong or old,
That hath ymade hire husbond cokewold,
Swiche folk shul han no power ne no grace
To offer to my relikes in this place:
And who so findeth him out of swiche blame
He wol come up and offer in Goddes name,
And I assyle him by the auctoritee
Which that by bulle ygranted was to me.

By this gaudie have I wonnen yere by yere
An hundred mark sin I was Pardoner.
I stonde like a clerk in my pulpet,
And whan the lewed peple is down yset
I preche so as ye han herd before,
And tell an hundred false japes more:
Than paine I me to stretchen forth my necke,
And est and west upon the peple I becke,
As doth a dove sitting upon a berne:
Myn hondes and my tonge gon so yerne,
That it is joye to see my beheffe.
Of avarice and swiche curlednesse
I all my preching, for to make hem free
To yve hir pens, and namely unto me;
For min entente is not but for to winne,
And nothing for correction of sinne:
I recke never whan that they be beried
Though that hir soules gon a blake beried.

For certes many a predication
Cometh oft time of evil entention;
Som for plesance of folk and flaterie,
To ben advanced by hypocrisie;
And som for vaine glorie, and som for hate:
For whan I dare non other wayes debate,
Than wol I thing him with my tonge smerte
In preching, so that he shal not asterte
To ben defamed falsely, if that he
Hath trespassed to my brethren or to me:
For though I telle not his propre name,
Men shal wel knowen that it is the same

By signes, and by other circumstances.
Thus quite I folk that don us displeances,
Thus spit I out my venime under hewe
Of holinesse; to seme holy and trewe.
But shortly min entente I wol devise;
I preche of nothing but for covetise.
Therefore my teme is yet, and ever was,
Radix malorum est cupiditas.

Thus can I preche again the same vice
Which that I use, and that is avarice.
But though myself be gilty in that sinne,
Yet can I maken other folk to twinne
From avarice; and fore hem to repente;
But that is not my principal entente.
I preche nothing but for covetise.
Of this matere it bought ynough suffice.

Than tell I hem ensamples many on
Of olde stories longe time ago,
For lewed peple loven tales olde;
Swiche thinges can they wel report and holde.
What? trowen ye that whiles I may preche
And winnen gold and silver for I teche,
That I wol live in povertie wilfully?
Nay, nay; I thought it never trewely;
For I wol preche and beg in sondry londes,
I wol not do no labour with min hondes,
Ne make baskettes for to live thereby,
Becaus I wol not beggen idelly.
I wol non of the apostles contrefete;
I wol have money, wolle, cheise, and whete.
Al were it yeven of the pourest pape,
Or of the pourest widewe in a village.
Al shulde hire children sterven for fameine:
Nay, I wol drinke the licour of the vine,
And have a joly wenche in every toun.

But herkeneth, Lordings, in conclusioun,
Your liking is that I shal tell a Tale.
Now I have dronke a draught of corny ale,
By God I hope I shal you tell a thing
That shal by reson ben at your liking;
For though myself be a ful vicious man,
A moral Tale yet I you tellen can,
Which I am wont to prechen for to winne.
Now hold your pees, my Tale I wol beginne.

In Flandres whilom was a compaignie
Of yonge folk that haunteden folie,
As hazard, riot, stewes, and tavernes,
Wheras with harpes, lutes, and giternes,
They dance and plaie at dis bothe day and night,
And ete also and drinke over hir might,
Thurgh which they don the devil sacrifice,
Within the devils temple, in cursed wike,
By superfluitee abhominable.
Hir othes ben so gret and so damnable
That it is grilly for to here hem swere.
Our blisful Lordes body they to-tere;
Hem thought the Jewes rent him not ynough;
And eche of hem at others sinne lough.

And right anon in comen tombesteres
Fetis and finale, and yonge fruitesteres,
Singers with harpes, baudes, wafereres,
Which ben the veray devils officers,
To kindle and blow the fire of lecherie,
That is annexed unto glotonie.

The holy writ take I to my witnesse
That luxurie is in wine and dronkenesse.

Lo, how that dronken Loth unkindely
Lay by his daughters two unwetingly;
So dronke he was he nyste what he wrought.

Herodes, who so wel the stories fought,
Whan he of wine replete was at his feste,
Right at his owen table he yave his heste
To sleen the Baptiste John ful gylteles.

Seneca saith a good word douteles;
He saith he can no difference find
Betwix a man that is out of his mind
And a man whiche that is dronkelew;
But that woodnesse, yfallen in a shrew,
Persevereth lenger than doth dronkenesse.

O glotonie! full of cursednesse,
O cause first of our confusion!
O original of our damnation!
Til Crist had bought us with his blood again:
Loketh how dere, shortly for to fain,
About was thilke cursed vilanie:
Corrupt was all this world for glotonie.

Adam our father, and his wif also,
Fro Paradis to labour and to wo
Were driven for that vice, it is no drede;
For while that Adam fasted, as I rede,
He was in Paradis, and whan that he
Ete of the fruit defended on a tree,
Anon he was out cast to wo and peine.
O glotonie! on thee wel ought us plaine.

O! wist a man how many maladies
Folwen of excessie and of glotonies,
He wolde ben the more mesurable
Of his diete, sitting at his table.
Alas! the shorte throte, the tendre mouth,
Maketh that est and west, and north and south,
In erthe, in air, in water, men to fwinke
To gete a gloten deintee mete and drinke.
Of this matere, O Poule! wel canst thou trete:
Mete unto wombe, and wombe eke unto mete,
Shal God destroien bothe, as Paulus saith.
Alas! a foule thing is it by my faith,
To say this word, and fouler is the dede,
Whan man so drinketh of the white and rede
That of his throte he maketh his privce
Thurgh thilke cursed superfluitee.

The apostle saith weping ful pitously,
Ther walken many of which you told have I;
I say it now weping with pitous vois
That they ben enemies of Cristes crois,
Of whiche the end is deth; wombe is hir God:
O wombe, o belly! stinking is thy eod,
Fulfilled of dong and of corrouptioun;
At either end of thee foule is the soun.
How gret labour and cost is thee to find!
Thise cokes how they stamp, and streine, and grind,
And turnen substance into accident,
To fulfill all thy likerous talent!
Out of the hardy bones knocken they
The mary, for they caken nought away
That may go thurgh the gullet soft and sote:
Of spicerie, of leef, of barke, and rote,
Shal ben his sause ymaked, by delit
To make him yet a newer appetit:

But certes he that haunteth swiche delices
Is ded while that he liveth in the vices.

A lecherous thing is wine, and dronkenesse
Is ful of striving and of wretchednesse.
O dronken man! disfigured is thy face,
Sour is thy breth, foul art thou to embrace,
And thurgh thy dronken nose semeth the soun
As though thou saidest ay Sampfoun! Sampfoun!
And yet, God wor, Sampfoun dronk never no wines,
Thou fallest as it were a siked swine;
Thy tonge is lost, and all thin honest cure,
For dronkenesse is veray sepulture
Of mannes wit and his discrecion.

In whom that drinke hath domination
He can no conseil kepe, it is no drede.
Now kepe you fro the white and fro the rede,
And namely for the white wine of Lepe,
That is to sell in Fishstrete and in Chepe,
This wine of Spaigne crepeth subtilly
In other wines growing false by,
Of which ther riseth swiche fumostee,
That whan a man hath dronken draughtes three,
And weneth that he be at home in Chepe,
He is in Spaigne, right at the toun of Lepe,
Not at the Rochell, ne at Burdeux toun,
And thanne wol he say Sampfoun! Sampfoun!

But herkeneth, Lordings, o word, I you pray,
That all the soveraine actes, dare I say,
Of victories in the Olde Testament,
Thurgh veray God that is omnipotent,
Were don in abstinence and in prayere;
Loketh the Bible, and there ye mow it lere.

Loke, Attila the grete conquerour
Died in his slepe with shame and dishonour,
Bleding ay at his nose in dronkenesse;
A capitaine shulde live in sobrenesse.

And over all this ariseth you right wel shap
What was commanded unto Lamuel;
Not Samuel, but Lamuel, say I.
Redeth the Bible, and find it expresly
Of wine yeving to hem that have justice.
No more of this, for it may wel suffice.

And now that I have spoke of glotonie,
Now wol I you defenden hasardrie.
Hasard is veray moder of lesinges,
And of deceite and cursed forsweringes,
Blaspheming of Crist, manlaughtre, and wast alle
Of catel, and of time; and forthermo
It is reprove, and contrary of honour
For to ben hold a commun hasardour,
And ever the higher he is of estat
The more he is holden desolat.

If that a prince useth hasarderie,
In alle governance and policie
He is, as is by commun opinion,
Yhold the lesse in reputation.

Stilbon, that was a wise embassadour,
Was sent to Corinth with ful gret honour
Fro Calidone, to maken hem alliance;
And whan he came he happed him *par chance*
That all the grettest that were of that lond
Yplaying atte hazard he hem fond;
For which, as sone as that it mighte be,
He stalc him home agin to his contree,

And sayde ther, I wol not lese my name;
Ne wol not take on me so gret defame,
You for to allie unto non hafardours;
Sendeth som other wise embassadours;
For by my trouthe me were liver die
Than I you shuld to hafardours allie;
For ye, that ben so glorious in honours,
Shal not allie you to non hafardours,
As by my wille, ne as by my trectee.
This wise philosophre thus sayd he.

Loke eke how to the King Demetrius
The King of Parthes, as the book sayth us;
Sent him a pair of dis of gold in scorn,
For he had used hafard therbefore,
For which he held his glory and his renoun
At no value or reputacioun.
Lords may finden other maner play
Honest ynough to drive the day away.

Now wol I speke of othes false and grette
A word or two, as olde bookes trecte.
Gret swering is a thing abhominable,
And false swering is yet more reprevable.
The highe God forbad swering at al,
Witnesse on Mathew; but in special
Of swering sayth the holy Jeremie,
Thou shalt sweere soth thin othes, and not lie,
And sweere in dome, and eke in rightwinesse,
But idel swering is a cursednesse.

Behold and see that in the firste table
Of highe Goddes hestes honourable
How that the second hest of him is this;
Take not my name in idle or amis.
Lo, rather he forbedeth swiche swering
Than homicide or many an other thing;
I say that as by ordre thus it stondesth,
This knoweth he that his hestes understandeth;
How that the second hest of God is that:
And furthermore, I wol the tell all plat
That vengeance shal not parten from his hous
That of his othes is outrageous.

By Goddes precious herte, and by his nailes;
And by the blood of Crist that is in Hailes,
Seven is my chance, and thin is cink and treye;
By Goddes armes if thou falsly pleye
This dagger shal thurghout thin herte go;
This fruit cometh of the bicchel bones two;
Forswering, ire, falsenesse, and homicide.

Now for the love of Crist; that for us dide;
Leteth your othes bothe gret and finale.
But, Sires, now wol I tell you forth my Tale.
Thise riotours three of which I tell,
Long erst or prime rong of any bell,
Were set hem in a taverne for to drinke,
And as they sat they herd a belle clinke;
Before a corps was caried to his grave;
That on of hem gan callen to his knave,
Go bet, quod he, and axe redily
What corps is this that passeth here forth by,
And loke that thou report his name wel.

Sire, quod this boy, it nedeth never a del;
It was me told or ye came here two houres;
He was parde an old felaw of youre,
And soderly he was yslain to-night,
For donke as he sat on his bench upright;

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Ther came a privie theef men cleepen Deth;
That in this contree all the peple seth,
And with his spere he smote his herte atwo,
And went his way withouten wordes mo.
He hath a thousand slain this pestilence;
And, maister, or ye come in his presence
Me thinketh that it were ful necessary
For to beware of swiche an adverlarie:
Beth redy for me to mete him evermore;
Thus taughte me my dame; I say no more.

By Seinte Marie, sayd this tavernere,
The child sayth soth, for he hath slain this yere,
Hens over a mile, within a gret village;
Both man and woman, child, and hyne and page,
I trowe his habitation be there:
To ben avised gret wisdom it were
Or that he did a man a dishonour.

Ye, Goddes armes; quod this riotour,
Is it swiche peril with him for to mete?
I shal him seke by stile and eke by strete,
I make a vow by Goddes digne bones;
Herkeneth, felawes, we three ben alle ones;
Let eche of us hold up his hond to othe,
And eche of us becomen others brother,
And we wol slen this false traitour Deth:
He shal be slain, he that so many slen,
By Goddes dignitee; or it be night.

Togeder han thise three his trouthes plight
To live and dien eche of hem for other,
As though he were his owen boren brother;
And up they stert al dronken in this rage,
And forth they gon towards that village
Of which the taverne had spoke before,
And many a griffy oth than have they sworn,
And Cristes blessed body they to-rent,
Deth shal be ded, if that we may him hent.

Whan they han gon not fully half a mile,
Right as they wold han troden over a stile,
An olde man and a poure with hem mette;
This olde man ful mekely hem grette,
And sayde thus; Now, Lordes, God you see!

The proudest of thise riotours three
Answerd agen; What? cherl, with fery grace,
Why art thou all forwrapped save thy face?

Why livest thou so longe in so gret age?
This olde man gan loke in his visage,
And sayde thus; For I ne cannot finde
A man, though that I walked into Indee,
Neither in citee ne in no village,
That wolde change his youthe for min age;
And therefore mote I han min age still
As longe time as it is Goddes will.

Ne Deth, alas! I pe wil not han my lif;
Thus walke I like a restles caitif,
And on the ground, which is my modres gate,
I knoeke with my staf erlich and late,
And say to hire, Leve mother, let me in;
Lo, how I vanish, flesch, and blood, and skin.
Alas! whan shul my bones ben at reste?
Mother, with you wold I changen my chesle;
That in my chambre longe time hath be,
Ye, for an heren clout to wrap in me.
But yet to me the wol not don that grace,
For which ful pale and welked is my face.

H

Bury Sirs, to you it is no curtesie
To speke unto an olde man vilanie,
But he trespase in word or elles in dede.
In holy writ ye moun yourselven rede
Ageins an olde man hore upon his hede
Ye shuld arise : therefore I yeve you rede
Ne doth unto an olde man non harm now,
No more than that ye wold a man did you
In age, if that ye may so long abide ;
And God be with you where you go or ride :
I moste go thider as I have to go.

Nay, olde cherl, by God thou shalt not so,
Sayde this other hafardour anon ;
Thou partest not so lightly, by Seint John.
Thou spake right now of thilke traitour Deth,
That in this contree all our frendes sleth ;
Have here my trowth, as thou art his espie,
Tell wher he is, or thou shalt it abie
By God and by the holy sacrament,
For sothly thou art on of his assent
To slen us yonge folk, thou false thefe.

Now, Sires, quod he, if it be you so lese
To finden Deth, tourne up this croked way,
For in that grove I left him by my fay
Under a tree, and ther he wol abide,
Ne for your boht he wol him nothing hide.
Se ye that oke ? right ther ye shuln him find.
God save you that bought agen mankind,
And you amende ! Thus sayd this olde man.

And everich of thise riotours ran
Til they came to the tree, and ther they found
Of Floreins fine of gold ycoined round
Wel nigh and eighte busshels, as hem thought :
No longer than after Dethe they fought,
But eche of hem so glad was of the sight,
For that the Floreins ben so faire and bright,
That, down they sette hem by the precious hord :
The worste of hem he spake the firste word.

Brethren, quod he, take kepe what I shal say ;
My wir is gret though that I bourde and play.
This tresour hath Fortune unto us yeven,
In mirth and jolitee our lif to liven,
And lightly as it cometh so wol we spend.
Ey, Goddes precious dignitee ! who wend
To-day that we shuld han so faire a grace ?
But might this gold be caried fro this place
Home to myn hous, or elles unto youre,
(For wel I wote that all this gold is oures)
Thanne were we in high felicitee ;
But trewely by day it may not be,
Men wolden say that we were theeves strong,
And for our owen tresour don us hong.
This tresour must ycaried be by night
As wisely and as sleighly as it might ;
Wherfore I rede that cut among us alle
We drawe, and let see wher the cut wol falle ;
And he that hath the cut, with herte blith,
Shal rennen to the toun, and that ful swich,
And bring us bred and win ful prively ;
And two of us shal kepen subtilly
This tresour wel ; and if he wol not tarien,
Whan it is night we wol this tresour carien
By on-assent wher as us thinketh best.

That on of hem the cut brought in his fest,

And bad him drawe, and loke wher it wold falle,
And it fell on the yongest of hem alle,
And forth toward the toun he went anon :
And al so sone as that he was agon
That on of hem spake thus unto that other ;
Thou wotest wel thou art my sworn brother,
Thy profite wol I tell the right anon.
Thou wost wel that our felaw is agon,
And here is gold, and that ful gret plentee,
That shal departed ben among us three ;
But natheles, if I can shape it so
That it departed were among us two,
Had I not don a frendes turn to thee ?

That other answerd, I n'ot how that may be :
He wote wel that the gold is with us tweye.
What shuln we don, what shuln we to him seye ?
Shal it be conseil ? sayde the firste shrewe,
And I shal tellen thee in wordes fewe
What we shul don, and bring it wel aboute.

I grante, quod that other, out of doute,
That by my trowth I wol thee not bewreie.

Now, quod the first, thou wost wel we ben
And tweie of us shal strengre be than on. [tweie.
Loke, whan that he is set thou right anon
Arise, as though thou woldest with him play,
And I shal rive him thurgh the sides tway
While that thou stroglest with him as in game,
And with thy dagger loke thou do the fame ;
And than shal this gold departed be,
My dere frend ! between thee and me ;
Than moun we bothe our lustes al fulfille,
And play at dis right at our owen wille.
And thus accorded ben thise shrewes tweye
To slen the thridde, as ye han herde me seye.

This yongest, which that wente to the toun,
Ful oft in herte he rolleth up and down
The beautee of thise Floreins new and bright.
O Lord ! quod he, if so were that I might
Have all this tresour to myself alone,
Ther n'is no man that liveth under the trone
Of God that shulde live so mery as I.
And at the last the, fend our enemy,
Putte in his thought that he shuld poison beye,
With which he mighte slen his felaws tweye :
For why ? the fend fond him in swiche living
That he had leve to forwe him to bring ;
For this was outrely his ful entente,
To slen hem both and never to repente.
And forth he goth, no lenger wold he tary,
Into the toun unto a potecary,
And praied him that he wolde sell
Some poison, that he might his ratouns quell ;
And eke ther was a polkat in his hawe
That, as he sayd, his capons had yllawe ;
And sayn he wolde him wroken, if he might,
Of vermine that destroyed hem by night.

The potecary answerd, Thou shalt have
A thing, as wisely God my soule save,
In all this world ther n'is no creature
That ete or dronke hath of this confecture,
Not but the mountance of a corne of whete,
That he ne shal his lif anon forlete,
Ye, sterve he shal, and that in lesse while
Than thou wolt gon a pas not but a mile ;

This poison is so strong and violent.

This cursed man hath in his hond yhent
This poison in a box, and swithe he ran
Into the nexte strete unto a man,
And borwed of him large botelles three;
And in the two the poison poured he;
The thridde he kepte clene for his drinke,
For all the night he shope him for to fwinke
In caryng of the gold out of that place.
And whan this riotour with fory grace
Hath filled with win his grete botelles three
To his felawes agen repaireth he.

What nedeth it thereof to sermōn more?
For right as they had cast his deth before,
Right so they han him slain, and that anon.
And whan that this was don, thus spake that on;
Now let us sit and drinke, and make us mery.
And afterward we wiln his body bery.
And with that word it happed him *par cas*
To take the botelle ther the poison was,
And dronke, and yave his felaw drinke also,
For which anon they storven bothe two.

But certes I suppoſe that Avicenne
Wrote never in no canon ne in no fenne
Mo wonder signes of empoisoning
Than had thise wretches two of hir ending.
Thus ended ben thise homicides two,
And eke the false empoisoner also.

O cursednesse of all cursednesse;
O traitours homicide! o wickednesse!
O glotonie, luxurie, and hafardrie!
Thou blasphemour of Crist with vilanie
And othes grete of usage and of pride!
Alas! mankinde, how may it betide
That to thy Creatour, which that thee wrought,
And with his precious herte-blood thee bought,
Thou art so false and so unkind? alas!

Now, good men, God foryeve you your trespas,
And ware you fro the sinne of avarice,
Min holy pardon may you all warice,
So that ye offre nobles or starlinges,
Or elles silver broches, spones, ringes.
Boweth your hed under this holy bulle.
Cometh up, ye wives, and offreth of your wolles;
Your names I entre here in my roll anon;
Into the blisse of heven shul ye gon:
I you assoile by min high powere,
You that wiln offre, as clene and eke as clere
As ye were borne. Lo, Sires, thus I preche;
And Jesu Crist, that is our soules leche,
So graunte you his pardon to receive.
For that is best, I wol you not deceive.

But, Sires, o word forgate I in my Tale;
I have relikes and pardon in my male
As faire as any man in Engelond,
Which were me yeven by the Popes hond.
If any of you wol of devotion
Offren, and han my absolution,
Cometh forth anon, and kneleth here adoun,
And mekely receiveth my pardoun;
Or elles taketh pardon as ye wende,
Al new and freshe at every tounes ende,
So that ye offren alway newe and newe
Nobles or pens which that ben good and trewe,
It is an honour to everich that is here
That ye moun have a sufficient Pardonere
To assoilen you in contree as ye ride
For adventures which that moun betide.
Paraventure ther may falle on or two
Doun of his hore, and breke his necke atwo.
Loke, which a seurtee is it to you alle
That I am in your felawship yfalle,
That may assoile you both more and lesse,
Whan that the soule shal fro the body passe.
I rede that our Hoste shal beginne,
For he is most envoluped in sinne.
Come forth, Sire Hoste, and offre first anon,
And thou shalt kisse the relikes everich on,
Ye for a grote; unbokel anon thy purfe.

Nay, nay, quod he; than have I Cristes curse.
Let be, quod he; it shal not be, so the ich.
Thou woldest make me kisse thin olde brech,
And swere it were a relike of a seint,
Though it were with thy foundement depeint:
But by the crois which that Seint Heleine fond
I wolde I had thin coilons in min hond
Instede of relikes or of seintuarie.

Let cut hem of, I wol thee help hem carie:
They shul be shined in an hogges tord.

This Pardoner answered not a word;
So wroth he was no worde ne wolde he say.

Now, quod our Hoste, I wol no lenger play
With thee, ne with non other angry man.

But right anon the worthy knight began,
(Whan that he saw that all the peple lough)
No more of this, for it is right ynough.

Sire Pardoner, be mery and glad of chere
And ye, Sire Hoste, that ben to me so dere,
I pray you that ye kisse the Pardoner;
And, Pardoner, I pray thee draw thee ner,
And as we diden let us laugh and play.
Anon they kissed, and riden forth hir way.

H ij

THE SHIPMANNES PROLOGUE.

Our Hoste upon his stirrups stode anon,
And faide, Good men, herkeneth everich on,
This was a thrifty Tale for the nonces.
Sire Parish Preeft, quod he, for Goddes bones
Tell us a Tale, as was thy forward yare;
I see wel that ye lerned men in lorc
Can mochel good, by Goddes dignitee.
The Person him answerd, *Benedicite!*
What eileth the man so finfully to swere?
Our Hoste answerd, O Jankin! be ye there?
Now good men, quod our Hoste, herkneth to me?
I smell a Loller in the wind, quod he:
Abideth for Goddes digne passion,
For we shul han a predication:

This Loller here wol prechen us somwhat.
Nay, by my fathers soule, that shal he nat,
Sayde the Shipman; here shal he nat preche;
He shal no gospel glofen here ne teche.
We leven all in the gret God, quod he:
He wolde fowen som difficultee,
Or springen cockle in our clene corne;
And therefore Hoste, I warne thee beforne
My joly body shal a Tale telle,
And I shal clinken you so mery a belle
That I shal waken all this compaignie;
But it shal not ben of philosophie,
Ne of physike, ne termes quicnte of lawe:
Ther is but litel Latin in my mawe.

THE SHIPMANNES TALE.

A Marchant whilom dwelled at Seint Denise
That riche was, for which men held him wise:
A wif he had of excellent beautee,
And compaignable and revelous was she,
Which is a thing that causeth more dispenche
Than worth is all the chere and reverence
That men hem don at festes and at dances:
Swiche salutations and contenaunces
Passen as doth a shadwe upon the wal;
But wo is him that payen mote for all.
The sely hufbond algate he mote pay,
He mote us clothe and he mote us array
All for his owen worship richely,
In which array we dancen jolily:
And if that he may not paraventure,
Or elles lust not swiche dispenche endure,
But thinketh it is wasted and ylost,
Than mote another payen for our cost,

Or lene us gold, and that is perilous.
This noble marchant held a worthy hous,
For which he had all day so gret repaire
For his largesse, and for his wif was faire,
That wonder is. But herkeneth to my Tale.
Amonges all thise gestes gret and finale
Ther was a monk, a faire man and a bold,
I trow a thrifty winter he was old,
That ever in on was drawing to that place.
This yonge monk, that was so faire of face,
Acquainted was so with this goode man,
Sithen that hire firste knowlege began,
That in his hous as familer was he
As it possible is any frend to be.
And for as mochel us this goode man
And eke this monk of which that I began
Were bothe two yborne in o village,
The monk him claimeth as for colinage,

And he again him sayd not ones nay,
But was as glad therof as foule of day,
For to his herte it was a gret plesance,
Thus ben they knit with etorne alliance,
And ech of hem gan other for to ensure,
Of brotherhed while that hir lif may dure.

Free was Dan John, and namely of dispence,
As in that hous, and ful of diligence
To don plesance, and also gret coftage;
He not forgate to yave the lesse page,
In all that hous, but after hir degree,
He yave the lord and fithen his meince,
Whan that he came, fori maner honest thing,
For which they were as glad of his coming,
As foule is sayn whan that the sonne up riseth.
No more of this as now, for it sufficeth.

But so befell this marchant on a day,
Shope him to maken redy his array
Toward the town of Brugges for to fare,
To byen ther a portion of ware,
For which he hath to Paris sent anon
A messenger, and praised hath Dan John
That he shuld come to Seint Denis, and pleie
With him and with his wif a day or twye,
Or he to Brugges went, in all wise.

This noble monk, of which I you devise,
Hath of his abbot as him list licence,
(Because he was a man of high prudence,
And eke an officer out for to ride
To seen hir granges and hir bernies wide)
And unto Seint Denis he cometh anon.

Who was so welcome as my Lord Dan John,
Our dere cousin, ful of curtesie?
With him he brought a jubbe of Malvesie,
And eke another ful of fine Vernage,
And volatile, as ay was his usage,
And thus I let him etc, and drinke, and pleye,
This marchant and this monk, a day or twye.

The thirde day this marchant up ariseth,
And on his nedes sadly him awiseth,
And up into his countour hous goth he,
To reken with himselven, wel may be,
Of thilke yere how that it with him stood,
And how that he dispended had his good,
And if that he encrefed were or non.
His bookes and his bagges many on
He layeth befori him on his counting bord,
Ful riche was his tresour and his hord,
For which ful faste his countour dore he shet,
And eke he n'olde no man shuld him let
Of his accountes for the mene time;
And thus he fit til it was passed prime.

Dan John was risen in the morwe also,
And in the gardin walked to and fro,
And hath his thinges sayd ful curteisly.

This goode wif came walking prively
Into the gardin ther he walketh soft,
And him salueth, as she hath don oft;
A maiden child came in hire compaignie,
Which as hire lust she may governe and gie,
For yet under the yerde was the maide.

O dere cousin min! Dan John, the saide,
What aileth you so rathe for to arise?

Nece, quod he, it ought ynough suffice

Five houres for to slepe upon a night,
But it were for an olde appalled wight,
As ben this wedded man, that lic and dare,
As in a fourme sitteth a wery hare,
Were al forstraught with houndes gret and finale,
But, dere nece! why be ye so pale?
I trowe certes that our goode man
Hath you labourd sith this night began,
That you were nede to resten hastily,
And with that word he lough ful merrily,
And of his owen thought he weke all redew and f.

This faire wif gan for to shake hire hed,
And saide thus; Ye, God wote all, quod she to bed,
Nay, cofin min, it stant not so with me;
For by that God that yave me soule and lif,
In all the reame of Fraunce is ther no wif
That lasse lust hath to that sory play,
For I may sing alas and wala wa
That I was borne! but to no wight (quod she)
Dare I not tell how that it stant with me;
Wherefore I thinke out of this lond to wende,
Or elles of myself to make an ende,
So ful am I of drede and eke of care.

This monk began upon this wif to stare,
And sayd, Alas! my nece, God forbede
That ye for any sorwe or any drede
Fordo yourself; but tellethe me your grefe,
Paraventure I may in your mischefe
Conseile or helpe; and therfore tellethe me
All your annoy, for it shal ben secree;
For on my portos here I make an oth
That never in my lif, for lese ne loth,
Ne shal I of no conseil you bewray.

The same agen to you, quod she, I say,
By God and by this portos I you swere,
Though men me wolden all in peeces tere,
Ne shall I never, for to gon to helle,
Bewrey o word of thing that ye me tell;
Nought for no cofinage ne alliance,
But veraily for love and affiance.
Thus ben they sworne, and hereupon they liste,
And ech of hem told other what hem liste.
Cofin, quod she, if that I had a space,
As I have non, and namely in this place,
Than wold I tell a legend of my lif,
What I have suffred sith I was a wif
With min husband, al be he your cofin.

Nay, quod this monk, by God and Seint Martin
He n'is no more cofin unto me
Than is the leef that hangeth on the tree;
I clepe him so, by Seint Denis of France,
To han the more cause of acquaintance
Of you, which I have loved specially
Aboven alle women likerly;

This swere I you on my professioun,
Tellethe your grefe, lest that he come adoun,
And hasteth you, and goth away anon.

My dere love! quod she, o my Dan John,
Ful lese were me this conseil for to hide,
But out it mote, I may no lenger abide.

Myn husband is to me the werste man
That ever was sith that the world began;
But sith I am a wif, it fit not me
To tellen no wight of our privete

Neither in bed ne in non other place;
 God shilde I shulde it tellen for his grace;
 A wif ne shal not sayn of hire husband
 But all honour, as I can understond;
 Save unto you thus much I tellen shal;
 As helpe me God he is nought worth at all,
 In no degree the value of a flie.
 But yet me greveth most his nigardie
 And wel ye wot that women naturally
 Desiren thinges fixe as well as I;
 They wolden that hir husbondes shulden be
 Hardy, and wise, and riche, and thereto free,
 And buxome to his wif, and fresh a-bedde,
 But by that ilke Lord that for us bledde,
 For his honour myselven for to array,
 A Sonday next I muste nedes pay
 An hundred franks, or elles am I lorne;
 Yet were me lever that I were unborne
 Than were don a fclandre or vilanie.
 And if min husbond eke might it espie
 I n'ere but lost; and therefore I you prey
 Lene me this summe, or elles mote I dey;
 Dan John, I say, lene me this hundred franks;
 Parde I wol not faille you my thanks,
 If that you list to do that I you pray;
 For at a certain day I wol you pay,
 And do to you what plesance and service
 That I may don, right as you list devise;
 And but I do God take on me vengeance
 As foul as ever had Genelon of France.

This gentil monk answered in this manere;
 Now trewely, min owen lady dere!
 I have (quod he) on you so grete a routhe,
 That I you swere, and plighte you my trouthe,
 That than your husbond is to Flandres fare
 I wol deliver you out of this care,
 For I wol bringen you an hundred franks.
 And with that word he caught her by the flanks,
 And hire embraced hard, and kiste hire oft.
 Goth now your way, quod he, al stille and soft,
 And let us dine as sone as that ye may,
 For by my kalender it is prime of day;
 Goth now, and beth as trewe as I shal be.

Now elles God forbede, Sire, quod she.
 And forth she goth as joly as a pie,
 And bad the cokes that they shuld hem hie,
 So that men mighten dine, and that anon.
 Up to hire husbond is this wif ygon,
 And knocketh at his countour boldely.
Qui est la? quod he; Peter, it am I,
 Quod she. What, Sire, how longe wol ye fast?
 How longe time wol ye reken and cast
 Your summes, and your bookes, and your thinges?
 The devil have part of all fwi che rekeninges!
 Ye han ynough parde of Goddes fonde.
 Come down to-day, and let your bagges stonde.
 Ne be ye not ashamed that Dan John
 Shal fasting all this day elenge gon?

What! let us here a masse, and go we dine.
 Wif, quod this man, litel canst thou divine
 The curious befinesse that we have;
 For of us chapmen, all fo God me save,
 And by that lord that cleped is Seint Ive,
 Scarsly amonges twenty ten shal thrive

Continuelly, lastung unto oure age.
 We moun wel maken chere and good vilage,
 And driven forth the world as it may be,
 And kepen oure estat in privetee
 Til we be ded, or elles that we playn
 A pilgrimage, or gon out of the way:
 And therefore have I gret necessitee
 Upon this queinte world to avisen me;
 For evermore mote we stond in dredenful
 Of hap and fortune in our chapmanhede.

To Flanders wol I go to-morwe at day,
 And come agein as sone as ever I may,
 For which, my dere wif! I thee besekel
 As be to every wight buxom and meke,
 And for to kepe our good be curious,
 And honestly governe wel our hous;
 Thou hast ynough in every maner wise
 That to a thrifty household may suffice;
 Thee lacketh non arriay ne no vitaille;
 Of silver in thy purse shalt thou not faille.
 And with that word his countour dore he fette,
 And down he goth; no lenger wold he lette;
 And hastily a masse was ther faide,
 And spedily the tables were ylaide,
 And to the diner faste they hem spedde,
 And richely this monk the chapman fedde.

And after diner Dan John sobrelly
 This chapman toke apart, and prively
 He said him thus; Cofin, it stondeth forin
 That wel I see to Brugges ye wol go;
 God and Seint Austyn spede you and gide!
 I pray you, cofin, wisely that ye ride;
 Governeth you also of your diete
 Attemprely, and namely in this hete.
 Betwix us two nedeth no strange fare;
 Farewel, cofin, God shilde you fro care!
 If any thing ther be by day or night,
 If it lie in my power and my might,
 That ye me wol command in any wise,
 It shal be don right as ye wol devise.

But o thing or ye go, if it may be;
 I wolde prayen you for to lene me
 An hundred franks for a weke or tweye,
 For certain bestes that I muste beye,
 To floren with a place that is oures,
 (God help me so I wold that it were yours)
 I shal not faille surely of my day,
 Not for a thousand franks, a mile way.
 But let this thing be secree, I you prey;
 For yet to-night this bestes mote I beye.
 And fare now wel, min owen cofin dere!
 Grand mercy of your cost and of your chere.

This noble marchant gentilly anon
 Answerd and said, O cofin min, Dan John!
 Now sikerly this is a final requeste;
 My gold is yours, whan that that you leste,
 And not only my gold but my chaffare;
 Take what you lest, God shilde that ye spare.
 But o thing is, ye know it wel ynough
 Of chapmen that hir money is hir plough;
 We moun creancen while we han a name,
 But goodles for to ben it is no game.
 Pay it agen whan it lith in your ese;
 After my might ful fayn wold I you plesse.

Thise hundred frankes fet he forth anon,
 And prively he toke hem to Dan John :
 No wight in al this world wist of this lone
 Saving this marchant and Dan John alone.
 They drinke, and speke, and rome a while and
 Til that Dan John rideth to his abbeye, [pleye,

The morwe came, and forth this marchant rideth
 To Flandres ward ; his prentis wel him gideth
 Til he came in to Brugges merily.

Now goth this marchant faste and besily
 About his nede, and bieth, and creanceth ;
 He neither playeth at the dis ne danceth,
 But 'as a marchant, shortly for to tell,
 He ledeth his lif ; and ther I let him dwell.

The Sohday next the marchant was agon
 To Seint Denis ycomen is Dan John,
 With croune and berde all fresh and newe yhave.

In all the hous ther n'as fo litel a knave,
 Ne no wight elles, that he n'as ful fain
 For that my Lord Dan John was come again.

And shortly to the point right for to gon,
 This faire wif accordeth with Dan John
 That for thise hundred frankes he shuld all night
 Haven hire in his armes bolt upright :

And this accord performed was in dede.
 In mirth all night a bely lif they lede
 Til it was day, that Dan John yede his way,
 And bad the meinie farewell, have good day :

For non of hem, ne no wight in the toun,
 Hath of Dan John right non suspeticoun :
 And forth he rideth home to his abbey,
 Or wher him liste ; no more of him I sey.

This marchant, whan that ended was the faire,
 To Seint Denis he gan for to repaire,
 And with his wif he maketh feste and chere,

And telleth hire that chaffare is so dere
 That nedes muste he make a chevifance
 For he was bonde in a recognifance

To payen twenty thousand sheldes anon :
 For which this marchant is to Paris gon
 To borwe of certain frendes that he hadde

A certain frankes, and sum with him he ladde.
 And whan that he was come in to the toun,
 For gret chiertee and gret affectioun

Unto Dan John he goth him first to pleye,
 Not for to axe or borwe of him moneye,
 But for to wete and seen of his welfare,

And for to tellen him of his chaffare,
 As frendes don whan they ben mette in fere.

Dan John him maketh feste and mery chere,
 And he him tolde agen ful specially
 How he had wel ybought and graciously

(Thanked be God) all hole his marchandise,
 Save that he must in alle manere wise
 Maken a chevifance, as for his beste,

And than he shulde ben in joye and reste,
 Dan John answered, Certes I am fain
 That ye in hele be comen home again ;

And if that I were riche, as have I blisse,
 Of twenty thousand sheldes shuld ye not misse,
 For ye so kindly this other day

Lente me gold, and as I can and may
 I thanke you, by God and by Seint Jame.
 But natheles I toke unto our dame,

Your wif, at home, the same gold againe
 Upon your benche ; she wote it wel certain.
 By certain tokenes that I can hire tell.

Now by your leve I may no leger dwell ;
 Our abbot wol out of this toun anon,
 And in his compaignie I muste gon.

Grete wel our dame, min owen nece swete !
 And farewell, dere cosin ! til we mete.

This marchant, which that was ful ware and
 Creanced hath, and paide eke in Paris [wise,
 To certain Lumbardes, redy in hir hond,

The summe of gold, and gate of hem his bond,
 And home he goth mery as a popingay,
 For wel he knew he stood in swiche array

That nedes muste he winne in that viage
 A thousand frankes above all his costage.
 His wif ful redy mette him at the gate,

As she was wont of old usage algate ;
 And all that night in mirth they ben sette,
 For he was riche, and clerly out of dette.

Whan it was day, this marchant gan embrace
 His wif all newe, and kiste hire in hire face,
 And up he goth, and maketh it ful tough.

No more, quod she ; by God ye have ynough ;
 And wantonly agen with him the plaide,
 Til at the last this marchant to hire saide :

By God, quod he, I am a litel wrothe
 With you my wif, although it be me lothe ;
 And wote ye why ? by God, as that I gesse

That ye han made a manere strangenesse
 Betwixen me and my cosin Dan John.
 Ye shuld have warned me or I had gon

That he you had an hundred frankes paide
 By redy token, and held him evil apaide
 For that I to him spake of chevifance :

(Me femed so as by his contenance)
 But natheles, by God our heven king
 I thoughte not to axe of him no thing.

I pray thee, wif, ne do thou no more so :
 Tell me alway, er that I fro thee go.
 If any dettour hath in min absence

Ypaid thee, I st thurgh thy negligence
 I might him axe a thing that he hath paide.

This wif was not aferde ne affraide,
 But boldly she said, and that anon,
 Mary ! I desie that false monk Dan John ;

I kepe not of his tokenes never a del :
 He toke me certain gold, I wote it wel.
 What ! evil thedome on his monkes snoute ;

For God it wot I wend withouten doute
 That he had yeve it me becaufe of you,
 To don therwith min honour and my prow

For cosinage and eke for *belle chere*
 That he hath had ful often times here :
 But sith I see I stonde in swiche disjoint

I wol answer you shortly to the point.
 Ye have mo slakke dettours than am I ;
 For I wol pay you wel and redily

Fro day to day, and if so be I faille,
 I am your wif, score it upon my taile,
 And I shal pay as sone as ever I may ;

For by my trouth I have on min array,
 And not in waste, bestowed it every del ;
 And for I have bestowed it so wel

For your honour, for Goddes sake I say: Your will
 As beeth not wrothe, but let us laugh and play:
 Ye shal my joly body han to wedde;
 By God I will not pay you but a-bedde:
 Foryeve it me, min owen spouse dere!
 Turne hitherward, and maketh better chere.
 This marchant saw ther was no remedy,
 And for to chide it n'ere but a foly,

Sith that the thing may not amended be,
 Now wif, he said, and I foryeve it thee;
 But by thy lif be ne no more so large;
 Kepe bet my good, this yvee I thee in charge,
 Thus endeth now my Tale, and God us sende
 Tasing ynough unto our lives ende,

THE PRIORESSES PROLOGUE.

THE PRIORESSES PROLOGUE.

Wel said, by *corpus Domini*, quod our Hoste;
Now longe mote thou fallen by the cofte;
Thou gentil maister, gentil marinerce;
God give the monke a thousand last quad yere.
A ha! felawes, beth ware of swiche a jape:
The monke put in the mannes hode an ape,
And in his wifes eke, by Seint Austyn.
Draweth no monkes more into your in.
But now passe over, and let us seek aboute
Who shall now tellen first of all this route.

Another Tale: and with that word he said,
As curteisly, as it had been a maid;
My Lady Prioresse, by your leve,
So that I wist I shuld you not agreve,
I wolde demen that ye tellen shold.
A Tale next, if so were that ye wold.
Now wol ye vocheauf, may Lady dere?
Gladly, quod she; and saide as ye shal here.

THE PRIORESSES TALE.*

O Lord our Lord! thy name how merveilous
Is in this large world ysprad! (quod she)
For not al only thy laude precious
Parfourned is by men of dignitee,
But by the mouth of children thy bountee
Parfourned is, for on the brest souking
Sometime shewen they thin heryng.
Wherefore in laude, as I can best and may,
Of thee and of the white lily flour
Which that thee bare, and is a maide alway,
To tell a storie I will do my labour;
Not that I may encreasen hire honour,
For the herselfen is honour and rote
Of bountee, next hire sone, and soules bote.
O mother maide! o maide and mother fre!
O bushe unbrent! breunning in Moyes sight,
That ravishedest down fro the deitee,
Thurgh thin humbleffe, the gost that in the alight
Of whos vertue, whan he thin herte light,
Conceived was the fathers sapience,
Helpe me to tell it in thy reverence.
Lady! thy bountee, thy magnificence,
Thy vertue and thy gret humilitee,

Ther may no tongue expresse in no science;
For somtime, Lady! or men pray to thee
Thou gost befor of thy beniguitee
And getest us the light of thy prayer
To giden us unto thy sone so dere.
My conning is so weke, o blisful Quene!
For to declare thy grete worthinesse,
That I ne may the weighte not sustene;
But as a child of twelf moneth old or lesse,
That can unnethes any word expresse,
Right so fare I, and therefore I you pray
Gideth my song that I shal of you say.
Ther was in Asie, in a gret citee,
Amonges Cristen folk a Jewerie,
Sustened by a lord of that contree,
For foule usure and lucre of vilanie
Hateful to Crist and to his compaignie,
And thurgh the strete men mighten ride and wende,
For it was free, and open at eyther ende.
A litel scole of Cristen folk ther stood
Down at the fether end, in which ther were
Children an hepe comen of Cristen blood,
That lerned in that scole yere by yere
Swiche manere doctrine as men used there;

* A miracle of a Christian child murdered by the Jews.

This is to say, to singen and to rede,
As female children don in hir childhede.

Among thise children was a widewes sone,
A litel clergion, sevene yere of age,
That day by day to scole was his wone,
And eke also, wheras he sey the image
Of Cristes moder, had he in usage,
As him was taught, to knele adoun, and say
Ave Marie as he goth by the way.

Thus hath this widewe hire litel sone ytaught
Our blisful Lady, Cristes mother dere,
To worship ay, and he forgate it naught,
For sely childe wol away sone lere.

But aye whan I remembre on this matere
Seint Nicholas stant ever in my preface,
For he so yong to Crist did reverence,

This litel childe his litel book lerning,
As he sat in the scole at his primere,
He *Alma Redemptoris* herde sing,
As children lered hir antiphonere,
And as he dorst he drew him nere and nere,
And herkened ay the words and the note,
Til he the firste vers coude al by rote.

Nought wist he what this Latin was to say,
For he so yonge and tendre was of age;
But on a day his felaw gan he pray
To expounden him this song in his language,
Or telle him why this song was in usage:
This prayde he him to construe and declare
Ful oft time upon his knees bare.

His felaw, which that elder was than he,
Answered him thus; This song I have herd say,
Was makid of our blisful Lady fre,
Hire to salve, and eke hire for to prey
To ben our help and focour whan we dey.
I can no more expound in this matere:
I herne song; I can but smal grammere.

And is this song makid in reverence
Of Cristes moder? said this innocent:
Now certes I wol don my diligence
To conne it all or Cristemasse be went,
Though that I for my primer shal be flent,
And shal be beten thries in an houre.
I wol it conne our Ladic for to honour.

His felaw taught him homeward prively
Fro day to day til he coude it by rote,
And than he song it wel and boldly
Fro word to word according with the note:
Twies a day it passed thurgh his throte,
To scoleward and homeward whan he wente;
On Cristes moder set was his entente.

As I have said, thurghout the Jewerie
This litel child, as he came to and fro,
Ful merily than wold he sing and crie
O Alma Redemptoris: ever mo.

The swetenesse hath his herte perfeld so
Of Cristes moder, that to hire to pray
He cannot flint of singing by the way,

Our firste so, the serpent Sathanas,
That hath in Jewes herte his waspes nest,
Up swale and said, O Ebraike peple, alas!
Is this to you a thing that is honest.
That swiche a boy shal walken as him leste
In your despit, and sing of swiche sentence,
Which is again our lawes reverence?

From thennesforth the Jewes han conspired
This innocent out of this world to chace:
And homicide thereto han they hired,
That in an aleye had a privee place,
And as the child gan forthby for to pace
This cursed Jew him hent and held him fast,
And cut his throte, and in a pit him cast.

I say that in a wardrope they him threwe
Wher as thise Jewes purgen hir entraille.
O cursed folk! of Herodes alle-newe,
What may your evil entente you availle?
Mordre wel out, certein it wol not faille;
And namely ther the honour of God shal sprede
The blood out crieth on your cursed dede.

O martyr fouded in virginitee!
Now maist thou singe and solwen ever in on
The white Lamb celestial, quod she,
Of which the gret evangelist Seint John
In Pathmos wrote, which sayth that they that gon
Before this Lamb, and sing a song al newe,
That never fleshy woman they ne knewe.

This poure widewe awaiteth al that night
After hire litel childe, and he came nought,
For which as sone as it was dayes light,
With face pale of drede and bely thought
She hath at scole and elles wher him sought,
Til finally she gan so fer aprie
That he last seen was in the Jewerie.

With modres pitee in hire brest enclosed
She goth, as she were half out of hire minde,
To every place wher she hath supposed
By likelihed hire litel child to finde;
And ever on Cristes moder meke and kinde
She cried, and at the laste thus she wrought,
Among the cursed Jewes she him found.

She freyneth and she praith pitoufly
To every Jew that dwelled in thilke place
To telle hire of hire child went ought forth by;
They sayden Nay; but Jesu of his grace
Yave in hire thought, within a litte space,
That in that place after hire sone the cride
Ther he was casten in a pit beside.

O grete God, that performest thy laude
By mouth of innocentes, lo here thy might
This gem of chastitee, this emeraude,
And eke of martirdome the rubie bright,
Ther he with throte ycorven lay upright
He *Alma Redemptoris* gan to singe
So loude, that all the place gan to ringe.

The Cristes folk that thurgh the strete wente
In comen for to wondre upon this thing,
And hastily they for the provost sente:
He came anon withouten taryng,
And herieth Crist, that is of heven king,
And eke his moder, honour of mankind,
And after that the Jewes let he binde

This child with pitous lamentation
Was taken up, singing his song alway,
And with honour and gret proceffion
They carien him unto the next abbey;
His moder swouning by the bere lay:
Unnethe might the peple that was there
This newe Rachel bringen for his bere.

With turment and with shameful deth eche on
This provost doth thise Jewes for to sterye

This welke of mercie, Cristes moder swete,
I loved alway, as after my conning;
And whan that I my lif shulde forlete
To me she came, and bad me for to sing
This antem veraily in my dying,

O young Hew of Lincoln! slain also
With cursed Jewes, as it is notable,
For it n'is but a litle while ago,
Pray eke for us, we sinful folk unfable,
That of his mercie God so merciable
On us his grete mercie multiple,
For reverence of his moder Marie.

Unhappily a few days
 I left my young man at the altar
 And said, "I feel bound to do so."
 To turn back will not do
 Therefore many a noble soul
 His broken vows a little while
 Looked forward by the day
 And his heart was always
 And his heart was always
 Mine I thought would not his
 Though as I yet tell many
 And it is still upon a
 But both the sad and
 And he was chosen and he loved
 When he was with me
 They were not in time and space
 Truly a terrible thing
 That my own mind should
 Of wanting wedding and the part
 There was no good reason
 With my good and honest
 And she on looking for the first
 He could point at the altar door

[illegible]

PROLOGUE TO SIRE THOPAS.

WHAN said was this miracle every man to see,
As sober was that wonder was to see,
Til that our Hoste to Japen he began,
And than at erst he looked upon me,
And saide thus; What man art thou? quod he:
Thou lokest as thou woldest find an hare,
For ever upon the ground I see thee stare.

Approche nere, and loke up meryly.
Now ware you, Sires, and let this man have place;
He in the waste is shapen as wel as I.
This were a popet in an arme to embrace
For any woman, final and fair of face.

He semeth elvish by his contenance,
For unto no wight doth he dalliance.
Say now somewhat, sin other folk han faide;
Tell us a Tale of mirth, and that anon.
Hoste quod I, ne be not evil apaid;
For other Tale certes can I non
But of a rime I lerned yore agon.
Ye, that is good, quod he; we shullen here
Som deincep thing me thinketh by thy chere.

THE RIME OF SIRE THOPAS*.

LISTENETH, Lordinges, in good entent,
And I wol tel you *verament*
Of mirth and of solas,
Al of a knight was faire and gent
In bataille and in turnament,
His name was Sire Thopas.

Yborne he was in fer contree,
In Flandres, al beyonde the see,
At Popering in the place:
His father was a man ful free,
And lord he was of that contree,
As it was Goddes grace.

Sire Thopas was a doughty fwain,
White was his face as paindemaine,
His lippes red as rose:
His ruddy is like scarlet in grain,
And I you tell in good certain
He had a femely nose.

His here, his berde, was like saffron,
That to his girdle raught adoun;
His shoon of Cordewane;
Of Brugges were his hosen broun;
His robe was of chekelatoun,
That cost many a Jane.

* A northern Tale of an outlandish knight, purposely uttered by Chaucer in a rime and style differing from the rest, as though he himself were not the author but only the reporter of the other Tale. *Urry.*

He coude hunt at the wilde dere,
And ride on hauking for the river
With grey goshaik on honde;
Therto he was a good archere:
Of wrassling was ther non his pere
Ther ony ram shuld stonde.

Ful many a maide bright in bour
They mourned for him *par amour*
Whan hem were bet to slepe;
But he was chaste and no lechour,
And swete as is the bramble flour
That bereth the red hepe.

And so it fell upon a day,
Forsoth, as I you tellen may,
Sire Thopas wold out ride;
He worth upon his stede gray,
And in his hond a launcegay,
A long swerd by his side.

He priketh thurgh a faire forest,
Therin is many a wilde best,
Ye both buck and hare;
And as he pricked north and est,
I telle it you, him had almeste
Betidde a fory care,

THE RIME OF SIRE THOPAS.

Ther springen herbes grete and smale,
The licoris and the fetewale,
And many a cloue gilofre,
And notemuge to put in ale,
Whether it be moist or stale,
Or for to laim in cofre.

The briddes fingen, it is no nay,
The sperhawk and the popingay,
That joye it was to here,
The throstel cok made eke his lay,
The wode dove upon the spray
He fang ful loude and clere.

Sire Thopas fell in love-longing
Al whan he herd the throstel fang,
And priked as he were wood;
His faire stede in his priking
So swatte that men might him wring,
His fides were al blood.

Sire Thopas eke so wery was
For priking on the softe gras,
So fiers was his corage,
That doun he laid him in that place
To maken his stede som solace,
And yaf him good forage.

A, Seinte Mary, benedicite!
What aileth this Love at me
To binde me so fore?
Me dremed all this night parde
An elf quene shal my lemman be,
And slepe under my gore.

An elf quene wol I love ywis,
For in this world no woman is
Worthy to be my make in toun—
All other women I forlake,
And to an elf quene I me take
By dale and eke by doun.

Into his fadel he clombe anon,
And priked over stile and ston
An elf quene for to espie,
Til he so long had riden and gone
That he fond in a privee wone
The contree of Faerie.

Wherin he soughte north and south,
And oft he spied with his mouth
In many a forest wilde,
For in that contree n'as ther non
That to him dorst ride or gon,
Neither wif ne childe.

Til that ther came a gret geaunt,
His name was Sire Oliphaunt,
A perilous men of dede;
He sayde, Child, by Termagaunt
But if thou prike out of myn haunt
Anon I slee thy steed with mace—
Here is the Quene of Faerie,
With harpe, and pipe, and simphonie,
Dwelling in this place.

The child sayd, Al fo mote I the
To morwe wol I meten thee,
Whan I have min armour,
And yet I hope *per me say*
That thou shalt with this launcegay
Abien it ful four: thy mawe
Shal I perce, if I may,
Or it be fully prime of the day,
For here thou shalt be slawe.

Sire Thopas drew abak ful fast;
This geaunt at him stones cast
Out of a fel staffe sling;
But faire escaped child Thopas,
And all it was thurgh Goddes grace,
And thurgh his faire bering.

Yet listeneth, Lordings, to my Tale,
Merier than the nightingale,
For now I wol you rounce
How Sire Thopas with fides smale,
Priking over hill and dale,
Is comen agein to toun.

His mery men commandeth he
To maken him bothe game and gle,
For nedes muft he fighte
With a geaunt with hedes three
For paramour and jolitee
Of on that shone ful brighte.

Do come, he sayd, my minestrales
And gestours for to tellen tales
Anon in min arming,
Of romaunces that ben reales,
Of popes and of cardinales,
And eke of love-longing.

They set him first the swete win,
And mede eke in a maselin
And real spicerie,
Of ginger-bred that was ful fin,
And licoris and eke comin,
With sugar that is tric.

He didde next his white lere
Of cloth of lake fin and clere
A breche and eke a sherte,
And next his shert an haketon,
And over that an habergeon
For percing of his herte;

And over that a fin hauberk
Was all ywrought of Jewes werk,
Ful strong it was of plate,
And over that his cote-armoure,
As white as is the lily flour,
In which he wold debate.

His shield was all of gold so red,
And therin was a bores hed,
A charboucle beside;
And ther he swore on ale and bred
How that the geaunt shuld be ded,
Betide what so betide.

His jambuix were of cuirbouly,
His swerdes sheth of ivory,
His helme of latoun bright,
His fadel was of rewel bone,
His bridel as the sonne shone,
Or as the mone light.

His spere was of fin cypres,
That bodeth werre and nothing pees,
The hed ful sharpe yground:
His stede was all dapple gray,
It goth an aumble in the way
Ful softely and round in londe—
Lo, Lordes min, here is a fit,
If ye wol any more of it
To telle it wol I fond.

Now hold your mouth *per charite*
Bothe knight and lady fre,

THE RIME OF SIRE THOPAS.

And herkeneth to my spell;
Of bataille and of chevalrie,
Of ladies love and druerie,
Anon I wol you tell.

Mén spoken of romaunces of pris,
Of Hornchild and of Ipotis,
Of Bevis and Sire Guy,
Of Sire Libeux and Pleindamour,
But Sire Thopas he bereth the flour
Of real chevalrie.

His goode stede he al bestrode;
And forth upon his way he glode.

As sparle out of bronde;
Upon his creft he bare a tour;
And therein stiked a lily flour;
God shilde his corps fro shonde!

And for he was a knight auntrous
He n'olde slepen in non hous,
But ligen in his hood;
His bright helm was his wanger,
And by him baited his destre
Of herbes fin and good.

Himself drank water of the well,
As did the knight Sire Percivel
So worthy under wede,
Til on a day

PROLOGUE TO MELIBEUS.

No more of this for Goddes dignitee,
 Quod our Hoste, for thou makest me
 So wery of thy veray lewednesse,
 That al so wisly God my soule blesse
 Min eres aken of thy draffy speche.
 Now fwich a rime the devil I beteche;
 This may wel be rime dogerel, quod he.

Why so? quod I; why wolt thou letten me
 More of my Tale than an other man,
 Sin that it is the beste rime I can?

By God, quod he, for plainly at o word
 Thy draffy riming is not worth a tord:
 Thou dost nought elles but dispendest time.
 Sire, at o word thou shalt no lenger rime.
 Let see wher thou canst tellen ought in geste,
 Or tellen in prose somewhat at the leste
 In which ther be som mirthe or som doctrine.

Gladly, quod I; by Goddes swete pine
 I wol you tell a litel thing in prose.
 That oughte liken you, as I suppose,
 Or elles certes ye be to dangerous.
 It is a moral Tale vertuous,
 Al be it told somtime in sondry wise
 Of sondry folk, as I shal you devise.

As thus; ye wot that every evangelist
 That telleth us the peine of Jesu Crist
 Ne faith not alle thing as his felaw doth;
 But natheles hir sentence is al soth,
 And alle accorden as in hir sentence,
 Al be ther in hir telling difference;
 For som of hem say more and som say lesse
 Whan they his pitous passion expresse:
 I mene of Mark and Mathew, Luke and John,
 But douteles hir sentence is all on.
 Therefore, Lordinges all, I you beseche,
 If that ye thinke I vary in my speche,
 As thus, though that I telle som del more
 Of proverbes than ye han herde before
 Comprehended in this litel tretise here,
 To enforchen with the effect of my matere,
 And though I not the same wordes say
 As ye han herde, yet to you alle I pray
 Blameth me not, for as in my sentence
 Shul ye nowher finden no difference
 Fro the sentence of thilke tretise lite
 After the which this mery Tale I write;
 And therefore herkeneth what I shal say,
 And let me tellen all my Tale I pray.

TALE OF MELIBEUS*.

A yonge man called Melibeus, mighty and riche, begate upon his wif that called was Prudence a daughter which that called was Sophie.

Upon a day befell that he for his disport is went into the feldes him to playe. His wif and eke his daughter hath he left within his hous, of which the dores weren fast yshette. Foure of his olde foos han it espied, and setten ladders to the walles of his hous, and by the windowes ben entred, and beten his wif, and wounded his daughter with five mortal woundes in five sondry places; this is to say, in hire feet, in hire hondes, in hire eres, in hire nose, and in hire mouth, and lesten hire for dede, and wenten away.

Whan Melibeus retorned was into his hous, and sey al this meschief, he like a madman rending his clothes gan to wepe and crie.

Prudence his wif, as fer forth as she dorste, besought him of his weping for to stinte: but not forthy he gan to crie and wepen ever lenger the more.

This noble wif Prudence remembred hire upon the sentence of Ovide, in his book that cleped is The Remedie of Love, wheras he saith, He is a fool that distourbeth the moder to wepe in the deth of hire childe til she have wept hire fille, as for a certain time; and than shal a man don his diligence with amiable wordes hire to reconforte, and preye hire of hire weping for to stinte. For which reson this noble wif Prudence suffred hire husband for to wepe and crie as for a certain space, and whan she saw hire time she sayde to him in this wise: Alas! my Lord, quod she, why make ye yourself for to be like a fool? forsothe it apperteineth not to a wise man to maken swiche a sorwe. Your daughter with the grace of God shal warish and escape. And al were it so that she right now were dede, ye ne ought not as for hire deth yourself to destroye. Senek saith, The wise man shal not take to gret discomfort for the deth of his children, but certes he shulde suffren it in patience, as wel as he abideth the deth of his owen propre persone.

* Prudence, the discreet wife of Melibeus, persuadeth her husband to patience, and to receive his enemies to mercie and grace. A Tale full of moralite, wherein both high and low may learne to governe their affections. *specbr.*

This Melibeus answered anon and saide; What man (quod he) shulde of his weping stinte that hath so gret a cause for to wepe? Jesu Crist our Lord himself wepte for the deth of Lazarus his frend. Prudence answerd; Certes wel I wote attempre weping is nothing defended to him that sorweful is among folk in sorwe, but it is rather graunted him to wepe. The apostle Poule unto the Romaines writeth, Man shal rejoyce with hem that maken joye, and wepen with swiche folk as wepen. But though attempre weping be granted, outrageous weping certes is defended. Mesure of weping shulde be considered after the lore that techeth us Senek. Whan that thy frend is dede (quod he) let not thin eyen to moiste ben of tere ne to muche drie; although the teres comen to thin eyen let hem not falle. And whan thou hast forgon thy frend do diligence to get agein another frend; and this is more wisdom than for to wepe for thy frende which that thou hast lorne, for therin is no bote. And therefore if ye governe you by sapience, put away sorwe out of youre herte. Remembreth you that Jesus Sirak sayth, A man that is joyous and glad in herte it him conserveth florishing in his age; but sotly a sorweful herte maketh his bones drie. He saith eke thus, that surwe in herte sleeth ful many a man. Salomon sayth, that right as mouthes in the shepes fleese anoieth to the clothes, and the smale wormes to the tree, right so anoieth sorwe to the herte of man; wherefore us ought as wel in the deth of oure children as in the losse of our goodes temporel have patience.

Remembre you upon the patient Job; whan he hadde lost his children and his temporel substaunce, and in his body endured and received ful many a grevous tribulation, yet sayde he thus, Oure Lord hath yave it to me, our Lord hath beraft it me; right as oure Lord hath wold right so it is don; yblest be the name of oure Lord. To thise foresaide thinges answered Melibeus unto his wif Prudence: All thy wordes (quod he) ben trewe, and therto profitable, but trewely min herte is troubled with this sorwe so grevously that I n'ot what to don. Let calle (quod Prudence) thy trewe frendes alle, and thy linage, which that ben wise, and telleth to hem your cas, and herkeneth what they saye in consailing, and go

verſe you after hir ſentence. Salomon ſaith, Werke all thinges by conſeil and thou ſhalt never repente.

Than by conſeil of his wiſe Prudence this Melibeus let callen a gret congregation of folk, as ſurgiens, phiſiciens, olde folk and yonge, and ſom of his olde enemies reconciled (as by hir ſemblant) to his love and to his grace; and therewithal ther comen ſome of his neighebores that diden him reverence more for drede than for love, as it happeth oft: ther comen alſo ful many ſubtil flatterers, and wiſe advocats lerned in the lawe.

And whan thiſe folk togeder aſſembled weren, this Melibeus in ſorweful wiſe ſhewed hem his caſe, and by the manere of his ſpeeche it ſemed that in herte he bare a cruel ire, ready to don vengeance upon his ſoos, and ſodeinly deſired that the werre ſhulde beginne, but natheles yet axed he his conſeil upon this matere. A ſurgien, by licence and aſſent of ſwiche as weren wiſe, up roſe, and unto Melibeus ſayde as ye moun here.

Sire, (quod he) as to us ſurgiens apperteineth that we do to every wight the beſte that we can, wher as we ben withholden, and to our patient that we do no damage, wherfore it happeth many time and ofte that whan twey men han everich wounded other o ſame ſurgien heleth hem both, wherfore unto our art it is not pertinent to norice werre, ne parties to ſupporte: but certes as to the waſhing of youre daughter, al be it ſo that perilouſly ſhe be wounded, we ſhuln do ſo entent if beſineſſe fro day to night, that with the grace of God ſhe ſhal be hole and ſound as ſone as is poſſible. Almoſt right in the ſame wiſe the phiſiciens anſwerden, ſave that they ſaiden a ſewe wordes more; that right as maladies ben cured by hir contraries, right ſo ſhal man waſhe werre. His neighebores ful of envie, his ſeined frendes that ſemed reconciled, and his flaterers, maden ſemblant of weping, and empeired and aggregated muchel of this matere, in preying gretly Melibee of might, of power, of richeſſe, and of frendes, deſpiſing the power of his adverſaries, and ſaiden outrely that he anon ſhulde wreken him on his ſoos, and begynnen werre.

Up roſe than an advocat that was wiſe, by leve and by conſeil of other that were wiſe, and ſayde; Lordinges, the nede for the which we ben aſſembled in this place is a ful havie thing, and heigh matere, becauſe of the wrong and of the wikkedneſſe that hath be don, and eke by reaſon of the grette damages that in time coming ben poſſible to fallen for the ſame cauſe, and eke by reaſon of the gret richeſſe and power of the parties bothe, for the which reſons it were a ful gret peril to erren in this matere; wherfore, Melibeus, this is oure ſentence: we conſeille you, aboven alle thing, that right anon thou do thy diligence in keping of thy propre perſone in ſwiche a wiſe that thou ne want non eſpie ne watche thy body for to ſave; and after that we conſeille that in thin hous thou ſette ſuffiſant garniſon, ſo that they moun as wel thy body as thy hous defende; but certes for to meeven werre, ne ſodeinly

for to do vengeance, we moun not deme in ſo litel time that it were profitable; wherfore we axen leiſer and ſpace to have deliberation in this caſe to deme; for the comune proverbe ſaith thus. He that ſone demeth ſone ſhal repente; and eke men ſain that thiſke juge is wiſe that ſone underſtondeth a matere and jugeth by leiſer: for al be it ſo that al taryng be anoiful, algates it is not to repreve in yeving of judgement, ne in vengeance taking, whan it is ſuffiſant and reſonable; and that ſhewed our Lord Jeſu Criſt by ex ample; for whan that the woman that was taken in advoutrie was brought in his preſence, to knowen what ſhuld be don with hire perſone, al be it that he wiſt wel himſelf what that he wolde anſwere, yet ne wolde he not anſwere ſo deinly, but he wolde have deliberation, and in the ground he wrote twies: and by thiſe cauſes we axen deliberation, and we ſhuln than by the grace of God conſeille the thing that ſhal be profitable.

Up ſterte than the yonge folk at ones, and the moſt partie of that compaignie han ſcorned this olde wiſe man, and begonnen to make noiſe and ſaiden, Right ſo as while that iren is hot men ſhulde ſmite, right ſo men ſhuln do wreken hir wronges while that they ben freſhe and newe; and with loude voys they criden. Werre! werre! Up roſe tho on of thiſe old wiſe, and with his hand made countenance that men ſhuld holde hem ſtille and yewe him audience. Lordinges, (quod he) ther is ful many a man thet crieth Werre! werre! that wote ful litel what werre amouneth. Werre at his beginning hath ſo gret an entring and ſo large, that every wight may enter whan him liketh, and lightly find werre; but certes what end that ſhal befall it is not light to know; for ſothly whan that werre is ones begonne there is ful many a child unborne of his moder that ſhal ſerve yong by cauſe of thiſke werre, other elles live in ſorwe, and dien in wretchedneſſe; and therfore or that any werre be begonne men muſt have gret conſeil and gret deliberation. And whan this olde man wende to enforcen his tale by reſons, wel nie alle at ones begonne they to riſe for to breken his tale, and bidden him ful oft his wordes for to abregge; for ſothly he that precheth to hem that liſten not heren his wordes, his ſermon hem anoie; for Jeſus Sirak ſayth that muſike in weping is a noious thing: this is to ſayn, as muche availleth to ſpeke befor folk to which his ſpeeche anoie; thet aſtoſunge beforne him that wepeth. And whan this wiſe man ſaw that him wanted audience al ſhamefaſt he ſette him down agin: for Salomon ſaith, Ther as thou ne mayſt have non audience enforce thee not to ſpeke. I ſee wel (quod thiſe wiſe man) that the comune proverbe is ſoth, that good conſeil wanteth whan it is moſt nede.

Yet had this Melibeus in his conſeil many folk that prively in his ere conſeilled him certain thing, and conſeilled him the contrary in general audience. Whan Melibeus had herd that the gretteſt party of his conſeil were accorded that he ſhulde make werre, anon he conſented to hire conſeilling,

and fully assented his sentence. Than Dame Prudence, when that she saw how that hire husbonde shope him forto awake him on his foos, and to beginne werre, she in ful humble wise, when she saw hire time, sayde him these wordes: My Lord, (quod she) I you beseeche, as hertly as I dare and can, ne haste you not to faste, and for alle guerdons as yeve me audience; for Piers Alphonse * sayth, Who so that doth to thee outhur good or harme haste thee not to quite it, for in this wise thy frend wol abide, and thin enemye shal the lenger live in drede. The proverbe sayth, He hasteth wel that wisely can abide; and in wikked hast is no profite.

This Melibee answered unto his wif Prudence; I purpose not (quod he) to werken by thy conseil for many causes and reasons, for certes every wight wold hold me than a fool; this is to sayn, if I for thy conseil wold change thinges that bed ordained and affirmed by so many wise men. Secondly, I say that all women ben wicke, and non good of hem all; for of a thousand men, saith Salomon, I found o good man; but certes of alle women good found I never. And also, certes if I governed me by thy conseil it shulde seme that I had yeve thee over me the maistrise; and God forbode that it so were; for Jesus Sirak sayth, that if the wif have the maistrise she is contrarious to hire husbond; and Salomon sayth, Never in thy lif to thy wif, ne to thy child, ne to thy frend, ne yeve no power over thyself; for better it were that thy children axe of thee thinges that hem nedeth, than thou see thyself in the handes of thy children. And also if I wol werche by thy conseil, certes it must be somtime secrete, til it were time that it be known, and this ne may not be if I shulde be consealed by thee [For it is writen + The janglerie of women ne can no thing hide save that which they wote not; after the philosophre seyth, In wikked conseil women venquishen men: and for thise reasons I ne owe not to be consealed by thee.]

Whan Dame Prudence, ful debonairly, and with gret patience, had herd all that hire husbonde liked for to say, than axed she of him licence for to speke, and sayde in this wise: My lord, (quod she) as to your first reson it may lightly ben answered, for I say that it is no folie to change conseil whan the thing is chaunged, or elles whan the thing semeth otherwise than it semed afore. And moreover, I say, though that ye have sworne and

behight to performe your emprise, and nevertheles ye weive to performe thilke same emprise by just cause, men shuld not say therefore ye were a lyer ne forsworn; for the book sayth that the wise man maketh no lesing whan he turneth his corage for the better. And al be it that your emprise be established and ordeined by gret multitude of folk, yet thar you not accomplish thilke ordinance but you liketh, for the trouthe of thinges and the profit ben rather founden in fewe folk that ben wise and ful of reson, than by gret multitude of folk ther every man cryeth and clattereth what him liketh; sothly swiche multitude is not honest. As to the second reson, wheras ye say that all women ben wicke; save your grace, certes ye despise alle women in this wise, and he that all despiseth, as saith the book, all despleth. And Senek saith, that who so wol have sapience shall no man dispise, but he shal gladly teche the science that he can without presumption or pride, and swiche thinges as he nought can he shal not ben ashamed to lere hem, and to enquire of lesse folk than himself. And, Sire, that ther hath ben ful many a good woman may lightly be preved; for certes, Sire, our Lord Jesu Crist n'olde never han descended to be borne of a woman if all women had be wikked; and after that, for the gret bountee that is in women, our Lord Jesu Crist, whan he was risen from deth to lif, appeared rather to a woman than to his apostles. And though that Salomon sayde he founde never no good woman, it folweth not therefore that all women be wikked; for though that he ne found no good woman, certes many another man hath founde many a woman ful good and trewe: or elles, peraventure, the intent of Salomon was this, that in soveraine bountee he found no woman; this is to say, that ther is no wight that hath soveraine bountee save God alone, as he himself recordeth in his Evangelies; for ther is no creature so good that him ne wanteth somewhat of the perfection of God that is his maker. Yourre thridde reson is this; ye say that if that ye governe you by my conseil it shulde seme that ye had yeve me the maistrise and the lordship of your person. Sire, save your grace; it is not so; for if so were that no man shulde be consealed but only of hem that han lordship and maistrise of his person, men n'olde not be consealed so often; for sothly thilke man that asketh conseil of a purpos, yet hath he free choise whether he wol werke after that conseil or non. And as to your fourth reson, ther as ye saith that the janglerie of women can hide thinges that they wot not, as who so sayth that a woman can not hide that she wote; Sire, thise wordes ben underfonde of women that ben jangleresses and wikked, of which women men saith that three thinges driven a man out of his hous, that is to say, smoke, dropping of raine, and wikked wives; and of swiche women Salomon sayth, that a man were better dwell in desert than with a woman that is riotous; and, Sire, by your leve, that am not I, for ye have ful often assaid my gret silence and my gret patience, and eke how wel that I can hide and hede

* He calls himself *Petrus Assumpti* in his *Dialogus contra Judaeos*, ms. Harl. 3861. He there informs us, that he was himself originally a Jew, but converted and baptized in the year 1200, in July, *die natus App. Petri et Pauli*, upon which account he took the name of *Petrus*.

+ What is included between hooks is wanting in all the mss. which I have examined: it is plainly necessary to the sense, as it shews us what the fourth and fifth reasons of Melibee were to which Prudence replies: I have therefore inserted as literal a translation as I imagine Chaucer might have made of the following passage in the *Fr. Melibee*, ms. Reg. 19. C. vii: "Car il eüst script, la janglerie. des femmes ne puet riens celer, fors ce qu'elle ne feet: Apres le philosophre dit, en mauvais conseil les femmes vainquent les hommes, et par ces raisons je ne dois point alier de ton conseil." *Tyrwhitt*.

things that men oughten secretly to hiden. And sothly as to your fifte reson, whereas ye say that in wicked conseil women venquished men, God wote that thilke reson stant here in no stede; for understondeþ now ye axen conseil for to do wickednesse, and if ye wol werken wickednesse, and your wif restraineth thilke wicked purpos, and overcometh you by reson and by good conseil, certes your wif ought rather to be preised than to be blamed: thus shulde ye understonde the philosophy that sayth, in wicked conseil women venquishen hir husbondes. And ther as you blamen all women and hir resons, I shal shewe you by many ensamples that many women have ben ful good, and yet ben, and hir conseil holefome and profitable. Eke som men han sayd that the conseil of women is either to dere or elles to litel of pris: but al be it so that ful many a woman be bad, and hire conseil vile and nought worth, yet han men founden ful many a good woman, and discrete and wise in conseil. Lo Jacob, thurgh the good conseil of his mother Rebecke, wan the benison of his father and the lordship over all his brethren; Judith by hire good conseil delivered the citee of Bethulie, in which she dwelt, out of the honde of Holoferne, that had it beseged, and wolde it al destroye; Abigail delivered Nabal hire housbond fro David the king, that wolde han slain him, and appeied the ire of the king by hire wit and by hire good conseil; Hester by hire conseil enhaunced gretly the peple of God in the regne of Assuerus the king; and the same bountee in good conseil of many a good womian moun men rede and tell. And further more, whan that oure Lord had created Adam oure forme father he sayde in this wise; It is not good to be a man alone; make we to him an helpe semblable to himself. Here moun ye see that if that women weren not good, and hir conseil good and profitable, oure Lord God of heven wolde neither han wrought hem ne called hem helpe of man, but rather confusoun of man. And ther sayd a clerk ones in two vers, What is better than gold? jaspre; what is better than jaspre? wisdom; and what is better than wisdom? woman; and what is better than a good woman? nothing. And, Sire, by many other resons moun ye seen that many women ben good, and hir conseil good and profitable: and therefore, Sire, if ye wol troste to my conseil, I shall restore you your daughter hole and sound, and I wol don to you so muche that ye shuln have honour in this cas.

Whan Melibee had herd the wordes of his wif Prudence, he sayd thus; I se wel that the word of Salomon is soth, for he saith that wordes that ben spoken discretly by ordinaunce ben honiecombes, for they yeven sweetnesse to the fowle and holsonnesse to the body: and, wif, because of thy swete wordes, and eke for I have preved and assaied thy grete sapience and thy grete trouthe, I wol governe me by thy conseil in alle thing.

Now, Sire, (quod Dame Prudence) and for that ye vouchsafe to be governed by my conseil, I wol enforme you how that ye shuln governe yourself in chesing of youre conseilours. Ye shuln first

in alle your werkes mekely beseechen to the heigh God that he wol be your conseilour, and shapeth you to swiche entente that he yeve you conseil and comforte, as taught Tobie his sone; At alle times thou shalt blese God, and preie him to dresse thy wayes; and loke that alle thy conseilors ben in him for evermore. Seint James eke sayth, If any of you have neede of sapience, axe it of God. And afterwarde than shullen ye take conseil in yourself, and examine wel your owen thoughtes of swiche things as you thinketh that ben best for your profit; and than shuln ye drive fro your herte three things that ben contrarious to good conseil, that is to sayn, ire, covetise, and hastinesse.

First, he that axeth conseil of himself, certes he must be withouten ire for many causes. The first is this; he that hath gret ire and wrath in himself, he weneth alway that he may do thing that he may not do. And, secondly, he that is irous and wroth he may not wel deme; and he that may not wel deme may not wel consaille. The thridde is this; he that is irous and wroth, as sayth Senek, ne may not speke but blameful thinges, and with his vicious wordes he stirreth other folk to anger and to ire. And eke, Sire, ye must drive covetise out of your herte; for the apostle sayth, that covetise is the rote of all harmes: and trosteth wel that a covetous man ne can not deme, ne thinke, but only to fulfille the end of his covetise, and certes that ne may never ben accomplished; for ever the more haboundance that he hath of richesse, the more he desireth. And, Sire, ye must also drive out of youre herte hastinesse; for certes ye ne moun not deme for the beste a foder thought that falleth in your herte, but ye must avise you on it ful ofte; for, as ye have herde herebefore, the comune proverbe is this, He that sone demeth sone repenteth.

Sire, ye ne be not alway in like disposition, for certes som thing that somtime semeth to you that it is good for to do, another time it semeth to you the contrarie.

And whan ye han taken conseil in yourself, and han demed by good deliberation swiche thing as you semeth beste, than rede I you that ye kepe it secree. Bewreye not your conseil to no persone, but if so be that ye wenen likerly that thurgh youre bewreying youre condition shal ben to you more profitable; for Jesus Sirak saith, Neither to thy foe ne to thy frend discover not thy secree, ne thy folie; for they wold yeve you audience and loking, and supportation, in your presence, and seorne you in youre absence. Another clerk sayth, that scarcely shalt thou finden any persone that may kepe thy conseil secree. The book saith, While that thou kepest thy conseil in this herte thou kepest it in thy prison, and whan thou bewreyest thy conseil to any wight, he holdeth thee in his snare: and therefore you is better to hide your conseil in your herte than to preye him to whom ye han bewreyed youre conseil that he wol kepe it close and stille; for Seneca sayth, If so be that thou ne mayst not thin owen conseil hide, how darest thou preyen any other wight thy conseil secree to kepe? But natheles, if thou wene sithers

ly that thy bewreying of thy conseil to a persone wol make thy condition to stonden in the better plight, than shalt thou telle him thy conseil in this wise. First, thou shalt make no semblant whether thee were lever pees or werre, or this or that, ne shewe him not thy will ne thin entente; for trowe wel that comunly these conseilours ben flaterers, namely the conseilours of grete lordes, for they enforcen hem alway rather to speken plesant wordes, enclining to the lordes lust, than wordes that ben trewe or profitable, and therefore men sayn that the riche man hath selde good conseil but if he have it of himself. And after, that thou shalt consider thy frendes and thin enemies. And as touching thy frendes, thou shalt consider which of hem ben most feithful and most wise, and eldest and most apprevyd, in conseil, and of hem shalt thou axe thy conseil as the cas requireth.

I say, that first ye shuln clepe to youre conseil youre frendes that ben trewe; for Salomon saith, that right as the herte of a man deliteth in favour that is swote, right so the conseil of trewe frendes yeveth swetenesse to the soule: he sayth also, Ther may nothing be likened to the trewe frend, for certes gold ne silver ben not so much worth as the good will of a trewe frend: and eke he sayth, that a trewe frend is a strong defence; who so that it findeth, certes he findeth a gret tresor. Than shuln ye eke consider if that your trewe frendes ben discrete and wise; for the book saith, Axe alway thy conseil of hem that ben wise. And by this same reson shuln ye clepen to youre conseil youre frendes that ben of age, swiche as han seyn and ben expert in many thinges, and ben apprevyd in conseilings; for the book saith, In olde men is al the sapience, and in longe time the prudence: And Tullius sayth, that grete thinges ne ben not ay accomplished by strengthe ne by delivernesse of body, but by good conseil, by auctoritee of persones, and by science; the which three thinges ne ben not feble by age, but certes they enforcen and encreasen day by day. And than shuln ye kepe this for a general reule; first, ye shuln clepe to your conseil a fewe of your frendes that ben especial; for Salomon saith, Many frendes have thou, but among a thousand chese thee on to be thy conseilour. For al be it so that thou first ne telle thy conseil but to a fewe, thou mayest afterwarde tell it to mo folk if it be nede. But loke alway that thy conseilours have thilke three conditions that I have sayd before; that is to say, that they be trewe, wise, and of olde experience. And werke not alway in every nede by on conseilour alone, for sometime behoveth it to be consailed by many; for Salomon saith, Salvation of thinges is: wher as ther ben many conseilours.

Now sith that I have told you of which folk ye shulde be consailed, now wol I teche you which conseil ye ought to eschue. First, ye shuln eschue the consailing of foolles; for Salomon saith, Take no conseil of a fool, for he ne cannot consaille but after his own lust and his affection: the book saith, The properte of a fool is this, he troweth lightly harme of every man, and lightly troweth

all bountee in himself. Thou shalt eke eschue the consailing of all flaterers, swiche as enforcen hem rather to preisen youre persone by flaterie, than for to tell you the sothfastnesse of thinges.

Wherefore Tullius sayth, Among alle the pestilences that ben in frendship the gretest is flaterie; and therefore it is more nede that thou eschue and drede flaterers than any other peple. The book saith, Thou shalt rather drede and flee fro the swete wordes of flatering preisers than fro the egre wordes of thy frend that saith thee foths: Salomon saith, that the wordes of a flaterer is a snare to cacchen innocentes: he sayth also, He that speketh to his frend wordes of swetenesse and of plesance, he setteth a net before his feet to cacchen him: and therefore sayth Tullius, Encline not thin eres to flaterers, ne take no conseil of wordes of flaterie: and Caton sayth, Avise thee wel, and eschue wordes of swetenesse and of plesance. And eke thou shalt eschue the consailing of thin olde enemies that ben reconciled. The book saith, that no wight retourneth safely into the grace of his olde enemy: and Ysop sayth, Ne trost not to hem to which thou hast somtime had werre or enmittee, ne telle hem not thy conseil: and Senek telleth the cause why; It may not be, sayth he, ther as gret fire hath long time endured that ther ne dwelleth som vapour of warmnesse; and therefore saith Salomon, In thin olde foe trost thou never; for sikerly though thin enemy be reconciled, and maketh thee chere of humiltee, and louteth to thee with his hed, ne trost him never, for certes he maketh thilke feined humiltee more for his profite than for any love of thy persone, because that he demeth to have victorie over thy persone by swiche feined contenance, the which victorie he might not have by strif of werre. And Peter Alphonse saith, Make no felawship with thin olde enemies, for if thou do hem bountee they wollen perverten it to wickednesse. And eke thou must eschue the consailing of hem that ben thy servaunts, and beren thee gret reverence, for paraventure they sein it more for drede than for love; and therefore saith a philosophe in this wise, Ther is no wight partly trewe to him that he to fore dredeth. And Tullius saith, Ther n'is no might so gret of any emperour that longe may endure, but if he have more love of the peple than drede. Thou shalt also eschue the consailing of folk that ben dronkelewe, for they ne can no conseil hide; for Salomon saith, Ther n'is no privetee ther as regneth dronkennesse. Ye shuln also have in suspect the consailing of swiche folk as consaille you o thing prively, and consaille you the contrarie openly; for Cassiodore saith, that it is a manere sleighte to hinder his enemy when he sheweth to don a thing openly, and werketh prively the contrary. Thou shalt also have in suspect the consailing of wicked folk, for hir conseil is alway ful of fraude. And David saith, Blisful is that man that hath not folwed the consailing of shrewes. Thou shalt also eschue the consailing of yonge folk, for hir consailing is not ripe, as Salomon saith.

Now, Sire, sith I have shewed you of which

folk ye shullen take youre conseil, and of which folk ye shullen eschue the conseil, now wol I teche you how ye shuln examine your conseil after the doctrine of Tullius. In examining than of your conseilours, ye shuln confidre many thinges. Alder first, thou shalt confidre that in thilke thing that thou purpofest, and upon what thing that thou wolt have conseil, that veray trouthe be said and conserved; this is to say, telle trewely thy tale; for he that sayth false may not wel be consailed in that cas of which he lieth. And after this thou shalt confidre the thinges that accorden to that thou purpofest for to do by thy conseilours, if reson accord therto, and eke if thy might may atteine therto, and if the more part and the better part of thin conseilours accorden therto or no. Than shalt thou confidre what thing shal folwe of that consailing, as hate, pees, werre, grace, profite, or damage, and many other thinges, and in alle thinges thou shalt chese the beste, and weire all other thinges. Than shalt thou confidre of what roote is engendred the matere of thy conseil, and what fruit it may conceive and engendre. Thou shalt eke confidre alle the causes from whennes they ben sprongen. And whan thou hast examined thy conseil, as I have said, and which partie is the better and more profitable, and hast apprevd it by many wise folk and olde, than shalt thou confidre if thou mayst performe it and maken of it a good ende; for certes reson wol not that any man shulde beginne a thing but if he mighte performe it as him oughte, ne no wight shulde take upon him so hevvy a charge that he might not beren it, for the proverbe sayth, He that to muche embraceth distreinetli; and Caton saith, Assay to do swiche thinges as thou hast power to don, lest the charge oppresse thee so fore that thee behoveth to weive thing that thou hast begonne. And if so be that thou be in doute whether thou mayst performe a thing or non, chese rather to suffre than to beginne. And Peter Alphonse sayth, If thou hast might to don a thing of which thou must repente, it is better nay than ya; this is to sayn, that thee is better to holde thy tonge stille than for to speke. Than mayst thou understonde by stronger reasons, that if thou hast power to performe a werk of which thou shalt repente, than is thee better that thou suffre than beginne. Wel sayn they that defenden every wight to assaye a thing of which he is in doute whether he may performe it or non. And after whan ye han examined your conseil as I have said before, and knowen wel that ye moun performe your emprise, conferme it than sadly til it be at an ende. Now is it reson and time that I shewe you whan and wherfore that you maun change your conseil withouten reprove. Sothly a man may change his purpos and his conseil if the cause cese, or whan a newe cas betideth; for the lawe saith, that upon thinges that newly betiden behoveth newe conseil; and Seneca sayth, If thy conseil is comen to the eres of thin enemies change thy conseil. Thou mayst also change thy conseil, if so be that thou find that by errour or by other cause,

harne or damage may betide: also if thy conseil be dishoneste, other elles come of dishoneste cause, change thy conseil; for the lawes sain that all behestes that ben dishoneste ben of no value; and eke if so be that it be impossible, or may not goodly be performed or kept.

And take this for a general reule, that every conseil that is affirmed to strongly that it may not be chaunged for no condition that may betide, I say that thilke conseil is wicked.

This Melibens, whan he had herd the doctrine of his wif Dame Prudence, answered in this wise: Dame, quod he, as yet unto this time ye han wel and covenantly taught me, as in general, how I shal governe me in the chesing and in the withholding of my conseilours; but now wold I sain that you wold condescend in especial, and telle me how liketh you or what seneth you by oure counseillours that we han chosen in oure present nede.

My Lord, quod she, I beseeche you in alle humblesshe that ye wol not wilfully replice again my reasons, ne distempe your herte, though I speke thing that you displese, for God wote that as in min entente I speke it for your beste, for your honour and for youre profite eke, and sothly I hope that youre beniguntee wol taken it in patience. And trosteth me wel, quod she, that youre conseil as in this cas ne shulde not (as to speke properly) be called a consailing, but a motion or a moving of folie, in which conseil ye han erred in many a sondry wise.

First and forward, ye han erred in the assembling of youre conseilours, for ye sholde first han cleped a fewe folk to youre conseil, and after ye mighte han shewed it to mo folk if it hadde ben nede; but certes ye han soverinly cleped to your conseil a gret multitude of peple, ful chergeant, and ful anoyous for to heere. Also ye han erred, for ther as ye shulde han only cleped to youre conseil youre trewe frendes olde and wise, ye han cleped strange folk, yonge folk, false flaterers, and enemies reconciled, and folk that don you reverence withouten love. And eke ye han erred, for ye han brought with you to youre conseil ire, covetise, and hastifnesse, the which three thinges ben contrary to every conseil honest and profitable, the which three thinges ye ne han not anientified or destroyed neither in youre self ne in youre conseilours as you ought. Ye han erred also, for ye han shewed to youre conseilours youre talent and youre affections to make werre anon, and for to do vengeance, and they han espied by youre wordes to what thing ye ben enclined, and therefore han they consailed you rather to youre talent than to youre profite. Ye han erred also, for it semeth that you sufficeth to han ben consailed by thise conseilours only, and with litel avis, wheras in so high and so gret a nede it had ben necessarie mo conseilours and more deliberation to performe youre emprise. Ye han erred also, for ye han not examined your conseil in the foresaid manere, ne in due manere as the cas requireth. Ye han erred also, for ye han maked no division betwix youre conseilours; this is to

sayn, betwix youre trewe frendes and youre feined conseilours; ne ye han not knowe the wille of youre trewe frendes olde and wise, but ye han cast alle hir wordes in an hoche pot, and enclined your herte to the more part and to the greter nombre, and ther be ye condescended: and sith ye wot wel that men shuln alway finde a greter nombre of fooles than of wise men, and therefore the conseilings that ben at congregations and multitudes of folk, ther as men take more regard to the nombre than to the sapience of perfonse, ye seen wel that in swiche conseilings fooles han the maistrice. Melibeus answered and said agin; I graunte wel that I have erred, but ther as thou hast told me herebefore that he n'is not to blame that chaungeth his conseil in certain cas, and for certain and just causes, I am al ready to change my conseil right as thou wolt devise. The proverbe sayth, For to don sinne is mannish, but certes for to perlevore in sinne is werke of the devil.

To this sentence answered anon Dame Prudence, and saide; Examineth (quod she) wel your conseil, and let us see the which of hem han spoken most resonably, and taught you best conseil: and for as muche as the examination is necessarie, let us beginne at the surgians and at the physiciens that first spoken in this mater. I say that physiciens and surgians han sayde you in youre conseil discretly as hem oughte, and in hir speche saiden ful wisely that to the office of hem apperteineth to don to every wight honour and profite, and no wight to amoye, and after hir craft to don gret diligence unto the cure of hem which that they han in hir governaunce. And, Sire, right as they han answered wisely and discretly, right so rede I that they be highly and soverainly guerdoned for hir noble speche, and eke for they shulden do the more ententif besinne in the curation of thy dere daughter; for al be it so that they ben youre frendes, therefore shullen ye not suffren that they serve you for nought, but ye oughte the rather guerdene hem, and shewe hem youre largesse. And as touching the proposition which the physiciens entreden in this cas, this is to fain, that in maladies that a contrarie is warished by another contrarie, I wold fain knowe how ye understonde thilke text, and what is your sentence. Certes, quod Melibeus, I understond it in this wise, that right as they han don me a contrarie, right so shulde I don hem another; for right as they han venged hem upon me and don me wrong, right so shal I venge me upon hem and don hem wrong, and than have I cured a contrarie by another.

Lo, lo! quod Dame Prudence, how lightly is every man enclined to his owen desire and his owen plesance! Certes (quod she) the wordes of the physiciens ne shulden not han ben understonden in that wise, for certes wickednesse is not contrarie to wickednesse, ne vengeance to vengeance, ne wrong to wrong, but they ben semblable, and therefore a vengeance is not warished by another vengeance, ne a wrong by another wrong, but everich of hem encreseth and aggregeth o-

ther. But certes the wordes of the physiciens shulden ben understonde in this wise, for good and wickednesse ben two contraries, and pees and werre, vengeance and suffraunce, discord and accord, and many other thinges; but certes wickednesse shal be warished by goodnesse, discord by accord, werre by pees, and so forth of other thinges. And hereto accordeth Seint Poule the apostle in many places; he sayth, Ne yelde not harme for harme, ne wicked speche for wicked speche, but do wel to him that doth to thee harme, and blesse him that saith to thee harme: and in many other places he amonesteth pees and accord. But now wol I speke to you of the conseil which that was yeven to you by the men of lawe, and the wise folk and old folke, that sayden alle by on accord as ye han herd before, that over alle thinges ye shuln do your diligence to kepe your persone, and to warnefore your house; and saiden also, that in this cas you oughte for to werchen ful awyly and with gret deliberation. And, Sire, as to the first point, that toucheth the keping of youre persone, ye shuln understond that he that hath werre shal ever more devoutly and mekely preien before alle thinges that Jesu Crist of his mercie wol han him in his protection, and ben his soveraine helping at his nede; for certes in this world ther is no wight that may be consailed ne kepte sufficiently withoute the keping of oure Lord Jesu Crist. To this sentence accordeth the prophete David, that sayth, If God ne kepe the citee in idel waketh he that kepeth it. Now, Sire, than shuln ye committe the keping of youre persone to youre trewe frendes that ben apprevd and yknowe, and of hem shuln ye axen helpe youre persone for to kepe; for Ca-ton faith, If thou have nede of helpe, axe it of thy frendes, for ther n'is non so good a physicien as thy trewe frend. And after this than shuln ye kepe you fro alle fraunge folk, and fro lieres, and have alway in suspect hir compaignie; for Piers Alphonse sayth, Ne take no compaignie by the way of a fraunge man, but if so he that thou have known him of lenger time; and if so be that he falle into thy compaignie paraventure withouten thin assent, enquire than as subtilly as thou maist of his conversation, and of his lif before, and seine thy way, saying thou wolt go thider as thou wolt not go; and if he bere a spere hold thee on the right side, and if he bere a sword hold thee on his left side. And after this than shuln ye kepe you wisely from all swiche manere peple as I have sayed before, and hem and hir conseil eschue. And after this than shuln ye kepe you in swiche manere that for any presumption of youre strengthe that ye ne despise not ne account not the might of your adversary so lite that ye let the keping of youre persone for your presumption, for every wise man dredeth his enemy: and Salomon sayth, Welful is he that of alle hath drede; for certes he that thurgh the hardinesse of his herte, and thurgh the hardinesse of himself, hath to gret presumption, him shal evil beside. Than shuln ye evermo countrewaite embouffements and alle espiale; for Sonek sayth, that the wise man that dredeth harmes escheweth harmes, ne he ne fallith into perils that

perils eschue. And al be it so that it seme that thou art in siker place, yet shalt thou alway do thy diligence in keping of thy persone; this is to sayn, be not negligent to kepe thin persone not only fro thy grettest enemy but also fro thy lesse enemy. Senek sayth, A man that is wel avised he dredeth his lesse enemy; Ovide sayth, that the litel wesele wol flee the gret boll and the wilde hart; and the book sayth, A litel thorne may prikke a king ful sore; and a litel hound wol hold the wilde bore. But natheles I say not thou shalt be so coward that thou doute where as is no drede. The book saith that "som men [han taught he hir deceivour, for they han to much dreded] to be deceived. Yet shalt thou drede to be empoysoned and [therefore shalt thou] kepe thee fro the compaignie of scornors; for the book sayth, With scornors ne make no compaignie, but flee hir wordes as venime.

Now as to the second point, wheras youre wife conseilours consailed you to warnefore your hous with gret diligence, I wolde fain knowe how that ye understonde thilke wordes, and what is your sentence.

Melibeus answered and saide; Certes I understond it in this wise, that I shal warnefore min hous with toures, swiche as han castelles and other manere edifices, and armure, and artelries, by which thinges I may my persone and myn hous so kepen and defenden that min enemies shuln ben in drede min hous for to approche.

To this sentence answered anon Prudence: Warnefoting (quod she) of heighe toures and of gret edifices, is with grette costages and with grette travaille, and whan that they ben accomplished yet ben they not worth a stre, but if they ben defended by trewe frendes that ben olde and wise. And understonde wel that the gretteste and strongeste garneson that a riche man may have, as wel to kepen his persone as his goodes, is, that he be beloved with his subgets and with his neighbores; for thus sayth Tullius, that ther is a maner garneson that no man may venquish ne discomfite, and that is a lord to be beloved of his citeizins and of his peple.

Now, Sire, as to the thridde point, wheras youre olde and wife conseilours sayden that you ne oughte not sodeinly ne hastily proceden in this nede, but that you oughte purveyen and appareilen you in this cas with gret diligence and gret deliberation, trewely I trowe that they sayden right wisely and right soth; for Tullius sayth, In every nede er thou beginne it appareile thee with gret diligence. Than say I that in vengeance taking in werre, in bataille, and in warnefoting, er thou beginne I rede that thou appareile thee therto, and do it with gret deliberation; for Tullius sayth

that longe appareiling tofore the bataille maketh short victorie; and Cassiodorus sayth, The garneson is stronger whan it is longe time avised.

But now let us speken of the conseil that was accorded by youre neighbores swiche as don you reverence withouten love, youre olde enemies reconciled, your flatereres, that consailed you certain thinges prively, and openly consailed you the contrarie, the yonge folk also, that consailed you to venge you and to make werre anon. Certes, Sire, as I have sayde before, ye han gretly erred to han cleped swiche maner folk to youre conseil, which conseilours ben ynough reproved by the resons aforesaid; but natheles, let us now descende to the special. Ye shul first proceden after the doctrine of Tullius. Certes the trouthe of this matere or of this conseil nedeth not diligently to enquire, for it is wel wist which they ben that han don to you this trespas and vilanie, and how many trespasours, and in what manere, they han don to you all this wrong and all this vilanie. And after this, than shuln ye examine the second condition which that the same Tullius addeth in this matere; for Tullius putteth a thing which that he clepeth Consenting; this to sayn, who ben they, and which ben they, and how many, that consenten to thy conseil in thy wilfulness to don hastif vengeance. And let us conside also who ben they, and how many ben they, and which ben they, that consenteden to youre adversaries. As to the first point, it is wel knowen which folk they be that consenteden to youre wilfulness, for trewely all tho that consaileden you to maken sodein werre ne ben not youre frendes. Let us now conside which ben they that ye holden so gretly youre frendes as to youre persone, for al be it so that ye be mighty and riche, certes ye ne ben but allone; for certes ye ne han no child but a doughter, ne ye ne han no brethren, ne colins germaines, ne non other nigh kinrede, wherfore that your enemies for drede shulde finte to plede with you or to destroye youre persone. Ye knowen also that your richesses moten ben dispendid in diverse parties, and whan that every wight hath his part they ne wollen taken but litel regard to venge youre deth. But thin enemies ben three, and they han many brethren, children, colins, and other nigh kinrede; and though so were that thou haddest slain of hem two or three, yet dwel len ther ynow to wreken hir deth, and to flee thy persone. And though so be that youre kinrede be more stedfast and siker than the kin of your adversaries, yet natheles youre kinrede is but a fer kinrede; they ben but litel sibbe to you, and the kin of youre enemies ben nigh sibbe to hem; and certes as in that hir condition is better than youre. Than let us conside also of the consailing of hem that consailed you to take sodein vengeance, whether it accorde to reson; and certes ye knowe wel may; for as by right and reson ther may no man taken vengeance on no wight but the juge that hath the jurisdiction of it, whan it is ygraunted him to take thilke vengeance hastily or attemprely as the lawe requirith.

* This passage, which is defective in all the mss. I have patched up as well as I could, by adding the words between books from the French Melibee, where it stands thus: "Aucuns gens ont enseigne leur decevoir, car ils ont trop douté que on ne les deceust. Après tu te dois garder de venir, et si te dois garder de compaignie de mequiers, car il est escript, Avec les mequiers n'aies compaignie, et fuy leurs paroles comme venime."—*Trubert*.

And moreover of thilke word that Tullius clepeth Consenting, thou shalt considere if thy might and thy power may consente and suffice to thy wilfulnesse and to thy conseilours; and certes thou mayest wel say that Nay; for sikerly, as for to speke proprely, we moun do nothing but only swiche thing as we moun don rightfully; and certes rightfully ye ne mowe take no vengeance, as of your propre auctorite. Than mowe ye sen that your power ne consenteth not ne accordeth not to your wilfulnesse. Now let us examine the thridde point, that Tullius clepeth Consequent. Thou shalt understonde that the vengeance that thou purposeth for to take is the consequent, and theroffolweth another vengeance, peril, and werre, and other damages without nombre, of which we ben not ware as at this time. And as touching the fourthe point, that Tullius clepeth Engendering, thou shalt consider that this wrong which that is don to thee is engendred of the hate of thin enemies, and of the vengeance taking upon that wold engender another vengeance, and muchel forwe and wasting of riches, as I sayde ere.

Now, Sire, as to the point that Tullius clepeth Causes, which that is the last point, thou shalt understonde that the wrong that thou hast received hath certaine causes which that clerkes clepen *oriens* and *efficiens*, and *causa longinqua*, and *causa propinqua*; this is to sayn, the fer cause and the nigh cause. The fer cause is almighty God, that is cause of alle thinges; the ner cause is thin three enemies; the cause accidental was hate; the cause material ben the five woundes of thy doughter; the cause formal is the maner of hir werking, that brought ladders and clomben in at thy windowes; the cause final was for to see thy doughter: it letted not in as muche as in hem was. But for to speke of the fer cause, as to what ende they shuld come, or what shal finally betide of hem in this cas, ne can I not deme but by conjecting and supposing; for we shuln suppose that they shuln come to a wicked ende, because that the book of Deereces sayth, Selden or with gret peine ben causes ybrought to a good ende whan they ben badly begonne.

Now, Sire, if men wold axen me why that God suffred men to do you this vilanie, certes I can not wel answer as for no sothfastnesse; for the apostle sayth that the sciences and the jugements of oure Lord God Almighty ben ful depe; ther may no man comprehend ne serche hem sufficiently; na-theles, by certain presumptions and conjectings I hold and beleve that God, which that is ful of justice and of rightwisenesse, hath suffered this betide by just cause resonable.

Thy name is Melibee, this is to sayn, a man that drinketh hony. Thou hast dronke so muche hony of swete temporel riches, and delices, and honours of this world, that thou art dronken, and hast forgetten Jesu Crist thy creatour: thou ne hast not don to him swiche honour and reverence as thee ought, ne thou ne hast wel ytaken kepe to the wordes of Ovide, that sayth, Under the honey of the goodes of thy body is hid the venime that sleth the soule: and Salomon sayth, If thou hast

founden hony, etc of it that sufficeth; for if thou etc of it out of mesure thou shalt spewe, and be nedey and poure. And peraventure Crist hath thee in despit, and hath tourned away fro thee his face and his eres of misericorde, and also he hath suffred that thou hast ben punished in the manere that thou hast ytrespased. Thou hast don sinne agaiñ oure Lord Crist, for certes the three enemies of mankind, that is to sayn, the flesh, the fend, and the world, thou hast suffred hem entre into thin herte wilfully by the windowes of thy body, and hast not defended thyself sufficiently agaiñ hir assautes and hir temptations, so that they han wounded thy soule in five places; this is to sayn, the dedly sinnes that ben entred into thyn herte by thy five wittes: and in the same manere oure Lord Crist hath wold and suffred that thy three enemies ben entred into thyn hous by the windowes, and han ywounded thy doughter in the foresayd manere.

Certes, quod Melibee, I see wel that ye enforce you muchel by wordes to overcomen me in swiche manere that I shal not venge me on min enemies, shewing me the perils and the evils that mighten falle of this vengeance; but who so wolde considere in all vengeancees the perils and evils that mighten sue of vengeance taking a man wold never take vengeance, and that were harme; for by the vengeance taking ben the wicked men delivered fro the goode men, and they that han will to do wickednesse restrainen hir wicked purpos whan they sen the punishing and the chastising * of the trespassours. [To this answered Dame Prudence: Certes, quod she, I graunte you that of vengeance taking cometh muche evil and muche good; but vengeance taking apperteineth not to everich on, but only to juges, and to hem that han the jurisdiction over the trespassours.] And yet say I more, that right as a singuler persone sinneth in taking vengeance of another man, right so sinneth the juge if he do no vengeance of hem that it han deserved; for Senek sayth thus. That master (he sayth) is good that preveth shrewes; and Cassiodore sayth, A man dredeth to do outrages whan he wot and knoweth that it displeth to the juges and souveraines; and another sayth, The juge that dredeth to do right maketh men shrewes; and Seint Poule the apostle sayth in his epistle, whan he writeth unto the Romaines, that the juges beren not the spere withouten cause, but they beren it to punishe the shrewes and misdoers, and for to defende the goode men. If ye wiln than take vengeance of youre enemies, ye shuln retourne or have your recours to the juge that hath the jurisdiction upon hem, and he shal punishe hem as the lawe axeth and requireth.

A! sayd Melibee, this vengeance liketh me nothing. I bethink me now and take hede how

* The following passage, which the reader will see to be very material to the sense, I have translated from the French, and inserted between crotchets, as becometh: "Et a ce respond Dame Prudence: Certes, dist elle, le portroye que de vengeance vient molt de maux et de biens, mais vengeance n'appartient pas a un chascun, fors seulement aux juges et a ceulx qui ont la jurisdiction sur les malicieux"---Tyrwhitt.

that Fortune hath nourished me from my childhode, and hath holpen me to passe many a stronge pas: now wol I assaen hire, trowing with Goddes helpe that she shal helpe me my shame for to venge.

Certes, quod Prudence, if ye wol werke by my conseil ye shuln not assaye Fortune by no way, ne ye ne shuln not lene or bowe unto hire, after the wordes of Senek; for thinges that ben folily don, and tho that ben don in hope of Fortune, shuln never come to good ende. And as the same Senek sayth, The more clere and the more shining that Fortune is, the more brotel and the soner broke she is. Trusteth not in hire, for she n'is not stedfast ne stable, for whan thou trowest to be most liker and sure of hire helpe, she wol faille and deceive thee. And wheras ye sayn that Fortune hath nourished you fro youre childhode, I say that in so muchel ye shuln the lesse truste in hire and in hire wit; for Senek sayth, What man that is norished by Fortune she maketh him a gret fool. Now than sin ye desire and axe vengeance, and the vengeance that is don after the lawe and before the juge ne liketh you not, and the vengeance that is don in hope of Fortune is perilous and uncertain, than have ye non other remedie but for to have your recour unto the soveraine juge that vengeth alle vilanies and wronges, and he shal venge you; after that himself witnesseth wheras he sayth, Leveth the vengeance to me, and I shal do it.

Melibeus answered, If I ne venge me of the vilanie that men han don to me, I sompne or warne hem that has don to me vilanie, and alle oþer, to do me another vilanie; for it is written, If thou take no vengeance of an olde vilany, thou sompnest thin adversaries to do thee a newe vilanie: and also for my suffraunce men wolden do me so muche vilanie, that I might neither bere it ne susteine, and so shulde ben put and holden over lowe; for som men sain, In muchel suffering shal many thinges falle unto thee which thou shal: not mowe suffre.

Certes, quod Prudence, I graunte you wel that overmuchel suffraunce is not good, but yet ne folweth it not therof that every persone to whom men don vilanie shuld take of it vengeance, for that apperteineth and longeth all only to the juges, for they shul venge the vilanies and injuries; and therefore tho two auctoritees that ye han sayd above ben only understonden in the juges, for whan they suffren overmuchel the wronges and vilanies to be don withouten punishing, they sompne not a man all only for to do newe wronges, but they commaunden it; al so as a wise man sayth, that the juge that correcteth not the sinner commaundeth and biddeth him do sinne: and the juges and soveraines mighten in hir lond so muche suffre of the shrewes and misdoers, that they shulden by swiche suffraunce by proces of time wexen of swiche power and might, that they shulde putte out the juges and the soveraines from hir places, and atte laste maken him lese hir lordshippes.

But now let us putte that ye have leve to venge you: I say ye be not of might and power as now

to venge you; for if ye wol maken comparison unto the might of youre adversaries, ye shuln finde in many thinges that I have shewed you er this that hir condition is better than youre, and therefore say I that it is good as now that ye suffre and be patient.

Forthermore, ye knowen wel that after the commune saw it is a woodnesse a man to strive with a stronger or a more mighty man than he is himself; and for to strive with a man of even strengthe, that is to say, with as strong a man as he is, it is peril; and for to strive with a weaker man it is folie; and therefore shulde a man see striving as muchel as he might; for Salomon sayth, It is a gret worship to a man to kepe him fro noise and strif. And if it so happe that a man of greter mighte and strengthe than thou art do thee grevaunce, studie and besie thee rather to stille the same grevaunce than for to venge thee; for Senek sayth, That he putteth him in a grette peril that striveth with a greter man than he is himself; and Caton sayth, If a man of higher estat or degree, or more mighty than thou, do thee anoye or grevance, suffre him; for he that ones hath groved thee may another time releve thee and helpe thee. Yet sette I cas ye have bothe might and licence for to venge you; I say that ther be ful many thinges that shuln restraine you of vengeance taking, and make you for to encline to suffre and for to han patience in the wronges that han ben don to you. First and forward, if ye wel considere the defeutes that ben in youre owen persone, for which defeutes God hath suffred you have this tribulation, as I have sayd to you herebefore; for the poete sayth, that we oughten patiently taken the tribulations that comen to us, whan that we thinken and consideren that we han deserved to han hem; and Seint Gregorie sayth, that whan a man considereth wel the nombre of his defeutes and of his sinnes, the peines and the tribulations that he suffereth semen the lesse unto him; and in as muche as him thinketh his sinnes more hevye and grevous, in so muche semeth his peine the lighter and the esier unto him. Also ye owen to encline and bowe youre herte to take the patience of oure Lord Jesu Crist, as sayth Seint Peter in his Epistles. Jesu Crist (he sayth) hath suffred for us, and yeven ensample to every man to solwe and sue him, for he did never sinne, ne never came ther a vilains word out of his mouth. Whan men cursed him he cursed hem nought, and whan men beten him he manaced hem nought. Also the gret patience which seintes that ben in Paradis han had in tribulations that they han suffred withouten hir desert or gilt, oughte muchel stirre you to patience. Forthermore, ye shulde enforce you to have patience, considering that the tribulations of this world but litel while endure, and sone passed ben and gon, and the joye that a man seketh to han by patience in tribulations is perdurable; after that the apostle sayth in his epistle, The joye of God, he sayth, is perdurable, that is to sayn, everlasting. Also troweth and beleveth stedfastly that he n'is not wel ynorished ne wel ytaught that cannot have patience, or wol not receive pa-

tience; for Salomon sayth, that the doctrine and wit of a man is knowen by patience; and in another place he sayth, that he that is patient governeth him by gret prudence: and the same Salomon sayth, The angry and wrathful man maketh noises, and the patient man attempteth and stilleth hem: he saith also, It is more worth to be patient than to be right strong; and he that may have the lordshipe of his owen herte is more to preise than he that by his force or strengthe taketh gret citees: and therefore sayth Seint James in his epistle, that patience is a gret vertue of perfection.

Certes, quod Melibee, I graunte you, Dame Prudence, that patience is a gret vertue of perfection, but every man may not have the perfection that ye seken; ne I am not of the nombre of the right parfit men, for min herte may never be in pees unto the time it be venged. And al be it so that it was gret peril to min enemies to do me a villanie in taking vengeance upon me, yet token they non hode of the peril, but fulfilleden hir wicked will and hir corage; and therefore me thinketh men oughten not reprove me though I put me in a litel peril for to venge me, and though I do a gret exceffe, that is to sayn, that I venge on outrage by another.

A! quod Dame Prudence, ye sayn your will and as you liketh; but in no cas of the world a man shulde not don outrage ne exceffe for to vengen him; for Cassiodore sayth, that as evil doth he that vengeth him by outrage as he that doth the outrage; and therefore ye shuln venge you after the ordre of right, that is to sayn, by the lawe, and not by exceffe ne by outrage. And also if ye wol venge you of the outrage of youre adversaries in other manere than right commaundeth ye finnen; and therefore sayth Senek, that a man shal never venge shrewednesse by shrewednesse. And if ye say that right axeth a man to defende violence by violence, and fighting by fighting, certes ye say soth, whan the defence is don withouten interalle, or withouten tarying or delay, for to defende him, and not for to venge: and it behoveth that a man putte swiche attemperance in his defence that men have no cause ne mater to reprove him that defendeth him of outrage and exceffe, for elles were it againe reson. Parde ye knowen wel that ye maken no defence as now for to defende you, but for to venge you, and so sheweth it that ye han no will to do your dede attemprely; and therefore me thinketh that patience is good; for Salomon sayth, that he that is not patient shal have gret harme.

Certes, quod Melibee, I graunte you that whan a man is impatient and wrothe of that that toucheth him not, and that apperteineth not unto him, though it harme him, it is no wonder; for the lawe saith that he is culpable that entremeteth or medleth with swiche thing as apperteineth not unto him; and Salomon saith, that he that entremeteth of the noife or strif of another man is like to him that taketh a straunge hound by the eres; for right as he that taketh a straunge hound by the eres is other while biten with the hound, right in

the same wise it is reson that he have harme that by his impatience medleth him of the noife of another man, wheras it apperteineth not unto him. But ye knowe wel that this dede, that is to sayn, my greef and my difese, toucheth me right nigh; and therefore though I be wroth and impatient it is no mervaille: and (saving your grace) I cannot see that it might gretly harme me though I took vengeance, for I am richer and more mighty than min enemies ben; and wel knowe ye that by money and by having grette possessions ben alle thinges of this world governed; and Salomon sayth that alle thinges obeye to money.

Whan Prudence had herd hire husband avaunte him of his riches and of his money, dispreising the power of his adversaries, she spake and sayd to this wife: Certes, dere Sire! I graunte you that ye ben riche and mighty, and that riches ben good to hem that han wel ygeten hem, and that wel conne usen hem; for right as the body of a man may not liven withouten foul, no more may it liven withouten temporel goodes, and by richesles may a man gete him grette frendes; and therefore sayth Pamphilus, If a netherdes doughter (he sayth) be riche, she may chese of a thousand men which she wol take to hire husband; for of a thousand men on wol not forsaken hire ne refusen hire. And this Pamphilus saith also, If thou be right happy, that is to sayn, if thou be right riche, thou shalt finde a gret nombre of felawes and frendes; and if thy fortune chaunge, that thou wexe poure, farewel frendshipe and felawshipe, for thou shalt be al alone withouten any compaignie, but if it be the compaignie of poure folk. And yet sayth this Pamphilus moreover, that they that ben bond and thralle of linage shuln be made worthy and noble by richesles. And right so as by richesles ther comen many goodes, right so by poverté come ther many harmes and eviles, for gret poverté constreinet a man to do many eviles: and therefore clepeth Cassiodore poverté the moder of ruine, that is to sayn, the moder of overthrowing or falling down; and therefore sayth Piers Alfonse, On of the grettest adversitees of this world is whan a free man by kinde, or of birthe, is constreined by poverté to eten the almesse of his enemye. And the same sayth Innocent in on of his bookes: he sayth, that forweful and mishappy is the condition of a poure begger, for if he axe not his mete he dieth for hunger, and if he axe he dieth for shame; and algates necessitee constreinet him to axe; and therefore sayth Salomon, that better it is to die than for to have swiche poverté; and, as the same Salomon sayth, Better it is to die of bitter deth than for to liven in swiche wife. By thisse resons that I have said unto you, and by many other resons that I conde saye, I graunte you that richesles ben good to hem that wel geten hem, and to hem that wel usen tho richesles; and therefore wol I shewe you how ye shuln behave you in gadering of your richesles, and in what manere ye shuln usen hem.

First, ye shuln geten hem withouten gret desir, by good leiser, sokingly, and not over hastily, for a man that is to desiring to get richesshes abandoneth him firste to theste and to alle other eviles; and therefore sayth Salomon, He that hasteth him to besily to wexe riche he shal be non innocent; he sayth also, that the richeshe that hastily cometh to a man sone and lightly goeth and passeth from a man, but that richeshe that cometh litel and litel wexeth alway and multiplieth. And, Sire, ye shulen gete richesshes by youre wit and by youre travaille, unto youre profite, and that withouten wrong or harme doing to any other persone; for the lawe sayth, Ther maketh no man himselfe riche if he do harme to another wight; this is to say, that Nature defendeth and forbedeth by right that no man make himselfe riche unto the harme of another persone. And Tullius sayth, that no sorwe, ne no drede of deth, ne nothing that may falle unto a man, is so muchel ageins nature as a man to encrese his owen profite to harme of another man. And though the grete men and the mighty men geten richesshes more lightly than thou, yet shalt thou not ben idel ne slowe to do thy profite, for thou shalt in alle wise flee idleness; for Salomon sayth, that idleness techeth a man to do many eviles: and the same Salomon sayth, that he that travailleth and besith him to tillen his lond' shal ete bred, but he that is idel, and casteth him to no besinesse ne occupation, shal falle into poverté, and die for hunger. And he that is idel and slow can never find covenable time for to do his profite; for ther is a verifour sayth, that the idel man excuseth him in winter because of the grete cold, and in sommer they by encheson of the hete. For thise causes, sayth Caton, Waketh, and enclinethe you not over muchel to slepe, for over muchel resteneth and causeth many vices; and therefore sayth Seint Jerome, Doeth som good dedes, that the devil which is oure enemy ne finde you not unoccupied, for the devil he taketh not lightly unto his werking swiche as he findeth occupied in goode werkes.

Than thus in getting richesshes ye musten flee idleness; and afterward ye shuln usen the richesshes which ye han geten by youre wit and by youre travaille in swiche manere than men holde you not to scarce ne to sparing, ne fool-large, that is to say, over large a spender; for right as men blamen an avaricious man because of his scarcitee and chinerie, in the same wise is he to blame that spendeth over largely; and therefore sayth Caton, Use (sayth he) the richesshes that thou hast ygeten in swiche manere that men have no matere ne cause to calle thee nother wretche ne chince, for it is a gret shame to a man to have a poure herte and a riche purse: he sayth also, The goodes that thou hast ygeten use hem by mesure, that is to sayn, spende mesurably, for they that folily wassen and dispenden the goodes that they han whan they han no more propre of hir owen that they shapen hem to take the goodes of another man. I say than that ye shuln flee avarice, using youre

richesses in swiche manere that men sayn not that youre richesshes ben yberied, but that ye have herd in youre might and in youre welding; for a wise man repreveth the avaricious man, and sayth thus in two vers, Wherto and why beriethe a man his goodes by his gret avarice, and knoweth wel that nedes must he die, for deth is the end of every man as in this present lif? and for what cause or encheson joineth he him, or knitteth he him so fast unto his goodes, that alle his wittes mown not differen him or departen him from his goodes, and knoweth wel, or oughte to know, that whan he is ded he shal nothing bere with him out of this world? and therefore sayth Seint Augustin, that the avaricious man is likened unto helle, that the more it swalweth the more desir it hath to swalwe and devoure. And as wel as ye wolde eschue to be called an avaricious man or chinche, as wel shulde ye kepe you and governe you in swiche a wise that men calle you not fool-large; therefore sayth Tullius, The goodes of thin hous ne shulde not ben hid ne kept so close but that they might ben opened by pitee and debonairetee, that is to sayn, to yve hem part that han gret nede; ne thy goodes shulden not ben so open to be every mannes goodes. Afterward, in getting of youre richesshes, and in using of hem, ye shuln alway have thre thinges in youre herte, that is to say, oure Lord God, conscience, and good name. First, ye shuln have God in youre herte, and for no riches: ye shuln do nothing which may in any manere displese God that is youre creator and maker; for, after the word of Salomon, It is better to have a litel good, with love of God, than to have muchel good and lese the love of his Lord God: and the prophete sayth, that better it is to ben a good man and have litel good and trefor than to be holden a shrewe and have grete richesshes. And yet I say furthermore, that ye shulden alway do youre besinesse to gete you richesshes, so that ye gete hem with good conscience. And the apostle sayth, that there n'is thing in this world of which we shulden have so gret joye as whan oure conscience bereth us good witnesse; and the wise man sayth, The substance of a man is ful good whan sinne is not in mannes conscience. Afterward, in getting of youre richesshes and in using of hem, ye must have gret besinesse and gret diligence that youre good name be alway kept and conserved; for Salomon sayth, that beter it is and more it availleth a man to have a good name than for to have grete richesshes; and therefore he sayth in another place, Do gret diligence (sayth Salomon) in keping of thy frendes and of thy good name, for it shal lenger abide with thee than any trefor, be it never so precious; and certes he shulde not be called a Gentilman that after God and good conscience alle thinges left ne doth his diligence and besinesse to kepen his good name; and Cassiodore sayth, that it is a signe of a gentil herte whan a man loveth and desireth to have a good name; and therefore sayth Seint Augustine, that ther ben two thinges that arn right necessarie and nedeful, and that is good conscience and good

los; that is it to sayn, good conscience to thin owen persone inward, and good los for thy neighbour outward. And he that trosteth him so muchel in his good conscience that he despiseth and setteth at nought his good name or los, and recketh not though he kepe not his good name, n'is but a cruel cherl.

Sire, now have I shewed you how ye shulden do in geting riches, and how ye shulden usen hem; and I see wel that for the trust that ye han in youre riches, ye wilm meve werre and bataille. I conseille you that ye beginne no bataille ne werre in trust of youre riches, for they ne sufficen not weires to mainteine; and therefore sayth a philosopre, That man that desireth and wol algaates han werre shal never have suffisaunce, for the richer that he is the greter dispences must he make, if he will have worship and victorie; and Salomon saith, that the greter riches that a man hath the mo dispencours he hath. And, dere Sire! al be it so that for youre riches ye moun have muchel folk, yet behoveth it not ne it is not good to beginne werre, wheras you moun in other manere have pees unto youre worship and profite: for the victorie of batailles that ben in this world lith not in gret nombre or multitude of peple, ne in the vertue of man, but it lith in zhe will and in the hond of oure Lord God Almighty; and therefore Judas Machabeus, which was Goddes knight, whan he shulde fighte again his adversarie, that hadde a greter nombre and a greter multitude of folk, and strengre than was the peple of this Machabee, yet he recomforted his litel compaignie, and sayde right in this wise; Al so lightly (sayde he) may our Lord God Almighty yeve victorie to a fewe folk as to many folk, for the victorie of a bataille cometh not by the gret nombre of peple, but it cometh from oure Lord God of heven. And, dere Sire! for as muchel as ther is no man certaine if it be worthy that God yeve him victorie or not, after that Salomon sayth, Therefore every man shulde gretly drede werres to beginne; and because that in batailles fallen many perils, and it happeth other while that as sone is the gret man slain as the litel man; and, as it is ywriten in the second book of Kinges, The dedes of batailles ben aventureous, and nothing certain, for as lightly is on hurt with a spere as another; and for ther is gret peril in werre, therefore shulde a man flee and eschue werre in as muchel as a man may goodly; for Salomon seyth, He that loveth peril shal falle in peril.

After that Dame Prudence had spoken in this manere, Melibee answerd and saide: I see wel, Dame Prudence, that by youre faire wordes and by youre recons that ye han shewed me that the werre liketh you nothing; but I have not yet herd your conseil how I shal do in this nede.

Certes, quod she, I conseille you that ye acorde with youre adversaries, and that ye have pees with hem; for Seint James sayth in his epistle that by conorde and pees the smale riches wexen grete, and by debat and discorde grete riches fallen down; and ye knowen wel that on

of the gretest and moeste soveraine thing that is in this world is unitee and pees; and therefore sayde oure Lord Jesu Crist to his apostles in this wise, Wel happy and blessed ben they that loven and purchasen pees, for they ben called the children of God. A! quod Melibee, now see I wel that ye loven not min honour ne my worshiþe. Ye knowen wel that min adversaries han begonne this debat and brige by hir outrage, and ye see wel that they ne requeren ne prayen me not of pees, ne they axen not to be reconciled; wol ye than that I go and meke me and obeie me to hem, and crie hem mercie? forsoth that were not my worshiþe; for right as men sayn that overgret homlinesse engendreth displeiþing, so fareth it by to gret humiltee or mekenesse.

Than began Dame Prudence to make semblaunt of wrathe, and sayde, Certes, Sire, (sauf your grace) I love youre honour and youre profite as I do mine owen, and ever have don, ye ne non other seyn never the contrary; and if I had sayde that ye shuld han purchafed the pees and the reconciliation, I ne hadde not muchel mistake me ne sayde amis; for the wife man sayth, The disencion beginneth by another man, and the reconciling beginneth by thyself: and the prophete saith, Flee shrewednesse and do goodnesse: seke pees and solwe it, in as muchel as in thee is. Yet say I not that ye shuln rather pursue to youre adversaries for pees than they shuln to you, for I know wel that ye ben so hard-herted that ye wol do nothing for me; and Salomon sayth, He that hath over hard an herte atte laste he shal mishappe and mistide.

Whan Melibee had herd Dame Prudence make semblaunt of wrath he sayde in this wise: Dame, I pray you that ye be not displeied of things that I say, for I knowe wel that I am angry and wroth, and that is no wonder, and they that ben wroth woten not wel what they don ne what they sayn; therefore the prophete sayth, that troubled eyen han no clere fighte. But sayth and conseilleth me as you liketh, for I am redy to do right as ye wol desire; and if ye repreve me of my folie I am the more holden to love you and to preiße you; for Salomon saith, that he that repreveth him that doth folie he shal find greter grace than he that deceiveth him by swete wordes.

Than sayde Dame Prudence, I make no semblaunt of wrath ne of anger but for youre grete profite; for Salomon saith, He is more wroth that repreveth or chideth a fool for his folie, shewing him semblaunt of wrath, than he that supporteth him and preißeth him in his misdoing, and laugheth at his folie; and this same Salomon saith afterward, that by the forweful visage of a man, that is to sayn, by the sory and hevye countenance of a man, the fool correcteth and amendeth himself.

Than said Melibee, I shal not conne answer to so many faire recons as ye putten to me and shewen: sayth shortly youre will and youre conseil, and I am al redy to performe and fulfile it,

Than Dame Prudence discovered all hire will unto him, and saide, I conseille you, quod she, above alle thinges that ye make pees betwene God and you, and be reconciled unto him and to his grace, for as I have sayde you herebeforen, God hath suffered yon to have this tribulation and disese for youre sinnes: and if ye do as I say you, God wol sende youre adversaries unto you, and make hem falle at youre feet, redy to do youre will and youre commandements; for Salomon sayth, Whan the condition of man is plefaunt and liking unto God, he chaungeth the hertes of the mannes adversaries, and constreyneth him to beseechen him of pees and of grace. And I pray you let me speke with your adversaries in prevee place, for they shuln not knowe that it be of youre will or youre assent, and than whan I knowe hir will and hir entente I may conseille you the more seurely.

Dame, quod Melibeus, doth youre will and youre liking, for I putte me wholly in youre disposition and ordinance.

Than Dame Prudence, whan she sey the good will of hire husbond, delibered unto hire, and toke avis in hire self, thinking how she might bring this nedde unto goode ende; and whan she sey hire time she sent for thise adversaries to come unto hire in to a privee place, and shewed wisely unto hem the grete goodes that comen of pees, and the grete harmes and perils that ben in werre; and saide to hem in a goodly manere how that hem oughte have gret repentance of the injuries and wronges that they hadden don to Melibeus hire lord, and unto hire and to hire daughter.

And whan they herden the goodly wordes of Dame Prudence they weren so surpised and ravished, and hadden so gret joye of hire, that wonder was to telle. A Lady! quod they, ye have shewed unto us the blessing of swetenesse, after the saying of David the prophet; for the reconciling which we be not worthy to have in no manere, but we oughten requeren it with grete contrition and humilitee, ye of your grete goodnesse have presented unto us. Now see we wel that the science and conning of Salomon is ful trewe; for he saith, that swete wordes multiplien and encreasen frendes, and maken shrewes to be debonaire and meke.

Certes, quod they, we putten oure dede and all our matere and cause al holly in youre good will, and ben redy to obeye unto the speche and commandement of my Lord Melibeus; and therefore, dere and benigne Lady! we praye you and beseeche you, as mekely as we conne and moun, that it like unto your grete goodnesse to fulfille in dede your goody wordes; for we consideren and knowelechen that we han offended and greved my Lord Melibeus out of mesure, so fer forth that we ben not of power to maken him amendes, and therefore we oblige and binde us and oure frendes to do all his will and his commandements; but peraventure he hath swiche beynesse and swiche wrath to us ward, because of our offence, that he wol enjoynen us swiche

a peine as we moun not bere ne susteine; and therefore, noble Ladie! we beseeche youre womanlyte pittee to take swiche a visement in this nedde that we ne oure frendes ben not disherited and destroyed thurgh oure folie.

Certes, quod Prudence, it is an hard thing and right perilous that a man putte him all outrely in the arbitration and jugement and in the might and power of his enemy; for Salomon sayth, Leveth me and yeveth credence to that that I shall say; To thy sone, to thy wif, to thy frend, ne to thy brother, ne yeve thou never might ne maistrise over thy body while thou livest. Now sith he defendeth that a man shulde not yeve to his brother ne to his frend the might of his body, by a strengre reson he defendeth and forbedeth a man to yeve himself to his enemy. And natheles I conseille you that ye mistruste not my lord, for I wot wel and know veraily that he is debonaire and meke, large, curteis and nothing desirous ne covetous of good ne richesse, for ther is nothing in this world that he desireth save only worshipec and honour. Forthmore, I know wel and am right sure that he shal nothing do in this nedde withouten my conseil, and I shal so werken in this cas that by the grace of our Lord God ye shuln be reconciled unto us.

Than saiden they with o vois, Worshipful Lady! we putten us and our goodes al fully in youre will and disposition, and ben redy to come what day that it like unto youre noblesse to limite us or assigne us for to make oure obligation and bond as strong as it liketh unto youre goodnesse, that we moun fulfille the will of you and of my Lord Melibee.

Whan Dame Prudence had herd the answer of thise men, she bad hem go agein prively, and she retourned to hire Lord Melibee, and told him how she found his adversaries ful repentant knowleching ful lowly hir sinnes and trefpas, and how they weren redy to suffren all peine, requering and preying him of mercy and pitee.

Than saide Melibee, He is wel worthy to have pardon and foryevenesse of his sinne that excuseth not his sinne, but knowlecheth and repenteth him, axing indulgence; for Senek saith, Ther is the remission and fureyvenesse wher as the confession is, for confession is neighebour to innocences and therefore I assente and conferme me to have pees: but it is good that we do nought withouten the assent and will of oure frendes.

Than was Prudence right glad and joyeful, and saide, Certes, Sire, ye han wel and goodly answered; for right as by the conseil, assent, and helpe, of your frendes ye han be stired to venge you and make werre, right so withouten hir conseil shul ye not accord you ne have pees with youre adversaries; for the lawe saith, Ther is nothing so good by way of kinde as a thing to be unbounde by him that it was ybounde.

And than Dame Prudence, withouten delay or tarying, sent anon hire messageres for hir kin and for hir olde frendes which that were trewe and wife, and told hem by ordre in the presence of Meli-

hee all the matere as it is above expressed and declared, and preied hem that they wold yewe hir avis and conseil what were best to do in this nede. And whan Melibeeus frendes hadden taken hir avis and deliberation of the foresaid matere, and hadden examined it by gret besinesse and gret diligence, they yaven ful conseil for to have pees and reste, and that Melibee shulde receive with good herte his adversaries to foryevenesse and mercy.

And whan Dame Prudence had herd the assent of hire Lord Melibee, and the conseil of his frendes accord with hire will and hire entencion, she was wonder glad in hire herte, and sayde, Ther is an old proverbe, quod she, sayth, that the goodnesse that thou maist do this day do it, and abide not ne delay it not till to morwe: and therefore I conseile that ye sende youre messageres, swiche as ben discret and wise, unto youre adversaries, telling hem on youre behalf, that if they wol trete of pees and of accord, that they shape hem withouten delay or taryng to come unto us. Which thing parfourned was indede. And whan thise trespassours and repenting folk of hir folies, that is to sayn, the adversaries of Melibee, hadden herd what thise messageres sayden unto hem they weren right glade and joyeful, and answerden ful mekely and benignely, yelding graces and thankinges, to hir Lord Melibee and to all his compaignie, and shopen hem withouten delay to go with the messageres, and obeie to the commandement of hir Lord Melibee.

And right anon they token hir way to the court of Melibee, and token with hem som of hir trewe frendes to make feith for hem and for to ben hir borwes. And whan they were comen to the presence of Melibee he saide hem thise wordes. It stant thus quod Melibee, and soth it is that ye causeles and withouten skill and reson han don grete injuries and wronges to me and to my wif Prudence, and to my doughter also, for ye han entered into myn hous by violence, and have don swiche outrage that alle men knowen wel that ye han deserved the deth; and therefore wol I know and wete of you whether ye wol put the punishing and chastising, and the vengeance, of this outrage in the will of me and of my wif, or ye wol not.

Than the wisest of hem three answered for hem alle, and saide; Sire, quod he, we knowen wel that we ben unworthy to come to the court of so gret a lord and so worthy as ye ben, for we han so gretly mistaken us, and han offended and agite in swiche wise again your high lordshipe, that trewely we han deserved the deth; but yet for the grete goodnesse and dobonairetee that all the world witnesseth of youre persone we submitten us to the excellence and benigntee of youre gracious lordshipe, and ben redy to obeie to alle youre comandements, beseeching you that of youre merciable pitee ye wol considere our grete repentance and lowe submission, and graunte us foryevenesse of our outrageous trespas and offence; for wel we knowen that youre liberal grace and mercie stretchen hem further into goodnesse than

don our outrageous giltes and trespas into wickednesse, al be it that curfeldy and dampnably we han agite again youre high lordshipe.

Then Melibee toke hem up fro the ground ful benignely, and received hir obligations and hir bondes by hir othes upon hir plegges and borwes, and assigned hem a certain day to retourne unto his court for to receive and accept sentence and jugement that Melibee wolde commande to be don on hem by the causes aforelaid; which thinges ordeined every man retourned to his hous.

And whan that Dame Prudence saw hire time she freined, and axed hire Lord Melibee what vengeance he thoughte to taken of his adversaries?

To which Melibee answerd and saide; Certes, quod he, I think and purpose me fully to disherite hem of all that ever they han, and for to putte hem in exile for ever.

Certes, quod Dame Prudence, this were a cruel sentence, and muchel again reson, for ye ben riche ynough, and han no nede of other mennes good; and ye might lightly in this wise gete you a covetous name, which is a vicious thing, and oughte to be eschewed of every good man, for after the sawe of the apostle, covetise is rote of alle harmes; and therefore it were better for you to lese muchel good of your owen, than for to take of hir good in this manere: for better it is to lese good with worship than to winne good with vilanie and shame: and every man ought to do his diligence and his besinesse to get him a good name; and yet shal he not only besie him in keeping his good name, but he shal also enforchen him alway to do som thing by which he may renouvelle his good name; for it is written that the olde good les or good name of a man is sone gon and passed when it is not newed. And as touching that ye sayn, that ye wol exile your adversaries, that thinketh me muchel again reson and out of mesure, considered the power that they han yeven you upon hemself; and it is written, that he is worthy to lese his privilege that misuseth the might and the power that is yeven him. And I sette cas ye might enjoin hem that peine by right and by lawe, (which I trowe ye mowe not do) I say ye might not putte it to execution per adventure, and than it were like to retourne to the werre as it was befor: and therefore if you wol that men do you obeisance ye must deme more curteisly, that is to sayn, ye must yewe more cliche sentences and jugements; for it is written, he that most curteisly commandeth to him men most obeyen. And therefore I pray you that in this necessitee and in this nede ye caste you to overcome your herte; for Senek sayth, that he that overcometh his herte overcometh twies; and Tullius saith, Ther is nothing so commendable in a gret lord as when he is debonaire and meke, and appeeth him lightly. And I pray you that ye wol now forbete to do vengeance in swiche a manere that your good name may be kept and conserved, and that men mown have cause, and matere to preise you of pitee and of mercy, and that ye

have no cause to repent you of thing that ye don;
for Seneca saith, He overcometh in an evil
manner that repenteth of his victorie. Wherefore
I pray you let mercy be in your herte, to the
effect and entent that God Almighty have mercy
upon you in his last iudgement; for Seint James
saith in his epistle, Iudgement withoute mercy
shal be do to him that hath no mercy of an-
other wight.

Whan Melibee had herd the grete skilles and redons of Dame Prudence, and hire wise informacions and techinges, his herte gan enclyne to the will of his wif, considering hire trewe entente, enforced him anon, and assented fully to werken after hire conseil, and thanked God, of whom procedeth all goodnesse and all vertue, that him sent a wif of so gret discrecion. And whan the day came that his adversaries shulde appere in his presence, he spake to hem ful goodly, and saide

in this wife : Al be it so that of youre pride and high presumption and folie, and of youre negligence and unconning, ye have misborne you and trespassed unto me, yet for as much as I see and behold your grete humilitee, and that ye be sory and repentant of your gyltes, it constraineth me to do you grace and mercy ; wherfor I receive you into my grace, and foryeve you outrely alle the offences, injuries, and wronges, that yet have don again me and mine, to this effect and to this ende, that God of his endeles mercie wol at the time of our dying foryeve us oure gyltes that we han trespassed to him in this wretched world ; for douteles if we be sory and repentant of the finnes and gyltes which we han trespassed in the sight of oure Lord God, he is so free and so merciable that he wol foryeve us oure gyltes, and bringen us to the blisse that never hath ende. Amen.

THE MONKES PROLOGUE.

WHAN ended was the Tale of Melibee
And of Prudence and hire benignitee
Our Hoste faide, As I am faithful man,
And by the precious *corpus Madrian*,
I hadde lever than a barell of ale
That goode lefe my wif had here this Tale,
For the n'is no thing of swiche patience
As was this Melibeeus wif Prudence.

By Goddes bones whan I bete my knaves
She brineth me the grete clobbered staves,
And cryeth, Sleé the dogges everich on,
And breke hem bothe bak and every bon.

And if that any neighbour of mine
Wol not in chirche to my wif encline,
Or be so hardy to hire to treface,
Whan she cometh home she rampeth in my face,
And cryeth, Falshe coward! wreke thy wif:
By *corpus Domini* I wol have thy knif,
And thou shalt have my distaf and go spinne.
Fro day til night right thus she wol beginne.

Alas! she faith, that ever I was ythape
To wed a milkop or a coward ape,
That wol ben overlade with every wight:
Thou darst not stonden by the wives right.

This is my lif but if that I wol fight,
And out at dore anon I mote me dight,
Or elles I am lost, but if that I
Be like a wilde leon fool-hardy.

I wote wel she wol do me flee som day
Som neighebour, and thanne go my way,
For I am in perilous with knif in honde
Al be it that I dare not hire withstonde,
For she is bigge in armes by my faith,
That shal he finde that hire misdoth or faith.
But let us passe away fro this matere.

My Lord the Monk, quod he, be mery of chere
For ye shul telle a Tale trewely.
Lo! Roucheffer stondeh there faste by;
Ride forth, min owen Lord, breke not our game.
But by my trouthe I can no telle youre name;
Whether shal I call you my Lord Dan John.
Or Dan Thomas, or elles Dan Albon?
Of what hous be ye by your fader kin?
I vow to God thou hast a ful faire skin.
It is a gentil pasture ther thou gost;
Thou art not like a penaunt or a gost.

Upon my faith thou art som officer,
Som worthy sextein, or som celerer,

For by my fadres soule, as to my dome,
Thou art a maister whan thou art home;
No poure cloisterer, ne non novice,
But a governour bothe ware and wise,
And therewithal of braunes and of bones
A right wel faring perforce for the nones.
I pray to God yeve him confusion
That first thee brought into religion.
Thou woldest han ben a trede-soul a right
Haddest thou as grete leve as thou hast might
To parfoume all thy lust: in engendrure
Thou haddest begeten many a creature.
Alas! why werest thou so wide a cope?
God yeve me forwe but and I were pope
Not only thou but every mighty man,
Though he were shire ful high upon his pan,
Shuld have a wif, for al this world is lorn,
Religion hath take up all the corn
Of treading, and we borel men ben shrimpes;
Of feble trees ther comen wretched impes.
This maketh that our heires ben so sclendre
And feble that they monn not wel engendre;
This maketh that our wives wol assaye
Religious folk, for they moun better paye
Of Venus payements than mowen we;
God wote no Lufheburges payen ye.
But be not wroth, my Lord, though that I play;
Ful oft in game a sothe have I herd say.

This worthy Monke toke all in patience,
And faide, I wol don all my diligence,
As fer as founeth into honestee,
To tellen you a Tale, or two or three;
And if you list to herken hiderward
I wol you sayn the lif of Seint Edward,
Or elles tragedies first I wol telle,
Of which I have an hundred in my celle.
Tragedie is to sayn a certain storie,
As olde bookes maken us memorie,
Of him that stood in gret prosperitee,
And is yfallen out of high degree
In to miserie, and endeth wretchedly;
And they ben verified communly
Of six feet, which men clepen Exametron:
In prose eke ben endited many on,
And eke in metre in many a sondry wif.
Lo this declaring ought ynough suffice.

Now herkeneth if you liketh for to here,
But first I you beseeche in this matere,

Though I by ordre telle not thise thinges,
Be it of popes, emperoures, or kinges,
After hir ages, as men written finde,
But telle hem som before and som behinde,

As it now cometh to my remembrance,
Havc me excused of min ignorance.

THE MONKES TALE*.

I wol bewaile in manere of tragedie
The harm of hem that stode in high degree,
And fellen so that ther n'as no remedie
To bring hem out of hir adverfitee;
For certain whan that Fortune list to flee
Ther may no man of hire the cours withholde:
Let no man trust on blinde prosperitee;
Beth ware by thise enfamples trewe and olde.

Lucifer.

At Lucifer, though he an angel were
And not a man, at him I wol beginne;
For though Fortune may non angel dère,
From high degree yet felle he for his finne
Down into helle, wheras he yet is inne.
O Lucifer! brightest of angels alle,
Now art thou Sathanas, that maist not twinne
Out of miserie in which that thou art falle.

Adam.

Lo! Adam in the feld of Damascene
With Goddes owen finger wrought was he,
And not begeten of mannes sperme unclene;
And welre all Paradis faving o tree.
Had never worldly man so high degree.
As Adam, til he for misgovernance
Was driven out of his prosperitee
To labour, and to helle, and to meschance.

Sampson.

Lo! Sampson, which that was annunciat
By the angel long or his nativitee,
And was to God Almighty consecrat,
And stode in nobleste while he mighte see:
Was never swiche another as was he,
To speke of strength and therto hardinesse;
But to his wives tolde he his secree,
Thurgh which he slow himself for wretchednesse.

* A tragical discourse of many who have fallen from
high estate into extreme misery. *Urry.*

VOL. I.

Sampson, this noble and mighty champion,
Withouten wepen save his handes tway
He slow and all to-rente the leon,
Toward his wedding walking by the way.
His false wif coude him so pise and pray
Til she his conseil knewe, and she the untrowe
Unto his foos his conseil gan bewray,
And him forloke, and toke another newe.

Three hundred foxes toke Sampson for ire,
And all hir tayles he togeder bond,
And set the foxes tayles all on fire,
For he in every tayl had knit a bond,
And they brent all the cornes in that lond,
And all hir oliveres and vines eke.
A thousand men he slow eke with his hond,
And had no wepen but an asses cheke.

Whan they were slain so thursted him that he
Was wel nie lorne, for which he gan to prey:
That God wold on his peine han som pitee,
And send him drinke, or elles moſte he deye;
And of this asses cheke that was so dreve
Out of a wang toth sprang anon a welle,
Of which he drank ynough, shortly to feye.

Thus halp him God, as *Judicum* can telle,
By veray force at Gaza on a night,
Maugre the Philistins of that citee,
The gates of the toun he hath up plight,
And on his bak ycarried hem hath he
High on an hill, wher as men might hem fe,
O noble mighty Sampson, lese and dere!
Haddest thou not told to women thy secree,
In all this world ne had ther ben thy pere.

This Sampson never sider dranke ne wine,
Ne on his hed came rasour non ne there,
By precept of the messager divine,
For all his strengthes in his heres were:
And fully twenty winter yere by yere
He hadde of Israel the governance,
But sone shal he wepen many a tere,
For women shuln him bringen to meschance.

K.

Unto his lemman Dalida he told
That in his heres all his strengthe lay,
And falsely to his fomen she him sold;
And sleeping in hire barme upon a day
She made to clip or shere his here away,
And made his fomen al his craft espien;
And when that they him fond in this array
They bond him fast, and putten out his eyen.

But or his here was clipped or yshave,
Ther was no bond with which men might him
But now is he in prison in a cave, [bind,
Wheras they made him at the querne grinde.
O noble Sampson, strongest of mankind,
O whilom jage in glory and richesse!
Now mayest thou wepen with thin eyen blind
Sith thou fro wele art falle in wretchednesse.

The ende of this caitif was as I shal seye:
His fomen made a feste upon a day,
And made him as hir fool before hem pleye,
And this was in a temple of gret array:
But at the last he made a foule affray,
For he two pillers shoke and made hem falle,
And doun fell temple and all, and ther it lay,
And flow himself, and eke his fomen alle.

This is to sayn, the princes everich on,
And eke three thousand bodies, were ther slain
With falling of the gret temple of ston
Of Sampson now wol I no more sayn:
Beth ware by this ensample old and plain
That no men tell hir conseil to hir wives
Of swiche thing as they wold han fecree fain,
If that it touch hir limmes or hir lives.

Hercules.

Of Hercules the soveraine conquerour
Singen his werkes laude, and high renoun,
For in his tyme of strength he was the flour.
He flow and raft the skinne of the leon;
He of Centaures laid the boist adoun;
He Harpies flow, the cruel briddes felle;
He golden apples raft fro the dragon;
He drew out Cerberos, the hound of helle.

He flow the cruel tirant Bustrus,
And made his hors to fret him flesh and bon;
He flow the fry serpent venemous;
Of Achelons two hornes brake he on;
And he flow Cacus in a cave of ston;
He flow the geaunt Anteus the strong;
He flow the grisely bore, and that anon;
And bare the hevenc on his necke long

Was never wight sith that the world began
That flow so many monstres as did he;
Thurghout the wide world his name ran,
What for his strength and for his high bountee;
And every repame went he for to see.
He was so strong that no man might him let;
At bothe the worldes endes, faith Tropher,
In stede of boundes he a piller set.

A lemman had this noble champion
That highte Deianire, as fresh as May:
And, as thise clerkes maken mention,
She hath him sent a sherte fresh and gay:

Alas! this sherte, alas and wala wa!
Envenimed was sotilly withalle,
That or that he had wered it half a day
It made his flesh all from his bones falle.

But natheles som clerkes hire exeusen
By on that highte Nessus, that it maked:
Be as may be, I wol hire not accusen;
But on his bak this sherte he wered al naked,
Til that his flesh was for the venim blaked;
And when he saw non other remedie
In hote coles he hath himselven raked,
For with no venime deigned him to die.

Thus starf this worthy mighty Hercules.
Lo! who may trust on Fortune any throw
For him that solweth all this world of pres
Or he be ware is oft ylaid ful lowe:
Ful wise is he that can himselven knowe.
Beth ware, for when that Fortune list to glofe
Than waiteth she hire man to overthrowe
By swiche a way as he wold left suppoce.

Nabuchodonosor.

The mighty trone, the precious tresor,
The glorious sceptre, and real majestee,
That hadde the King Nabuchodonosor,
With tonge unnethes may descrived be:
He twies wan Jerusalem the citee,
The vessell of the temple he with him ladde;
At Babiloine was his foveraine see,
In which his glorie and his delit he hadde.

The fayrest children of the blood real
Of Israel he did do gelde anon,
And maked ech of hem to ben his thral.
Amonges other Daniel was on,
That was the wisest child of everich on,
For he the dremes of the king expounded,
Wher as in Caldee clerk ne was ther non
That wiste to what sin his dremes founden.
This proude king let make a statue of gold
Sixty cubites long and seven in brede,
To which image both yonge and old
Commanded he to loute and have in drede,
Or in a fourneis ful of flames rede
He shuld be brent that wolde not obeye;
But never wold assenten to that dede,
Daniel, ne his yonge felawes tweye.

This king of kinges proude was and clar;
He wend that God that sit in majestee
Ne might him nat bereve of his estat:
But sodenly he lost his dignitee,
And like a best him fered for to be,
And ete heye as an oxe, and lay therout:
In rain with wilde bestes walked he
Til certain time was ycome about.

And like an egles fethers wex his heres,
His neyles like a briddes clawes were,
Til God relefed him at certain yeres,
And yaf him wit, and than with many a tere
He thanked God, and ever his lif in fere
Was he to don amis, or more trespass:
And til that time he laid was on his bere
He knew that God was ful of might and grace,

Balthasar.

His sone, which that highes Balthasar;
That held the regne after his fadres day,
He by his fader coulde not beware,
For proude he was of herte and of array,
And eke an ydolaster was he ay.
His high estat assured him in pride;
But Fortune cast him down (and ther he lay)
And fodenly his regne gan dauiden.

A feste he made unto his lordes alle
Upon a time, and made hem blithe be,
And than his officers gan he calle;
Goth bringeth forth the vessels, quod he,
Which that my fader in his prosperitee
Out of the temple of Jerusalem beraft,
And to our highes gooddes thanke we
Of honour, that our eldres with us last.

His wif, his lordes, and his concubines,
Ay drunken, while hir appetites last,
Out of thise noble vessels sondry wines;
And on a wall this king his eyen cast,
And saw an hand armes that wrote ful fast,
For fere of which he quoke and fiked fore:
This hand that Balthasar so fore agast,
Wrote *Mane tabel Phares* and no more.

In al that lond magicien was non
That coude expounen what this lettre menty;
But Daniel expouned it anon,
And said, O King! God to thy fader lent
Glorie and honour, regne, tresour and rent;
And he was proud and nothing God ne dradde,
And therfore God gret wreche upon him sent,
And him beraft the regne that he hadde.

He was out cast of mannes compaignie.
With asses was his habitation,
And ete hey as a best in wete and drey;
Til that he knew by grace and by reson
That God of heven hath domination
Over every regne and every creature;
And than had God of him compassion,
And him restored his regne and his figure.

Eke thou that art his sone art proud also
And knowest all thise thinges veraily,
And art rebel to God and art his fo:
Thou dranke eke of his vessels boldely,
Thy wif eke and thy wenchis sunfully
Dranke of the same vessels sondry wines,
And heried false goddes curfedly,
Therfore to thee yshapen ful gret pine is.

This hand was sent fro God that on the wall
Wrote *Mane tabel Phares*, trustoth me.
Thy regne is don; thou wayest nought at all:
Divided is thy regne, and it shal be
To Medes and to Perses yeven, quod he:
And thilke same night this king was slawe,
An Darius occupied his degree,
Though he therto had neither right ne lawe.

Lordinges, ensample herebye moun ye take
How that in lordship is no sikernesse,
For whan that Fortune wol a man forsake
She bereth away his regne and his richesse,
And eke his frendes, bothe more and lesse;
For what man that hath frendes thurgh Fortune
Misshap wol make hem enemies I gesse.
This proverbe is ful soth, and fule communs.

Zenobia.

Zenobia, of Palmerie the queene,
(As writen Persiens of hire noblesse)
So worthy was in armes, and so kene,
That no wight passed hire in hardinesse;
Ne in lineage, ne in other gentillesse.
Of kinges blood of Perse is she descended;
I say not that she hadde most fairenesse,
But of hire shape she might not ben amended.

From hire childhode I finde that she fledde
Office of woman, and to wode she went,
And many a wilde hartes blood she shedde
With arwes brode that she to hem sent;
She was so swift that she anon hem hent:
And whan that she was elder she wolde kille
Leons, leopard, and beres al to-rent,
And in hire armes weld hem at hire wille.

She dorst the wilde bestes dennes seke,
And rennen in the mountaignes all the night,
And slepe under the bush; and she coude eke
Wrastlen by veray force and veray might
With any yong man, were he never so wight;
Ther mighte nothing in hire armes stonde;
She kept hire maidenhode from every wight;
To no man deigned hire for to be bonde.

But at the last hire frendes han hire married
To Odenat, a prince of that contree,
Al were it so that she hem longe taried,
And ye shul understonden how that he
Hadde swiche fantasies as hadde she;
But natheles whan they were knit in fere
They lived in joye and in felicitie;
For eche of hem had other lefe and dere;

Save o thing, that she n'olde never assente
By no way that he shulde by hire lie
But ones, for it was hire plaine entente
To have a childe the world to multiple;
And al so sone as that the might espie
That she was not with childe with that dede,
Than wold she suffer him don his fantasie
Eftsoone, and not but ones out of drede.

And if she were with child at thilke cast
No more shuld he playen thilke game
Till fullen fourty days weren past,
Than wold she ones suffre him do the same.
Al were this Odenate wild or tame
He gate no more of hire, for thus the sayde,
It was to wives lecherie and flame
In other cas if that men with hem playde.

Two sones by this Odenate had she,
The which she kept in vertue and letture.
But now unto our Tale turne we.
I say so worshipful a creature,
And wise therwith, and large with mesure,
So penible in the werre, and curteis eke,
Ne more labour might in werre endure,
Was non, though all this world men shulden seke.

Hire riche array ne mighte not be told,
As wel in vessell as in hire clothing;
She was all clad in picrie and in gold;
And eke she leste not for non hunting.

K ij

THE MONKES TALE

To have of sondry tonges ful knowing,
Whan that she leifer had, and for to entend
To lernen bookes was all hire liking,
How she in vertue might hire lif despend.

And shortly of this storie for to trete,
So doughty was hire husbond, and eke she,
That they conquered many regnes grete
In the orient, with many a faire citee
Appertenaunt unto the majestee
Of Rome, and with strong hand held hem ful fast,
Ne never might hir fomen don hem flee
Ay while that Odenates dayes last.

Hire batailles, who so list hem for to rede,
Againe Sapor the king, and other mo,
And how that all this processe fell in dede,
Why she conquered, and what title therto,
And after of hire mischefe and hire wo,
How that she was beseged and ytake,
Let him unto my maister Petrark go,
That writeth ynough of this Iundertake.

Whan Odenate, was ded the mightily
The regnes held, and with hire propre hond
Agains hir foos she fought so cruelly
That ther n'as king ne prince in all that lond
That he n'as glad if he that grace fond
That she ne wolde upon his lond werreye;
With hire they maden alliaunce by bond
To ben in pees and let hire ride and pleye.

The Emperour of Rome Claudius,
Ne him before the Romain Galien,
Ne dorste never be so courageous,
Ne non Ermin ne non Egiptien,
Ne Surrien ne non Arabien,
Within the feld ne dorste with hire fight,
Left that she wold hem with hire hondes slen,
Or with hire meinie putten hem to flight.

In kinges habite wente hire fones twe
As heires of hir fadres regnes alle,
And Heremanno and Timolao
Hir names were, as Persiens hem calle.
But ay Fortune hath in hire hony galle:
This mighty quene may no while endure;
Fortune out of hire regne made hire falle
To wretchednesse and to misaventure.

Aurelian, whan that the governance
Of Rome came into his hondes twey,
He shope upon this quene to do vengeance,
And with his legions he toke his way
Toward Zenobie; and, shortly for to say,
He made hire flee, and atte last hire hent,
And fettered hire and eke hire children tway,
And wan the lond, and home to Rome he went.

Amonges other things that he wan
Hire char, that was with gold wrought and pierrie,
This grete Romain, this Aurelian,
Hath with him lad for that men shuld it see.
Beforen his triumphe walketh she,
With giltte chaines on hire necke honging,
Cround she was, as after hire degree,
And ful of pierrie charged hire clothing.

Alas, Fortune! she that whilom was
Dredeful to kinges and to emperoures,
Now gaureth all the peple on hire, alas!
And she that belimed was in starke floures,

And wan by force tounes stronge and toures,
Shal on hire hed now were a vitremite,
And she that bare the sceptre ful of floures,
Shal bere a distaf, hire cost for to quite.

Nero.

Although that Nero were as vicious as a dog,
As any fend that lieth ful low adoun;
Yet he, as telleth us Suetonius,
This wide world had in subjection,
Both est and west, south and septentrion,
Of rubies, saphires, and of perles white,
Were al his clothes brouded up and doun,
For he in gemmes gretly gan delite.

More delicat, more pompous of array,
More proude, was never emperour than he,
That ilke sloth that he had wered o day
After that time he n'olde it never see
Nettes of gold threde had he gret plente
To fish in Tiber whan him list to play;
His lustes were as law in his degree,
For Fortune as his frend wold him obey.

He Rome prente for his delicacie;
The Senatours he slow upon a day
To heren how that men wold wepe and crie,
And slow his brother, and by his suster lay;
His moder made he in pitous array,
For he hire wombe let slitten, to behold
Wher he conceived was, so wala wa!
That he so litel of his moder told.

No tere out of his eyen for that fight
Ne came, but sayd a faire woman was she,
Gret wonder is how that he couod or might
Be domesman of hire dede beautee.
The wine to bringen him commanded he,
And dranke anon: no other wo he made.
Whan might is joined unto crueltee,
Alas! to depe wold the venime wade.

In youthe a maister had this emperour
To techen him lettrure and curtesie
For of moralitee he was the flour,
As in his time, but if bookes lie;
And while this maister had of him maistrice
He makid him so conning and so souple
That longe time it was or tyrannie
Or any vice dorst in him uncouple.

This Seneka, of which that I devise,
Because Nero had of him swiche drede,
For he fro vices wold him ay chastise
Diferetly, as by word and not by dede;
Sire, he wold say, an emperour mote nede
Be vertuous, and hater of tyrannie;
For which he made him in a barbe to blede
On bothe his armes till he must die.

This Nero had eke of a custumaunce
In youth agains his maister for to rise,
Which afterward him thought a gret grevaunce,
Therefore he made him dien in this wise.
But narheles this Seneka the wife
Chees in a bathe to die in this manere
Rather than han another turmentife;
And thus hath Nero slait his maister dere.

THE MONKES TALE.

Now fell it so that Fortune wist no lenger
The highe pride of Nero to cheriee,
For though that he were strong yet was the streng-
She thoughte thus: by God I am to nice
To set a man that is fulfilled of vice
In high degree, and Emperour him calle:
By God out of his fete I wol him trice;
Whan he left weneth foneft that he falle.

The peple rose upon him on a night
For his defaute, and whan he it espied
Out of his dores anon he hath him dight
Alone, and ther he wend han had benallied
He knocked fast, and ay the more he cried
The faster shetten they hir dores alle;
Tho wist he wel he had himself misgried,
And went his way; no lenger dorst he calle.

The peple cried and rombled up and down,
That with his eres herd he how they sayde,
Wher is this false tyrant, this Neroun?
For fere almost out of his wit he brayde,
And to his goddes pitously he preide
For socour, but it mighte not betide:
For drede of this him thoughte that he deide,
And ran into a gardin him to hide.

And in this gardin fond he cherles tweye
That faren by a fire gret and red,
And to thise cherles two he gan to preye
To slen him, and to girden of his hed,
That to his body whan that he were ded
Were no despit ydon for his defame.
Himself he slow, he coude no better rede,
Of which Fortune lough and hadde a game.

Holofernes.

Was never capitaine under a king
That regnes mo put in subjeccion,
Ne strengier was in feld of alle thing
As in his time, ne gretier of renoun,
Ne more pompous in high presumptioun,
Than Holoferne, which that Fortune ay kist
So likerously, and lad him up and down,
Til that his hed was of or that he wist.

Not only that this world had him in awe
For lesing of richesse and libertee,
But he made every man reneie his lawe.
Nabuchodonosor was God, sayd he;
Non other god ne shulde honoured be.
Ageins his heste ther dare no wight trespase
Save in Bethulia, a strong citee,
Wher Eliachim a preest was of that place.

But take kepe of the deth of Holoferne:
Amid his host he dronken lay a night
Within his tente, large as is a berne;
And yet for all his pompe and all his might
Judith, a woman, as he lay upright
Sleeping, his hed of smote, and fro his tente
Ful prively the stole from every wight,
And with his hed unto hire toun she wente.

Antiochus.

What nedeth it of King Antiochus
To tell his high and real majestee,
His gret pride, and his werkis venomous?
For swiche another was ther non as he:

Redeth what that he was in Machabe,
And redeth the proud wordes that he seide,
And why he fell from his prosperitee,
And in an hill how wretchedly he deide.

Fortune him had enhaufed so in pride
That veraily he wend he might attaine
Unto the starres upon every side,
And in a balaunce weyen eche mountaine,
And all the floodes of the see restraine
And Goddes peple had he most in hate,
Hem wold he seen in turment and in peine,
Wening that God ne might his pride abate.

And for that Nichanor and Timothee
With Jewes were venquished mightily,
Unto the Jewes swiche an hate had he
That he bad gweithe his char ful hastily,
And swore and sayde ful despitously
Unto Jerusalem he wold estone,
To wreke his ire on it ful cruelly,
But of his purpos was he let ful sone.

God for his manace him so fore smote
With invisible wound, ay incurable,
That in his guttes carfe it so and bote
Thatte his peines weren importable,
And certainly the wreche was resonable,
For many a mannes guttes did he peine,
But from his purpos cursed and damnable,
For all his smerte, he n'olde him not refraine.

But bade anon apparail his host
And sodenly, or he was of it ware,
God daunted all his pride and all his boist;
For he so fore fell out of his chare
That it his limmes and his skinne to-tare,
So that he neither mighte go ne ride,
But in a chaire men about him bare,
Alle forbrused bothe bak and side.

The wreche of God him smote so cruelly
That thurgh his body wicked wormes crept,
And therwithal he stanke so horribly
That non of all his meinie that him kept,
Whether so that he woke or elles slept,
Ne mighte not of him the stinke endure.
In this mischiefe he wailed and eke wept,
And knew God lord of every creature.

To all his host and to himself also
Ful wlatfom was the stinke of his carine;
No man ne mighte him beren to ne fro;
And in this stinke and this horrible peine
He starf ful wretchedly in a mountaine,
Thus hath this robbour and this homicide,
That many a man made to wepe and pleine,
Swiche guerdon as belongeth unto pride.

Alexander.

The storie of Alexandre is so comune
That every wight that hath discretioun
Hath herd somwhat or all of his fortune,
This wide world, as in conclusioun,
He wan by strength, or for his high renoun
They weren glad for pees unto him sende,
The pride of man and boist he layd adoun,
Wher so he came, unto the worldes ende.

Comparison might neuer yet be made
Betwix him and another conquerour,
For al this world for drede of him hath quaked;
He was of knighthode and of fredome flour;
Fortune him made the heir of hire honour.
Save wine and women nothing might allwage
His high entente in armes and labour,
So was he ful of leonin corage.

What pris were it to him though I you told
Of Darius, and an hundred thousand mo
Of kinges, princes, dukes, erles hold,
Which he conquered, and brought hem into wo?
I say as fer as man may ride or go
The world was his; what shuld I more devise?
For though I wrote or told you ever mo
Of his knighthode it mighte not suffice.

Twelf yere he regned, as saith Machabe:
Philippus sone of Macedoine he was,
That first was king in Greece the contree.
O worthy gentil Alexandre! alas
That ever shuld thee fallen swiche a cas!
Enpoisoned of thyn owen folke thou were;
Thy sis Fortune hath turned into an as,
And yet for thee ne wept she never a tere.

Who shal me yeven teres to complaine
The deth of gentilleffe and of fraunchise,
That all this world welded in his demaine,
And yet him thought it mighte not suffice?
So ful was his corage of high emprise.
Alas! who shal me helpen to endite
Falsse Fortune, and poison to despise?
The which two of all this wo I wite.

Julius Cesar.

By wisdom, manhode, and by gret labour,
From humblehode to real majestee
Up rose he Julius the conquerour,
That wan all the occident by lond and see
By strengthe of hond, or elles by trettee,
And unto Rome made hem tributarie,
And fith of Rome the Emperour was he
Til that Fortune wexe his adversarie.

O mighty Cesar! that in Theffalie
Ageins Pompeius, father thin in lawe,
That of the orient had all the chivalrie
As fer as that the day beginneth dawne,
Thou thurgh thy knighthode hast hem take and
Save few folk that with Pompeius fledde, [flawe,
Thurgh which thou put all the orient in awe,
Thanke Fortune that so wel thee spedde.

But now a litel while I wol bewaile
This Pompeius, this noble governour
Of Rome, which that fled at this bataille,
I say on of his men, a falsse traitour,
His hed of smote, to winnen him favour
Of Julius, and him the hed he brought:
Alas, Pompeie! of the orient conquerour,
That Fortune unto swiche a fin thee brought.

To Rome again repaireth Julius
With his triumphe laureat ful hie,
But on a time Brutus and Cassius,
That ever had of his high estat envie,

Ful prively had made conspiracie
Ageins this Julius in sotil wise,
And cast the place in which he shulde die
With bodekins, as I shal you devise.

This Julius to the Capitolie wente
Upon a day, as he was wont to gon,
And in the Capitolie anon him hente
This falsse Brutus and his other foon,
And stiked him with bodekins anon
With many a wound, and thus they let him lie
But never gront he at no stroke but on,
Or elles at two, but if his storie lie.

So manly was this Julius of herte,
And so wel loved estaily honestee,
That though his dedly woundes fore smerte
His mantel over his suppes caste he,
For no man shulde seen his privetee;
And as he lay of dying in a trance,
And wiste veraily that ded was he,
Of honestee yet had he remembrance.

Lucan, to thee this storie I recomende,
And to Sueton and Valerie also,
That of this storie writen word and ende,
How that to this gret conquerours two
Fortune was first a frend and fith a fo.
No man ne trust upon hire favour long,
But have hire in await for evermo,
Witnesse on all thisse conquerours strong.

Crefus.

The riche Crefus, whilom King of Lide,
Of whiche Crefus Cirus fore him dradde,
Yet was he caught amiddes all his pride,
And to be Brent men to the fire him laddde,
But swiche a rain down from the welken shaddde
That slow the fire, and made to him escape;
But to beware no grace yet he hadde
Til Fortune on the galwes made him gape.

Whan he escaped was he can not stint
For to beginne a newe werre again:
He wened wel for that Fortune him sent
Swiche hap that he escaped thurgh the rain
That of his foos he mighte not be slain;
And eke a fweven upon a night he mette
Of which he was so proud and eke so fain,
That in vengeance he all his herte sette.

Upon a tree he was, as that him thought,
Ther Jupiter him weshe both bak and side,
And Rhebus eke a faire towail him brought
To drie him with, and therefore wex his pride,
And to his daughter that stood him beside,
Which that he knew in high science habound,
He bad hire tell him what it signified,
And she his dreame began right thus expound.

The tree (quod she) the galwes is to mene,
And Jupiter betokeneth snow and rain,
And Phebus with his towail clere and clene,
Tho ben the sonnes streames, soth to fain:
Thou shalt anhangd be, fader, certain;
Rain shal thee wash, and sonne shal thee drie,
Thus warned him ful plat and eke ful plain,
His daughter, which that called was Phanie.

Anhanged was Cresus the proude king;
His real trone might him not auaille:
Tragedie is non other maner thing,
Ne can in singin crien ne bewaile,
But for that Fortune all day wol affaille
With unware stroke the regnes that ben proude;
For whan men truften hire than wol she faille,
And cover hire bright face with a cloude.

Peter of Spaine.

O noble, o worthy, Petro, glorie of Spaine!
Whom Fortune held so high in majestee,
Wel oughten men thy pitous deth complaine:
Out of thy lond thy brother made thee flee,
And after at a sege by sotiltee
Thou wert betraied and lad unto his tent,
Wher as he with his owen hond flow thee,
Succeeding in thy regne and in thy rent.

The feld of snow, with th' egles of blak therin,
Caught with the limerod, coloured as the glede,
He brewed this cursednesse and all this sinne;
The wicked neste was werker of this dede,
Not Charles Oliver, that toke ay hede
Of trouthe and honour, but of Armorique
Genilon Oliver, corrupt for mede,
Broughte this worthy king in swiche a brike.

Petro King of Cypre.

O worthy Petro! King of Cypre also,
That Alexandrie wan by high maistrise,
Ful many an Hethen wroughtest thou ful wo,
Of which thin-owen lieges had envie,
And for nothing but for thy chivalrie
They in thy bed han slain thee by the morwe.
Thus can Fortune hire whele governie and gie,
And out of joye bringen men to forwe.

Barnabo Viscount.

Of Milane grete Barnabo Viscount,
God of delit, and scourge of Lumbardie,
Why shuld I not thin infortune account,
Sith in estat thou clomben were so high?
Thy brothers sone, that was thy double allie,
For he thy newew was and sone in lawe,
Within his prison made he thee to die,
But why ne how n'ot I that thou were slawe.

Hugelin of Pise.

Of the Erl Hugelin of Pise the langour
Ther may no tonge tellen for pitee.
But litel out of Pise stant a tour,
In whiche tour in prison yput was he,

And with him ben his litel children three,
The eldest icarsely five yere was of age:
Alas! Fortune, it was gret crueltee
Swiche briddes for to put in swiche a cage.

Dampned was he to die in that prison,
For Roger which that Bishop was of Pise
Had on him made a false suggestion,
Thurgh which the peple gan upon him rise,
And put him in a prison in swiche a wise
As ye han herd; and mete and drinke he had
So smale, that wel unneth it may suffice,
And therewithal it was ful poure and bad.

And on a day befell that in that houre
Whan that his mete wont was to be brought
The gailer shette the dore of the toure;
He herd it wel, but he spake right nought:
And in his herte anon ther fell a thought
That they for hunger wolden do him dich:
Alas! quod he, alas that I was wrought!
Therwith the tere fellen fro his eyen.

His yonge sone, that thre yere was of age,
Unto him said, Fader, why do ye wepe?
Whan will the gailer bringen our potage?
Is ther no morsel bred that ye do kepe?
I am so hungry that I may not slepe.
Now wold God that I might slepen ever,
Than shuld not hunger in my wombe crepe;
Ther n'is no thing sauf bred that me were lever.

Thus day by day this childe began to crie,
Til in his fadres barme adoun it lay,
And saide, Farewel, fader, I mote die;
And kist his fader, and diide the same day.
And whan the woful fader did it sey
For wo his armes two he gan to bite,
And saide, Alas! Fortune, and wala wa!
Thy false whele my wo all may I write.

His children wenden that for hunger it was
That he his armes gnawe, and not for wo,
And sayden, Fader, do not so, alas!
But rather ete the flesh upon us two:
Our flesh thou yaf us, take our flesh us fro,
And ete ynough. Right thus they to him seide,
And after that, within a day or two,
They laide hem in his lappe adoun and deide.

Himself dispeired eke for hunger starf.
Thus ended is this mighty Erl of Pise:
From high estat Fortune away him carf.
Of this tragedie it ought ynough suffice;
Who so wol here it in a longer wise
Redeth the grete poete of Itaille
That highte Dante, for he can it devise
Fro point to point; not a word wol he faille.

K iij

THE NONNES PREESTES PROLOGUE.

Ho I quod the Knight, good Sire, no more of this;
That ye han said is right ynough ywis,
And mochel more; for litel heviness
Is right ynough to mochel folk I gesse.

I say for me it is a gret difese
Wher as men have ben in gret wealth and ese
To heren of hir foden fail, alas!

And the contrary is joye and gret folas,
As whan a man hath ben in poure estat,
And climbeth up and wexeth fortunat,
And ther abideth in prosperitee;
Swich thing is gladfom as it thinketh me,
And of swiche thing were goodly for to telle.

Ye, quod our Hoste, by Seint Poules belle,
Ye say right soth; this Monk hath clapped loude;

He spake how Fortune covered with a cloude
I wote not what, and als of a tragedie
Right now ye herd; and parde no remedie
It is for to bewailen ne complainen

That that is don, and als it is a paine,
As ye han said, to here of heviness.

Sire Monk, no more of this, so God you blesse;
Kour Tale anyeth all this compaignie;
Swiche talking is not worth a boterslie,

For therin is ther no disport ne game;
Therefore Sire Monk, Dan Piers by your name,
I pray you hertely tell us somwhat elles,
For likerly n'ere of your belles

That on your bridel hange on every fide,
By heven king, that for us alle dide,
I shuld er this have fallen doun for slepe,
Although the slough had ben never so depe,
Than hadde your Tale all ben told in vain:
For certainly, as that thise clerkes fain,
Wher as a man may have non audience
Nought helpeth it to tellen his sentence;
And wel I wote the substance is in me
If any thing shal wel reported be.
Sire, say fomwhat of hunting I you pray.

Nay, quod this Monk, I have not lust to play;
Now lette another telle as I have told.

Than spake our Hoste with rude speche and bold,
And sayd unto the Nonnes Preeft anon,
Come nere, thou Preeft, come hither, thou Sire John;
Telle us swiche thing as may our hertes glade:
Be blithe although thou ride upon a jade.
What though thin horse be both foule and lene?
If he wol serve thee recke thee not a bene;
Loke that thyn herte be mery evermo.

Yes, Hoste, quod he, so mote I ride or go
But I be mery ywis I wol be blamed.
And right anon his Tale he hath attamed;
And thus he said unto us everich on,
This swete Preeft, this goodly man, Sire John,

THE NONNES PREESTES TALE*.

A poure widewe, fomdel stoupen in age,
Was whilom dwelling in a narwe cotage
Beside a grove stonding in a dale.
This widewe, which I tell ou of my Tale,
Sin thilke day that she was last a wif
In patience led a ful simple lif,
For litel was hire catel and hire rente;
By hufbondry of swiche as God hire sente

* Of a cock and a hen; the moral whereof is to embrace true friends, and to beware of flatterers. Urry.

She found hireself and eke hire doughtren two.
Three large sowes had she, and no mo,
Three kine, and eke a sheep that highte Malle;
Ful footy was hire boure and eke hire halle,
In which she ete many a slender mele;
Of poyant fauce ne knew she never a dele;
No deintee morfel passed thurgh hire throte;
Hire diete was accordant to hire cote;
Replecion ne made hire never fike;
Attempre diete was all hire physike,

And exercise, and hertes suffiance :
The goute let hire nothing for to dance,
Ne apoplexie shente not hire hed :
No win ne dranke she nyther white ne red :
Hire bōrd was served most with white and black,
Milk and broun bred, in which she fond no lack,
Seinde bacon, and somtime an eye or twey,
For the was as it were a maner dey.

A yerde she had enclosed all aboute
With stickes, and a drie ditch without,
In which she had a cok highte Chaunteclere,
In all the land of crowing n'as his pere :
His vois was merier than the mery organ
On masse daies that in the churches gon :
Wel sikerer was his crowing in his loge
Than is a cok or any abbey orloge :
By nature he knewe eche ascencion
Of the equinoctial in thilke toun,
For whan degrees fiftene were ascended
Than crew he that it might not ben amended.

His combe was redder than the fin corall,
Enbattelled as it were a castel wall;
His bill was black, and as the jet it shone,
Like asure were his legges and his tone,
His nailes whiter than the lily flour,
And like the burned gold was his colour.

This gentil cok had in his governance
Seven hennes for to don all his plesance,
Which were his sultens and his paramoures,
And wonder like to him as of coloures,
Of which the fairest, hewed in the throte,
Was cleped faire Damofelle Pertelote.
Curteis he was, discrete, and debonaire,
And compenable, and bare hireself so faire,
Sithen the day that she was sevennight old,
That trewelich she hath the herte in hold
Of Chaunteclere, loken in every ligh;
He loved hire so that wel was him therwith :
But swiche a joye it was to here hem sing,
Whan that the brighte sonne gan to spring,
In swete accord, My life is fare in lond.

For thilke time, as I have understond,
Bestes and briddes couden speke and fong.

And so befell that in a dawning
As Chaunteclere among his wives alle
Sate on his perche that was in the halle,
And next him sate his faire Pertelote,
This Chaunteclere gan gronnen in his throte
As man that in his dreame is dretched fore;
And whan that Pertelote thus herd him rore,
She was agast, and faide, Herte dere!
What aileth you to grone in this manere?
Ye ben a veray sleper, fy for shame!

And he answered and sayde thus; Madame,
I pray you that ye take it not agrese;
By God me mete I was in swiche mischese.
Right now, that ye min herte is fore afright,
Now God (quod he) my sweven recche aright,
And kepe my body out of foule prifoun!

My mete how that I romed up and doun
Within our yerde, wher as I saw a beste
Was like an hound, and wold han made areste
Upon my body, and han had me ded :
His colour was betwix yelwe and red,

And tipped was his tail and both his eres
With black, unlike the remenant of his beres;
His snout was smal, with glowing eyen twey;
Yet for his loke almost for fere I dey :
This caused me my groning douteles.

Away, quod she; fy on you herteles!
Alas! quod she, for by that God above
Now han ye lost myn herte and all my love :
I cannot love a coward by my faith;
For certes, what so any woman saith,
We al desiren, if it mighte be,
To have an husbond hardy, wife, and free,
And secree, and non niggard ne no fool,
Ne him that is agast of every tool,
Ne non avantour by that God above.
How dorsten ye for shame say to your love
That any thing might maken you aferde?
Han ye no mannes herte and han a berde?
Alas! and con ye ben agast of swevenis?
Nothing but vanitee, God wote, in sweven is.

Swevenes engendren of repletions,
And oft of fume, and of complexions,
Whan humours ben to habundant in a wight.
Certes this dreame which ye han met to night
Cometh of the gret superfluitee
Of youre rede colere parde,
Which causeth folk to dreden in hir dremes
Of arwes, and of fire with rede lemes,
Of rede bestes that they wol hem bite,
Of contee, and of waspes gret and lite,
Right as the humour of melancolie
Causeth ful many a man in slepe to crie
For fere of bolles and of beres blake,
Or elles that blake devils wol hem take.

Of other humours coud I telle also,
That werken many a man in slepe and wo;
But I wol passe as lightly as I can.

Lo Caton, which that was so wise a man,
Said he not thus? Ne do no force of dremes.

Now, Sire, quod she, whan we flee frothe bemes
For Goddes love as take som laxatif :
Up peril of my soul and of my lif
I conseil you the best, I wol not lie,
That both of coler and of melancolie
Ye purge you; and for ye shul not tarie,
Though in this toun be non apotecarie,
I shal myself two herbes techen you
That shal be for your hele and for your prow,
And in our yerde the herbes shal I finde,
The which han of hir propree by kinde
To purgen you benethe and eke above.
Sire, forgete not this for Goddes love;
Ye ben ful colerike of complexion;
Ware that the sonne in his ascencion
Ne finde you not replete of humours hote;
And if it do I dare wel lay a grote
That ye shul han a fever tertiane,
Or elles an ague, that may be your bane.
A day or two ye shul han degestives
Of wormes or ye take your laxatives,
Of laureole, centaurie, and fumetere,
Or elles of ellebor that groweth there,
Of catapuce or of gaitre beries,
Or erbe ive growing in our yerde that mery is;

Picke hem right as they grow, and ete hem in.
Beth mery, husband; for your fader kin
Dredeth no dreme: I can say you no more.

Madame, quod he, *grand mercy* of your lore;
But natheles as touching Dan Caton,
That hath of wisdom swiche a gret renoun,
Though that he bade no dremes for to drede,
By God men moun in olde bookes rede
Of many a man more of auctoritee
Than ever Caton was, so mote I the,
That all the revers sayn of his sentence,
And han wel founden by experience
That dremes ben significations
As wel of joye as tribulations
That folk enduren in this lif present:
Ther nedeth make of this non argument;
The veray preve sheweth it indede.

On of the grettest auctours that men rede
Saith thus, that whilom twey felawes wente
On pilgrimage in a ful good entente,
And happed so they came into a toun
Wher ther was swiche a congregatioun
Of peple, and eke so freit of herbergage,
That they ne founde as moche as a cotage
In which they bothe might ylogged be,
Wherfore they musten of necessite;
As for that night, departen compaignie,
And eche of hem goth to his hostellerie,
And toke his logging as it wolde falle.

That on of hem was logged in a stalle,
Fer in a yard, with oxen of the plough,
That other man was logged wel ynough;
As was his aventure or his fortune,
That us governeth all, as in commun.

And so befell that long or it were day
This man met in his bed ther as he lay
How that his felaw gan upon him calle,
And said, Alas! for in an oxes stalle
This night shul I be mordred ther I lie;
Now help me, dere brother! or I die:
In alle haste come to me, he saide.

This man out of his slepe for fere abraide;
But whan that he was waked of his slepe
He turned him, and toke of this no kepe;
Him thought his dreme was but a vanitee.
Thus twis in his sleping dremed he.

And at the thridde time yet his felaw
Came, as him thought, and said, I now am slaw;
Behold my bloody woundes depe and wide:
Arise up erly in the morwe tide,
And at the west gate of the toun (quod he)
A carte ful of donge ther shalt thou see,
In which my body is hid prively;
Do thilke carte arresen boldly,
My gold caused my mordre, soth to fain;
And told him every point how he slain
With a ful pitous face, pale of hewe;
And trusteth wel his dreme he found ful trewe;
For on the morwe sone as it was day
To his felawes inne he toke his way,
And whan that he came to this oxes stalle
After his felaw he began to calle.

The hosteler answered him anon,
And saide, Sire, your felaw is agon;

As sone as day he went out of the toun.

This man gan fallen in suspicioun,
Remembering on his dremes that he mette,
And forth he goth, no lenger wold he lette,
Unto the west gate of the toun, and fond
A dong carte as it went for to dong lond,
That was arraied in the same wise
As ye han herde the dede man devise,
And with an harde herte he gan to crie
Vengeance and justice of this felonie;
My felaw mordre is this same night,
And in this carte he lith gaping upright.
I crie out on the ministers, quod he,
That shulden kepe and reulen this citee:
Harow! alas! here lith my felaw slain.

What shuld I more unto this tale fain?
The peple out stert, and cast the cart to ground,
And in the middel of the dong they found
The dede man that mordre was all newe.

O blisful God! that art so good and trewe,
Lo, how that thou bewreyest mordre alway!
Mordre wol out, that see we day by day:
Mordre is so wlatom and abhominable
To God, that is so just and resonable,
That he ne wol not suffre it hyllid be:
Though it abide a yere, or two or three,
Mordre wol out; this is my conclusioun.

And right anon the ministers of the toun
Han hent the carter, and so fore him pined,
And eke the hosteler so sore engined,
That they beknewe hir wickednesse anon,
And were anhangid by the necke bon.

Here moun ye see that dremes ben to drede.
And certes in the same book I rede,
Right in the next chapitre after this,
(I gabbe not, so have I joye and blis)
Two men that wold han passed over the see,
For certain cause, in to a fer contree,
If that the winde ne hadde ben contrarie,
That made hem in a citee for to tarie
That stood ful mery upon a haven side;
But on a day, agein the even tide,
The wind gan change, and blew right as hem lest:
Jolif and glad they wenten to hir rest,
And casten hem ful erly for to saile;
But to that o man fel a gret mervaille.

That on of hem in sleping as he lay
He mette a wonder dreme again the day:
Him thought a man stood by his beddes side,
And him commanded that he shuld abide,
And said him thus; If thou to-morwe wendo
Thou shalt be dreint; my tale is at an ende.

He woke, and told his felaw what he met,
And praied him his viage for to let;
As for that day he prayd him for to abide.

His felaw, that lay by his beddes side,
Gan for to laugh, and scorned him ful faste:
No dreme, quod he, may so my herte agaste
That I wol leten for to do my thinges:
I sette not a straw by thy dreminges,
For swevens ben but vanitees and japes;
Men dreme al day of oules and of apes,
And eke of many a mase therwithal;
Men dreme of thing that never was ne shal.

But sith I see that thou wol there abide,
And thus forlouthen wilfully thy tide,
God wot it reweth me; and have good day:
And thus he took his leve, and went his way.

But or that he had half his cours yfailed,
N'ot I not why ne what meschance it ailed,
But casuelly the shippes bottom rente,
And ship and man under the water wente:
In sight of other shippes ther beside
That with him failed at the same tide.

And therefore, faire Pertelote so dere,
By swiche ensamples olde maist thou lere
That no man shulde be so recheles
Of dremes, for I say thee douteles
That many a dreme ful fore is for to drede.

Lo, in the lif of Seint Kenelme I rede,
That was Kenaulphus sone, the noble King
Of Mercenrike, how Kenelme mette a thing.
A litel or he were mordred on a day
His mordre in his avision he say:

His norice him expouned every del
His sweven, and bade him for to kepe him wel
Fro trefon; but he n'as but seven yere old,
And therefore litel tale hath he told
Of any dreme, so holy was his herte.
By God I hadde lever than my sherte
That ye had red his legend as have I.

Dame Pertelote, I say you trewely,
Macrobius, that writ the avision
In Affrike of the worthy Scipion,
Affirmeth dremes, and sayth that they ben
Warning of thinges that men after seen.

And furthermore, I pray you loketh wel
In The Olde Testament of Daniel,
If he held dremes any vanitee.

Rede eke of Joseph, and ther shuln ye see
Wher dremes ben somtime (I say not alle)
Warning of thinges that shuln after falle.

Loke of Egypt the king, Dan Pharao,
His baker and his boteler also,
Wheder they ne felten non effect in dremes.
Who so wol seken actes of sondry remes
May rede of dremes many a wonder thing.

Lo Crefus, which that was of Lydie king,
Mette he not that he sat upon a tree?
Which signified he shuld anahanged be.

Lo hire Adromacha, Hector's wif,
That day that Hector shulde lese his lif,
She dremed on the same nighte beforen
How that the lif of Hector shuld be sorne
If thilke day he went into bataille;
She warned him, but it might not availle;
He went forth for to fighten natheles,
And was yllain anon of Achilles.

But thilke tale is al to long to telle,
And eke it is nigh day, I may not dwelle,
Shortly I say, as for conclusion,
That I shal han of this avision
Advertee; and I say furthermore,
That I ne tell of laxatives no store,
For they ben venomous, I wot it wel:
I hem despie; I love hem never a del.

But let us speke of mirthe, and stinte all this.
Madame Pertelote, so have I blis,

Of o thing God hath sent me large grace,
For when I see the besutes of your face,
Ye ben so scarlet red about your eyen,
It maketh all my drede for to dien;
For al so siker as *In principio*
Mulier est hominis confusio
(Madame, the sentence of this Latine is,
Woman is mannes joye and mannes blis);
For when I sefe a night your softe side,
Al be it that I may not on you ride
For that our perche is made so narwe, alas!
I am so ful of joye and of solas
That I despie bothe sweven and dreme.

And with that word he flew down fro the beme,
For it was day, and eke his hennies alle,
And with a chuk he gan hem for to calle,
For he had found a corn lay in the yerd.
Real he was, he was no more aferd;
He fethered Pertelote twenty time,
And trade hire eke as oft, er it was prime:
He loketh as it were a grim leoun,
And on his tope he rometh up and down;
Him deigned not to set his feet to ground;
He chuketh, whan he hath a corn yfound,
And to him rennen than his wives alle.

Thus real as a prince is in his halle
Leve I this Chaunteclere in his pasture,
And after wol I till his aventure.

Whan that the month in which the world began,
That highte March, whan God first makod man,
Was complete, and ypassed were also
Sithen March ended thritty dayes and two,
Befell that Chaunteclere in all his pride,
His seven wives walking him beside,
Cast up his eyen to the brighte sonne,
That in the signe of Taurus hadde yrome
Twenty degrees and on, and somwhat more;
He knew by kind, and by non other lore,
That it was prime, and crew with blisful fowles,
The sonne, he said, is clomben up on heven
Twenty degrees and on, and more ywis;
Madame Pertelote, my worldes blis,
Herkeneth thise blisful briddes how they sing;
And see the freshe floures how they spring;
Ful is min herte of revel and of solas.

But sodenly him fell a forweful cas,
For ever the latter ende of joye is wo;
God wote that worldly joye is sone ago;
And if a rethor coude faire endite
He in a chronicle might it fausly write
As for a foveraine notabilitee.

Now every wise man let him herken me;
This story is al so trewe, I undertake,
As is the book of Launcelot du Lake,
That women holde in ful gret reverence,
Now wol I turne agen to my sentence.

A col fox, ful of sleigh iniquitee,
That in the grove had wonned yeres thre,
By high imagination forecaste
The same night thurghout the hegges brai
Into the yerd ther Chaunteclere the faire
Was wont, and eke his wives to repaire,
And in a bedde of wortes stille he lay
Till it was passed undern of the day.

Waiting his time on Chaunteclere to falle;
As gladly don thise homicides alle
That in await lighen to mordre men.

O false morderour! rucking in thy den,
O newe Scariot, newe Genelon!
O false dissimulour, o Greek Sinon!
That broughtest Troye al utterly to forwe,
O Chaunteclere! accursed be the morwe
That thou into thy yerd flew fro the bernes;
Thou wert ful wel ywarned by thy dremes
That thilke day was perilous to thee;
But what that God forewote most nedes be,
After the opinon of certain clerkes,
Witnesse on him that any parfit clerk is,
That in scole is gret alteration
In this matere and gret disputon,
And hath ben of an hundred thousand men:
But I ne cannot boult it to the bren,
As can the holy Doctour Augustin,
Or Boece, or the bishop Bradwardin,
Whether that Goddes worthy foreweting
Streineth me nedely for to don a thing,
(Nedely clepe I simple necessitee)
Or elles if free choise be granted me
To do that same thing or do it nought,
Though God forewot it or that it was wrought,
Or if his weting streineth never a del,
But by necessitee condicionel.
I wol not han to don of swiche matere;

My Tale is of a cok, as ye may here,
That took his conseil of his wif with forwe
To walken in the yerd upon the morwe
That he had met the dreme, as I you told.
Wommenne conseil ben ful often cold;
Wommenne conseil brought us first to wo,
And made Adam fro Paradis to go,
Ther as he was ful mery and wel at ese;
But for I n'ot to whom I might displese
If I conseil of women wolde blame,
Passe over, for I said it in my game.
Rede auctours where they trete of swiche matere,
And what they sayn of women ye mown here.
Thise ben the Cokkes wordes and not mine;
I can non harme of no woman devine.

Faire in the fond; to bath hire merily,
Lith Pertelote, and all hire susters by,
Agein the sonne, and Chaunteclere so free,
Sang meryer than the mermaid in the see,
For Phisilogus sayth sikerly
How that they singen wel and merily.

And so befell that as he cast his eye
Among the wortes on a boterfle
He was ware of this fox that lay ful low:
Nothing ne list him thaune for to crow,
But cried anon Cok, cok, and up he sterte
As man that was affraid in his herte;
For naturally a beest desireth flee
Fro his contrarie if he may it see,
Though he never erst had seen it with his eye.

This Chaunteclere, whan he gan him espie,
He wold han fled, but that the fox anon
Said, Gentil Sire, alas! what wol ye don?
Be ye affraid of me that am your frend?
Now certes I were wese than any fend

If I to you wold harme or villanie.
I n'am not come your conseil to espie,
But trewely the cause of my coming
Was only for to herken how ye sing.
For trewely ye han as mery a steven
As any angel hath that is in heven,
Therwith ye han of musike more feling
Than had Boece, or any that can sing.
My Lord, your fader (God his soule blese)
And eke your moder of hire gentillese
Han in myn hous yben, to my gret ese,
And certes, Sire, ful fain wold I you plese,
But for men speke of singen, I wol sey,
So mote I brouken wel min eyen twey,
Save you ne herd I never man so sing
As did your fader in the morwening:
Certes it was of herte all that he song:
And for to make his nois the more strong
He wold so peine him, that with both his eyen
He muste winke, so loude he walde crien,
And stonden on his tiptoon therwithal,
And stretchen forth his necke long and smal.
And eke he was of swiche discrecion,
That ther n'as no man in no region
That him in song or wisdom mighte passe.
I have wel red in Dan Burel the asse
Among his vers, how that ther was a cok
That for a preestes sone gave him a knok
Upon his leg, while he was yonge and nice,
He made him for to lese his benefite;
But certain ther is no comparison
Betwix the wisdom and discrecion
Of your fader and his subtiltee.
Now singeth, Sire, for Seint Charitee:
Let see, can ye your fader counterfete?

This Chaunteclere his winges gan to bete,
As man that coude not his treson espie,
So was he ravished with his flaterie.
Alas! ye lordes, many a false flatour
Is in your court, and many a losengeour,
That pleseth you wel more, by my faith,
Than he that sothfastnesse unto you saith,
Redeth Ecclesiast of flaterie:
Beth ware, ye lordes, of hire trecherie.

This Chaunteclere stood high upon his toes
Stretching his necke, and held his eyen cloos
And gan to crowen loude for the nones;
And Dan Ruffel the fox stert up at ones,
And by the gargar hente Chaunteclere,
And on his back toward the wood him bere,
For yet ne was ther no man that him ferd.

O destinee! that maist not ben eschued,
Alas that Chaunteclere flew fro the bernes!
Alas, his wif ne raughte not of dremes!
And on a Friday fel all this mischiefance.

O Venus! that art goddeffe of Plesance,
Sin that thy servant was this Chaunteclere,
And in thy service did all his powere,
More for delit than world to multiple,
Why wolt thou suffre him on thy day to die?

O Gaufride, dere maister soverain!
That whan thy worthy King Richard was slain
With shot complainedest his deth so fore,
Why ne had I now thy science and thy lore

The Friday for to chiden as did ye?
(For on a Friday sothly slain was he)
Then wold I shew you how that I coud plaine
For Chauntecleres drede and for his paine.

Certes swiche cry ne lamentation
Nas never of ladies made whan Iliou
Was wonne, and Pirrus with streite swerd,
When he had hen King Priam by the berd
And slain him, (as faith us *Enidos*)
As maden alle the hennes in the cloos
Whan they had seen of Chaunteclere the fight;
But soverainly Dame Pertelote shrigit
Ful louder than did Hadruballes wif
Whan that hire husbond hadde ylost his lif,
And that the Romaines hadden brent Cartage;
She was so ful of turment and of rage
That wilfully into the fire she sterte,
And brent hire selven with a stedfast herte.

O woful hennes! right so criden ye
As whan that Nero brente the citce
Of Rome cried the Senatours wives
For that hir husbonds losten alle hir lives.
Withouten gilt this Nero hath hem slain.

Now wol I turne unto my Tale again.
The fely widewe and hire doughten two
Harden these hennes crie and maken wo.
And out at the dores sterten they anon,
And saw the fox toward the wode is gon,
And bare upon his back the cok away:
They crieden out Harow and wala wa!
A ha the fox! and after him they ran,
And eke with staves many an other man;
Ran Colle our dogge, and Talbot and Gerlond,
And Malkin, with hire distaf in hire hond;
Ran cow and calf; and eke the veray hogges.
So fered were for barking of the dogges,
And shouting of the men and women eke,
They ronnan so hem thought hir hertes breke;
They yelleden as fendes don in helle;
The dokes crieden as men wold hem quelle:
The gees for fere flewen over the trees,
Out of the hive came the swarme of bees,
So hidous was the noise, a *benedicite*!
Certes he Jakke Straw and his meinie
Ne maden never shoutes half so shrille,
Whan that they wolden any Fleming kille,
As thilke day was made upon the fox.
Of bras they broughten beemes and of box,
Of horn and bone, in which they blew and pouped,
And therewithal they shriked and they houped;
It semed as that the heven shulde falle.

Now, goode men, I pray you herkeneth alle:
Lo how Fortune turneth sodenly
The hope and pride eke of hire enemy!
This cok that lay upon the foxes bake,
In all his drede unto the fox he spake,
And sayde; Sire, if that I were as ye
Yet wold I sain, (as wisly God help me)

Turneth agein, ye proude cherles alle,
A very pestillence upon you falle:
Now I am come unto the wodes side,
Maugre your hed the cok shal here abide;
I wol him ete in faith, and that anon.

The fox answered, in faith it shal be don;
And as he spake the word al sodenly
The cok brake from his mouth deliverly,
And high upon a tree he flew anon.

And whan the fox saw that the cok was gon,
Alas! quod he, o Chaunteclere, alas!
I have (quod he) ydon to you trespass,
In as moche as I makked you aserd
Whan I you hente and brought out of your yerre
But, Sire, I did it in no wikke entente:
Come doun, and I shal tell you what I mente;
I shal say sothe to you, God helpe me so.

Nay than quod he, I shrewe us bothe two;
And first I shrewe myself bothe blood and bones
If thou begile me oftener than ones:
Thou shalt no more thurgh thy flaterie
Do me to sing and winken with mine eye,
For he that winketh whan he shulde see,
Al wilfully, God let him never be.

Nay, quod the fox, but God yeve him meischance,
That is so indiscrete of governance
That jangleth whan that he shuld hold his pees.

Lo, which it is for to be reccheles
And negligent, and trust on flaterie.
But ye that holden this Tale a folie,
As of a fox, or of a cok or hen,
Taketh the moralitee therof, good men;

For Seint Poule sayth, that all that writen is
To our doctrine it is ywritten ywis.
Taketh the fruit, and let the chaf be stille.

Now, goode God, if that it be thy wille,
As sayth my Lord, so make us all good men
And bring us to thy high blisse. *Amen*

Sire Nonnes Preest, our Hoste sayd anon,
Yblest be thy breche and every fop;
This was a mery Tale of Chaunteclere;
But by my trouthe if thou were seculere
Thou woldest ben a tredefoule a right,
For if thou have corage as thou hast might
Thee were nede of hennes, as I wene.

Ye mo than seven times seventene,
Se whiche braunes hath this gentil Preest,
So gret a neck, and swiche a large breest
He toketh as a sparhawk with his eyen;
Him nedeth not his colour for to dien
With Brasil ne with grain of Portingale.

But, Sire, faire falle ye for your Tale.
And after that he with ful mery chere
Sayd to another as ye shulen here.

THE SECOND NONNES TALE*.

The miniftré and the norice unto vices,
Which that men clepe in English Idelneffe,
That porter at the gate is of Delices,
To efchuen, and by hire contrary hire opprefte,
That is to fain, by leful bufineffe.
Wel oughte we to don al our entente.

Left that the fend thurgh idelneffe us hente.
For he that with his thousand cordes flie
Continuently us waiteth to be clappe,
Whan he may man in idelneffe efpie,
He can fo lightly cacche him in his trappe,
Til that a man be hent right by the lappe
He n'is not ware the fend hath him in hond:
Wel ought us wrecche and idelneffe withfond.

And though men dradden never for to die,
Yet fee men wel by reison douteles
That idelneffe is rote of flogardie,
Of which ther never cometh no good entrees,
And fee that flouth holdeth hem in a lees,
Only to fleep and for to ete and drinke,
And to deuouren all that other fwinke.

And for to put us from fwiuche idelneffe,
That caufe is of gret confufion,
I have here don my feithful befinesse,
After the legende, in tranflation
Right of thy glorious lif and paffion,
Thou with thy gerlond wrought of rofe and lillie,
Thee mene I; maid and martir, Seinte Cecillie,

And thou, that arte floure of virginesall,
Of whom that Bernard lift fo wel to write,
To thee at my beginning first I call,
Thou comfort of us wretches, do me endite
Thy maidens deth, that wan thurgh hire merite
The eternal lif, and over the fend victorie,
As man may after reden in hire ftorie.

Thou maide and mother, daughter of thy fon,
Thou wel of mercy, finful foules cure,
In whom that God of bountee chiees to won;
Thou humble and high over every creature,
Thou nobledest fo fer forth our nature,
That no difdaine the maker had of kinde
His fon in blood and fesh to clothe and winde.

Within the cloyftre blifful of thy fides
Toke mannes shape the eternal Love and Pees,

That of the trine compas Lord and guide is,
Whom erthe, and fee, and heven, out of relles
Ay herien; and thou virgine wemmes
Bare of thy body (and dweltest maiden pure)
The Creatour of every creature.

Assembled in thee magnificence
With mercy goodneffe, and with fwiuche pitee,
That thou that art the fomme of excellence,
Not only helpest hem that praien thee,
But oftentime of thy benignitee
Ful freely, or that men thin helpe befecche,
Thou goest beforne and art hir lives leche.

Now helpe, thou meke and blifful faire maide,
Me flamed wretch, in this defert of galle;
Thinke on the woman Cananee, that faide
That whelpes eten fom of the cromes alle
That from hir lordes table been yfalle;
And though that I, unworthy fone of Eve,
Be finful, yet accepteth my beleve.

And for that feith is ded withouten werkes,
So for to werken yewe me wit and space
That I be quit from thennes that moft derke is:
O thou! that art fo faire and ful of grace,
Be thou min advocat in that high place,
Ther as withouten ende is fonge Ofanne,
Thou Cristes mother, daughter dere of Anne.

And of thy light my foule in prifon light,
That troubled is by the contagion
Of my body, and alfo by the wight
Of erthly luft and falfe affection:
O haven of refute! o falvation
Of hen that ben in forwe and in diffrefte!
Now help, for to my werk I wol me drefte.

Yet pray I you that reden that I write
Foryeve me that I do no diligence
This ilke ftorie fubtilly to endite;
For both have I the wordes and fentence
Of him that at the feintes reverence
The ftorie wrote, and folowed hire legende,
And pray you that ye wol my werk amende.

First wol I you the name of Seinte Cecillie
Expoun, as men may in hire ftorie fee;
It is to fayn in English, Hevens Hlie,
For pure chafteffe of virginitee,
Or for the whitneffe had of honeftee,
And grene of confcience, and of good fame
The fwoote favour, Lillie was hire name.

* The life and death of Saint Cecily. Sp.

Or Cecile is to sayn, The way to blinde,
For the enfample was by good teching,
Or elles Cecile, as I writen finde,
Is joined by a maner conjoining
Of heven and *Lia*, and here in figuring
The heven is set for thought of holinesse,
And *Lia* for hire lasting besinesse.

Cecile may eke be sayd in this manere,
Wanting of blindnesse, for hire grete light
Of sapience, and for hire thewes clere;
Or elles to this maidens name bright
Of heven and *Lees* cometh, for which by right
Men might hire wel the heven of peple calle,
Infample of good and wise werkes alle.

For *Lees* peple in English is to say:
And right as men may in the heven see
The sonne and mone, and sterres, every way,
Right so men gossly, in this maiden free
Sawen of faith the magnanimitie,
And eke the clerenesse hole of sapience,
And sondry werkes bright of excellence.

And right so as thise philosophes write,
That heven is swift and round, and eke brenning,
Right so was faire Cecile the white
Ful swift and besy in every good working,
And round and hole in good persevering,
And brenning ever in charitee ful bright.
Now have I you declared what she hight.

This maiden bright Cecile, as hire life faith,
Was come of Romaines and noble kind,
And from hire cradle fostred in the faith
Of Crist, and bare his gospel in hire mind:
She never cecyd, as I writen finde,
Of hire prayere; and God to love and drede,
Beseeching him to kepe hire maidenhede.

And whan this maiden shuld until a man
Ywedded be that was ful yonge of age,
Which that ycleped was Valerian,
And day was comen of hire marriage,
She ful devout and humble in hire corage,
Under hire robe of gold, that sat ful faire
Had next hire flesh yclad hire in an haire.

And while that the organs maden melodye
To God alone thus in hire hert song she;
O Lord! my soule and eke my bodie gie
Unwemmed, lest that I confounded be.
And for his love that died upon the tree
Every second or thridde day she fast,
Ay bidding in hire orisons ful fast.

The night came, and to bed must she gon
With hire husbond, as it is the manere,
And prively she said to him anon;
O swete and wel beloved spouse dere!
Ther is a conseil, and ye wol it here,
Which that right sayn I wold unto you saie,
So that ye fwere ye wol it not bewraie.

Valerian kan fast unto hire fwere
That for no cas ne thing that mighte be
He shulde never to non bewraien here;
And than at erst thus to him saide she;
I have an angel which that loveth me,
That with greet love wher so I wake or slepe
Is redy ay my body for to kepe:

And if that he may felen out of drede
That ye me touch or love in vilanie,

He right anon wol seen ye with the dede;
And in your youthe thus ye shulden die;
And if that ye in clene love me gie,
He wol you love as me for your clenenesse,
And shew to you his joye and his brightnesse.

This Valerian, corrected as God woldy,
Answered again; If I shal truften thee
Let me that angel seen and him behold,
And if that it a veray angel be,
Than wol I den as thou hast prayed me;
And if thou love another man, forsothe

Right with this swerd then wol I see you bothe.
Cecile answerd anon right in this wise:
If that you list the angel shal you see,
So that ye trowe on Crist, and ye baptise:
Go forth to Via Apia, (quod she)
That fro this toun ne stant but miles three,
And to the poure felkes that ther dwellen
Say hem right thus as that I shal you tellen.

Tell hem that I Cecile you to hem sent
To shewen you the good Urban the old,
For secree nedes and for good entent;
And whan that ye Seint Urban han behold,
Tell him the wordes whiche I to you told:
And whan that he hath purged you fro sinne
Than shal ye seen that angel ere ye twinne.

Valerian is to the place gon,
And right as he was taught by hire learning
He fond this holy old Urban anon
Among the seintes bueris louting;
And he anon withouten taryng
Did his message, and whan that he it tolde
Urban for joye his hondes gan upholde.

The teres from his eyen let he falle;
Almyghy Lord, o Jesu Crist! quod he;
Sower of chaste conseil, hierde of us alle,
The fruit of thilk seede of chastitee
That thou hast sow in Cecile take to thee;
Lo, like a besy bee withouten gile
Thee serveth ay thin owen thral Cecile.

For thilk spouse that the toke but newe,
Ful like a fiers leon, she fendeth here
As meke as ever was any lamb or ewe.
And with that word anon ther gan apere
An old man clad in white clothes clere,
That had a book with letters of gold in bond,
And gan before Valerian to stond.

Valerian as ded fell down for drede
Whan he him saw, and he up hent him tho,
And on his book right thus he gan to rede:
On Lord, on faith, on God withouten mo,
On Cristendom, and sader of all also
Aboven all, and over all every wher,
Thise wordes all with gold ywriten were.

Whan this was red, than said this olde man,
Levest thou this thing or no? say ye or nay.
I leve all this thing, quod Valerian,
For sother thing than this I dare wel say
Under the heven no wight thinken may.

Tho vanished the olde man he niste wher,
And Pope Urban him cristened right ther.

Valerian goth home, and sint Cecile
Within his chambre with an angel stonde;
This angel had of roses and of lile
Corones two, the which he bare in honde,
And first to Cecile, as I underfonde,

He yaf that on, and after gan he take
That other to Valerian hire make,

With body clene and with unweemed thought
Kepeth ay wel thise corones two, quod he,
From Paradis to you I have hem brought,
Ne never mo ne shul they roten be,
Ne lese hir swete favour, trusteth me,
Ne never wight shal seen hem with his eye,
But he be chaste and hate-vilanie.

And thou, Valerian, for thou so fone
Assentedest to good conseil, also
Say what thee list and thou shalt han thy bone.
I have a brother, quod Valerian tho,
That in this world I love no man fo,
I pray you that my brother may have grace
To know the trouthe, as I do in this place.

The angel sayd, God liketh thy request,
And bothe with the palme of martidome
Ye shullen come unto this blisful rest;
And with that word Tiburce his brother come.
And whan that he the favour undernome,
Which that the roses and the lilies cast,
Within his herte he gan to wonder fast.

And said; I wonder this time of the yere
Whenges that swete favour cometh so
Of roses and lilies that I smelle here,
For though I had hem min bondes two
The favour might in me no deper go:
The swete smel that in min herte I find
Hath changed me all in another kind.

Valerian said, Two corones han we
Snow-white and rose-red, that shinen clere,
Which that thin eyen han no might to see,
And as thou smellest hem thurgh my praiere,
So shalt thou seen hem, leve brother dere,
If it so be thou wolt withouten flouthe
Beleve aright, and know the veray trouthe.

Tiburce answered; Saieft thou this to me
In sothnesse, or in dreme herken I this?
In dremes, quod Valerian, han we be
Unto this time, brother min, ywis;
But now at erst in trouthe our dwelling is.
How wost thou this, quod Tiburce, in what wise?
Quod Valerian, That shal I thee devise.

The angel of God hath me the trouthe ytaught,
Which thou shalt seen, if that thou wilt reney
The idoles, and be clene, and elles naught.
And of the miracle of thise corones twey
Seint Ambrose in his preface list to sey;
Solempnely this noble doctour dere
Commendeth it, and faith in this manere:

The palme of martidome for to receive
Seint Cecilie, fulfilled of Goddes yest,
The world and eke hire chambre gan the weive,
Witnesse Tiburces and Ceciles shrift,
To which God of his bountee wolde shift
Corones two, of floures wel smelling,
And made his angel hem the corones bring.

The maid hath brought thise men to blisse
above;
The world hath wist what it is worth certain,
Devotion of chastitee to love.
Though shewed him Cecile all open and plain
That all idoles n'is but a thing in vain,

For they ben dombe, and therto they ben deve,
And charged him his idoles for to leve.

Who so that troweth not this, a best he is,
Quod this Tiburce, if that I shal not lie,
And she gan kisse his brest whan she herd this,
And was ful glad he conde trouthe espie:
This day I take thee for min allie,
Saide this blisful faire maiden dere;

And after that she said as ye may here:
Lo, right so as the love of Crist (quod she)
Made me thy brothers wif, right in that wise
Anon for min allie here take I thee,
Sithen that thou wolt thin idoles despise.
Goth with thy brother now and thee baptise,
And make thee clene, so that thou maist behold
The angels face of which thy brother told.

Tiburce answered, and saide, Brother dere,
First tell me whither I shal, and to what man.
To whom, quod he, Come for with goode chere,
I wol thee lede unto the Pope Urban.
To Urban? brother min, Valerian,
Quod tho Tiburce, wilt thou me thider lede?
Me thinketh that it were a wonder dede.

Ne meneft thou not Urban (quod he tho)
That is so often damned to be ded,
And woneth in halkes alway to and fro,
And dare not ones putten forth his hed?
Men shold him brennen in a fire so red
If he were found, or that men might him spie,
And we also, to bere him compaignie.

And while we seken thilke divinitee
That is yhid in heven prively,
Algate ybrent in this world shuld we be.
To whom Cecile answered boldly;
Men mighten dreden wel and skilfully
This lif to lese, min owen dere brother!
If this were living only and non other.

But ther is better lif in other place
That never shal be lost, ne drede thee nought,
Which Goddes sone us tolde thurgh his grace,
That fadres sone which alle things wrought;
And all that wrought is with a skilful thought,
The gost that from the fader gan procede
Hath fouled hem withouten any drede.

By word and by miracle he Goddes sone,
Whan he was in this world, declared here
That ther is other lif ther men may wone.
To whom answerd Tiburce; O suster dere!
Ne saideft thou right now in this manere,
Ther n'is but o' God Lord in sothfastnesse,
And now of three how mayst thou bere witnesse?

That shal I tell, quod she, or that I go.
Right as a man hath sapiences three,
Memorie, engine, and intellect also,
So in o' being of divinitee
Three persones mowen ther righte wel be.
Tho gan she him ful besly to preche
Of Cristes sonde, and of his peines teche,

And many pointes of his passion,
How Goddes sone in this world was withhold
To don mankinde pleine remission,
That was ybound in sinne and kares cold.
All this thing she unto Tiburce told,

And after this Tiburce in good entent
With Valerian to Pope Urban he went,
That thanked God, and with glad herte and
light

He cristened him, and made him in that place
Parfite in his lerning, and Goddes knight :
And after this Tiburce gat swiche grace
That every day he saw in time and space
The angel of God and every maner bone
That he God axed it was sped ful sone.

It were ful hard by ordre for to fain
How many wonders Jesus for hem wrought :
But at the last, to tellen short and plain,
The sergeants of the town of Rome hem fought,
And hem before Almache the Prefect brought,
Which hem apposed, and knew all hir entent,
And to the image of Jupiter hem sent.

And said, Who so wol nought do sacrifice
Swap of his hed; this is my sentence here.
Anon thise martyrs that I you devise
On Maximus, that was an officere
Of the Prefectes, and his Corniculere
Hem hent, and whan he forth the seintes lad
Himself he wept for pitee that he had.

Whan Maximus had herd the seintes lore
He gate him of the turmentoures leve,
And lad hem to his hous withouten more;
And with hir preching or that it were eve
They gonnen fro the turmentours to reve,
And fro Maxime, and fro his folk eche on,
The false faith, to trowe in God alone.

Cecilie came, whan it was waxen night,
With preestes that hem cristened all yfere;
And afterward whan day was waxen light
Cecilie hem said with a ful stedfast chere,
Now, Cristes owen knyghtes leve and dere,
Casse all away the werkes of derkenesse,
And armeth you in armes of brightnesse.

Ye han forsoth ydon a gret bataille;
Your cours is don; your faith hath you conserved;
Goth to the croune of lif that may not faille;
The rightful juge, which that ye han served,
Shal yeve it you, as ye han it deserved.
And whan this thing was said as I devise
Men ledde hem forth to don the sacrifice.

But whan they weren to the place ybrought,
To tellen shortly the conclusoun,
They n'olde encense ne sacrifice right nought,
But on hir knees they setten hem adoun,
With humble herte and fad devotioun,
And losten both hir hedes in the place :
Hir soules wenten to the King of grace.

This Maximus, that saw this thing betide,
With pitous teres told it anon right
That he hir soules saw to heaven glide
With angels, ful of clerenesse and of light,
And with his word converted many a wight,
For which Almachius did him to-bete
With whip of led til he his lif gan lete.

Cecile him toke and buried him anon
By Tiburce and Valerian softly,
Within hir burying place, under the ston;
And after this Almachius hastily
Bad his ministres fetchen openly

Cecile, so that she might in his presence
Don sacrifice, and Jupiter encense.

But they, converted at hire wise lore,
Wepten ful fore, and yaven ful credence
Unto hire word, and crieden more and more
Crist, Goddes sone, withouten difference,
Is veray God, this is all our sentence,
That hath so good a servant him to serve
Thus with o vois we trowen though we sterve.

Almachius, that herd of this doing,
Bad fetchen Cecile, that he might hire see
And alderfirst, lo, this was his axing;
What maner woman art thou? quod he;
I am a gentilwoman borne, quod she;
I axe thee, quod he, though it thee greve,
Of thy religion and of thy beleve.

Why than began your question folly,
Quod she, that woldest two answers conclude
In o demand? Ye axen lewedly.
Almache answered to that similitude,
Of whennes cometh thin answering so rude?
Of whennes? (quod she, whan that she was friened)
Of consience, and of good faith unfained.

Almachius said; Ne takest thou non hede
Of my power? And she him answerd this;
Your might (quod she) ful liel is to drede,
For every mortal mannes power n'is
But like a bladder ful of wind ywis,
For with a nedles point whan it is blowe
May all the bost of it be laid ful lowe.

Ful wrongfully begonnest thou, (quod he)
And yet in wrong is all thy perverence;
Wost thou not how our mighty princes free
Have thus commanded and made ordinance
That every Cristen wight shal han penance
But if that he his Cristendome withseye,
And gon al quite if he wol it reneye?

Your princes erren, as your nobley doth,
Quod tho Cecile, and with a wood sentence
Ye make us gilty, and it is not soth;
For ye, that knowen wel our innocence,
For as moche as we don ay reverence
To Crist, and for we bere a Cristen name,
Ye put on us a crime and eke a blame.

But we, that knowen thilke name so
For vertuous, we may it not withseye.
Almache answered; Chese on of thise two,
Do sacrifice, or Cristendom reneye,
That thou mow now escapen by that wey.
At which this holy blisful fayre maid
Gan for to laughe, and to the juge said;

O juge! confuse in thy nicete,
Woldest thou that I reneye innocence?
To maken me a wicked wight (quod she)
Lo, he dissimuleth here in audience,
He stareth and wodeth in his advertence,
To whom Almachius said, Unfely wretch!
Ne wost thou not how far my might may stretch?

Han not our mighty princes to me yeven
Ya bothe power and eke auctoritee
To maken folk to dein or to liven?
Why spekest thou so proudly than to me?
I ne speke nought but stedfastly, quod she,

Not proudly, for I say, as for my side
We haten dedly thilke vice of pride.

And if thou drede not a soth for to here
Than wol I shewe al openly by right
That thou hast made a ful gret lesing here.
Thou saist thy princes han thee yeven might
Both for to see and for to quicken a wight.
Thou that ne maist but only lif bereve
Thou hast non other power ne no leve.

But thou maist sayn thy princes han thee maked
Ministre of Deth, for if thou speke of mo
Thou liest, for thy power is ful naked.
Do way thy boldnesse, said Almachius tho,
And sacrifice to our goddes er thou go.
I recke not what wrong that thou me proffre,
For I can suffre it as a philosophre.

But thilke wronges may I not endure
That thou spekest of our goddes here, quod he,
Cecile answerd; O nice creature!

Thou saidest no word sin thou spake to me
That I ne knew therewith thy nicetee,
And that thou were in every maner wise
A lewed officer, a vain iustice.

Ther lacketh nothing to thin utter eyen
That thou n'art blind; for thing that we seen alle,
That is a ston, that men may wel espie,
That ilke ston a god thou wolt it calle;
I rede thee let thin hond upon it falle,
And tast it wel, and ston thou shalt it find,
Sin that thou seest not with thin eyen blind.

It is a shame that the peple shal
So scornen thee, and laugh at thy folie,
For comunly men wot it wel over al
That mighty God is in his heavens hie;
And thilke images, wel maist thou espie,
To thee ne to nemsel may not profite,
For in effect they be not worth a mite.

Thise and twiche other wordes said she,
And he wex wroth, and bade men shulde hire lede

I

Home til hire hous, and in hire hous (quod he)
Brenne hire right in a bath with flames rede.
And as he bade right so was don the dede,
For in a bathe they gonne hire faste shetten,
And night and day gret fire they under betten.

The longe night, and eke a day also,
For all the fire, and eke the bathes hete,
She fate al cold, and felt of it no wo;
It made hire not a drope for to swete;
But in that bath hire lif she muste lete,
For he Almache with a ful wicke entent
To fleen hire in the bath his sonde sent.

Three stokes in the nekke he smote hire tho
The turmentour, but for no maner chance
He mighte not smite all hire nekke atwo:
And for ther was that time an ordinance
That no man shulde don man swiche penance.
The fourthe stoke to smiten soft or sore,
This turmentour ne dorste do no more;

But half ded, with hire nekke yoorven ther
He left hire lie, and on his way is went:
The Cristen folk which that about hire were
With shetes han the blood ful faire yhent:
Three dayes lived she in this turment,
And never cesed hem the faith to teche,
That she had fostred hem the gan to preche.

And hem she yaf hire mebles and hire thing,
And to the Pope Urban betoke hem tho,
And said, I axed this of heaven King
To have respit three dayes and no mo,
To recommend to you or that I go
Thise foules, lo, and that I might do werche
Here of min housse perpetuellich a cherche.

Seint Urban with his dekenes prively
The body fette, and buried it by night
Among his other seintes honestly.
Hire hous The Cherche of Seint Cecile hight;
Seint Urban halowed it as he wel might,
In which unto this day in noble wise
Men don to Crist and to his seinte servise.

THE CHANONES YEMANNES PROLOGUE.

WHAN that tolde was the lif of Seinte Cecile,
 Er we had ridden fully five mile,
 At Boughton-under-Blee us gan atake
 A man that clothed was in clothes blake,
 And underne the he wered a white surplis.
 His hakeney, which that was al pomelee gris,
 So swatte that it wonder was to see;
 It semed as he had priked miles three.
 The horfe eke that his Yeman rode upon
 So swatte that unnethes might he gon;
 About the peytrel stood the fome ful hie;
 He was of fome as flecked as a pie,
 A male twisfold on his croper lay,
 It semed that he caried litel array;
 Al light for sommer rode this worthy man.
 And in my herte wondren I began
 What that he was, til that I understode
 How that his cloke was fowed to his hode,
 For which whan I had long avised me
 I demed him some chanon for to be.
 His hat heng at his back down by a las,
 For he had ridden more than trot or pas;
 He had ay priked like as he were wode.
 A clote lese he had laid under his hode
 For swete, and for to kepe his hed fro hete:
 But it was joye for to seen him swete;
 His forehed dropped as a stillatorie
 Were ful of plantaine or of paritorie.
 And whan that he was come he gan to crie,
 God save (quod he) this joly compaignie!
 Fast have I priked (quod he) for your sake,
 Because that I wolde you atake,
 To riden in this mery compaignie.
 His Yeman was eke ful of curtesie,
 And faide, Sires, now in the morwe tide
 Out of your hostelrye I saw you ride,
 And warned here my lord and soverain,
 Which that to riden with you is ful fain
 For his disport; he loveth daliance.
 Frend, for thy warning God yewe the good chance.
 Than said our Hoste: certain it wolde seme
 Thy lord were wise, and so I may wel deme;
 He is ful joconde also dare I leye;
 Can he ought tell a mery tale or tweie,
 With which he gladen may this compaignie?
 Who, Sire? my lord? Ye, Sire, withouten lie,
 He can of mirth and eke of jolitee
 Not but ynough; also, Sire, trusteth me

And ye him knew al so wel as do I,
 Ye wolden wondre how wel and craftily
 He coude werke, and that in fondry wise:
 He hath take on him many a gret emprise,
 Which were ful harde for any that is here
 To bring about but they of him it leere.
 As homely as he rideth amonges you
 If ye him knew it wold be for your prow;
 Ye wolden not forgon his acquaintance
 For mochel good, I dare lay in balance
 All that I have in my possession.
 He is a man of high discreffion;
 I warne you wel he is a passing man.

Wel, quod our Hoste, I pray thee tell me than
 Is he a clerk or non? Tell what he is.

Nay, he is greter than a clerk ywis,
 Saide this Yeman, and in wordes fewe,
 Hoste, of his craft somewhat I wol you shewe.

I say my lord can swiche a subtiltee,
 (But all his craft ye moun not wete of me,
 And somewhat help I yet to his werking)
 That all the ground on which we ben riding,
 Til that we come to Canterbury toun,
 He could al clene turnen up so down,
 And pave it all of silver and of gold.

And whan this Yeman had this tale ytolde
 Unto our Hoste, he said *Benedicite!*
 This thing is wonder mervailous to me,
 Sin that thy lord is of so high prudence,
 Because of which men shulde him reverence,
 That of his worship rekketh he so lite;
 His overest sloppe it is not worth a mite,
 As in effect, to him, so mote I go;
 It is all baudy and to-tore also.

Why is thy lord so fluttysh I thee preye,
 And is of power better cloth to beye,
 If that his dede accorded with thy speche!
 Telle me that, and that I thee beseche.

Why? quod this Yeman, wherto axe ye me?
 God helpe me so, for he shal never the:
 (But I wol not avowen that I say,
 And therefore kepe it secree I you pray)
 He is to wise in faith, as I beleve:
 Thing that is overdon it wol not preve
 Aright, as clerkes fain; it is a vice;
 Wherefor in that I hold him lewed and nice;
 For whan a man hath overgret a wit
 Ful oft him happeth to misusen it:

So doth my lord, and that me greveth sore:
God it amende; I can say now no more.

Therof no force, good Yeman, quod our Host;
Sin of the conning of thy lord thou wost
Telle how he doth, I pray thee hertily,
Sin that he is so crafty and so fly.

Wher dwellen ye, if it to tellen be?

In the subarbes of a toun, quod he,
Lurking in hernes and in lanes blinde,
Wheras thise robbours and thise theves by kinde
Holden hir privee sereful residence,
As they that dare not shewen hir presence;
So faren we, if I shal say the sothe.

Yet, quod our Hoste, let me talken to the;
Why art thou so discoloured of thy face?

Peter, quod he, God yeve it harde grace;
I am so used the hete fire to blow

That it hath changed my colour I trow:

I n'am not wont in no mirroure to prie,
But swinke fore, and lerne to multiplie.

We blundren ever and poren in the fire,
And for all that we faille of our desire;
For ever we lacken our conclusion.

To mochel folk we don illusion,

And borwe gold be it a pound or two,

Or ten or twelve, or many fommies mo,

And make hem wenen at the lesse wey

That of a pound we connen maken twey;

Yet it is false; and ay we han good hope

It for to don, and after it we grope:

But that science is so fer us beforene,

We mowen not, although we had it sworne,

It overtake, it slit away so fast;

It wot us maken beggers at the last.

While this Yeman was thus in his talking

This chanon drow him nere and herd all thing

Which this Yeman spake, for suspecion
Of mennes speche ever had this chanon;
For Caton sayth, that he that gilty is
Demeth all thing be spoken of him ywis:
That was the cause he gan so nigh him drawe
To his Yeman, to herken all his sawe;
And thus he faide unto his Yemain tho:
Hold thou thy pees, and speke no wordes mo,
For if thou do thou shalt it dere abie:
Thou sclaudrest me here in this compaignie,
And eke discoverest that thou shuldest hide.

Ye, quod our Hoste, tell on, what so betide;
Of all his threning recke not a mite.

In faith, quod he, no more I do but lite.
And whan this chanon saw it wold not be
But his Yeman wold tell his privetee,
He fled away for veray forwe and shame.

A! quod the Yeman, here shal rise a game:

All that I can anon I wol you telle,

Sin he is gon: the foule fend him quelle,

For never hereafter wol I with him mete

For peny ne for pound, I you behete.

He that me broughte first unto that game,

Er that he die forwe have he and shame,

For it is ernest to me by my faith;

That fele I wel, what that any man faith;

And yet for all my smert and all my grief,

For all my forwe, labour, and meschief,

I coude never leve it in no wise.

Now wolde God my wit mighte suffice

To tellen all that longeth to that art;

But natheles yet wol I tellen part:

Sin that my lord is gon I wol not spare;

Swiche thing as that I know I wol declare.

THE CHANONES YEMANNES TALE*.

With this chanon I dwelt have seven yere,
And of his science am I never the nere;
All that I had I have ylost therby,
And God wot so han many mo than I.
Ther I was went to be right fresh and gay
Of clothing, and of other good array,
Now may I were an hose upon min hed;
And wher my colour was both fresh and red
Now is it wan and of a leden hewe;
(Who so it useth so shal he it rewe)

* A priest of London, more covetous than wife, is deceived by a chanon professing the art of alchymy. *Qrry.*

And of my swinke yet blered is min eye;
Lo which advantage is to multiplie!
That sliding science hath me made so bare
That I have no good wher that ever I fare;
And yet I am endetted so therby,
Of gold that I have borwed trewely,
That while I live I shal it quiten never;
Let every man beware by me for ever.
What maner man that casteth him therto,
If he continue, I hold his thrift ydo;
So helpe me God, therby shal he nat winne,
But empte his purse, and make his wittes thinne.

And whan he thurgh his madnesse and folie,
 Hath lost his owen good thurgh jupartie,
 Than he exciteth other folk therto,
 To lese hir good as he himself hath do,
 For unto shrewes joye it is and eke
 To have hir felawes in peine and disese.
 Thus was I ones lerned of a clerk.
 Of that no charge; I wol speke of our werk.
 Whan we be ther as we shuln exercise
 Our elvish craft we semen wonder wise,
 Our termes ben so clerigial and queinte.
 I blow the fire til that myn herte feinte.
 What shuld I tellen eche proportion
 Of thinges whiche that we werchen upon,
 As on five or six unces, may wel be,
 Of silver, or som other quantitee?
 And besie me to tellen you the names,
 As orpiment, brent bones, yren squames,
 That into poudre grounden ben ful smal?
 And in an erthen pot how put is al,
 And salt yput in and also pepere,
 Before this poudres that I speke of here,
 And wel ycovered with a lampe of glas?
 And of moche other thing which that ther was?
 And of the pottes and glasses englutng,
 That of the aire might passen out no thing?
 And of the esy fire, and smert also,
 Which that was made? and of the care and wo
 That we had in our materes subliming,
 And in amalgaming and calcening
 Of quicksilver, ycleped Mercurie crude?
 For all our sleightes we can not conclude.
 Our orpiment and sublimed mercurie,
 Our grounden litarge eke on the porphurie,
 Of eche of thise of unces a certain
 Not helpeth us; our labour is in vain.
 Ne, neyther our spiritres ascencionn,
 Ne our materes that lien al fix adoun,
 Mown in our werking nothing; us availle,
 For lost is all our labour and travaille,
 And all the cost a twenty devil way
 Is lost also which we upon it lay.
 Ther is also ful many another thing
 That is unto our craft appertaining,
 Though I by ordre hem nat reherien can,
 Because that I am a lewed man,
 Yet wol I telle hem as they come to minde,
 Though I ne cannot set hem in hir kinde,
 As bole armoniak, verdegresle, boras,
 And sondry vessels made of erthe and glas,
 Our urinales, and our descensories,
 Viols, croslettes and sublimatories,
 Cucurbites and alembikes eke,
 And other swiche ger, dere ynough a leke,
 What nedeth it for to reherse hem alle?
 Wateres rubifying, and bolles galle,
 Arsenik, sal armoniak, and brimston,
 And herbes coude I tell eke many on,
 As egremoine, valerian, and lunarie,
 And other swiche, if that me list to tarie,
 Our lampes brenning bothe night and day,
 To bring about our craft if that we may,
 Our fourneis eke of calcination,
 And of wateres albification,

Unflekke lime, chalk, and gleire of an ey,
 Poudres divers, ashes, dong, pisse, and cley,
 Sered pokettes, sal peter, and vitriole,
 And divers fires made of wode and cole,
 Sal tartre, alcaly, and salt preparat,
 And combust materes and coagulat,
 Cley made with hors and mannes here, and oile,
 Of tartre, alum, glas, berme, wort, and argoile,
 Rosalgar, and other materes enbibing,
 And eke of our materes encorporing,
 And of our silver citration,
 Our cementing and fermentation,
 Our ingottes, testes, and many thinges mo?
 I wol you tell as was me taught also
 The foure spiritres and the bodies sevene
 By ordre, as oft I herd my lord hem nevene,
 The firste spirit Quicksilver cleped is,
 The second Orpiment, the thridde ywis
 Sal Armoniak, and the fourth Brimston.
 The bodies sevene eke, lo hem here anon
 Sol gold is, and Luna silver we threpe,
 Mars iren, Mercurie quicksilver we clepe,
 Saturnus led, and Jupiter is tin,
 And Venus copre, by my fader kin.
 This cursed craft who so wol exercise
 He shal no good have that him may suffice,
 For all the good he spendeth therabout
 He lesen shal, therof have I no doute.
 Who so that listeth uttren his folie
 Let him come forth and lerne multiple;
 And every man that hath ought in his cofre
 Let him appere and wex o philosophre,
 Ascaunce that craft is so light to lerne
 Nay, nay, God wot al be he monk or frere,
 Preeft or chanon, or any other wight,
 Though he sit at his book both day and night,
 In lerning of this elvish nice lore
 All is in vain, and parde mochel more
 To lerne a lewed man this subtiltee
 Fie! speke not therof, for it wol not be;
 And conne he letterure, or conne he non
 As in effect he shal finde it all on,
 For bothe by two my salvation
 Concluden in multiplication
 Ylike wel whan they have al ydo;
 This is to sain, they failen bothe two,
 Yet forgate I to maken reherfaile
 Of waters corosif and of limaile,
 And of bodies molification,
 And also of hir induration,
 Oiles, ablutions, metal subtile;
 To tellen all wold passen any Bible
 That o wher is; wherefore as for the best
 Of all thise names now wol I me rest;
 For as I trow I have you told ynow
 To reise a fend, al loke he never so row.
 A! nay, let be; the philosophres ston,
 Elixer cleped, we seken fast eche on,
 For had we him than were we fiker ynow,
 But unto God of heven I make avow,
 For all our craft, whan we han all ydo,
 And all our sleight, he wol not come us to;

He hath ymade us spenden mochel good,
 For sorwe of which alrest we waxen wood;
 But that good hope crespeth in our herte,
 Supposing ever, though we sore smerte,
 To ben releved of him afterward:
 Swiche supposing and hope is sharp and hard:
 I warne you wel it is to soken ever
 That future *temps* hath made men dislever
 In trust therof from all that ever they had,
 Yet of that art they conne not waxen sad,
 For unto hem it is a bitter swete:
 So semeth it, for ne had they but a shete
 Which that they might wrappen hem in a-night,
 And a bratt to walken in by day-light,
 They wold hem sell, and spend it on this craft:
 They conne not stinten til no thing be left;
 And evermore, wher ever that they gon,
 Men may hem kennyn by smell of brimston:
 For all the world they stinken as a gote;
 Hir favour is so rammish and so hote
 That though a man a mile from hem be
 The favour wol enfect him, trusteth me.

Lo, thus by smelling and thred-bare array
 If that men list this folk they known may;
 And if a man wol axe hem prively
 Why they be clothed so unthriftily,
 They right anon wol rounen in his ere,
 And faien, if that they espied were
 Men wolde hem fle because of hir science.

Lo, thus thise folk betraien innocence,
 Passe over this; I go my Tale unto.
 Er that the pot be on the fire ydo,
 Of metals with a certain quantitee
 My lord hem tempereth, and no man but he,
 (Now he is gon I dare say boldly)
 For as men saien he can don craftily,
 Algate I wote wel he hath swihe a name,
 And yet ful oft he renneth in a blame;
 And wete ye how? ful oft it falleth so
 The pot to-breketh, and farewell! all is go.
 Thise metales ben of so gret violence
 Our walles may not make hem resistance,
 But if they weren wrought of lime and ston;
 They persen so that thurgh the wall they gon,
 And som of hem sinke down into the ground,
 (Thus have we lost by times many a pound)
 And som are scatered all the flore aboute,
 Som lepen into the roof withouten doute.
 Though that they fend not in our fight him shewe
 I trow that he be with us, thilke shrewe
 In helle, wher that he is lord and fire,
 Ne is ther no more, rancour, ne ire.
 When that our pot is broke, as I have sayde,
 Every man chit, and holt him evil apayde:
 Som sayd it was long on the fire-making,
 Som sayd nay, it was long on the blowing;
 (Than was I ferd, for that was min office)
 Straw! quod the thridde, ye ben lewed and nice;
 It was not temprad as it oughte to be;
 Nay, quod the fourthe, stinte and herken me;
 Because our fire was not made of beche
 That is the cause, and other non, so the iche,
 I can not tell wheron it was along,
 But wel I wot gret strif is us among.

What? quod my lord, ther n'is no more to don;
 Of thise perils I wol beware eftsoone;
 I am right siker that the pot was crafed.
 Be as be may be ye no thing amafed;
 As usage is let swepe the flore as swithe;
 Plucke up your hertes, and be glad and blithe.

The mullek on an hepe ysweped was,
 And on the flore ycast a canevas,
 And all this mullok in a five ythrowe,
 And sifted, and ypicked many a throwe.

Parde, quod on, fomwhat of our metall
 Yet is ther here, though that we have not all;
 And though this thing mishaped hath as now
 Another time it may be wel ynow.
 We mosten put our good in aventure;
 A marchant parde may not ay endure,
 Trusteth me wel, in his prosperitee;
 Somtime his good is drenched in the see,
 And fosome cometh it sauf unto the lond.

Pees, quod my lord, the next time I wol fond
 To bring our craft all in another plite,
 And but I do, Sires, let me have the wite:
 Ther was defeaute in somewhat wel I wote.

Another sayd the fire was over hote:
 But be it hote or cold I dare say this,
 That we concluden evermore amis;
 We faille alway of that which we wold have,
 And in our madnesse evermore we rave,
 And when we be together everich on
 Every man semeth a Salomon,
 But all thing which that shineth as the gold
 Ne is no gold, as I have herd it told,
 Ne every apple that is faire at eye
 Ne is not good, what so men clap or crie.
 Right so, lo, fareth it amonges us;
 He that semeth the wifest, by Jesus
 Is most fool when it cometh to the prese,
 And he that semeth truest is a thefe:
 That shal ye know or that I from you wende,
 By that I of my Tale have made an ende.

Ther was a chanon of religioun
 Amonges us wold enfect all a toun,
 Though it as gret were as was Ninive,
 Rome, Alisaundre, Troie, or other thre.
 His sleighes and his infinite falsenesse
 Ther coude no man writen, as I gesse,
 Though that he mighte live a thousand yere;
 In all this world of falsenesse n'is his pere,
 For in his termes he wol him so winde,
 And speke his wordes in so flie a kinde,
 Whan he comunen shal with any wight,
 That he wol make him doted anon right
 But it a fend be, as himselven is.
 Ful many a man hath he begiled er this,
 And wol, if that he may live any while;
 And yet men gon and riden many a mile
 Him for to seke, and have his acquaintance,
 Not knowing of his false governance;
 And if you lust to yewe me audience
 I wol it tellen here in your presence.

But, worshipful chanons religious,
 Ne demeth not that I flander your hous,
 Although that my Tale of a chanon be:
 Of every order som shrew is parde

And God forbode that all a compaignie
 Shuld rewe a singuler mannes folie.
 To sclander you is no thing min entent,
 But to correcten that is mis I ment.
 This Tale was not only told for you
 But eke for other mo: ye wot wel how
 That among Cristes aposteles twelve
 Ther was no traitour but Judas himselve;
 Than why shuld al the remenant have blame,
 That giltyles were? By you I say the same;
 Save only this, if ye wol herken me,
 If any Judas in your covent be
 Remeveth him betimes I you rede,
 If shame or los may causen any drede;
 And be no thing displeyd I you pray,
 But in this cas herkeneth what I say.

In London was a preest, an annuellere*,
 That therin dwelled hadde many a yere,
 Which was so plesant and so servisable
 Unto the wif ther as he was at table,
 That she wold suffer him no thing to pay
 For borde ne clothing, went he never so gay;
 And spending silver had he right ynow:
 Therof no force; I wol proceed as now,
 And tellen forth my Tale of the chanon
 That broughte this preest to confusion.

This falshe chanon came upon a day
 Unto the preestes chambre ther he lay,
 Befeching him to lene him a certain
 Of gold, and he wold quite it him again.
 Lene me a marke, quod he, but dayes three,
 And at my day I wol it quiten thee;
 And if it so be that thou finde me falshe
 Another day hang me up by the halfe.

This preest him toke a marke, and that as swith,
 And this chanon him thanked often sith,
 And toke his leve, and wente forth his way;
 And at the thridde day brought his money,
 And to the preest he toke his gold again,
 Wherof this preest was wonder glad and fain.

Certes, quod he, nothing anoieth me
 To lene a man a noble, or two, or three,
 Or what a thing were in my possession,
 Whan he so trewe is of condition
 That in no wise he breken wol his day;
 To swiche a man I can never say nay.

What? quod this chanon, shuld I be untrew? Nay,
 that were thing fallen al of the newe:
 Trouth is a thing that I wol ever kepe
 Unto the day in which that I shal crepe
 Into my grave, and elles God forbode!
 Beleveth this as siker as your crede,
 God thanke I, and in good time be it sayde,
 That ther n'as never man yet evil apayde
 For gold ne silver that he to me lent,
 Ne never falshe in min herte I ment.

And, Sire, (quod he) now of my privtee,
 Sin ye so goodlich have ben unto me,
 And kithed to me so gret gentilleste,
 Somwhat to quiten with your kindenesse
 I wol you shewe, and if you lust to lere
 I wol you techen plainly the manere

How I can werken in philosophie:
 Taketh good heed, ye shuln wel sen at eye
 That I wol do a maistrise or I go.

Ye, quod the preest; ye, Sire, and wol ye so?
 Mary, therof I pray you hertily.

At your commandement, Sire, trewely,
 Quod the chanon, and elles God forbode.
 Lo, how this thefe coude his service bode

Ful soth it is that swiche profered service
 Stinketh, as witnessen thise olde wif,
 And that ful sone I wol it verifie

In this chanon, rote of all trecherie,

That evermore delight hath and gladnesse
 (Swiche fendly thoughtes in his herte empreste).

How Cristes peple he may to meschief bring
 God kepe us from his falshe dissimuling!

Nought wiste this preest with whom that he delt,
 Ne of his harme coming nothing he felt.

O sely preest! o sely innocent!

With covetise anon thou shalt be blent;

O graceles! ful blind is thy conceite,

For nothing art thou ware of the diffeite

Which that this fox ysapen hath to thee;

His wily wenchis thou ne mayst not flee:

Wherfore to go to the conclusion,

That referreth to thy confusion,

Unhappy man! anon I wol me hie

To tellen thin unwit and thy folie,

And eke the falsenesse of that other wretch,

As ferforth as that my conning will stretch.

This chanon was my lord, ye wolden wene;

Sire Hoste, in faith, and by the heven quene,

It was another chanon, and not he

That can an hundred part more subtiltee:

He hath betrayed folkes many a time;

Of his falsenesse it dulleth me to rime:

Ever whan that I speke of his falshe

For shame of him my chekes waxen rede,

Al gates they beginnen for to glowe,

For redenesse have I non, right wel I knowe,

In my visage, for fumes diverse

Of metals which ye have herd me reherse

Consumed han and wasted my rednesse.

Now take hede of this chanons cursednesse.

Sire, quod the chanon, let your yeman gon

For quiksilver, that we it had anon,

And let him bringen unces two or three,

And whan he cometh as faste shul ye see

A wonder thing, which ye saw never this

Sire, quod the preest, it shal be don ywis.

He bad his servant fetchen him this thing,

And he al redy was at his bidding,

And went him forth, and came anon again

With this quiksilver, shortly for to fain,

And toke thise unces three to the chanon,

And he hem laide wel and faire adoun,

And bad the servant coles for to bring,

That he anon might go to his working.

The coles right anon weren yfet,

And this chanon toke out a crosslet

Of his bosome, and shewed it to the preest.

This instrument, quod he, which that thou seest

Take in thy hand, and put thyself therein

Of this quiksilver an unce, and here begin

In the name of Crist to wex a philosopre:

Ther be ful fewe which that I wolde profer

* They were called *annuellers*, not from their receiving a yearly stipend, as the Gloss. explains it, but from their being employed solely in singing annuals or anniversary masses for the dead, without any cure of souls.

To shewen hem thus muche of my science;
For here shul ye see by experience
That this quiksilver I wol mortifie
Right in your sight anon withouten lie,
And make it as good silver and as fine
As ther is any in your purse or mine
Or elles wher, and make it malliable,
And elles holdeth me false and unable
Amonges folk for ever to appere.

I have a prouder here, that cost me dere,
Shal make all good, for it is cause of all
My conning which that I you shewen shall.
Voideth your man, and let him be therout,
And shet the dore, while we ben about
Our privitee, that no man us espie
While that we werke in this philosophie.

All as he bade fulfilled was in dede:
This ilke servant anon right out yede,
And his maister shette the dore anon,
And to hir labour spedily they gon.

This preest at this cursed chanons bidding
Upon the fire anon he set this thing,
And blew the fire, and besied him ful fast;
And this chanon into the croffelet cast.
A powder, n'ot I never wherof it was
Ymade, other of chalk, other of glas,
Or somewhat elles, was not worth a flie,
To blinden with this preest, and bade him hie
The coles for to couchen all above
The croffelet, for in tokening I thee love
(Quod this chanon) thine owen hondes two
Shal werken all thing which that here is do.

Grand mercy, quod the preest, and was ful glad,
And couched the coles as the chanon bad;
And while he besy was this fendly wretch,
This false chanon, (the foule fend him fetch)
Out of his bosom toke a bechen cole,
In which ful subtilly was made an hole,
And therin put was of silver limaile
An unce, and stopped was withouten faille
The hole with wax to keep the limaile in.

And understandeth that this false gin
Was not made ther, but it was made before;
And other thinges I shall tell you more
Hereafterward which that he with him brought;
Er he came ther him to begile he thought,
And so he did or that they went atwin;
'Til he had torned him coud he not blin.
It dulleth me whan that I of him speke;
On his falschede fain wold I me awreke
If I wist how; but he is here and ther:
He is so variaunt he abyt no wher.

But taketh hede, Sires, now, for Goddes love.
He toke his cole, of which I spake above,
And in his hond he bare it prively,
And whiles the preest couched beily
The coles, as I tolde you er this,
This Chanon sayde; Frend, ye don amis;
This is not couched as it ought to be,
But sone I shal amenden it, quod he.
Now let me meddle therwith but a while,
For of you have I pitee by Seint Gile.
Ye ben right hot; I see wel how ye fwete;
Have here a cloth and wipe away the wete.

And whiles that the preest wiped his face
This chanon toke his cole with fory grace,

And laied it above on the midward
Of the croffelet, and blew wel afterward,
Til that the coles gonnien fast to bren.

Now yeve us drinke, quod this chanon, theny
As swithe all shall be wel I undertake:
Sitte we down, and let us mery make.
And whanne that this chanones bechen cole
Wes brent all the limaile out of the hole
Into the croffelet anon fell adoun;
And so it muste nedes by resoun,
Sin it above so even couched was,
But therof wist the preest nothing, alas!
He demed all the coles ylike good,
For of the sleight he nothing understood.

And whan this alkymistre saw his time,
Rifeth up, Sire Preest, quod he, and stondeth by me,
And for I wote wel ingot have ye non,
Goth, walketh forth, and bringeth a chalk ston,
For I wol make it of the same shap
That is an ingot, if I may have hap:
Bring eke with you a bolle or elles a panne
Ful of water, and ye shul wel see thanne
How that our besineffe shal thrive and preve:
And yet, for ye shul have no misbeleve
Ne wrong conceit of me in your absence,
I ne wol not ben out of your prefence,
But go with you, and come with you again.

The chambre door, shortly for to fain,
They opened and shet, and went hir wey,
And forth with hem they caried the key,
And camen again withouten any delay.
What shuld I tarien all the longe day?
He toke the chalk, and shope it in the wise
Of an ingot, as I shal you devise;
I say he toke out of his owen sleve
A teine of silver (yvel mote he cheve)
Which that ne was but a just unce of weight:
And taketh heed now of his cursed sleight;
He shop his ingot in length and in brede
Of thilke teine, withouten any drede,
So sily that the preest it not espide,
And in his sleve again he gan it hide,
And from the fire he toke up his matere,
And in the ingot it put with mery chere,
And in the water-vessel he it cast
Whan that him list, and bad the preest as fast
Loke what ther is; put in thin hond and grope;
Thou shalt ther finden silver, as I hope.
What, divel of helle! shuld it elles be?
Shaving of silver, silver is parde.

He put his hond in and toke up a teine
Of silver fine, and glad in every veine
Was this preest whan he saw that it was so,
Goddes blessing, and his mothers also,
And alle Halwes, have ye, Sire Chanon!
Sayde this preest, and I hir malison,
But and ye vouchesauf to techen me
This noble craft and this subtiltee
I wol be your in alle that ever I may.

Quod the chanon, Yet wol I make assay
The second time, that ye mow taken hede,
And ben expert of this, and in your neede
Another day assay in min absence
This discipline and this crafty science.
Let take another unce, quod he tho,
Of quiksilver, without en wordes mo,

And do therewith as ye have don er this.

The preest him besieth all that ever he can.

To don as this chanon, this cursed man.

Commandeth him, and faste bleweth the fire.

For to come to the effect of his desire;

And this chanon right in the mene while.

Al redy was this preest eft to begile,

And for a countenance in his hond bare.

An holow stikke, (take kepe and beware)

In the ende of which an unce and no more

Of silver limaille put was, as before

Was in his cole, and stopped with wax wel

For to kepe in his limaille every del;

And while this preest was in his besineffe

This chanon with his stikke gan him dresse

To him anon, and his powder cast in

As he did erst, (the devil out of his skin

Him torne, I pray to God, for his falshe,

For he was ever false in thought and dede)

And with his stikke above the croselet,

That was ordained with that false get,

He stirreth the coles til relenten gan

The wax again the fire, as every man

But he a fool be wote wel it mote nede,

And all that in the stikke was out yede,

And in the croselet hastily it fell.

Now, goode Sires, what wol ye bet than wel?

Whan that this preest was thus begiled again,

Supposinge nought but trouthe, soth to fain,

He was so glad that I can not expresse

In no manere his mirth and his gladnesse,

And to the chanon he profered estorse

Body and good. Ye, quod the chanon, sone,

Though poure I be, crafty thou shalt me finde:

I warne thee wel yet is ther mor behinde.

Is ther any coper here within? sayd he?

Ye, Sire, quod the preest, I trow ther be.

Elles go beie us som, and that as swithe.

Now, goode Sire, go forth thy way and his the.

He went his way, and with the coper he came

And this chanon it in his hondes name,

And of that coper weyed out an unce.

To simple is my tonge to pronounce,

As minister of my wit, the doublenesse

Of this chanon, rote of all cursednesse:

He semed friendly to hem that knew him nought,

But he was fendly both in werk and thought.

It wrieth me to tell of his falsenesse,

And natheles yet wol I it expresse,

To that entent men may beware therby,

And for non other cause trewely.

He put this coper into the croselet,

And on the fire as swithe he hath it fet,

And cast in powder, and made the preest to blow,

And in his werking for to stoupen low

As he did erst, and all n'as but a jape;

Right as him list the preest he made his ape;

And afterward in the ingot he it cast,

And in the panne put it at the last

Of water, and in he put his owen hond:

And in his sleve, as ye beforen hond

Herde me telle, he had a silver teine;

He silyly toke it out, this cursed heine,

(Unweting this preest of his false craft)

And in the panne bottom he it last,

And in the water rombleth to and fro,

And wonder prively toke up also

The coper teine, (not knowing thilke preest)

And hid it, and him hente by the brest,

And to him spake, and thus said in his game

Stoupeth adoun; by God ye be to blame

Helpeth me now, as I did you whilere;

Put in your hond, and loketh what is there,

This preest toke up this silver teine anon;

And thanne said the chanon, Let us gon

With thise three teines which that we han wrought

To som goldsmith, and wete if they ben ought,

For by my faith I n'olde for my hood;

But if they weren silver fine and good,

And that as swithe wel proved shal it be in som.

Unto the goldsmith with thise teines three

They went anon, and put hem in assay

To fire and hammer: might no man say nay.

But that they weren as hem ought to be,

This soted preest, who was gladder than he?

Was never brid gladder agains the day,

Ne nightingale in the soun of May;

Was never non that list better to sing;

Ne lady lustier in carolling,

Or for to speke of love and womanhede;

Ne knight in armes don a hardy dede;

To stonden in grace of his lady dere,

Than hadde this preest this craft for to lere;

And to the chanon thus he spake and seide

For the love of God that for us alle deide,

And as I may deserve it unto you,

What shal this receit cost? telleth me now.

By our Lady, quod this chanon, it is dere;

I warne you wel that save I and a frere

In Englelond ther can no man it make,

No force, quod he: now, Sire, for Goddes likes

What shall I pay? telleth me I you pray.

Ywis, quod he, it is ful dere I say.

Sire, at o word, if that you list it have

Ye shal pay forty pound, so God me save;

And n'ere the frendship that ye did er this

To me ye shulden payen more ywis.

This preest the sum of forty pound anon

Of nobles fet, and toke hem everich on

To this chanon for this ilke receit.

All his werking n'as but fraud and deceit.

Sire Preest, he said, I kepe for to have no loos

Of my craft, for I wold it were kept cloos

And as ye love me kepeth it secree,

For if men knewen all my subtiltee,

By God they wolden have to gret envie

To me, because of my philosophie,

I shuld be ded, that were non other way.

God it forbode, quod the preest, what ye say:

Yet had I lever spenden all the good

Which that I have (and elles were I wood)

Than that ye shuld fallen in swiche mischese.

For your good will, Sire, have ye right good prefe,

Quod the chanon; and farewell, grand mercy.

He went his way, and never the preest him sey

After that day. And whan that this preest shold

Maken assay, at swiche time as he wold,

Of this receit, farewell! it n'old not be.
Lo, thus bejaped and begiled was he;
Thus maketh he his introduction
To bringen folk to hir destruction.

Considereth, Sires, how that in eche estat
Betwixen men and gold ther is debat,
So ferforth that unnethes is ther non.
This multiplying so blint many on
That in good faith I trowe that it be
The cause gretest of swiche scarltee.
Thise philosophres speke so mistily
In this craft that men cannot come therby
For any wit that men have now adayes:
They mow wel chateren as don thise jayes,
And in hir termes set hir lust and peine,
But to hir purpos shul they never atteine.
A man may lightly lerne, if he have ought,
To multiplie and bring his good to nought.
Lo, swiche a lucre is in this lusty game
A mannes mirth it wol turne al to grame,
And emptien also gret and hevvy purses,
And maken folk for to purchasen curses
Of hem that han therto hir good ylent.
O, fy for shame! they that han be brent,
Alas! can they not flee the fires hete?
Ye that it use I rede that ye it lete,
Lest ye lese all; for bet than never is late:
Never to thriven were to long a date:
Though ye prollay ye shul it never find;
Ye ben as bold as is Bayard the blind,
That blondereth forth, and peril casteth non;
He is as bold to renne agains a ston
As for to go besides in the way:
So faren ye that multiplien I say.
If that your eyen cannot seen aright
Loketh that youre mind lacke not his sight,
For though ye loke never so brode, and stare,
Ye shuln not win a mite on that chaffare,
But wasten all that ye may rape and renne.
Withdraw the fire lest it to faste brenne;
Medleth no more with that art I meney,
For if ye don your thrift is gon ful elene:
And right as swiche I wol you tellen here
What philosophres fain in this matere.

Lo, thus saith Arnolde of the newe toun,
As his Rosarie maketh mentiou;
He saith right thus, withouten any lie,
Ther may no man Mercurie mortifie
But it be with his brothers knowleching.

Lo, how that he which firste said this thing

Of philosophres father was, Hermes;
He saith how that the dragon douteles
Ne dieth not but if that he be slain
With his brother; and this is for to fain
By the dragon Mercury and non other
He understood, and Brimstone by his brother,
That out of Sole and Luna were ydrawe.

And therfor, said he, Take heed to my sawe:
Let no man besie him this art to feche
But if that he the entencion and speche
Of philosophres understonden can,
And if he do he is a lewed man;
For this science and this conning (quod he)
Is of the secree of secrees parde.

Also ther was a disciple of Plato
That on a time said his maister to,
As his book Senior wol bere witnesse,
And this was his demand in sothfastnesse,
Telle me the name of thilke privee ston.

And Plato answerd unto him anon;
Take the ston that Titanos men name.
Which is that? quod he. Magnesia is the same
Saide Plato. Ye, Sire, and is it thus?
This is *ignotum per ignotius*.

What is magnetia, good Sire, I pray?
It is a water that is made, I say,
Of the elementes foure, quod Plato.
Tell me the rote, good Sire, quod he tho,
Of that water, if that it be your will.

Nay, nay, quod Plato, certain that I n'ill:
The philosophres were sworne everich on
That they ne shuld discover it unto non,
Ne in no book it write in no manere,
For unto God it is so lefe and dere
That he wol not that it discovered be.
But wher it liketh to his deitee
Man for to enspire, and eke for to defende
Whom that him liketh; lo, this is the ende.

Than thus conclude I; sin that God of heven
Ne wol not that the philosophres nevern
How that a man shal come unto this ston,
I rede as for the best to let it gon;
For who so maketh God his adversary,
As for to werken any thing in contrary
Of his will, certes never shal he thrive,
Though that he multiply terme of his live.
And ther a point, for ended is my Tale.
God send every good man bote of his bale!

THE MANCIPLES PROLOGUE.

WETE ye not wher stondeth a litel toun
Which that cyleped is Bob-up-and-doun,
Under the Blee in Canterbury way?
Ther gan our hoste to jape and to play,
And sayde; Sires, what? Dun is in the mire;
Is ther no man for praiere ne for hire
That wol awaken our fellow behind?
A thefe him might ful lightly rob and bind:
See how he nappeth, fee, for cockes bones,
As he wold fallen from his hors atones.
Is that a coke of London, with meschance?
Do him come forth, he knoweth his penance,
For he shal tell a Tale by my fey,
Although it be not worth a botel hey.
Awake, thou coke, quod he; God yeve the sorwe,
What alleth thee to slepen by the morwe?
Hast thou had sleen al night, or art thou dronke?
Or hast thou with som quene al night yfwonke
So that thou mayst not holden up thin hed?

This coke, that was ful pale and nothing red,
Sayd to our Hoste; So God my soule blesse,
As ther is falle on me swiche hevynesse,
Not I nat why, that me were lever to slepe
Than the best gallon wine that is in Chepe.

Wel, quod the Manciple, if it may don ese
To thee, Sire Coke, and to no wight displese
Which that hire rideth in this compaignie,
And that our Hoste wol of his curtesie;
I wol as now excuse thee of thy Tale,
For in good faith thy visage is ful pale:
Thin eyen dafen, sothly as me thinketh,
And wel I wot thy breth ful soure stinketh,
That sheweth wel thou art not wel disposed:
Of me certain thou shalt not ben yglosed.
See how he galpeth, lo, this drunken wight,
As though he wold us swalow anon right!
Hold close thy mouth, man, by thy father kin;
The devil of helle set his foot therin,
Thy cursed breth enfecten wol us alle:
Fy, stinking swine! fy, foul mote thee basalle!
A! taketh heed, Sires, of this lusty man.
Now, swete Sire! wol ye just at the fan?
Therto me thinketh ye be wel yshape:
I trow that ye have drunken win of ape,
And that is whan men playen with a straw.

And with this speche the coke waxed all wraw,
And on the Manciple he gan not fast
For lacke of speche, and doun his hors him cast,

Wher as he lay til that men him up toke:
This was a faire chivachee of a coke:
Alas that he ne had hold him by his ladel!
And er that he agen were in the fadel
Ther was gret shoving bothe to and fro
To lift him up, and mochel care and wo,
So unweldy was this fely palled gost;
And to the Manciple then spake our Host.
Because that drinke hath domination
Upon this man, by my salvation
I trowe he lewedly wol tell his Tale;
For wer it win or old or moistly ale
That he hath dronke he speketh in his nose,
And snefeth fast, and eke he hath the pose:
He also hath to don more than ynough
To keep him on his capel out of the slough
And if he felle from of his capel esthone
Than shul we alle have ynough to done
In lifting up his hevvy drunken cors.
Tell on thy Tale, of him make I no force.

But yet, Manciple, in faith thou art to nice
Thus openly to reprove him of his vice;
Another day he wol paraventure
Recleimen thee, and bring thee to the lure;
I mene he speken wol of smale thinges,
As for to pinchen at thy rekeninges,
That were not honest if it came to prese.

Quod the Manciple, That were a gret meschese;
So might he lightly bring me in the snate;
Yet had I lever payen for the mare
Which he writ on than he shuld with me strive;
I wol not wrathen him, so mote I thrive:
That that I spake I sayd it in my bourd
And wete ye what? I have here in my gourd
A draught of win, ye of a ripe grape,
And right anon ye shul seen a good jape;
This coke shal drinke therof if that I may;
Up peine of my lif he wol not say nay.

And certainly, to tellen as it was,
Of this vessell the coke dranke fast, (alas!
What nedeth it? he dranke ynough beforene)
And whan he hadde pouped in his horne
To the Manciple he toke the gourd again;
And of that drinke the coke was wonder fain,
And thanked him in swiche wise as he coude.

Than gan our Hoste to laughen wonder loude
And sayd; I see wel it is necessary
Wher that we gon good drinke with us to cary,

For that wol turnen rancour and difese
To accord and love, and many a wrong apese
O Bacchus, Bacchus! blessed be thy name,
That so canst turnen earnest into game;

Worship and thonke be to thy deitee.
Of that matere ye get no more of me.
Tale on thy Tale, Manciple, I thee pray.
Wel, Sire, quod he, now herkeneth what I say.

THE MANCIPLES TALE*.

WHAN Phebus dwelled here in erth adoun,
As olde bookes maken mentiou,
He was the moste lusty bachelor
Of all this world, and eke the best archer:
He slow Phiton the serpent as he lay
Sleping' agains the sonne upon a day,
And many another noble worthy dede
He with his bow wrought, as men mowen rede.

Playen be coude on every minstrelcie,
And singen that it was a melodie
To heren of his clere vois the soun:
Certes the King of Thebes Amphion,
That with his singen walled the citee,
Coud never singen half so wel as he.
Therto he was the semelieste man
That is or was sithen the world began.
What nedeth it his feture to describe?
For in this world n'is non so faire on live;
He was therwith fulfilled of gentilleffe,
Of honour, and of parfite worthinesse.

This Phebus, that was floure of bachelerie,
As wel in fredom as in chivalrie,
For his disport, in signe of victorie
Of Phiton, so as telleth us the storie,
Was wont to beren in his hond a bowe.
Now had this Phebus in his hous a crowe.
Which in a cage he fostred many a day,
And taught it speken, as men teche a jay.
Whit was this crowe, as is a snow-whit swan,
And contrefete the speche of every man
He coude when he shulde tell a tale:
Therwith in all this world no nightingale
Ne coude by an hundred thousand del
Singen so wonder merily and wel.

Now had this Phebus in his hous a wif
Which that he loved more than his lif,
And night and day did ever his diligence
Hire for to ples and don hire reverence;
Save only, if that I the soth shal fain,
Jelous he was, and world have kept hire fain,

* Phoebeus kepeth a white crow which can speak as a jay. The crow accuseth his wife, of whom he was too jealous, to have played false in his absence; hereupon with an arrow he slayeth his wife but after repenting of his rashness he taketh revenge of the crow. *Urry.*

For him were loth yjaped for to be,
And so is every wight in swiche degree:
But all for nought, for it availleth nought.
A good wif, that is cleene of werk and thought,
Shuld not be kept in non await certain;
And trewely the labour is in vain
To kepe a shrew, for it wol not be.
This hold I for a veray nicetee
To spillen labour for to kepen wives;
Thus writen olde clerkes in hir lives.

But now to purpos as I first began.
This worthy Phebus doth all that he can
To plesen hire, wening thurgh swiche plesance,
And for his manhood and his governance,
That no man shulde put him from hire grace;
But God it wote ther may no man embrace
As to destreine a thing which that Nature
Hath naturally set in a creature.

Take any brid and put it in a cage,
And do all thin entente and thy corage
To foster it tendrely with mete and drinke
Of alle deintees that thou canst bethinke,
And kepe it al so clenely as thou may,
Although the cage of gold be never so gay,
Yet had this brid by twenty thousand fold
Lever in a forest that is wilde and cold
Gon eten wormes and swiche wretchednesse:
For ever this brid will don his besinesse
To escape out of his cage whan that he may:
His libertee the brid desireth ay.

Let take a cat, and foster hire with milke
And tendre flesch, and make hire couche of silke,
And let hire see a mous go by the wall,
Anon he weiveth milke and flesch and all,
And every deintee that is in that hous,
Swiche appetit hath she to ete the mous.
Lo, here hath kind hire domination,
And appetit flemeth discretion.

A she-wolf hath also a vilains kind;
The lewedeeste wolf that she may find,
Or lest of reputation, wol she take
In time whan hire lost to have a make.

All thise enfamples speke I by thise men
That ben untrew, and nothing by women;

For men have ever a likerous appetit
On lower thing to parfome hir delit
Than on hir wives, be they never so faire,
Ne never so trewe, ne so debonaire.
Fleſh is ſo newefangle, with meſchance,
That we ne con in nothing have pleanſance
That ſouneth unto vertue any while.

This Phebus, which that thought upon no gile,
Diſceivd was for all his jolitee,
For under him another hadde ſhe,
A man of litel reputation,
Nought worth to Phebus in compariſon :
The more harme is : it happeth often ſo,
Of which ther cometh mochel harme and wo.

And ſo beſell whan Phebus was abſent
His wiſ anon hath for hire lemman ſent.
Hire lemman ! certes that is a knaviſh ſpeche ;
Foryeve it me, and that I you beſeche ;

The wiſe Plato ſayth, as ye mow rede,
The word muſt nede accorden wit the dede ;
If men ſhul tellen proprely a thing
The word muſt coſin be to the werking.
I am a boiſtous man, right thus ſay I ;
Ther is no difference trewely
Betwixt a wiſ that is of high degree
(If of hire body diſhoneſt ſhe be)
And any poure wenche, other than this,
(If it ſo be they werken both amis)
But for the gentil is in eſtat above
She ſhal be cleped his Lady and his Love,
And for that other is a poure woman
She ſhal be cleped his Wenche and his Lemman ;
And God it wote, mine owen dere brother !
Men lay as low that on as lith that other.

Right ſo betwixt a titleſs tiraunt
And an outlawe, or elles a theſe erraunt,
The ſame I ſay ; ther is no difference,
(To Alexander told was this ſentence)
But for the tyrant is of greter might
By force of meine for to ſle doun right,
And brennen hous and hom, and make all plain,
Lo, therefore is he cleped a Capitain ;
And for the outlawe hath but ſmale meine,
And may not do ſo gret an harme as he,
Ne bring a contree to ſo gret meſchiefe.
Men clepen him an Outlawe or a Theſe.

But for I am a man not textuel
I wol not tell of textes never a del ;
I wol go to my Tale as I began.

Whan Phebus wiſ had ſent for hire lemman
Anon they wroughten all hir luſt volage.
This white crowe, that heng ay in the cage,
Beheld hir werke, and ſayde never a word ;
And whan that home was come Phebus the lord
This crowe ſong Cuckow, cuckow, cuckow !

What? brid, quod Phebus, what ſong ſingeſt thou
Ne were thou wont ſo merily to ſing, [now ?
That to my herte it was a rejoyſing
To here thy vois ? Alas ! what ſong is this !

By God, quod he, I ſinge not amis.
Phebus, (quod he) for all thy worthineſſe,
For all thy beautee and all thy gentilleſſe,
For all thy ſong and all thy miniſtralcie,
For all thy waiting, blered is thin eye

With on of litel reputation,
Not worth to thee as in compariſon
The mounceant of a gnat, ſo mote I thrive,
For on thy bedde thy wiſ I ſaw him ſwive.

What wol you more ? the crowe anon him told,
By ſade tokenes and by wordes bold,
How that his wiſ had don hire lecherie
Him to gret ſhame and to gret vilanie,
And told him oft he ſawe it with his eyen.

This Phebus gan awayward for to wrien :
Him thought his woful herte braſt atwo ;
His bowe he bent, and ſet therin a flo,
And in his ire he hath his wiſ yllain :
This is the effect, ther is no more to ſain ;
For ſorwe of which he brake his miniſtralcie,
Both harpe and lute, giterne and ſautrie,
And eke he brake his arwes and his bowe,
And after that thus ſpake he to the crowe :

Traitour, quod he, with tonge of ſcorpion
Thou haſt me brought to my confuſion :
Alas that I was wrought ! why n'ere I dede !

O dere wiſ, o gemme of luſtyhede !
That were to me ſo ſade and eke ſo trewe,
Now lieſt thou ded, with face pale of hewe,
Ful gilteles, that durſt I ſwere ywis.

O rakel hond ! to do ſo ſoule a mis :
O troubled wit, o ire reccheles !
That unadviſed ſmiteſt gileteles :
O wantruſt ! ful of falſe ſuſpecion,
Wher was thy wit and thy diſcretion ?

O ! every man beware of rakelneſſe,
Ne trowe no thing withouten ſtrong witneſſe :
Smite not to ſone er that ye weten why,
And beth aviſed wel and ſikerly
Or ye do any execution

Upon your ire for ſuſpecion.
Alas ! a thouſand folk hath rakel ire
Fully ſordon, and brought hem in the mire.
Alas ! for ſorwe I wol myſelven ſle.

And to the crowe, O falſe theſe ! ſaid he,
I wol thee quite anon thy falſe tale ;
Thou ſong whilom like any nightingale,
Now ſhalt thou, falſe theſe, thy ſong forgon,
And eke thy white fethers everich on,
Ne never in all thy liſ ne ſhalt thou ſpeke ;
Thus ſhul men on a traitour ben awreke.
Thou and thin offſpring ever ſhul be blake,
Ne never ſwete noiſe ſhul ye make,
But ever crie ageins tempeſt and rain,
In token that thurgh thee my wiſ is ſlain.

And to the crowe he ſtert, and that anon,
And pulled his white fethers everich on,
And made him blak, and raſt him all his ſong
And eke his ſpeche, and out at dore him ſlong
Unto the devil, which I him betake ;
And for this cauſe ben alle crows blake.

Lordings, by this enſample I you pray
Beth ware, and taketh kepe what that ye ſay,
Ne telleth never man in all your liſ
How that another man hath dight his wiſ ;
He wol you haten mortally certain.
Dan Salomon, as wiſe clerkes ſain,
Techeth a man to kepe his tonge wel ;
But, as I ſayd, I am no textuel ;

But natheles thus taughte me my dame;
 My sone, thinke on the crowe a Goddes name:
 My sone, kepe wel thy tonge, and kepe thy frend;
 A wicked tonge is worse than a fend;
 My sone, from a fende men may hem blesse:
 My sone, God of his endeles goodnesse
 Walled a tonge with teeth, and lippes eke,
 For man shuld him avien what he speke:
 My sone, ful often for to mochel speche
 Hath many a man ben spilt, as clerkes teche,
 But for a litel speche avisedly
 Is no man shent, to speken generally:
 My sone, thy tonge shuldest thou restraine
 At alle time, but whan thou dost thy peine
 To speke of God in honour and prayere:
 The firste vertue, sone, if thou wilt lere,
 Is to restraine and kepen wel thy tonge;
 Thus lere children whan that they be yonge:
 My sone, of mochel speking evil avised,
 Ther lesse speking had ynough suffised,
 Cometh mochel harme: thus was me told and
 In mochel speche sinne wanteth naught. [taught,
 Wolt thou wherof a rakel tonge serveth?
 Right as a swerd forcutteth and forkerveth

An arme atwo, my dere sone! right so
 A tonge cutteth frendship all atwo:
 A jangler is to God abhominable.
 Rede Salomon, so wise and honourable,
 Rede David in his Psalmes, rede Senek.
 My sone, speke not but with thyn hed thou becke;
 Dissemble as thou were dese if that thou here
 A janglour speke of perilous matere.
 The Fleming sayth, and lerne if that thee lest,
 That litel jangling causeth mochel rest.
 My sone, if thou no wicked word hast said
 Thee thar not dreden for to be bewraid;
 But he that hath missayd, I dare wel sain,
 He may by no way clepe his word again.
 Thing that is sayd is sayd, and forth it goth;
 Though him repent, or be him never so loth,
 He is his thral to whom that he hath sayd
 A tale of which he is now evil apaid.
 My sone, beware, and be non auctour newe
 Of tidings whether they ben false or trewe:
 Wher so thou come, amonges high or lowe,
 Kepe wel thy tonge, and thinke upon the crowe,

THE PERSONES PROLOGUE.

By that the Manciple had his tale ended
The sonne fro the south line was descended
Solowe, that it ne was not to my sight
Degrees nine-and-twenty as of hight.
Foure of the clok it was tho, as I gesse,
For enleven foot, a litel more or lesse,
My shadow was at thilke time as there,
Of swiche feet as my lengthe parted were
In fix feet equal of proportion;
Therwith the mones exaltation,
I mene Libra, alway gan ascende
As we were entring at the thorpes ende;
For which our Hoste, as he was wont to gie
As in this cas our jolly compaignie,
Said in this wise; Lordings everich on,
Now lacketh us no Tales mo than on:
Fulfilled is my sentence and my decree;
I trowe that we han herd of eche degree:
Almost fulfilled in myn ordinance;
I pray to God so yeve him right good chance
That telleth us this Tale lustily.

Sire Preeft, quod he, art thou a vicary,
Or art thou a Person? say soth by thy fay.
Be what thou be ne breke thou not our play,
For every man save thou hath told his Tale.
Unboked and shew us what is in thy male;
For trewely me thinketh by thy chere
Thou shuldest knitte up wel a gret matere.
Tell us a fable anon, for cockes bones.

This Person him answerd al at ones;
Thou getest fable non ytold for me,
For Poule, that writeth unto Timothe,
Reprevech hem that weiven sothfastnesse,
And tellen fables and swiche wretchednesse.
Why shuld I fowen draf out of my fist
Whan I may fowen whete if that me list?
For which I say, if that you list to here
Moralitee and vertuous matere,

And than that ye wol yeve me audience,
I wold ful fain at Cristes reverence
Don you plesance lesul, as I can;
But trusteth wel I am a sotherne man;
I cannot geste, rom, ram, rus, by my letter,
And, God wote, rime hold I but litel better:
And therefore if you list, I wol not glose,
I wol you tell a litel Tale in prose
To knitte up all this feste and make an ende;
And Jesu for his grace wit me sende
To shewen you the way in this viage.
Of thilke parfit glorious pilgrimage
That hight Jerusalem celestial:
And if ye vouchesauf anon I shal
Beginne upon my Tale, for which I pray
Tell your avis: I can no better say.

But natheles this meditation,
I put it ay under correction
Of clerkes, for I am not textuel:
I take but the sentence, trusteth me wel:
Therefore I make a protestation
That I wol standen to correction.

Upon this word we han assented sone;
For as us semed it was for to done,
To enden in som vertuous sentence,
And for to yeve him space and audience,
And bade our Hoste he shulde to him say
That alle we to tell his Tale him pray.

Our Hoste had the wordes for us alle:
Sire Preeft, quod he, now faire you befall;
Say what you list, and we shul gladly here.
And with that word he said in this manere;
Telleth, quod he, your meditation,
But hasteth you, the sonne wol adoun:
Beth fructuous, and that in litel space,
And to do wel God sende you his grace.

THE PERSONES TALENT

OUR swete Lord God of heven, that no man wol perishe, but wol that we comen all to the knowleching of him, and to the blisful lif that is perdurable, amonesteth us by the prophet Jeremie, that sayth in this wise, Stondeth upon the wayes, and seeth, and axeth of the olde pathes, that is to say, of olde sentences, which is the good way, and walketh in that way; and ye shul finde refreshing for your soules. Many ben the wayes spirituél that leden folk to our Lord Jesu Crist, and to the regne of glory; of which wayes ther is a ful noble way, and wel covenable, which may not faille to man, ne to woman that thurgh sinne hath misgon fro the right way of Jerusalem celestial, and this way is cleped Penance, of which man shuld gladly herken and enqueren with all his herte, to wete what is penance, and whennes it is cleped penance, and how many maneres ben of actions or werkings of penance, and how many spices ther ben of penance, and which thinges appertenein to and behoven to penance, and which thinges distroublen penance.

Seint Ambrose sayth, that penance is the plaining of man for the gilt that he hath don, and no more to do any thing for which him ought to plaine; and som doctour sayth, Penance is the waymenting of man that sorweth for his sinne, and peineth himself for he hath misdón. Penance with certain circumstances is veray repentance of man, that holdeth himself in forwe and other peine for his giltes; and for he shal be veray penitent he shal first bewailen the sinnes that he hath don, and stedfastly purposen in his herte to have shrift of mouth, and to don satisfacion, and never to don thing for which him ought more to bewayle or complaine, and to continue in good werkes, or elles his repentance may not avale: for, as Seint Isidor sayth, He is a japer and a gabber, and not veray repentant, that estones doth thing for which him oweth to repent. Weping, and not for to stint to do sinne, may not avale. But natheles men shuld hope that at every time that man falleth, be it never so oft, that he may arise thurgh penance, if he have grace; but certain it is gret doute; for, as saith Seint Gregorie, Unnethes a-

riseth he out of sinne that is charged with the charge of evil usage: and therfore repentant folk, that stint for to sinne, and forlete sinne or that sinne forlete hem, holy chirche holdeth hem siker of hir salvation: and he that sinneth and veraily repenteth him in his last day, holy chirche yet hopeth his salvation, by the grete mercy of our Lord Jesu Crist, for his repentance: but take ye the siker and certain way.

And now, sith I have declared you what thing is penance; now ye shul understand that ther ben three actions of penance. The first is, that a man be baptised after that he hath sinned. Seint Augustine sayth, But he be penitent for his old sinful, he may not beginne the newe clene lif; for certes, if he be baptised without penitence of his old gilt, he receiveth the marke of baptism, but not the grace, ne the remission of his sinnes, til he have very repentance. Another default is, that men don dedly sinne after that they have received baptism. The thridde default is, that men fall in venial sinnes after hir baptism fro day to day: therof sayth Seint Augustin, that penance of good and humble folk is the penance of every day.

The spices of penance ben three. That on of hem is solempne, another is commune, and the thridde privee. Thilke penance that is solempne is in two maneres, as to be put out of holy chirche in lenton, for slaughter of children, and swiche manner thing: another is, when a man hath sinned openly, of which sinne the fame is openly spoken in the contree, and than holy chirche by judgement distreyneth him for to do open penance: commun penance is that preestes enjoinen men in certain cas, as for to go paraventure naked on pilgrimage or bare foot: privee penance is thilke that men don all day for privee sinnes, of which we shrive us privily, and receive privee penance.

Now shalt thou understand what is behoveful and necessary to every parfit penance; and this stont on three thinges, contrition of herte, confession of mouth, and satisfacion; for which sayth Seint John Chrysostome, Penance distreineth a man to accept benignely every peine that him is enjoined with contrition of herte, and shrift of mouth, with satisfacion, and working of all manner humilitee. And this is fruitful penance ayenst the three thinges in which we wrathen our Lord Jesu Crist; this is to say, by delit in thinking, by reche-

* Jerem. vi. : "Stare super vias, et videte, et interrogate de semitis antiquis, quae sit via bona, et ambulante in ea: et invenietis refrigerium animabus vestris."

lesnesse in speking, and by wicked sinful werking: and ayenst thiffe wicked giltes is penance, that may be likened unto a tree.

The rote of this tree is contrition, that hideth him in the herte of him that is veray repentant, right as the rote of the tree hideth him in the erthe. Of this rote of contrition springeth a stalke that bereth branches and leues of confession, and fruit of satisfaction; of which Crist sayth in his Gospell, Doth ye digne fruit of penitence, for by this fruit mow men understonde and knowe this tree, and not by the rote that is hid in the herte of man, ne by the branches, ne the leues of confession: and therefore our Lord Jesu Crist saith thus, By the fruit of hem, shal ye knowe hem. Of this rote also springeth a seed of grace, which seed is moder of sikernes, and this seed is eger and hote. The grace of this seed springeth of God, thurgh remembrance on the day of dome and on the peines of helle. Of this matere sayth Salomon, that in the drede of God man forletteth his sinne. The hete of this seede is the love of God, and the desiring of the joye perdurable. This hete draweth the herte of man to God, and doth him hate his sinne; for sothly ther is nothing that favoureth so fote to a child as the milke of his norice, ne nothing is to him more abhominable than that milke whan it is medled with other mete. Right so the sinful man that loveth his sinne, him semeth that it is to him most swete of any thing, but fro that time that he loveth sadly our Lord Jesu Crist, and desireth the lifperdurable, ther is to him nothing more abhominable; for sothly the lawe of God is the love of God: for which David the prophet sayth, I have loved thy lawe, and hated wickednesse: he that loveth God kepeth his lawe and his word. This tree saw the prophet Daniel in spirit upon the vision of Nabuchodonosor, whan he counselled him to do penance. Penance is the tree of lif to hem that it receiven; and he that holdeth him in veray penance is blisful, after the sentence of Salomon.

In this penance or contrition, man shal understond foure thinges; that is to say, what is contrition, and which ben the causes that moven a man to contrition, and how he shuld be contrite, and what contrition availleth to the soule. Than is it thus, that contrition is the veray sorwe that a man receiveth in his herte for his finnes, with sad purpos to shryven him, and to do penance, and never more to don sinne. And this sorwe shal be in this maner, as sayth Seint Bernard; it shal ben hevy and grevous, and ful sharp and poinant in herte; first, for a man hath agilted his Lord and his creatour, and more sharpe and poinant, for he hath agilted his father celestial, and yet more sharpe and poinant, for he hath wrathed and agilted him that bought him, that with his precious blod hath delivered us fro the bondes of sinne, and fro the crueltee of the devil, and fro the peines of helle.

The causes that ought to meve a man to contrition ben fixe. First, a man shal remembre him of his finnes; but loke that that remembrance ne be to him no delit by no way, but grette shame and sorwe for his finnes; for Job sayth, Sinful men

don werkes worthy of confession; and therefore sayth Ezechiel, I wol remembre me all the yeres of my lif in the bitternesse of my herte: and God sayth in the Apocalipse, Remembre you fro whens that ye ben fall, for before the time that ye finned, ye weren children of God, and limmes of the regne of God; but for your sinne ye ben waxen thral, and soule membres of the fende, hate of angels, sclaunder of holy chirche, and fode of the falsse serpent, perpetuel matere of the fire of helle, and yet more soule and abhominable for ye trespassen so oft times as doth the hound that torneth again to ete his own spewing, and yet fouler for your long continuing in sinne, and your sinful usage, for which ye be roten in your finnes as a beest in his donge. Swiche manere thoughtes make a man to have shame of his sinne and no delit, as God sayth by the prophet Ezechiel, Ye shul remembre you of your wayes, and they shul displese you. Sothly finnes ben the waies that lede folk to hell.

The second cause that ought to make a man to have disdeigne of sinne is this, that, as sayth Seint Peter, Who so doth sinne is thral to sinne, and sinne putteth a man in gret thraldom, and therefore sayth the prophet Ezechiel, I went sorwful, and had disdeigne of myself. Certes wel ought a man have disdeigne of sinne, and withdraw him fro that thraldom and vilany. And lo, what sayth Seneke in this mater? He saith thus, Though I wist that neither God ne man shuld never know it, yet wold I have disdeigne for to do sinne. And the same Seneke also sayth, I am borne to greter thinges than to be thral to my body, or for to make of my body a thral. Ne a fouler thral may no man ne woman make of his body than for to yeve his body to sinne: al were it the foulest chorle or the foulest woman that liveth, and lest of value, yet is he than more soule and more in servitude. Ever fro the higher degree that man falleth, the more is he thral, and more to God and to the world vile and abhominable. O good God! wel ought a man have disdeigne of sinne, sith that thurgh sinne ther he was free he is made bond: and therefore sayth Seint Augustine, If thou hast disdeigne of thy servant, if he offend or sinne, have thou than disdeigne that thou thy self shuldest do sinne. Take reward of their owen value that thou ne be to soule to thyself. Alas! wel oughten they than have disdeigne to be servants and thralls to sinne, and fore to be ashamed of himself, that God of his endles goodnesse hath sette in high estat, or yeve hem witte, strength of body, hele, beautee, or prosperitee, and bought hem fro the deth with his herte blood, that they so unkindly agains his gentillesse quiten him so villainly, to slaughter of hir owen soules. O good God! ye women that ben of gret beautee, remembreth you on the proverbe of Salomon, that likeneth a faire woman that is a fool of hire body, to a ring of gold that is worne in the groine of a sowe; for right as a sowe wrotheth in every ordure, so wrotheth she hire beautee in stinking ordure of sinne.

The thridde cause that ought to meve a man to contrition, is drede of the day of dome, and of the

horrible peines of helle; for, as Seint Jerome sayth, At every time that me remembreth of the day of dome I quake; for whan I ete or drinke, or do what so I do, ever semeth me that the trompe fowneth in min eres, Riseth ye up that ben ded, and cometh to the jugement. O good God! moche ought a man to drede swiche a jugement, ther as we shul be alle, as Seint Poule sayth, before the streit jugement of oure Lord Jesu Crist, wheras he shal make a general congregation, wheras no man may be absent; for certes, ther availleth non effoine, ne non excusation; and not only that our defeutes shul be juged, but eke that all our werkes shul openly be knownen. And, as sayth Seint Bernard, Ther ne shal no pleting availle, ne no sleight: we shal yeve rekening of everich idle word: ther shal we have a juge that may not be deceived, ne corrupt: and why? for certes all our thoughtes ben discovered as to him: ne for prayer, ne for mede he wil not be corrupt; and therefore saith Salomon, The wrath of God ne wol not spare no wight for prayer, ne for yeff; and therefore at the day of dome ther is non hope to escape; wherefore, as sayth Seint Anselme, Ful gret anguish shal the sinful folk have at that time: ther shal be the sterne and wroth juge sitting above, and under him the horrible pitte of helle open, to destroye him that wolde not be knownen his sinnes, which sinnes shullen openly be shewed before God and before every creature; and on the left side mo divels than any herte may thinke for to hary and drawe the sinful soules to the pitte of helle; and within the hertes of folk shal be the biting conscience, and without forth shal be the worldall brenning. Whither than shal the wretched soule flee to hide him? Certes he may not hide him, he must come forth and shew him; for certes, as saith Seint Jerome, the erth shal cast him out of it, and the see, and also the aire; that shal be ful of thunder clappes and lightnings. Now sothly, who so wil remembre him of these things I gesse that his sinnes shal not torne him to delit, but to grete sorwe for drede of the peine of helle; and therefore saith Job to God, Suffer, Lord, that I may a while bewaile and bewepe or I go without returning to the derke lond ycovered with the derkenesse of deth to the lond of misere and derkenesse, wheras is the shadow of deth, wheras is non ordre ne ordinance, but grisly drede, that ever shal last. Lo, here may ye see that Job prayed respite awhile to bewepe and waile his trespas, for sothely on day of respite is better than all the tresour of this world: and for as moche as a man may acquite himself before God by penitence in this world, and not by tresour, therefore shuld he pray to God to yeve him respite a while to bewepen and bewaile his trespas; for certes, all the forwe that a man might make for the beginning of the world, n'is but a litel thing at regard of the forwe of helle. The cause why that Job clepeth helle the lond of derkenesse, understondeth that he clepeth it lond or erth, for it is stable and never shal faile, and derke, for he that is in helle hath defeaute of light naturel; for certes the derke light that shal come out of the fire that ever

shall brenne shall torne hem all to peine that be in helle, for it sheweth hem the horrible divels that hem tormenten covered with the derkenesse of deth; that is to say, that he that is in helle shal have defeaute of the sight of God, for certes the sight of God is the lif perdarable. The derkenesse of deth ben the finnes that the wretched man hath don, which that distroublen him to see the face of God, right as a derke cloud betwene us and the sonne: it is lond of misere, because that ther ben three maner of defeutes ayenst thre things that folk of this world han in this present lif, that is to say, honoures, delites, and riches. Ayenst honour have they in helle shame and confusion, for wel ye wote that men clepen honour the reverence that man doth to man, but in helle is non honour, ne reverence, for certes no more reverence shal be don ther to a king than to a knave; for which God saith by the prophet Jeremie, The folk that me despisen shal be in despise. Honour is also cleped gret lordeship: ther shal no wight serven other but of harme and turment. Honour is also cleped gret dignitee and highnesse; but in helle shal they be alle fortroden of divels: as God sayth, The horrible divels shul gon and comen upon the hedes of dampned folk; and this is, for as moche as the higher that they were in this present lif the more shul they be abated and defouled in helle. Ayenst the riches of this world shul they have misere of povertie, and this povertie shal be in foure things, in defeaute of tresour, of which David sayth, The riche folk, that embraceden and oneden all hir herte to tresour of this world, shul slepe in the sleping of deth, and nothing ne shul they find in hir hondes of all hir tresour. And moreover, the misere of helle shal be in defeaute of mete and drink; for God sayth thus by Moyse, They shul be wasted with hunger, and the brides of helle shul devour hem with bitter deth, and the gall of the dragon shal ben hir drinke, and the venime of the dragon hir morsels. And further over hir misere shal be in defeaute of clothing, for they shul be naked in body as of clothing, save the fire in which they brenne, and other filthes; and naked shul they be in soule, of all maner vertues which shal be the clothing of the soule. Wher ben than the gay robes, the soft shetes, and the fyn shertes? Lo, what sayth God of heven by the prophet Esaie? that under hem shul be strewed mothes, and hir covertures shul ben of wormes of helle. And further over, hir misere shal be in defeaute of frendes, for he is not poure that hath good frendes: but ther is no frend, for neither God, ne no good creature shal be frend to hem, and everich of hem shal hate other with dedly hate. The fonnies and the daughters shal rebel ayenst father and mother, and kinred ayenst kinred, and chiden and despisen eche other both day and night, as God sayth by the prophet Micheas; and the loving children, that whilom loveden so fleschly, everich of hem wold eten other if they might: for how shuld they love togeder in the peines of helle whan they hated eche other in the prosperitee of this lif? for truste wel hir fleschly love was dedly hate; as saith

the prophet David, Who so that loveth wickednesse he hateth his owen soule, and who so hateth his owen soule certes he may love non other wight in no manere; and therefore in helle is no solace, ne no frendship, but ever the more kinredes that ben in helle, the more cursing, the more chiding, and the more dedly hate, ther is among hem. And further over, ther they shul have defaute of all maner delites, for certes delites ben after the appetites of the five wittes, as sight, hering, smelling, favouring, and touching. But in helle hir sight shal be ful of derkenesse and of smoke, and hir cych ful of teres, and hir hering ful of waimenting and grinting of teeth, as sayth Jesu Crist, Hir nose thirles shul be ful of stinking; and, as sayth Esay the prophet, Hir favouring shal be ful of bitter galle; and touching of all hir body shal be covered with fire that never shal quenche, and with wormes that never shal die, as God sayth by the mouth of Esay, And for as moche as they shul not wene that they mow dien for peine, and by deth flee fro peine, that mow they understonde in the word of Job, that sayth, Ther is the shadow of deth. Certes a shadowe hath likenesse of the thing of which it is shadowed, but shadowe is not the same thing of which it is shadowed: right so fareth the peine of helle; it is like deth for the horrible anguish: and why? for it peineth hem ever as though they shuld die anon; but certes they shul not dien; for, as sayth Seint Gregory, To wretched catiffes shal be deth withouten deth, and ende withouten ende, and defaute withouten failing; for hir deth shal alway live, and hir ende shal ever more beginne, and hir defaute shal never fail: and therefore sayth Seint John the Evangelist, They shul folow deth and they shul not finde him, and they shul desire to die and deth shal flee from hem. And eke Job faith, that in helle is non ordre of rule. And al be it so that God hath create all thing in right ordre, and nothing withouten ordre, but all thinges ben ordered and nombred, yet natheles they that ben dampned ben nothing in ordre, ne hold non ordre; for the erth shal bere hem no fruite; (for, as the prophet David sayeth, God shal destroy the fruite of the erth as fro hem) ne water shal yeve hem no moisture, ne the aire no refreshing, ne the fire no light: for, as sayth Seint Basil, The brenning of the fire of this world shal God yeve in helle to hem that ben dampned, but the light and the clerenesse shal be yeve in heven to his children, right as the good man yeveth flesh to his children and bones to his houndes. And for they shul have non hope to escape, sayth Job at last, that ther shal horror and grisly drede dwellen withouten ende. Horror is alway drede of harme that is to come, and this drede shal alway dwel in the hertes of hem that ben dampned; and therefore han they lorne all hir hope for seven causes: first, for God, that is hir juge, shal be withouten mercie to hem, and they may not plesse him ne non of his halwes, ne they may yeve nothing for hir raunfom, ne they have no vois to speke to him, ne they may not flee fro peine, ne they have no goodnesse in hem that they may shew to deli-

ver hem fro peine; and therefore sayth Salomon, The wicked man dieth, and whan he is ded he shal have non hope to escape fro peine. Who so than wold wel underfonde these peines, and be-thinke him wel that he hath deserved these peines for his sinnes, certes he shulde have more talent to sighen and to wepe than for to finge and playe; for, as sayth Salomon, Who so that had the science to know the peines that ben established and ordeined for sinne he wold forsake sinne: That science, sayth Seint Austin, maketh a man to waimenten in his herte.

The fourthe point that oughte make a man have contrition is the forweful remembrance of the good dedes that he hath lefte to don here in erthe, and also the good that he hath lorne. Sothly the good werkes that he hath lefte, either they be the good werkes that he wrought er he fell into dedly sinne, or elles the good werkes that he wrought while he lay in sinne. Sothly the good werkes that he did before that he fell in dedly sinne ben all mortified, aftened, and dilled, by the eft sinning; the other werkes that he wrought while he lay in sinne they ben utterly ded as to the lif perdurable in heven. Than thilke good werkes that ben mortified by eft sinning, which he did while he was in charitee, moun never quicken ayen without veray penitence: and therof sayth God by the mouth of Ezechiel, If the rightful man retorne again fro his rightwinesse and do wickednesse shal he live? nay; for all the good werkes that he hath wrought shul never be in remembrance, for he shal die in his sinne. And upon thilke chapitre sayth Seint Gregorie thus, that we shal underfonde this principally, that when we don dedly sinne it is for nought than to remembre or drawe into memorie the good werkes that we have wrought before, for certes in the working of dedly sinne ther is no trust in no good werk that we have don before; that is to say, as for to have therby the lif perdurable in heven. But natheles the good werkes quicken again and comen again, and helpe and avails to have the lif perdurable in heven, whan we have contrition; but sothly the good werkes that men don while they ben in dedly sinne, for as moche as they were don in dedly sinne, they may never quicken; for certes thing that never had lif, may never quicken; and natheles al be it so that they availen not to have the lif perdurable, yet availen they to abreggen the peine of helle, or elles to get temporal richesses, or elles that God wol the rather enlumine or light the herte of the sinful man to have repentance; and eke they availen for to use a man to do good werkes that the fende have the lesse power of his soule. And thus the certeis Lord Jesu Crist ne wold that no good werk that men don be losse, for in somewhat it shal availle. But for as moche as the good werkes that men don while they ben in good lif ben all amortified by sinne folowing, and eke sith all the good werkes that men don while they ben in dedly sinne ben utterly ded, as for to have the lif perdurable, wel may that man that no good werk ne doth

sing thilke newe Frenshe song, *J'ay tout perdu mon temps et mon labour*; for certes sinne bereveth a man both goodnesse of nature and eke the goodnesse of grace; for sothly the grace of the Holy Gost fareth like fire that may not ben idle, for fire faileth anon as it forletteth his werking, and right so grace faileth anon as it forletteth his werking. Than leseth the sinful man the goodnesse of glorie, that only is hight to good men that labouren and werken wel. Wel may he be sory than that oweth all his lif to God as long as he hath lived, and also as long as he shal live, that no goodnesse ne hath to paie with his dette to God, to whom he oweth all his lif; for trust wel he shal yeve accomptes, as sayth Seint Bernard, of all the goodes that han ben yeven him in this present lif, and how he hath hem dispended, in so moche that ther shal not perishe an here of his hed, ne a moment of an houre ne shal not perishe of his time that he ne shal yeve therof a rekenyng.

The fiftre thing that ought to move a man to contrition is remembrance of the passion that our Lord Jesu Crist suffered for our sinnes; for, as sayth Seint Bernard, While that I live I shal have remembrance of the travailes that our Lord Jesu Crist suffered in preching, his werinesse in traveling, his temptations whan he fasted, his long wakinges whan he prayed, his teres whan he wept for pitee of good peple; the wo, and the shame, and the filthe, that men sayden to him; of the foule spitting that met spitten in his face, of the buffettes that men yave him, of the foule mouthes, and of the foule repreves that men saiden to him, of the nayles with which he was nailed to the crosse, and of all the remenant of his passion that he suffred for mannes sinne, and nothing for his gylte. And here ye shul understand that in mannes sinne is every maner order or ordinaunce touned up so down; for it is soth that God and reson, and sensualitee, and the body of man, ben ordained that everich of thise foure thinges shuld have lordship over that other, as thus; God shuld have lordship over reson, and reson over sensualitee, and sensualitee over the body of man. But sothly whan man sinneth al this ordre or ordinaunce is turned up so down; and therefore than, for as moche as reson of man ne wol not be subget ne obeisant to God, that is his Lord, by right therefore leseth it the lordship that it shuld have over sensualitee, and eke over the body of man; and why? for sensualitee rebelleth than ayenst reson, and by that way leseth reson the lordship over sensualitee and over the body; for right as reson is rebel to God, right so is sensualitee rebel to reson and the body also. And certes this discordance and this rebellion our Lord Jesu Crist abought upon his precious body ful dere: and herkeneth in whiche wise; for as moche as reson is rebel to God, therefore is man worthy to have sorwe, and to be ded: this suffred our Lord Jesu Crist for man after that he had be betrayed of his disciple, and distreined and bounde, so that his blood brast out at every nail of his hondes, as faith Seint Augustin. And ferthermore; for as moche as re-

son of man wol not daunt sensualitee whan it may, therefore is man worthy to have shame; and this suffred our Lord Jesu Crist for man whan they spitten in his visage. And fertherover, for as moche as the caitif body of man is rebel both to reson and to sensualitee, therefore it is worthy the deth; and this suffred our Lord Jesu Crist upon the crosse, wheras ther was no part of his body free without grete peine and bitter passion; and all this suffred our Lord Jesu Crist that never forfaited: and thus sayd he; To mochel am I peined for thinges that I never deserved, and to moche defouled for shendship that man is worthy to have: and therefore may the sinful man wel say, as sayth Seint Bernard, Accused be the bitternesse of my sinne, for whiche ther must be suffered for moche bitternesse; for certes after the divers discordance of our wickednesse was the passion of Jesu Crist ordeined in divers thinges, as thus; certes sinful mannes soule is betrayed of the devel by covetise of temporel prosperitee, and scorned by disceite whan he cheifesth fleshy delites, and yet it is turmented by impatience of adversitee, and beset by servage and subjection of sinne, and at the last it is slain finally. For this discordance of sinful man was Jesu Crist first betrayed, and after that was he bounde that came for to unbinde us of sinne and of peine; than was he bescomend that only shuld have ben honoured in alle thinges and of alle thinges; than was his visage, that ought to be desired to be seen of all mankind (in which visage angels desiren to loke) villainly beset; than was he scourged that nothing had trespassed; and, finally, than was he crucified and slain; than were accomplished the wordes of Esaie, He was wounded for our misedes, and defouled for our felonies. Now sith that Jesu Crist toke on himself the peine of all our wickedneses, moche ought sinful man to wepe and to bewaile that for his sinnes Goddes sone of heaven shuld all this peine endure.

The sixte thing that shuld move a man to contrition is the hope of three thinges; that is to say, foryevenesse of sinne, and the yest of grace for to do wel, and the glorie of heven, with whiche God shal guerdon man for his good dedes; and for as moche as Jesu Crist yeveth us thise yestes of his largenesse and of his soveraine bountee, therefore is he cleped *Jesús Nazarenus Rex Judæorum*. Jesus is for to say Saviour or Salvation, on whom men shul hope to have foryevenesse of sinnes, which that is properly salvation of sinnes; and therefore sayd the angel to Joseph, Thou shalt clepe his name Jesus that shal save his peple of hir sinnes. And hereof faith Seint Peter, Ther is non other name under heven, that is yeven to any man, by which a man may be saved but only Jesus. Nazarenus is as moche for to say as flourishing, in which a man shal hope that he that yeveth him remission of sinnes shal yeve him also grace wel for to do; for in the flour is hope of fruit in time comyng, and in foryevenesse of sinnes hope of grace wel to do. I was at the dore of this herte, sayth Jesus, and clepeth for to enter; he

that openeth to me shal have foryevenesse of his finnes, and I wol enter into him by my grace, and soupe with him by the good werkes that he shal don, which werkes ben the food of God, and he shal soupe with me by the gret joye that I shal yeve him. Thus shal man hope that for his werkes of penance God shal yeve him his regne, as he be- light him in the Gospel.

Now shal man understande in which maner shal be his contrition. I say that it shal be universal and total; this is to say, a man shal be veray repentant for all his finnes that he hath don in delite of his thought, for delite is perilous: for ther ben two maner of consentinges; that on of hem is cleped Consenting of Affection, whan a man is meved to do sinne, and than deliteth him longe for to thinke on that sinne, and his reson apper- ceiveth it wel that it is sinne ayenst the lawe of God, and yet his reson refraineth not his soule delite or talent though he see wel apertly that it is ayenst the reverence of God; although his reson consent not to do that sinne indede, yet sayn som doctours that swiche delite that dwelleth longe is ful perilous, al be it never so lite; and also a man shuld sorrow, namely for all that ever he hath de- sired ayenst the lawe of God, with parfite con- senting of his reson, for therof is no doute that it is dedly sinne in consenting; for certes ther is no dedly sinne but that it is first in mannes thought, and after that in his delite, and so forth into con- senting and into dede; wherefore I say that many men ne repent hem never of swiche thoughtes and delites, ne never shrive hem of it; but only of the dede of gret finnes outward; wherefore I say that swiche wicked delites ben subtil begilers of hem that shul be dampned. Moreover, man ought to forwen for his wicked wordes as wel as for his wicked dedes, for certes repentance of a singuler sinne, and not repentant of all his other finnes, or elles repenting him of all his other finnes and not of a singuler sinne, may not availle; for certes God Almighty is all good, and therefore either he foryeveth all, or elles right nought; and therefore sayth Seint Augustin, I wote certainly that God is enemy to every sinner: and how than? he that observeth on sinne shal he have foryeve- nesse of the remenant of his other finnes? nay. And furthermore, contrition shuld be wonder- forweful and anguishous, and therefore yeveth him God plainly his mercie: and therefore whan my soule was anguishous, and forweful within me, than had I remembrance of God that my praier might come to him. Furthermore, contri- tion must be continuell, and that man have sted- fast purpose to shrive him and to amend him of his lif; for sothly while contrition lasteth man may ever hope to have foryevenesse: and of this com- eth hate of sinne, that destroyeth sinne bothe in himself and eke in other folk at his power; for which sayth David, They that love God hate wickednesse; for to love God is for to love that he loveth, and hate that he hateth.

The last thing that men shull understand in contrition is this, wherof availeth contrition. I

say that contrition sometime delivereth man fro sinne; of which David saith, I say, (quod David) I purposed firmly to shrive me, and thou Lord reledest my sinne. And right so as contrition availeth not without sad purpos of shrift and sa- tisfaction, right so litel worth is shrift or satisfac- tion withouten contrition. And moreover, con- trition destroyeth the prison of helle, and maketh weke and feble all the strengthes of the devils, and restoreth the yestes of the Holy Gost and of all good vertues, and it clenseth the soule of sinne, and delivereth it fro the peine of helle, and fro the compaignie of the devil, and fro the servage of sinne, and restoreth it to all goodes spirituel, and to the compaignie and communion of holy chirche. And furthermore, it maketh him that whilom was sone of ire to be the sone of grace: and all these things ben preved by holy writ; and therefore he that wold set his entent to thise things he were ful wise; for sothly he ne shuld have than in all his lif corage to sinne; but yeve his herte and body to the service of Jesu Crist, and therof do him homage; for certes our Lord Jesu Crist hath spared us so benignely in our fol- lies, that if he had ne pitee on mannes soule a sory song might we alle singe.

Explicit prima pars penitentia, et incipit pars secunda.

The second part of penitence is confession, and that is signe of contrition. Now shal ye under- stande what is confession, and whether it ought nedes to be don or non, and which thinges ben convenable to veray confession.

First shalt thou understande that confession is veray shewing of finnes to the preest; this is to say veray, for he must confesse him of all the conditions that belongen to his sinne as ferforth as he can: all must be sayd, and nothing excused, ne hid, ne forwrapped, and not waunte him of his good werkes: also it is necessarie to understande whennes that finnes springen, and how they en- creasen, and which they ben.

Of springing of finnes saith Seint Poule in this wise; that right as by on man sinne entred first into this world, and thurgh sinne deth, right so deth entrech into alle men that sinnen; and this man was Adam, by whom sinne entred into this world whan he brake the commandment of God: and therefore he that first was so mighty that he ne shuld have died, became swiche on that he must nedes die whether he wold or no; and all his pro- genie in this that in thilke maner sinnen dien. Loke that in the estate of innocence, whan Adam and Eve weren naked in Paradise, and no thing ne hadden shame of hir nakednesse, how that the serpent, that was most wily of all other bestes that God had made, sayd to the woman, Why com- manded Ood you that ye shuld not ete of every tree in Paradise? The woman answered, Of the fruit, sayd she, of the trees of Paradise we feden us, but of the fruit of the tree that is in the mid- del of Paradise, God forbode us for to eten, ne to touche it, lest we shuld die. The serpent sayd to the woman, Nay, nay, ye shul not dien of deth

for soth God wote that what day that ye ete ther-
of your eyen shul open, and ye shul be as goddes,
knowing good and harme. The woman saw that
the tree was good to feding, and faire to the eyen,
and delectable to the sight; the toke of the fruit of
the tree and did etc, and yave to hire husband, and
he etc; and anon the eyen of hem both opened:
and when they knewe that they were naked, they
sowed of a fig-tree leves in maner of breches to
hiden hir members. Here mow ye seen that
dedly sinne hath first suggestion of the fende, as
sheweth here by the adder, and afterward the deli-
cit of the flesh, as sheweth here by Eve, and after
that the consenting of reson, as sheweth by Adam;
for trust wel though so it were that the fende
tempted Eve, that is to say, the flesh, and the flesh
had delit in the beautee of the fruit defended, yet
certes til that reson, that is to say Adam, consented
to the eting of the fruit, yet fode he in the state of
innocence. Of thilke Adam toke we thilke sinne
original; from him fleshy descended be we all,
and engendered of vile and corrupt mater; and
whan the soule is put in our bodies, right anon is
contract original sinne, and that that was crst but
only peine of concupiscence is afterward both
peine and sinne; and therefore we ben all yborne
sones of wrath and of dampnation perdurable, if ne
were baptisme that we receive, which benimeth
us the culpe; but forsoth the peine dwelleth with
us as to temptation, which peine hight concupiscence.
This concupiscence, whan it is wrongfully
disposed or ordeined in man, it maketh him co-
veit, by covetise of flesh, fleshy sinne by sight of
his eyen, as to erthly thinges, and also covetise of
highnesse by pride of herte.

Now, as to speke of the first covetise, that is,
concupiscence, after the lawe of our membres that
were lawfully ymaked, and by rightful jugement
of God, I say, for as moche as a man is not obeis-
sant to God that is his Lord, therefore is his herte
to him disobeisant thurgh concupiscence, which is
called nourishing of sinne, and occasion of sinne;
therefore all the while that a man hath within him
the peine of concupiscence it is impossible but he
be tempted somtime, and moved in his flesh to
sinne. And this thing may not faile as long as he
liveth; it may wel waxe feble by vertue of bap-
tisme, and by the grace of God thurgh penitence,
but fully ne shal it never quenche, that he ne shal
somtime be moved in himselfe but if he were re-
freined by sikenesse, or malefice of forcerie, or cold
drinckes. For lo, what sayth Seint Poule? The
flesh coveteth ayenst the spirit, and the spirit
ayenst the flesh; they ben so contrarie and so striven
that a man may not alway do as he wold.
The same Seint Poule, after his gret penance in
water and in lond; in water by night and by day
in gret peril and in gret peine, in lond in gret
famine and thrust, cold and clothes, and ones
stoned almost to deth, yet sayd he, Alas! I caitif
man, who shal deliver me fro the prison of my caitif
body? And Seint Jerom, whan he long time
had dwelled in desert, wheras he had no compagne
but of wilde bestes, wheras he had no mete

but herbes, and water to his drinke, ne no bed but
the naked erth, wherfore his flesh was black as an
Ethiopian for hete, and nie destroyed for cold, yet
sayd he that the brenning of lecherie boiled in all
his body: wherfore I wot wel fikerly that they
be deceived that say they be not tempted in hir
bodies; witness Seint James, that said that every
wight is tempted in his owen conscience; that is
to say, that ech of us hath mater and occasion to
be tempted of the nourishing of sinne that is in
his body; and therefore sayth Seint John the Evan-
gelist, li we say that we ben without sinne we de-
ceive ourself, and truth is not in us.

Now shul ye understonde in what maner sinne
wexeth and encrefeth in man. The first thing is
that nourishing of sinne of which I spake before,
that is, concupiscence; and after that cometh sug-
gestion of the devil, this is to say, the divels be-
lous, with which he bloweth in man the fire of
concupiscence; and after that a man betinketh
him whether he wol do or no that thing to which
he is tempted; and than if a man withstonde and
weive the first entising of his flesh and of the fend
than it is no sinne; and if so be he do not, than
seleth he anon a flame of delit, and than it is good
to beware and kepe him wel, or elles he wol fall
anon to consenting of sinne, and than wol he do
it if he may have time and place. And of this
mater sayth Moyses by the devil in this maner;
The fend sayth, I wol chace and pursue man by
wicked suggestion, and I wol hent him by moving
and stirring of sinne, and I wol depart my pris or
my prey by deliberation, and my lust shal be ac-
complished in delit; I wol draw my swerd in con-
senting; (for certes right as a swerd departeth a
thing in two peeces, right so consenting departeth
God fro man), and than wol I fle him with my
hond in dede of sinne. Thus sayth the fend, for
certes than is a man al ded in soule; and thus is
sinne accomplished by temptation, by delit, and by
consenting, and than is the sinne actual.

Forsoth sinne is in two maners; either it is ve-
nial or dedly sinne. Sothly whan a man loveth
any creature more than Jesu Crist our creatour,
than it is dedly sinne; and venial sinne it is if a
man love Jesu Crist lesse than him ought. For-
soth the dede of this venial sinne is ful perilous,
for it amenfeth the love that man shuld have to
God more and more; and therefore if a man charge
himself with many swiche venial sinnes, certes but
if so be that he somtime discharge him of hem by
shrift, they may wel lightly amenfise in him all the
love that he hath to Jesu Crist. And in this wise
skippeth venial sinne into dedly sinne; for certes
the more that a man chargeth his soule with ve-
nial sinnes, the more he is enclined to fall into ded-
ly sinne; and therefore let us not be negligent to
discharge us of venial sinnes; for the proverbe
sayth that many smal maken a gret. And herken
this ensample: a gret wave of the see cometh
somtime with so gret a violence that it drencheth
the ship; and the same harme do somtime the
smal drops of water that enteren thurgh a litel
crevis in the thurrok, and in the bottom of the

ship, if men ben so negligent that they discharge hem not by time; and therfore although ther be difference betwix thise two causes of drenching algates, the ship is dreint. Right so farcth it somtyme of dedly sinne and of anioius venial finnes, whan they multiplie in man so gretly that thilke worldly thinges that he loveth, thurgh which he sinneth venially, is as gret in his herte as the love of God, or more; and therfore the love of every thing that is not beset in God, ne don principally for Goddes sake, although that a man love it lesse than God, yet it is venial sinne; and dedly sinne is whan the love of any thing weigheth in the herte of man as moche as the love of God, or more. Dedly sinne, as sayth Seint Augustine, is whan a man tourneth his herte fro God, whiche that is veray soveraine bountee, that may not chaunge, and yeveth his herte to thing that may chaunge and flitte; and certes that is every thing save God of heven: for soth is that if a man yeve his love, which that he oweth to God with all his herte, unto a creature, certes as moche of his love as he yeveth to the same creature, so moche he be-reveth fro God, and therfore doth he sinne; for he that is dettoure to God ne yeldeth not to God all his dette, that is to sayn, all the love of his herte.

Now sith man understandeth generally which is venial sinne, than is it convenable to tell specially of finnes whiche that many a man peraventure demeth hem no finnes, and shriveth him not of the same, and yet natheles they be finnes sothly, as thise clerkes writen; this is to say, at every tyme that man eteth and drinketh more than suffieth to the sustenance of his body, in certain he doth sinne; eke whan he speketh more than it nedeth, he doth sinne; eke whan he herkeneth not benignely the complaint of the poure; eke whan he is in hele of body, and wol not fast whan other folk fast, without cause resonable; eke whan he slepeth more than nedeth, or whan he cometh by that encheson to late to chirche, or to other werkes of charitee; eke whan he useth his wif withouten soveraine desire of engendrure, to the honour of God, or for the entent to yeld his wif his dette of his body; eke whan he wol not visite the like or the prisoner if he may; eke if he love wif or child, or other worldly thing, more than reson requireth; eke if he flater or blandise more than him oughte for any necessitee; eke if he amuse or withdrawe the almesse of the poure; eke if he appaile his mete more deliciously than nede is, or ete it to hastily by likerousnesse; eke if he talke vanitees in the chirche, or at Goddes service, or that he be a taler of idle wordes of folie or vilianie, for he shal yeld accomptes of it at the day of dome; eke whan he behighteth or assureth to don thinges that he may not perfourme; eke whan that he by lightnesse of foly missayeth or scorneth his neighbour; eke whan he hath any wicked suspicion of thing ther he ne wote of it no sothfastnesse. Thise thinges, and mo withouten nombre, be finnes, as sayth Seint Augustine. Now shul ye understonde that al be it; so that non erthly

man may eschewe al venial finnes, yet may he refreine him by the brenning love that he hath to our Lord Jesu Crist, and by prayer and confession, and other good werkes, so that it shal but litel grieve: for, as sayth Seint Augustine, If a man love God in swiche maner that all that ever he doth is in the love of God, or for the love of God veraily, for he brenneth in the love of God, loke how moche that o drope of water which falleth into a fourneis ful of fire anioeth or greveth the brenning of the fire, in like maner anioeth or greveth a venial sinne unto that man whiche is stedfast and parfite in the love of our Saviour Jesu Crist. Furthermore, men may also refreine and put away venial sinne by receiving worthily the precious body of Jesu Crist, by receiving eke of holy water, by almes dede, by general confession of confiteor at masse, and at prime, and at complin, and by blessing of bisshoppes and prestes, and by other good werkes.

De Septem Peccatis Mortalibus.

Now it is behovely to tellen whiche ben dedly finnes, that is to say, chieftaines of finnes, for as moche as all they ren in o lees, but in divers maners. Now ben they cleped chieftaines for as moche as they be chiefe, and of hem springen all other finnes. The rote of thise finnes than is pride, the general rote of all harmes, for of this rote springen certain branches, as ire, envie, accide or slouth, avarise or covetise, (to common understanding) glotonie, and lecherie; and eche of thise chief finnes hath his branches and his twigges, as shal be declared in hir chapitres following.

De Superbia.

And though so be that no man knoweth utterly the nombre of the twigges and of the harmes that comen of pride, yet wol I shew a partie of hem as ye shul understonde. Ther is inobedience, avaunting, ipocrisie, despit, arrogance, impudence, swelling of herte, insolence, elation, impatience, strif, contumacie, presumption, irreverence, pertinacie, vaine glorie, and many other twigges that I cannot declare. Inobedient is he that disobeyeth for despit to the commandements of God, and to his soveraines, and to his gostly fader; avaunting is he that boστη of the harme or of the bountee that he hath don; ipocrite is he that hideth to shew him swiche as he is, and sheweth him to seme swiche as he is not; despitous is he that hath disdain of his neighebour, that is to sayn, of his even Cristen, or hath despit to do that him ought to do; arrogant is he that thinketh that he hath those bountees in him that he hath not, or weneth that he shulde have hem by his deserving, or elles that demeth that he be that he is not; impudent is he that for his pride hath no shame of his finnes; swelling of herte is whan man rejoyceth him of harme that he hath don; insolent is he that despiseth in his jugement all other folk as in regarde of his value, of his conning, of his speking, and of

his bering; elation is whan he ne may neither suffre to have maistre ne felawe; impatient is he that wol not be taught ne undernome of his vice, and by strif werieth truth wetingly, and defendeth his foly; *contumax* is he that thurgh his indignation is ayenst every auctoritee or power of hem that ben his soveraines; presumption is whan a man undertaketh an emprise that him ought not to do, or elles that he may not do, and this is called surquidrie; irreverence is whan man doth not honour ther as him ought to do, and waiteth to be revered; pertinacie is whan man defendeth his foly, and trueth to moche in his owen wit; vaine-glorie is for to have pompe and delit in his temporel highnesse, and glorie him in his worldly estate; jangling is whan man speketh to moche before folk, and clappeth as a mille, and taketh no kepe what he sayth.

And yet ther is a privee spice of pride that waiteth first to be sawed or he wol sawe, all be he lesse worthy than that other is; and eke he waiteth to sit or to go above him in the way, or kisse the pax, or ben encensed or gon to offering before his neighbour, and swiche semblable thinges, ayenst his deute peraventure, but that he hath his herte and his entente in swiche a proude desire to be magnified and honoured befor the peple.

Now ben ther two maner of prides; that on of hem is within the herte of a man, and that other is without; of whiche sothly thise foresayd thinges, and mo than I have sayd, appertenein to pride that is within the herte of man; and ther be other, spices of pride that ben withouten; but natheless thaton of thise spices of pride is signe of that other, right as they gay Levefell at the tavern is signe of the win that is in the celler. And this is in many thinges, as in speche and contenance, and outrageous array of clothing; for certes if there had ben no sinne in clothing Crist wold not so sone have noted and spoken of the clothing of thilke rich man in the Gospel; and, as Seint Gregory sayth, that precious clothing is culpable for the deth of it, and for his softnesse, and for his strangenesse and disguising, and for the superfluitee or for the inordinate scantnesse of it. Alas! may not a man see as in our daies the sinneful costlewe array of clothing, and namely in to moche superfluitee, or elles in to disordinate scantnesse.

As to the first sinne, in superfluitee, of clothing, whiche that maketh it so dere, to the harm of the peple, not only the coste of the embrouding, the disguising, endenting or barring, ounding, paling, winding, or bending, and semblable wast of cloth in vanitee but ther is also the costlewe furring in hir gounes, so muche popponing of chesel to maken holes, so moche dagging of sheres, with the superfluitee in length of the foresaide gounes, trailing in the dong and in the myre, on hors and eke on foot, as wel of man as of woman, that all thilke trailing is veraily (as in effect) wasted, consumed, thredbare, and rotten with dong, rather than it is yeven to the poure, to get damage of the foresayd poure folk, and that in sondry wise; this is to sayn, the more that cloth is wasted the more

must it cost the poure peple for the scarcenesse; and furthermore, if so be that they wolden yewe swiche pounfoned and dagged clothing to the poure peple it is not convenient to were for hir estate, ne sufficient to bote hir necessitee, to kepe hem fro the disemperance of the firmament. Upon that other side, to speke of the horrible disordinate scantnesse of clothing, as ben thise cutted sloppes or hanelines, that thurgh hir shortnesse cover not the shameful members of man to wicked entente: alas! som of hem shewen the bosse and the shape of the horrible swollen members, that semen like to the maladie of Hernia, in the wrapping of hir hosen, and eke the buttockes of hem behinde, that faren as it were the hinder part of a she ape in the ful of the mone. And moreover, the wretched swollen members that they shew thurgh disguising, in departing of hir hosen in white and rede, semeth that half hir shameful privee membres were slaine: and if so be that they departe hir hosen in other colours, as is white and blew, or white and blake, or blake and rede, and so forth, than semeth it, as by variance of colour, that the half part of hir privee members ben corrupt by the fire of Seint Antonie, or by cancre, or other swiche mischance. Of the hinder part of hir buttockes it is ful horrible for to see, for certes in that partie of hir body, ther as they purgen hir stinking ordure, that soule partie shewe they to the peple proudly in dispite of honestee, whiche honestee that Jesu Crist and his frendes observed to shewe in hir lif. Now as to the outrageous array of women, God wote that though the visages of some of hem semen ful chaste and debonaire, yet notifieth they in hir array of attire likerounesse and pride. I say not that honestee in clothing of man or woman is uncoventable, but certes the superfluitee or disordinate scarcitee of clothing is reprevable. Also the sinne of ornament or of appaile is in thinges that appertene to riding, as in to many delicat hors that ben holden for delit, that ben so faire, fatte, and costlewe; and also in many a vicious knave that is sustained because of hem; in curious herneis, as in sadles, cropers, peitrels, and bridles, covered with precious cloth and rich, barred and plated of gold and silver, for which God sayth by Zacharie the prophet, I wol confounde the riders of swiche hors. These folke taken litel regard to the riding of Goddes sone of heven, and of his harneis, whan he rode upon the asse, and had none other harneis but the poure clothes of his disciples, ne we rede not that ever he rode on any other beste. I speke this for the sinne of superfluitee, and not for honestee, whan reason it requireth. And moreover, certes pride is gretly notified in holding of gret meinie, whan they ben of litel profite or of right no profite, and namely whan that meinie is felonous and damagous to the peple by hardnesse of high lordeship, or by way of office; for certes swiche lordes sell than hir lordeship to the devil of helle whan they susteine the wickednesse of hir meinie; or elles whan thise folk of low degree, as they that holden hostelrys; susteine theste of hir

hostellers, and that is in many maner of deceites; thilke maner of folk ben the flies that solowen the honey, or elles the houndes that folowen the caraine: swiche foresayde folk strangen spiritually hir lordeshipes; for which thus saith David the prophet, Wicked deth mot come unto thilke lordshipes, and God yeve that they mot descend into helle all doun, for in hir houses is iniquitee and shrewednesse, and not God of heven: and certes but if they don amendement, right as God yave his benison to Laban by the service of Jacob, and to Pharao by the service of Joseph, right so God wol yeve his malison to swiche lordshipes as susteine the wickednesse of hir servants, but they come to amendement. Pride of the table appereth eke ful oft, for certes riche men be cleyed to festes, and poure folk he put away and rebuked; and also in excesse of divers metes and drinks, and namely swiche maner bake metes and dishe metes brenning of wilde fire, and painted and castelled with paper, and semblable wast, so that it is abuson to thinke; and eke in to gret preciousnesse or vestell, and curiositee of minstrelle by which a man is stirred more to the delites of luxurie, if so be that he sette his herte the lesse upon oure Lord Jesu Crist, it is a sinne; and certainly the delites might ben so gret in this cas that a man might lightly fall by hem into dedly sinne. The spices that fouden of pride, sothly whan they fouden of malice imagined, avised, and forecaste, or elles of usage, ben dedly finnes it is no doute; and whan they fouden by freelte unavised sodenly, and sodenly withdrawn again, al be they grevous finnes I gesse that they be not dedly. Now might men aske wherof that pride foudeth and springeth? I say that somtime it springeth of the goodes of nature, somtime of the goodes of fortune, and somtime of the goodes of grace. Certes the goodes of nature stonden only in the goodes of the body or of the soul; certes the goodes of the body ben hele of body, strength, delivernesse, beautee, gentrie, franchise; the goodes of nature of the soule ben good wit, sharpe understanding, subtil engine, vertue naturel, good memorie: goodes of fortune ben riches, high degree of lordshipes, and preisinges of the peple; goodes of grace ben science, power to suffre spiritualtravaille, benigntee, vertuous contemplation, withstanding of temptation, and semblable thinges; of which foresaid goodes certes it is a gret folie a man to priden him in any of hem all. Now as for to speke of goodes of nature, God wot that somtime we have hem in nature as moche to our damage as to our profite. As for to speke of hele of body, trewely it passeth ful lightly, and also it is ful ofte encheison of siknesse of the soule, for God wote the flesh is a gret enemy to the soule, and therefore the more that the body is hole the more be we in peril to falle; eke for to priden him in his strength of body it is a gret folie, for certes the flesh coveteth ayenst the spirite, and ever the more strong that the flesh is the forier may the soule be; and, over all, this strength of body and worldly hardinesse causeth ful of to many man peril and

mischance; also to have pride of gentrie is right gret folie, for oft time the gentrie of the body benimeth the gentrie of the soule: and also we ben all of a fader and of o moder, and all we ben of o nature, rotten and corrupt, bothe riche and poure. Forsothe maner gentrie is for to preise, that appareilleth mannes corage with vertues and moralitees, and maketh him Cristes child, for trusteth wel that over what man that sinne hath maistris he is a veray cherl to sinne.

Now ben ther general signes of gentilnesse, as eschewing of vice and ribaudrie, and servage of sinne in word, and in werk and contenance, and using vertue, as courtesie and clenenesse, and to be liberal, that is to say, large by measure, for thilke that passeth mesure is folie and sinne; another is to remember him of bountee that he of other folk hath received; another is to be benigne to his subgettes, wherfor saith Sencke, Ther is nothing more covenable to a man of high estate than dobonairtee and pitee; and therefore thise flies that men clepen Bees, whan they make hir king they chefen on that hath no pricke wherwith he may sting. Another is, man to have a noble herte and a diligent, to atteine to high vertuous thinges: now, certes a man to priden him in the goodes of grace is eke an outrageous folie, for thilke yestes of grace that shuld have tourned him to goodnesse and to medicine tourneth him to venime and confusion, as sayth Seint Gregorie, Certes also, who so prideth him in the goodnesse of Fortune he is a gret fool, for somtime is a man a gret lord by the morwe that is a caiste and a wretch or it be night: and sometime the richnesse of a man is cause of his deth: and somtime the delites of a man ben cause of grevous maladie thurgh which he dieth. Certes the commendation of the peple is ful false and brotel for to trust; this day they preise, to-morwe they blame. God wote desire to have commendation of the peple hath caused deth to many a besy man.

Remedium Superbie.

Now sith that so it is that ye have understood what is pride, and which be the spices of it, and how mennes pride foudeth and springeth, now ye shul underston which is the remedie ayenst it. Humilitee or mekenesse is the remedie ayenst pride; that is a vertue thurgh which a man hath veray knowledge of himself, and holdeth of himself no deintee ne no pris, as in regard of his desertes, considering ever his freelte. Now ben ther three maner of humilitees, as humilitee in herte, and another in the mouth, and the thridde in werkes. The humilitee in herte is in foure maneres; that on is whan a man holdeth himself as nought worth before God of heven; the second is whan he despiseth non other man; the thridde is whan he ne recketh nat though men holde him nought worth; and the fourth is whan he is not sory of his humilitation. Also the humilitee of mouth is in four thinges; in attemperate speche; in humilitee of speche, and whan he confesseth

with his owen mouth that he is swiche as he thinketh that he is in herte; another is whan he preisth the bountee of another man, and nothing therof amenseth. Humilitee eke in werkes is in fourē maners: the first is whan he putteth other men before him; the second is to chese the lowest place of all; the thridde is gladly to assent to good conseil; the fourth is to stond gladly to the award of his soveraigne, or of hem that is higher in degree; certain this is a gret werk of humilitee.

De Invidia.

After pride wol I speke of the foule sinne of envie, which that is, after the word of the philosopher, forwe of other mennes prosperitee; and after the word of Saint Augustine it is forwe of other mennes wele, and joy of other mennes harme. This foule sinne is platly ayenst the Holy Gost: al be it so that every sinne is ayenst the Holy Gost, yet natheles for as moche as bountee apperteneith properly to the Holy Gost, and envie cometh properly of malice, therefore it is properly ayenst the bountee of the Holy Gost. Now hath malice two spices, that is to say, hardinesse of herte in wickednesse, or elles the flesh of man is so blind that he considereth not that he is in sinne, or recketh not that he is in sinne, which is the hardinesse of the divel. That other spice of envie is whan that a man werrieth trowth whan he wot that it is trowth, and also whan he werrieth the grace of God that God hath yewe to his neighbour; and all this is by envie; certes than is envie the werst sinne that is, for sothly all other finnes be sometime only ayenst on special vertue, but certes envie is ayenst al maner vertues, and alle goodnesse, for it is fory of all bountee of his neighbour: and in this maner it is divers from all other finnes, for wel unnethe is ther any sinne that it ne hath som delit in himself save only envie that ever hath in himself anguish and forwe. The spices of envie ben these: ther is first forwe of other mennes goodnesse and of hir prosperitee, and prosperitee ought to be kindly mater of joye; than is envie a sinne ayenst kinde. The seconde spice of envie is joye of other mennes harme, and that is properly like to thedivel, that everrejoyseth him of mennes harme. Of thise two species, cometh backbiting; and this sinne of backbiting or detracting hath certain spices, as thus; som man preisth his neighbour by a wicked entente, for he maketh alway a wicked knotte at the laste ende; alway he maketh a *but* at the last ende, that is digne of more blame than is worth all the preising: the second spice is, that if a man be good, or deoth or sayth a thing good entente, the backbiter wol turne all that goodesse up so down to his shrewde entente: the thridde is to amensue the bountee of his neighbour: the fourthe spice of backbiting is this, that if men speke goodnesse of a man than wol the backbiter say, Parfay swiche a man is yet better than he, in dispreising of him that men preise:

the fifth spice is this, for to consent gladly to herken the harme that men speke of other folk: this sinne is ful gret, and ay encreseth after the wicked entente of the backbiter: after backbiting cometh grutching or murmurance, and sometime it springeth of impatience ayenst God, and sometime ayenst man: ayenst God it is whan a man grutcheth ayenst the peine of helle, or ayenst povertie, or losse of catel, or ayenst rain or tempest, or elles grutcheth that shrewes have prosperitee, or elles that good men have adversitee: and all thise thinges shuld men suffre patiently, for they comen by the rightful jugement and ordinance of God. Sometime cometh grutching of avarice, as Judas grutched ayenst the Magdeleine whan she anointed the hed of our Lord Jesu Crist with hire precious oynement: this maner murmuring is swiche as whan man grutcheth of goodnesse that himself doth or that other folk don of hir owen catel. Sometime cometh murmur of pride, as whan Simon the Pharisee grutched ayenst the Magdeleine whan she approached to Jesu Crist and wept at his feet for hire finnes: and sometime it fourdeth of envie, whan men discover a mannes harme that was privee, or bereth him on hond thing that is false. Murmur also is oft among servants, that grutchen whan hir soveraines bidden hem do lesul thinges: and for as moche as they dare not openly withsay the commaundement of hir soveraines, yet wol they say harme and grutche and murmure prively for veray despise, which wordes they call the divels *Pater noster*, though so be that the devil had never *Pater noster*, but that lewed folk yeven it swiche a name. Sometime it cometh of ire or privee hate, that noriseth rancour in the herte, as afterward I shal declare. Than cometh eke bitternesse of herte, thurgh which bitternesse very good dede of his neighbour semeth to him bitter and unfavory. Than cometh discord, that unbindeth all maner of frendship: than cometh scorning of his neighbour, al do he never so wel: than cometh accusing, as whan a man seeketh occasion to annoyen his neighbour, which is like the craft of the divel, that waiteth both day and night to accusen us all: than cometh malignitee, thurgh which a man annoieth his neighbour prively if he may, and if he may not algate his wicked will shal not let as for to brene his hous prievly, or enpoisen him, or sle his bestes, and semblable thinges.

Remedium Invidie.

Now wol I speke of the remedie ayenst this foule sinne of envie. Firste is the love of God principally, and loving of his neighbour as himself, for sothly that on ne may not be without that other; and trust wel that in the name of thy neighbour thou shalt understande the name of thy brother, for certes all we have on fader fleschly and on moder, that is to say, Adam and Eve, and also on fader spirituel, that is to say, God of heven. Thy neighbour art thou bounde for to

love, and will him all goodnesse, and therefore sayth God, Love thy neighbour as thyself, that is to say, to salvation both of lif and soule; and moreover, thou shalt love him in word, and in benigne amonesting and chastising, and comfort him in his anoyes, and praye for him with all thy herte; and in dede thou shalt love him in swiche wife that thou shalt do to him in charitee as thou woldest that it were don to thin owen perlon, and therefore thou ne shalt do him no damage in wicked word, ne harme in his body, ne in his catel, ne in his soule, by entising of wicked ensample: thou shalt not desire his wil, ne non of his thinges. Understonde eke that in the name of Neighbour is comprehended his enemy; certes man shal love his enemy for the commandement of God, and sothly thy frend thou shalt love in God: I say thin enemy shalt thou love for Goddes sake by his commandement, for if it were reson that man shulde hate his enemy forsoth God n'olde not receive us to his love that ben his enemies. Aycnst three maner of wronges that his enemy doth to him he shal do three thinges, as thus; aycnst hate and rancour of herte he shal love him in herte; aycnst chiding and wicked wordes he shal pray for his enemy; aycnst the wicked dede of his enemy he shal do him bountee; for Crist sayth, Love your enemies, and prayeth for hem that speke you harme, and for hem that chafen and pursuen you, and do bountee to hem that haten you. Lo, thus commandeth us our Lord Jesu Crist to do to our enemies. Forsoth nature driveth us to love our frendes, and parlay our enemies have more nede of love than our frendes, and they that more nede have certes to hem shal men do goodnesse; and certes in thilke dede have we remembrance of the love of Jesu Crist that died for his enemies; and in as moche as thilke love is more grevous to performe, so moche is more gret the merite, and therefore the loving of our enemy hath confounded the venime of the divel; for right as the divel is confounded by humilitee, right so is he wounded to the deth by love of our enemy: certes than is love the medicine that galleth out the venime of envie fro mannes herte.

De Ira.

After envy wol I declare of the sinne of ire, for sothly who so hath envy upon his neighbour anon communly wol finde him mater of wrath in word or in dede aycnst him to whom he hath envie. And as wel cometh ire of pride as of envie, for sothly he that is proude or envious is lightly wroth.

This sinne of ire, after the discribing of Seint Angustin, is wicked will to be avenged by word or by dede; ire, after the philosophre, is the fervent blode of man quickened in his herte, thurgh which he wold harme to him that he hateth; for certes the herte of man by enchaufing and moving of his blood waxeth so troubled that it is out of all maner judgement of reson. But ye shul understonde that ire is in two maners, that on of

hem is good, and that other is wicked. The good ire is by jalousie of goodnesse, thurgh the which man is wroth with wickednesse, and again wickednesse, and therefore sayth the wise man that ire is better than play. This ire is with debonairete, and it is wrothe without bitternesse; not wrothe aycnst the man, but wrothe with the misdede of the man; as sayth the prophet David, *irascimini, et nolite peccare*. Now understonde that wicked ire is in two maners, that is to say, foden ire or hasty ire, without avilement and consenting of reson; the meaning and the sence of this is, that the reson of a man ne consenteth not to that foden ire, and than it is venial. Another ire is that is ful wicked, that cometh of felonie of herte, aviled and call before, with wicked will to do vengeance, and therto his reson consenteth; and sothly this is dedly sinne. This ire is so displeant to God that it troubleth his bou, and chafeth the Holy Gost out of mannes soule, and wasteth and destroyeth the likenesse of God, that is to say, the vertue that is in mannes soule, and putteth in him the likenesse of the devil, and benimeth the man fro God that is his rightful Lord. This ire is a ful gret plesance to the devil, for it is the devils forneis that he enchaufeth with the fire of helle; for certes right so as fire is more mighty to destroye erthly thinges than any other element, right so ire is mighty to destroye all spiriuel thinges. Loke how that fire of smal gledes, that ben almost ded under ashen, wol quicken ayen when they ben touched with brimstone; right so ire wol evermore quicken ayen when it is touched with pride that is covered in mannes herte; for certes fire ne may not come out of nothing, but if it were first in the same thing naturally, as fire is drawn out of flintes with stele; and right so as pride is many times mater of ire, right so is rancour norice and keeper of ire. Ther is a maner tree, as sayth Seint Isidore, that whan men make a fire of the faide tree, and cover the coles of it with ashen, sothly the fire therof wol last all a yere or more: and right so fareth it of rancour whan it is ones conceived in the herte of some men; certes it wol lasten peraventure from on Easterne day until another Easterne day, or more; but certes the same man is ful ser from the mercie of God all thilke while.

In this foresaid devils forneis ther forgen three shrewes, Pride, that ay bloweth and encreseth the fire by chiding and wicked wordes; than stondeth Envie, and holdeth the hot yren upon the herte of man with a pair of longe tonges of longer rancour; and than stondeth the sinne of contumelie, or strif and chesse, and battereth and forgeth by vilains reprevings. Certes this cursed sinne annoyeth both to the man himself and eke his neighbour, for sothly almost all the harme or damage that any man doth to his neighbour cometh of wrath, for certes outrageous wrathe doth all that ever the soule sende willeteh or commandeth him; for he ne spareth neyther for our Lord Jesu Crist ne his swete moder; and in his outrageous anger and ire, alas! alas! ful many on at that

time sleeth in his herteful wickedly both of Crist and also of all his halwes. Is not this a cursed vice? yes, certes. Alas! it benimmeth fro man his witte and his reson, and all his debonaire lif spirituel, that shuld kepe his foule: certes it benimmeth also Goddes due lordship (and that is mannes foule) and the love of his neighbours; it striveth also all day ayenst trowth; it reveth him the quiet of his herte, and subverteth his foule.

Of ire comen thise stinking engendrures; first hate, that is olde wrath; discord, thurgh which a man forsaketh his olde frend that he hath loved ful long; and than cometh werre, and every manner of wrong that a man doth to his neighbour in body or in catel. Of this cursed sinne of ire cometh eke manslaughter. And understondeth wel that homicide (that is manslaughter) is in divers wise. Som maner of homicide is spirituel, and som is bodily. Spirituel manslaughter is in six thinges. First, by hate, as sayth Seint John, He that hateth his brother is an homicide. Homicide is also by backbiting, of which backbitours sayth Salomon, that they have two fwerdes with which they slay hir neighbours; for sothly as wicked it is to benime of him his good name as his lif. Homicide is also in yeving of wicked conseil by fraude, as for to yeve conseil to areise wrongful customes and talages, of which sayth Salomon, A lion roring, and a bare hungrie, ben like to cruel lordes in withholding or a bregging of the hire or of the wages of servantes, or elles in usurie, or in withdrawing of the almesse of poure folk; for which the wise man sayth, Fedeth him that almost dieth for hunger, for sothly but if thou fede him thou sleest him: and all thise ben dedly sinnes. Bodily manslaughter is whan thou sleest him with thy tonge in other maner, as whan thou commandest to sle a man, or elles yevest conseil to sle a man. Manslaughter in dede is in foure maners. That on is by lawe, right as a justice dampneth him that is culpable to the deth; but let the justice beware that he do it rightfully, and that he do it not for delit to spill blood, but for keping of rightwisenesse. Another homicide is don for necessitee, as whan a man sleeth another in his defence, and that he ne may non other wise escapen fro his owen deth; but certain and he may escape withouten slaughter of his adversarie he doth sinne, and he shal bere penance as for dedly sinne. Also if a man by cas or aventure shete an arowe or cast a stone with which he sleeth a man, he is an homicide. And if a woman by negligence overlyeth hire child in hire slepe, it is homicide and dedly sinne. Also whan a man disturbleth conception of a childe, and maketh a woman barein by drinkes of venomous herbes thurgh which she may not conceive, or sleeth hire child by drinkes, or elles putteth certain material thing in hire secret place to sle hire child, or elles doth unkinde sinne, by which man or woman shedeth his nature in place ther as a childe may not be conceived; or elles if a woman hath conceived and hurteth hireself,

and by that mishappe the childe is slaine, yet is it homicide. What say we eke of women that murderden hir children for drede of worldly shame? certes it is an horrible homicide. Eke if a man approche to a woman by desir of lecherie thurgh which the childe is perished, or elles smitten a woman wetingly, thurgh which she lefeth hire child, all thise ben homicides, and horrible dedly sinnes. Yet comen ther ire many mo sinnes, as wel in worde as in thought and in dede; as he that arreteth upon God, or blameth God of the thing of which he is himself gilty, or despiseth God and all his halwes, as don thise cursed hafardours in divers contrees. This cursed sinne don they whan they selen in hir herte ful wickedly of God and of his halwes: also whan they treten unreverently the sacrament of the auter, thilke sinne is so gret that unneth it may be relefed, but that the mercy of God passeth all his werkes, it is so gret, and he so benigne. Than cometh also of ire attray anger, whan a man is sharply anonested in his shrift to leve his sinne; than wol he be angry, and answer hokerly and angerly, to defend or excusen his sinne by unstedfastnesse of his fieth; or elles he did it for to hold compaignie with his felawes; or elles he sayeth the fend enticed him; or elles he did it for his youthe; or elles his complexion is so corageous that he may not forbere; or elles it is his destinee, he sayth, unto a certain age; or elles he sayth it cometh him of gentileesse of his auncestres, and fembable thinges. All thise maner of folke so wrappen hem in hir sinnes that they ne wol not deliver hemself, for sothly no wight that excuseth himself wilfully of his sinne may not be delivered of his sinne til that he mekely beknoweth his sinne. After this than cometh swering, that is expresse ayenst the commandement of God; and that befallerth often of anger and of ire: God sayth, Thou shalt not take the name of thy Lord God in idel: also our Lord Jesu Crist sayth by the word of Seint Matthew, Ne shal ye not swere in all manere, neyther by heven, for it is Goddes trone, ne by erthe, for it is the benche of his feet, ne by Jerusalem, for it is the citee of a gret king, ne by thin hed, for thou ne mayst not make an here white ne black; but he sayth, Be your word ye, yea, nay, nay; and what that is more it is of evil. Thus sayth Crist, for Cristes sake swere not so sinnefully, in dismembryng of Crist, by foule, herte, bones, and body; for certes it semeth that ye thinken that the cursed Jewes dismembred him not yough, but ye dismembred him more. And if so be that the lawe compell you to swere, than reuleth you after the lawe of God in your swering, as sayth Jeremie, Thou shalt kepe three conditions; thou shalt swere in trowth, in dome, and in rightwisenesse; this is to say, thou shalt swere soth, for every lesing is ayenst Crist, for Crist is veray trowth; and thinke wel this, that every gret sweer, not compelled lawfully to swere, the plague shal not depart fro his hous while he useth unlesful swering. Thou shalt swere also in dome, whan thou art constrained by the domefman so

witnesse a trowth. Also thou shalt not swere for envie, neyther for favour ne for mede, but only for rightwisenesse, and for declaring of trouthe to the honour and worship of God, and to the aiding and helping of thin even Cristen: and therefore every man that taketh Goddes name in idel, or falsely swereth with his mouth, or elles taketh on him the name of Crist, to be called a Cristen man, and liveth agens Cristes living and his teching, all they take Goddes name in idel. Loke also what sayth Seint Peter, *Aetium iv. Non est aliud nomen sub celo, &c.*: Ther is non other name (sayth Seint Peter) under heaven yeven to men in which they may be saved, that is to say, but the name of Jesu Crist. Take kepe eke how precious is the name of Jesu Crist, as sayth Seint Poule *ad Philipenses ii. In nomine Jesu, &c.*: that in the name of Jesu every knee of heavenly creature, or erthly, or of helle, shuld bowen; for it is so high and worshipful that the cursed fend in helle shuld tremble for to here it named. Than semeth it that men that swere so horribly by his blessed name, that they despise it more boldly than did the cursed Jewes, or elles the devel, that trembleth whan he hereth his name.

Now certes sith that swering (but if it be lawfully don) is so highly defended, moche worse is for to swere falsely and eke needles.

What say we eke of hem that deliten hem in swering, and hold it a genterie or manly dede to swere gret othes? and what of hem that of veray usagene cefenot to swere gret othes, al be the cause not worth a strawe? certes this is horrible sinne: swering sodenly without avisement is also a gret sinne. But let us go now to that horrible swering of adjuration and conjuration, as don thise false enchauntours and nigromancers in basins ful of water, or in a bright swerde, in a cercle, or in a fire, or in a sholder bone of a shepe: I cannot sayn but that they do curfely and damnablely ayenst Crist, and all the faith of holy churche.

What say we of hem that beleven on divinales, as by sight or by noise of briddes or of bestes, or by sorte of geomancie, by dremes, by chirking of dories, or cracking of houses, by gnawing of rattes, and swiche maner wretchednesse? Certes all thise thinges ben defended by God and holy churche, for which they ben accursed, till they come to amendement, that on swiche sith set hir beleve. Charmes for woundes, or for maladies of men or of bestes, if they take any effect it may be peraventure that God suffreth it for folk shuld yve the more feith and reverence to his name.

Now wol I speke of lesinges, which generally is falsse signification of word, in entent to deceive his even Cristen. Some lesing is of which ther cometh non advantage to no wight; and som lesing turneth to the profite and ele of a man, and to the dammage of another man; another lesing is for to save his lif or his catel; another lesing cometh of delit for to lie, in which delit they wol forge a long tale, and peint it with all circumstances, wher all the ground of the tale is falsse; some

lesing cometh for he wol sustein his word; and som lesing cometh of recchelesnesse withouten avisement, and semblable thinges.

Let us now touche the vice of flaterie, which ne cometh not gladly, but for drede or for covetise. Flaterie is generally wrongful preising: flaterers ben the devils nourices, that nourish his children with milke of losengerie. Forsoth Salomon sayth that flaterie is worse than detraction, for sometime detraction maketh an hautein man be the more humble, for he dredeth detraction, but certes flaterie maketh a man to enhance his herte and his contenance. Flaterers ben the devils enchauntours, for they maken a man to wenen himself be like that he is not like: they be like to Judas that betrayed God; and thise flaterers betrayen man to selle him to his enemy, that is the devil. Flaterers ben the devils chapeleines, that ever singen *Placebo*. I reken flaterie in the vices of ire, for oft time if a man be wroth with another, than wol he flater som wight to susteine him in his quarrel.

Speke we now of swiche cursing as cometh of irous herte. Malison generally may be said every maner power of harme: swiche cursing bereveth man the regne of God, as sayth Seint Poule; and oft time swiche cursing wrongfully retorneth again to him that curfeth, as a bird retorneth again to his owen nest: and over all thing men ought eschew to curse hir children, and to yve to the devil hir engendrure, as fer forth as in hem is; certes it is a grete peril and a grete sinne.

Let us than speke of chiding and repreving, which ben ful grete woundes in mannes herte, for they unfow the feames of frendship in mannes herte; for certes unneth may a man be plainly accorded with him that he hath openly reviled, reprevd, and disclaudred; this is a full grisly sinne, as Crist sayth in the gospel. And take ye kepe now that he that repreveth his neighbour either he repreveth him by som harme of peine that he hath upon his bodie, as mesel, croked harlot, or by som sinne that he doth: now if he repreve him by harme of peine, than turneth the repreve to Jesu Crist; for peine is sent by the rightwysse onde of God, and by his suffrance, be it meselrie, or maim, or maladic; and if he repreve him uncharitably of sinne, as thou holour, thou dronkelewe harlot, and so forth, than apperteneeth that to the rejoicing of the devil, which ever hath joye that men don sinne. And certes chiding may not come but out of a vilains herte, for after the haboundance of the herte speketh the mouth ful oft. And ye shul understond that loke by any way whan any man chastiseth another that he beware fro chiding or repreving, for trewely but he beware he may ful lightly quicken the fire of anger and of wrath, which he shuld quench, and peraventure sleth him that he might chastise with benignitee; for, as sayth Salomon, The amiable tonge is the tree of lif, that is to say, of lif spiritual; and sothly a dissolute tonge sleth the spirit of him that repreveth, and also of him which is reprevd. Lo, what sayth Seint Augustine; Ther

is nothing so like the devils child as he which oft chideth; a servant of God behoveth not to chide; and though that chiding be a vilains thing betwix all maner folk, yet it is certes most uncovenable betwene a man and his wif, for ther is never rest; and therfore sayth Salomon, An hous that is uncovered in rayn and dropping and a chiding wif ben like; a man which is in a dropping hous in many places though he eschew the dropping in o place, it droppeth on him in another place; so fareth it by a chiding wif, if she chide him not in o place she wol chide him in another; and therfore better is a morsel of bred with joye than an hous filled ful of delices with chiding, sayth Salomon: and Seint Poule sayth, O ye women! beth ye subgettes to your husbandes as you behoveth in God; and ye men loveth your wives.

Afterward speke we of scorning, which is a wicked sinne, and namely whan he scorneth a man for his good werkes, for certes swiche scorners faren like the foule tode, that may not endure to smell the swete savour of the vine whan it flourissheth: thise scorners ben parting felaws with the devil, for they have joye whan the devil winneth, and forwe if he lefeth; they ben adversaries to Jesu Crist, for they hate that he loveth, that is to say, salvation of foule.

Speke we now of wicked conseil, for he that wicked conseil yeveth is a traitour, for he deceiveth him that trusteth in him; but natheless yet is wicked conseil first ayenst himself; for, as sayth the wise man, Every false living hath this propertee in himself, that he that wol annoy another man, he annoyeth first himself. And men shul understand that man shal not take his conseil of false folk, ne of angry folk, or grevous folk, ne of folk that loven specially hir owen profit, ne of to moche worldly folk, namely in conseiling of mannes foule.

Now cometh the sinne of hem that maken discord among folk, which is a sinne that Crist hateth utterly; and no wonder is, for he died for to make concord; and more shame don they to Crist than did they that him crucified; for God loveth better that friendship be amonges folk than he did his owen body, which that he yave for unitee; therfore ben they likened to the devil, that ever is about to make discord.

Now cometh the sinne of double tonge, swiche as speke faire before folk and wickedly behind, or elles they make semblaunt as though they spake of good entencion, or elles in game and play, and yet they speken of wicked entente.

Now cometh bewreying of conseil, thurgh which a man is defamed: certes unnethe may he restore the damage: now cometh manace, that is an open folie, for he that oft manaceth he threteth more than he may performe ful oft time: now comen idel wordes that be without profite of him that speketh the wordes, and eke of him that herkeneth the wordes, or elles idel wordes ben tho that ben nedeles, or withouten entente of naturel profit; and al be it that idel wordes be somtime venial sinne, yet shuld men doute hem, for we shul yeve

rekening of hem before God. Now cometh jangling, that may not come withouten sinne; and, as sayth Salomon, It is a signe of apert folie; and therfore a philosopre sayd, whan a man axed him how that he shuld plesse the peple, he answered, Do many good werkes, and speke few jangelinges. After this cometh the sinne of japeres, that ben the devils apes, for they make folk to laugh at hir japerie, as folk don at the gaudes of an ape; swiche japes defendeth Seint Poule. Loke how that vertuous wordes and holy comforten hem that travaillen in the service of Crist, right so comforten the vilains words and the knakkes of japeres hem that travaillen in the service of the devil. Thise ben the sinnes of the tonge, that comen of ire, and other sinnes many mo.

Remedium Ira.

The remedie ayenst ire is a vertue that cleped is Manfuetude, that is debonaitee, and eke another vertue that men clepen Patience or Sufferaunce.

Debonaitee withdraweth and refraineth the stirrings and movings of mannes corage in his herte in swich maner that they ne skip not out by anger ne ire; sufferance suffereth swetely all the annoyance, and the wrong that is don to man outward. Seint Jerome sayth this of debonaitee, that it doth no harme to no wight ne sayth, ne for no harme that men do ne fay he ne chafeth not ayenst reson. This vertue somtime cometh of nature; for, as sayth the philosopre, A man is a quick thing, by nature debonaire, and trectable to goodnesse; but whan debonaitee is enformed of grace, than it is the more worth.

Patience is another remedie ayenst ire, and is a vertue that suffereth swetely every mannes goodnesse, and is not wroth for non harme that is don to him. The philosopre sayth that patience is the vertue that suffreth debonairely al the outrage of adversitee and every wicked word. This vertue maketh a man like to God, and maketh him Goddes owen childe, as sayth Crist: this vertue discomfith thin enemies; and therfore sayth the wise man, If thou wolt vanquish thin enemye see thou be patient. And thou shalt understand that a man suffereth foure maner of grevances in outward thinges, ayenst the which foure he must have foure maner of patiences.

The first grevance is of wicked wordes; thilke grevance suffred Jesu Crist, without grutching, ful patiently, whan the Jewes despised him and reprevd him ful oft: suffer thou therfore patiently, for the wise man saith, If thou strive with a fool, though the fool be wroth, or though he laugh, algate thou shalt have no reste. That other grevance outward is to have damage of thy catel; therayenst suffred Crist ful patiently whan he was despoiled of al that he had in this lif, and that n'as but his clothes. The thridde grevance is a man to have harme in his body; that suffred Crist ful patiently in all his passion. The fourthe grevance is in outrageous labour in werkes; wher-

fore I say that folk that make hir servants to trauaile to greuously, or out of time, as in holy dayes, sothly they do gret sinne: hereayenst suffered Crist ful patiently, and taught us patience, whan he bare upon his blessed sholders the crosse upon which he shuld suffer despitous deth. Here may men lerne to be patient; for certes not only Cristen men be patient for love of Jesu Crist, and for guerdon of the blisful lif that is perdurable, but certes the old Payenes, that never were christened, commendeded and useden the vertue of patience.

A philosophre upon a time that wold have beten his disciple for his gret trespas, for which he was gretly mewed, and brought a yerde to bete the childe, and whan this child sawe the yerde he sayd to his maister, What thinke ye to do? I wol bete thee, sayd the maister, for thy correction. Forsooth, sayd the childe, ye ought first correct yourself, that have lost all your patience for the offence of a child. Forsooth, sayd the maister, all weping, thou sayest soth; have thou the yerde, my dere sone! and correct me for min impatience. Of patience cometh obedience, thurgh which a man is obedient to Crist, and to all hem to which he ought to be obedient in Crist. And understand wel that obedience is parfitte whan that a man doth gladly and hastily, with good herte entirely, all that he shuld do. Obedience generally, is to performe hastily the doctrine of God and of his souveraines, to which him ought to be obciant in all rightwisenesse.

De Accidia.

After the sinne of wrath now wol I speke of the sinne of accidie or slouth; for envie blindeth the herte of a man, and ire troubleth a man, and accidie maketh him hevy, thoughtful, and wrawe. Envie and ire maken bitternesse in herte, which bitternesse is mother of accidie, and benimeth him the love of alle goodnesse; than is accidie the anguish of a trouble herte: and Seint Augustine sayth, It is annoye of goodnesse and annoye of harme. Certes this is a damnable sinne, for it doth wrong to Jesu Crist, in as moche as it benimeth the service that men shulde do to Crist with alle diligence, as sayth Salomon; but accidie doth non swiche diligence: he doth all thing with annoye, and with wrawnesse, slacknesse, and excusation, with idelnesse and unlust; for which the book sayth, Accursed be he that doth the service of God negligently. Than is accidie enemy to every estate of man; for certes the estate of man is in three maners: either it is the estate of innocence, as was the estate of Adam before that he fell into sinne, in which estate he was holden to werk, as in heryng and adoring of God. Another estate is the estate of sinful men, in which estate men ben holden to labour in praying to God for amendement of hir finnes, and that he wold graunt hem to rise out of hir finnes. Another estate is the estate of grace, in which estate he is holden to werkes of penitence; and certes to all thise

thinges is accidie enemy and contrary, for he loveth no besinesse at all. Now certes this foule sinne of accidie is eke a ful gret enemy to the livelode of the body, for it ne hath no purveaunce ayenst temporel necessite, for it forleutheth, forsluggeth, and destroiet all goodes temporel by recchelesnesse.

The fourth thing is that accidie is like hem that ben in the peine of helle because of hir slouth and of hir heviness; for they that be damned ben so bound that they may neyther do wel ne think wel. Of accidie cometh first that a man is annoied and accombred to do any goodnesse, and that maketh that God hath abomination of swiche accidie, as sayth Seint John.

Now cometh slouth, that wol not suffre no hardnesse ne no penance; for sothly slouth is so tendre and so delicat, as sayth Salomon, that he wol suffre non hardnesse ne penance, and therefore he shendeth all that he doth. Ayenst this roten sinne of accidie and slouth the shuld men exercise hemself, and use hemself to do good werkes, and manly and vertuously cachen corage wel to do, thinking that our Lord Jesu Crist quitheth every good deed, be it never so lite. Usage of labour is a gret thing, for it maketh, as sayth Seint Bernard, the labourer to have strong armes and hard finewes, and slouth maketh hem feble and tendre. Than cometh drede for to beginne to werke any good werkes; for certes he that enclinet to sinne, him thinketh it is to gret an emprise for to undertake the werkes of goodnesse, and casteth in his herte that the circumstances of goodnesse ben so grevous and so chargeant for to suffre that he dare not undertake to do werkes of goodnesse, as sayth Seint Gregorie.

Now cometh wanhope, that is despeir of the mercy of God, that cometh sometime of to moche outrageous forwe, and sometime of to moche drede, imagining that he hath do so moche sinne that it wolde not availe him though he wolde repent him and forsake sinne, thurgh which despeir or drede he abandoneth all his herte to every manner sinne, as sayth Seint Augustine; which dampnable sinne, if it continue unto his end, it is cleped the sinne of the Holy Gost. This horrible sinne is so perilous that he that is despeired ther n'is no felonie, ne no sinne that he douteth for to do, as shewed wel by Judas. Certes aboven all finnes than is this sinne most displeant and most adversarie to Crist. Sothly he that despeireth him is like to the coward champion recreant that flieth withouten nede. Alas! alas! nedeles is he recreant and nedeles despeired. Certes the mercy of God is ever redy to the penitent person, and is above all his werkes. Alas! cannot a man bethinke him on the Gospel of Seint Luke, chap. xv.; wheras Crist sayth, that as wel shal ther be joye in heaven, upon a sinful man that doth penitence, as upon ninety-and-nine rightfull men that neden no penitence? Loke further in the same gospel the joye and the feste of the good man that had lost his sone, whan his sone was returned with repentance to his fader. Can they

not remembre hem also (as sayth Seint Luke, ch. xxiii.) how that the thefe that was honged beside Jesu Crift sayd, Lord, remembre on me when thou comest in thy regne? Forsoth, said Crift, I say to thee to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradis. Certes ther is non so horrible sinne of man that ne may in his lif be destroyed by penitence thurgh vertue of the passion and of the deth of Crift. Alas! what nedeth man than to be despeired, sith that his mercy is so redy and large? Axe and have. Than cometh sompnolence, that is, sluggy slumbring, which maketh a man hevy and dull in body and in soule, and this sinne cometh of slouth; and certes the time that by way of reson man shuld not slepe is by the morwe, but if ther were cause resonable; for sothly in the morwe tide is most covenable to a man to say his prayers, and for to think on God, and to honour God, and to yeve almesse to the poure that comen first in the name of Jesu Crift. Lo, what sayth Salomon? Who so wol by the morwe awake to seke me he shal find me. Than cometh negligence or recchelesnesse, that recketh of nothing; and though that ignorance be mother of all harmes certes negligence is the norice; negligence ne doth no force when he shal do a thing whether he do it wel or badly.

The remedie of thise two sinnes is, as sayth the wife man, that he that dredeth God spareth not to do that him ought to do; and he that loveth God he wol do diligence to plesse God by his werkes, and abandon himself with all his might wel for to do. Than cometh idelnesse, that is the yate of all harmes. An idel man is like to a place that hath no walles, theras deviles may enter on every side, or shoot at him at discoverte by temptation on every side: this idelnesse is the thurrok of all wicked and villains thoughtes, and of all jangleles, trifles, and all ordure: certes heven is yeven to hem that will labour, and not to idel folk: also David sayth, They ne be not in the labour of men, ne they shul not ben whipped with men, that is to say, in Purgatorie: certes than semeth it they shul ben tormented with the devil in helle but if they do penance.

Than cometh the sinne that men clepen *Tarditas*, as whan a man is latered or taryed or he wol tourne to God; and certes that is a gret folie: he is like him that falleth in the diche and wol not arise. And this vice cometh of falsse hope, that thinketh that he shal live long; but that hope failleth ful oft.

Than cometh Lachesse, that is he that whan he beginneth any good werk, anon he wol forlete it and flint, as don they that have any wight to governe, and ne take of him no more kepe, anon as they find any contrary or any annoy. Thise ben the newe shepherdes that let hir shepe wetingly go renne to the wolf that is in the breres, and do no force of hir owen governance. Of this cometh poverte and destruction both of spirituel and temporel thinges: than cometh a maner coldnesse that frefeth all the herte of man; than cometh undevotion, thurgh which a man is so blont, as sayth

Seint Bernard, and hath swiche langour in his soule, that he may neyther rede ne sing in holy chirche, ne here ne thinke of no devotion, ne travaille with his hondes in no good werk, that it n'is to him unflavory and all appalled: than wexeth he sluggish and slombry, and sone wol he be wroth, and sone is he inclined to hate and to envie: than cometh the sinne of worldly sorwe, swiche as is cleped *Tristitia*, that sleth a man as sayth Seint Poule; for certes swiche sorwe werketh to the deth of the soule and body also, for therof cometh that a man is annoied of his owen lif, wherfore swiche sorwe shorteth the lif of many a man, or that his time is come by way of kinde.

Remedium Accidie

Ayent this horrible sinne of accidie, and the braunches of he same, ther is a vertue that is called *Fortitudo* or Strength, that is, an affection thurgh which a man despiseth noyous thinges. This vertue is so mighty and so vigorous, that it dare withstond mightily, and wraffle ayent the assautes of the devil, and wisely kepe himself fro periles that ben wicked, for it enhaunfeth and enforceth the soule, right as accidie abateth and maketh it feble; for this *fortitudo* may endure with long sufferance the travailes that ben covenable.

This vertue hath many spices: the first is cleped Magnanimitee, that is to say, gret corage; for certes ther behoveth gret corage ayent accidie, lest that it swalowe the soule by the sinne of sorwe, or destroy it with wanhope. Certes this vertue maketh folk to undertake hard and grevous thinges by hir owen wit wisely and resonably. And for as moche as the devil fighteth ayent man more by quicteffe and sleight than by strength, therefore shal a man withstond him by wit, by resou, and by discretion. Than ben ther the vertues of feith, and hope in God and in his seintes, to acheven and accomple the good werkes, in the which he purporeth fermely to continue. Than cometh seuretee or sikernes, and that is whan a man ne douteth no travaille in time coming of the good werkes that he hath begonne: than cometh magnificence, that is to say, whan a man doth and performeth gret werkes of goodnesse that he hath begonne, and that is the end why that men shuld do good werkes, for in the accomplishing of good werkes lieth the gret guerdon: than is ther constance, that is stableness of corage, and this shuld be in herte by stedfast feith, and in mouth, and in bering, in chere and in dede. Eke ther ben mo special remedies ayent accidie, in divers werkes, and in consideration of the peines of helle, and of the joyes of heven, and in trust of the grace of the Holy Gost, that will yeve him might to performe his good entent.

De Avaritia.

After accidie wol I speke of avarice and of covetise; of which sinne Seint Poule sayth, The rott

of all harmes is covetise; for sothly whan the herte of man is confounded in itself and troubled, and that the foule hath lost the comfort of God, than seketh he an idel solas of worldly thinges.

Avarice, after the description of Seint Augustine, is a likerousnesse in herte to have erthly thinges. Som other folk sayn that avarice is for to purchase many erthly thinges, and nothing to yve to hem that han nede. And understond wel that avarice standeth not only in land ne catel, but som time in science and in glorie, and in every maner outrageous thing, is avarice: and the difference betwene avarice and covetise is this; covetise is for to covet swiche thinges as thou hast not, and avarice is to withholden and kepe swiche thinges as thou hast without rightful nede. Sothly this avarice is a sinne that is ful dampnable, for all holy writ curseth it, and spekethe ayenst it, for it doth wrong to Jesu Crist, for it bereveth him the love that men to him owen, and tourneth it backward ayenst all reson, and maketh that the avaricious man hath more hope in his catel than in Jesu Crist, and doth more observance in keeping of his tresour than he doth in the service of Jesu Crist; and therefore sayth Seint Poule, that an avaricious man is the thraldome of idolatrie.

What difference is ther betwix an idolastre and an avaricious man, but that an idolastre peraventure ne hath not but o maumet or two, and the avaricious man hath many? for certes every florein in his coffre is his maumet: and certes the sone of maumetrie is the first that God defended in the ten commandments, as bereth witnesse, *Exod. ch. xx.*: Thou shalt have no falle goddes before me, ne thou shalt make to thee no graven thing. Thus is an avaricious man that loveth his tresour before God an idolastre. And thurgh this cursed sinne of avarice and covetise cometh thise hard lordships thurgh which men ben distreined by tallages, custumes, and cariages, more than hir dutee or reson is; and eke take they of hir bondmen amercementes, which might more resonably be called extorsions than amercementes; of which amercementes, or ransoming of bondmen, som lordes stewardes say that it is rightful; for as moche as a cherl hath no temporel thing that it ne is his lordes as they say. But certes thise lordships dou wrong, that bereven hir bondmen thinges that they never yave hem. *Augustinus de Civitate Dei, libro ix.* Soth is that the condition of thraldom, and the first cause of thraldom was for sinne. *Genesis v.*

Thus may ye see that the gilt deserved thraldom, but not nature; wherefore thise lordes ne shuld not to moche glorifie hem in hir lordships, sith that they by naturel condition ben not lordes of hir thralles, but that thraldom came first by the deserte of sinne. And furthermore, ther as the lawe sayth that temporel goodes of bondfolk ben the goodes of hir lord, ye, that is for to understond, the goodes of the emperour, to defend hem in hir right; but not to robbe hem ne to reve hem; therefore sayth Seneca, The prudent shuld live benignely with the thral, tho that thou clepest thy thralles ben Goddes peple; for humble folk ben

Cristes frendes; they ben contubernial with the Lord thy king.

Thinke also that of swiche seed as cherles springen, of swiche seed springen lordes: as wel may the cherl be saved as the lord. The same deth that taketh the cherl swiche deth taketh the lord; wherefore I rede do right so with thy cherl as thou woldest that thy lord did with thee if thou were in his plight. Every sinful man is a cherl to sinne. I rede thee, thou lord; that thou reule thee in swiche wise that thy cherles rather love thee than drede thee. I wote wel that ther is degree above degree, as reson is, and skill is, that men do hir devoir ther as it is due; but certes extortion and despit of your underlinges is dampnable.

And furthermore, understond wel that thise conquerours or tyrantes maken ful oft thralles of hem that ben borne of as royal blood as ben they that hem conqueren. This name of Thraldom was never erst couthe til that Noe sayd that his sone Cham shuld be thral to his brethren for his sinne. What say we than of hem that pille and don extorsions to holy chirche? Certes the swerd that men yeven first to a knight whan he is newe dubbed signifieth that he shuld defend holy chirche, and not robbe it ne pille it; and who so doth is traitour to Crist: as saith Seint Augustine, Tho ben the devils wolves that strangelen the shepe of Jesu Crist, and don worse than wolves; for sothly, whan the wolf hath full his wombe he stineth to strangle shepe, but sothly the pillors and despoilers of holy chirches goodes ne do not so, for they ne stin never to pille. Now, as I have sayd, sith so is that sinne was first cause of thraldom, than is it thus, that at the time that all this world was in sinne, than was all this world in thraldom and in subjection: but certes sith the time of grace came, God ordeined that som folk shuld be more high in estate and in degree, and som folk more lowe, and that everich shuld be served in his estate and his degree: and therefore in som contrees ther as they ben thralles whan they have tourned hem to the feith they make hir thralles free out of thraldom; and therefore certes the lord oweth to his man that the man oweth to the lord. The Pope clepeth himself Servant of the servants of God; but for as moche as the estate of holy chirche ne might not have ben, ne the commun profite might not have be kept, ne pees ne rest in erthe, but if God had ordeined that som men have higher degree and som men lower, therefore was soveraintee ordeined to kepe and mainteine, and defend, hire underlinges or hire subiectes in reson, as ferforth as it lieth in hire power, and not to destroy hem ne confound; wherefore I say that thilke lordes that ben like wolves, that devoure the possessions or the catel of poure folk wrongfully, withouten mercy or mesure, they shul receive by the same mesure that they have mesured to poure folk the mercie of Jesu Crist, but they it amende. Now cometh deceit betwix marchant and marchant. And thou shalt understond that marchandise is in two maners, that on is bodily, and that other is gostly; that on is honest and lesul, and that other is dishonest and

unlesful. The bodily marchandise, that is leful and honest, is this, that ther as God hath ordeined that a regne or a contree is fuffisant to himself, than it is honest and leful that of the haboundance of this contree men helpe another contree that is neddy; and therefore ther must be marchants to bring fro on contree to another hir marchandise. That other marchandise that men haunten with fraude, and trecherie, and deceit, with lesinges and false othes, is right curfed and dampnable. Spirituel marchandise is properly simonie, that is, ententif desire to buy thing spirituel, that is, thing which apperteineth to the seintuarie of God, and to the cure of the soule. This desire, if so be that a man do his diligence to performe it, al be it that his desire ne take non effect, yet it is to him a dedly sinne, and if he be ordered he is irregular. Certes simonie is cleped of Simon Magus, that wold have bought for temporel catel the yeste that God had yeven by the Holy Gost to Seint Peter and to the apostles; and therefore understood ye, that both he that selleth and he that byeth things spirituel ben called Simoniackes, be it by catel, be it by procuring, or by fleshly praiser of his frendes, fleshly frendes or spirituel frendes, fleshly in two maners, as by kinrede or other frendes; sothly if they pray for him that is not worthy and able it is simonie; if he take the benefice, and if he be worthy and able ther is non. That other maner is whan man or woman prayeth for folk to advancen hem only for wicked fleshly affection, which they have unto the persons, and that is soule simonie; but certes in service, for which men yeven things spirituel unto hir servants, it must be understonde that the service must be honest or elles not, and also that it be without bargaining, and that the person be able; for (as sayth Seint Damascen) All the finnes of the world, at regard of this sinne, ben as thing of nought, for it is the grettest sinne that may be after the sinne of Lucifer and of Anticrist; for by this sinne God forleseth the chirche and the soule, which he bought with his precious blood, by hem that yeven churches to hem that ben not digne, for they put in theves, that stelen the soules of Jesu Crist, and destroyen his patrimonie. By swiche undigne preeftes and curates han lewed men lesse reverence of the sacraments of holy chirche; and swiche yevers of churches put the children of Crist out, and put into churches the divels owen sones; they sellen the soules that lambes shuld kepe to the wolf, which stranglenth hem, and therefore shall they never have part of the pasture of lambes, that is, in the blisse of heven. Now cometh halsardrie, with his apertenautes, as tables and rases, of which cometh deceit, false othes, chidings, and all raving, blaspheming, and reneying of God, hate of his neighbours, wast of goodes, mispending of time, and somtime manslaughter. Certes halsardours ne mow not be without gret sinne. Of avarice comen eke lesinges, theft, false witnesse, and false othes; and ye shul understonde that these be gret finnes, and expresse ayenst the commandements of God; as I have sayd. False witnesse is eke

in word and in dede; in word, as for to bereve thy neighbours good name by thy false witnesse, or bereve him his catel or his heritage by thy false witnesse, whan thou for ire, or for mede, or for envie, bereft false witnesse, or accusest him, or excusest thyself falsely. Ware, ye questmongers and notaries! certes for false witnesse was Susanna in ful gret forwe and peine, and many another mo. The sinne of theft is also expresse ayenst Goddes heft, and that in two maners, temporel and spirituel. The temporel theft is as for to take thy neighbours catel ayenst his will, be it by force or by sleight, be it in meting or mesure, by steling, by false entitements upon him, and in borowing of thy neighbours catel in entent never to pay it ayen, and fenable things. Spirituel theft is sacrilege, that is to say, hurting of holy things, or of things sacred to Crist, in two maners; by reson of the holy place, as churches or churches hawes; (for every vilains sinne that men don in swiche places may be called sacrilege, or every violence in fenable places) also they that withdrawe falsely the rentes and rightes that longen to holy chirche; and plainly and generally, sacrilege is to reve holy thing fro holy place, or unholy thing out of holy place, or holy thing out of unholy place.

Remedium Avaricie.

Now shul ye understonde that relieving of avarice is misericorde and pitee largely taken. And men might axe why that misericorde and pitee are relieving of avarice? Certes the avaricious man sheweth no pitee ne misericorde to the nedeful man, for he deliteth him in the keping of his tresour, and not in the rescouing ne relieving of his even Cristen; and therefore speke I first of misericorde. Than is misericorde (as sayth the philosophe) a vertue by which the corage of man is stirred by the misse of him that is missef; upon which misericorde foloweth pitee, in performing and fulfilling of charitable werkes of mercie, helping and comforting him that is missef. And certes this meveth a man to misericorde of Jesu Crist, that he yave himself for our offence, and suffred deth for misericorde, and soryaf us our original finnes, and therby relefed us fro the peine of hell, and amenued the peines of Purgatory by penitence, and yeveth us grace wel to do, and at the last the blisse of heven. The spices of misericorde ben for to lene, and eke for to yeve, and for to soryeve and relese, and for to have pitee in herte, and compassion of the mischefe of his even Cristen, and also to chastise ther as nede is. Another maner of remedy ayenst avarice is resonable largesse; but sothly here behoveth the consideration of the grace of Jesu Crist, and of the temporel goodes, and also of the goodes perdurable that Jesu Crist yave to us, and to have remembrance of the deth which he shal receive, he wot not whan; and eke that he shal forgon all that he hath, save only that which he hath dispended in good werkes.

But for as moche as som folk ben unmesurable, men oughten for to avoid and eschue fool-largesse, the whiche men clepen Wast. Certes he that is fool-large he yeveth not his catel, but he lefeth his his catel: sothly what thing that he yeveth for vainé glorie, as to ministrals, and to folk that bere his re-nome in the world, he hath do sinne therof, and non almesse: certes he lefeth foule his good that ne seketh with the yeste of hir good nothing but sinne: he is like to an hors that seketh rather to drink drovy or troubled water than for to drink water of the clere well: and for as moche as they yeven ther as they shuld nat yeven, to hem appertaineth thilke malison that Crist shal yeve at the day of dome to hem that shul be dampned.

De Gula.

After avarice cometh glotonie, which is expresse ayenst the commandement of God. Glotonie is unmesurable appetit to ete or to drinke, or elles to do in ought to the unmesurable appetite and disordeined covetise to ete or drinke. This sinne corrupted all this world, as is wel shewed in the sinne of Adam and of Eve. Loke also what sayth Saint Poule of glotonie: Many (sayth he) gon, of which I have ofte said to you, and now I say it weping, that they ben the enemies of the crosse of Crist, of which the end is deth; and of which hir wombe is hir God and hir glorie, in confusion of hem that so serven erthly thinges. He that that is usant to this sinne of glotonie, he ne may no sinne withstond, he must be in fervege of all vices, for it is the devils horde ther he hideth him and resteth. This sinne hath many spices: the first is dronkenesse, that is the horrible sepulture of mannes reson, and therefore whan a man is dronke he hath lost his reson; and this is dedly sinne; but sothly whan that a man is not wont to strong drinkes, and peraventure ne knoweth not the strenght of the drinke, or hath feble-nesse in his hed, or hath travailled, thurgh which he drinketh the more, al be he sodenly taught with drinke, it is no dedely sinne but venial. The second spice of glotonie is, that the spirit of a man wexeth all trouble for dronkenesse, and bereveth a man the discretion of his wit. The thridde spice of glotonie is whan a man devoureth his mete, and hath not rightful maner of eting. The fourthe is, whan thurgh the gret abundance of his mete the humours in his body ben distempered. The fift is foryetful-nesse by to mochedrinking, for which sometime a man forgeteth by the morwe what he did over eve.

In other maner ben distinct the spices of glotonie, after Saint Gregorie. The first is for to ete before time; the second is whan a man geteth him to delicate mete or drinke; the thridde is whan men taken to moche over mesure; the fourth is curiositee, with gret entent to maken and appaile his mete; the fift is for to ete greedily. Thise ben the five fingers of the devils hond, by which he draweth folk to the sinne.

Remidium Gula.

Ayenst glotonie the remedie is abstinence, as sayth Galien; but that I holde not meritorie, if he do it only for the hele of his body. Saint Augustine wol that abstinence be don for vertue, and with patience. Abstinence (sayth he) is litel worth but if a man have good will therto, and but it be enforced by patience and charitee, and that men don it for Goddes sake, and in hope to have the blisse in heaven.

The felawes of abstinence ben temperance, that holdeth the mene in alle thinges; also shame, that escheweth all dishoneste; suffisance, that seketh no riche metes ne drinkes, ne doth no force of non outrageous appareilling of mete; mesure also, that restrineth by reason the unmesurable appetit of eting; sobernesse also, that restrineth the outrage of drinke; sparing also, that restrineth the delicat ese to sit long at mete, wherfore som folk standen of hir owen will whan they ete, because they wol ete at lesse leiser.

De Luxuria.

After glotonie cometh lecherie, for thise two sinnes ben so nigh cosins that oft time they wol not depart. God wote this sinne is ful displefant to God, for he said himself, Do no lecherie; and therefore he putteth gret peine ayenst this sinne: for in the old lawe if a woman thrall were taken in this sinne, she shuld be beten with staves to the deth, and if she were a gentilwoman she shuld be slain with stones, and if she were a bihoppes daughter she shuld be brent by Goddes tommandement. Moreover, for the sinne of lecherie God dreint all the world, and after that he brent five cities with thunder and lightning, and sank hem down into hell.

Now let us speke than of the said sinking sinne of lecherie, that men clepen Avoutrie, that is of wedded folk, that is to say, if that on of hem be wedded or elles both. Saint John sayth, that avouterers shul ben in helle in a stakke brenting of fire and of brimstone; in fire for her lecherie, in brimstone for the stench of hir ordure. Certes the breking of this sacrament is an horrible thing; it was made of God himself in Paradis, and confirmed by Jesu Crist, as witnesseth Saint Mathew in the Gospel; A man shal let fader and moder, and take him to his wif, and they shal be two in on flesh. This sacrament betokeneth the knitting together of Crist and holy chirche. And not only that God forbade avoutrie in dede, but also he commanded that thou shuldest not covet thy neighbours wif. In this haste (sayth Saint Augustine) is forbidden all maner covetise to do lecherie. Lo, what sayth Saint Mathew in the Gospel, that who so seeth a woman to covetise of his lust, he hath don lecherie with hire in his herte. Here may ye see that not only the dede of this sinne is forbidden, but eke the desire to don that sinne. This cursed sinne annoyeth grevously

hem that it haunt : and first to the soule, for he obligeth it to sinne and to peine of deth, which is perdurable ; and to the body annoyeth it greuously also, for it drieth him and wasteth and shent him, and of his blood he maketh sacrifice to the fend of helle: it wasteth eke his catel and his substance ; and certes if it be a foule thing a man to waste his catel on women, yet is it a fouler thing whan that for swiche ordure women dispenden upon men hir catel and hir substance. This sinne, as sayth the prophet, bereveth man and woman hir good fame and all hir honour; and it is ful pleasant to the devil, for therby winneth he the moste partie of this wretched world : and right as a marchant deliteth him most in that chaffare which he hath most advantage and profite of, right so deliteth the fend in this ordure.

This is that other hond of the devil, with five fingers, to cacche the peple to his vilanie. The first finge is the foole loking of the foole woman and of the foole man, that sleth right as the basilicok sleth folk by venime of his sight, for the covetise of the eyen foloweth the covetise of the herte. The second finge is the vilains touching in wicked maner; and therefore sayth Salomon, that who so toucheth and handleth a woman he fareth as the man that handleth the scorpion, which stingeth and sodenly sleth thurgh his envenyming; or as who so that toucheth warme pitch it shendeth his fingers. The thridde is foule wordes, whiche fareth like fire, which right anon brenneth the herte. The fourth finge is kissing, and trewely he were a gret foole that wold kisse the mouthe of a brenning ova or of a fourneis; and more foolen ben they that kissen in vilainie, for that mouth is the mouth of helle; and namely thise olde dotardes holours, which wol kisse and flicker, and besie hemself though they may nought do: certes they ben like to houndes, for an hound whan he cometh by the roser or by other bushes, though so be that he may not pisse, yet wol he heve up his leg and make a contenance to pisse. And for that many men weneth that he may not sinne for no likerounesse that he doth with his wif, trewely that opinion is false; God wot a man may flee himself with his own knif and make himself dronken of his owen tonne. Certes be it wif, be it childe, or any worldly thing, that he loveth before God, it is his maumet, and he is an idolastre. A man shuld love his wif by discretion, patiently and attemprely and than is she as though it were his suster. The fifth finge of the divels hond is the stinking dede of lecherie. Trewely the five fingers of glotonie the fend putteth in the wombe of a man, and with his five fingers of lecherie he gripeth him by the reins for to throwe him into the fourneis of helle, ther as they shul have the fire and the wormes that ever shul lasten, and weping and wayling, and sharpe hunger and thurst, and grissinesse of divels whiche shul all to-trede hem withouten respite and withouten ende. Of lecherie, as I sayd, souden and springen divers spices; as fornication that is betwene man and woman which

ben not married, and is dedly sinne, and ayenst nature. All that is enemy and destruction to nature is ayenst nature. Parlay the reason of a man eke telleth him wel that it is dedly sinne, for as moche as God forbad lecherie; and Seint Poule yeveth hem the regne that n'is dewe to no wight but to hem that don dedely sinne. Another sinne of lecherie is, to bereven a maid of hire maidenhed, for he that so doth, certes he casteth a mayden out of the highest degree that is in this present lif, and bereveth hire thilke precious fruit that the boe kelepeeth the Hundreth Fruit; I ne can say it non otherwise in Englich, but in Latine it hight *Centesimus fructus*. Certes he that so doth is the cause of many damages and vilanies mo than any man can reken: right as he somtime is cause of all damages that bestes do in the feld that breketh the hedge of the cloure, thurgh which he destroyeth that may not be restored; for certes no more may maidenhed be restored than an arme that is smitten fro the body may returne ayen and wexe: she may have mercy, this wot I wel, if that she have will to do penitence, but never shal it be but that she is corrupte. And all be it so that I have spoke somewhat of avoutrie, it is good to shewe the periles that longen to avoutrie, for to eschewe that foule sinne. Avoutrie, in Latine, is for to saye, approaching of another mannes bedde, thurgh whiche tho that somtime were on fleshe abandone hir bodies to other persons. Of this sinne, as sayth the wise man, folow many harmes: firste breking of feith: and certes feith is the key of Cristendom, and whan that key is broken and lorne sothly Cristendom is lorne, and stont vaine and without fruit. This sinne also is theft, for theft generally is to reve a wight his chinges ayenst his will. Certes this is the foulest theft that may be whan that a woman steleth hire body from her husband, and yeveth it to hire holour to defoule it, and steleth hire soule fro Crist and yeveth it to the devil: this is a fouler theste than for to breke a chirche and stele away the chalice; for thise avouterers breken the temple of God spirituelli, and steelen the vessell of grace, that is, the body and the soule, for whiche Criste shal destroy hem, as sayth Seint Poule. Sothly of this theft, douted gretly Joseph, whan that his lordes wif prayed him of vilainie, whan he sayde, Lo, my Lady, how my Lord hath take to me under my warde all that he hath in this world, no thing is out of my power but only ye, that ben his wif: and how shuld I then do this wickednesse, and sinne so horribly ayenst God and ayenst my Lord? God it forbede! Alas! all to litel is swichetrouth now yfounde! The thridde harme is the filth thurgh which they breke the commandement of God and defoule the auter of matrimonies, that is Crist; for certes in so moche as the sacrament of mariage is so noble and so digne, so moche is it the greter sinne for to breke it, for God made mariage in Paradis, in the estate of innocencie, to multiplie mankind to the service of God, and therefore is the breking therof the more grevous, of which breking come false heires oft time, that wrongfully occupien folkes heritages, and therfor wol Crist put hem

out of the regne of heven, that is heritage to good folk. Of this breking cometh eke oft time that folk unware wedde or sinne with hir owen kindrede; and namely thise harlottesthat haunten bordelles of thise foul women that may helikened to a commune gong wheras men purge hir ordure. What say we also of putours, that live by the horrible sinne of puterie, and constrein women to yelde hem a certain rent of her bodily putrie, ye, somtime his owen wif or his childe, as do: thise baudes? Certes thise ben cursed sinnes. Understonde also that avourie is set in the ten commandemens betwene theft and manslaughter, for it is the grettest theft that may be, for it is theft of body and of soule: and it is like to homicide, for it kerveth atwo and breketh atwo hem that first were made on flesh; and therefore by the old lawe of God they shuld be slaine, but nathelesse by the lawe of Jesu Crist, that is the lawe of pitee, whan he sayd to the woman that was found in avourie, and shuld have be slain with stones, after the will of the Jewes, as was hir lawe, Go, said Jesu Crist, and have no more will to do sinne. Sothly the vengeance of avourie is awarded to the peine of helle, but if so be that it be discombered by penitence. Yet ben ther mo spices of this cursed sinne, as whan that on of hem is religious, or elles both; or of folk that ben entered into ordere, as sub-deken, deken, or preest, or hospitalers; and ever the higher that he is in ordere the greter is the sinne. The thinges that gretely agrege hir sinne is the breking of hir avow of chastitee whan they received the ordere. And moreover, soth is that holy ordere is chiefe of all the tresorie of God, and is a special signe and marke of chastitee, to shew that they ben joined to chastitee, which is the moste precious lif that is. And thise ordered folk ben specially tited to God, and of the special meinie of God, for which whan they don dedly sinne they ben the special traitours of God and of his peple, for they live by the peple to praye for the peple, and whiles they ben swiche traitours hir prayeres availe not to the peple. Preestes ben as angels as by the myserie of hir dignitee; but forsoth Seint Poule saith that Sathanas transfourmeth him in an angel of light. Sothly the preest that hauntest dedly sinne he may be likened to an angel of derknesse transfourmed into an angel of light; he semeth an angel of light, but for soth he is an angel of derknesse. Swiche preestes be the sones of Hely, as is shewed in the Book of Kinges that they were the sonnes of Belial, that is the divel. Belial is to say withouten juge, and so faren they; hem thinketh that they be free, and have no juge, no more than hath a free boll, that taketh which cow that him liketh in the toun. So faren they by women, for right as on free boll is ynough for all a toun, right so is a wicked preest corruption ynough for all a parish or for all a countree. Thise preestes, as sayth the book, ne cannot minister the myserie of preesthood to the peple, ne they knowe not God, ne they hold hem not apaid, as saith the book, of sodden flesh that was to hem offered, but they take by force the flesh that is raw. Certes

rightsothise shrewes ne hold hem not apaid of roasted flesh and sodden with which the peple feden hem in gret reverence, but they wol have raw flesh, as folkes wives and hir daughters. And certes thise women that consenten to hir harlotrie don gret wrong to Crist and to holy chirche, and to all halowes and to all soules, for they bereven all thise hem that shuld worship Crist and holy chirche, and pray for Cristen soules; and therefore han swiche preestes, and hir lemmans also that consenten to hir lecherie, the malison of the court Cristen til they come to amendement. The thriddle spice of avourie is somtime betwix a man and his wif, and that is whan they take no regard in hir assembling but only to hir fleschly delit, as saith Seint Jerome, and ne reckon of nothing but that they ben assembled because they ben married: all is good ynough, as thinketh to hem. But in swiche folk hath the divel power, as said the angel Raphael to Tobie, for in hir assembling they putten, Jesu Crist out of hir herte, and yeven themself to all ordure. The fourth spice is of hem that assemble with hir kindrede, or with hem that ben of an affinitee, or elles with hem with which hir fathers or hir kinred have deled in the sinne of lecherie: this sinne maketh hem like to houndes, that taken no kepe of kindrede. And certes parentele is in two maners, cyther gostly or fleschly; gostly is for to delen with hir godfibes; for right so as he that engendreth a child is his fleschly father, right so is his godfather is his father spirituel, for which a woman may in no lesse sinne assemble with hire godfif than with hire owen fleschly broder. The fiftthe spice is that abhominable sinne of which abhominable sinne no man unneth ought to speke he writ, natheles it is openly reherfed in holy writ. This cursednesse don men and women in diverse entent and diverse maner: but though that holy writ speke of horrible sinne, certes holy writ may not be defouled, no more than the sonne that shineth on the myxene. Another sinne apperteineth to lecherie that cometh in sleping, and this sinne cometh often to hem that ben maidens, and eke to hem that ben corrupt and this sinne men call Pollution, that cometh of four maners: somtime it cometh of languishing of the body, for the humours ben to ranke and haboundant in the body of man; somtime of infirmitee, for febleness of the virtue retentif; as phisike maketh mention; somtime of surfet of met and drinke; and somtime of vilains thoughtes that ben enclosed in mannes minde whan he goth to slepe, which may not be withouten sinne, for whiche men must kepe hem wisely, or elles may they sinne ful grevously.

Remedium Luxuria.

Now cometh the remedy ayenst lecherie, and that is generally chastitee and continence; that restraineth all disordinate mevings that comen of fleschly talents, and ever the greter merite shal he have that most restraineth the wicked enchaunting

or ardure of this sinne; and this is in two maners, that is to say, chastitee in mariage and chastitee in widowhood. Now shalt thou understande that matrimony is lesful assembling of man and woman that receiven by vertue of this sacrament the bonde thurgh whiche they may not be departed in all hir lif, that is to say, while that they live bothe. This, as faith the book, is a ful gret sacrament; God made it (as I have said) in Paradis; and wold himself be borne in mariage; and for to halowe mariage he was at a wedding whereas he tourned water into wine, whiche was the first miracle that he wrought in the erthe before his disciples. The trewe effect of mariage clenseth fornication, and repleniseth holy chirche of good lignage, for that is the ende of mariage, and chaungeth dedly sinne into venial sinne betwene hem that ben wedded, and maketh the hertes all on of hem that ben ywedded as well as the bodies. This is veray mariage that was established by God er that sinne began, whan naturel lawe was in his right point in Paradis; and it was ordeined that o man shuld have but o woman, and o woman but o man, as sayth Saint Augustine, by many reasons.

First, for mariage is figured betwix Crist and holy chirche; and another is, for a man is hed of the woman, (algate by ordinance it shuld be so) for if a woman had mo men than on than shuld she have mo hedes than on, and that were an horrible thing before God; and also a woman mighte not plesse many folk at ones; and also ther shuld never be pces he rest among hem, for everich of hem wold axe his owen right. And furthermore, no man shulde knowe his owen engendrure, ne who shuld have his heritage, and the woman shuld be the lesse beloved for the time that she were conjunct to many men.

Now cometh how that a man shuld bere him with his wif, and namely in two thinges, that is to say, in suffrance and in reverence, and this shewed Crist whan he first made woman; for he made hire of the hed of Adam, for she shuld not claime to gret lordshippe, for ther as the woman hath the maistrise she maketh to moche disorder; ther nede non ensamples of this, the experience that we have day by day ought ynough suffice: also certes God ne made not woman of the foot of Adam, for she shuld not be holden to lowe, for she cannot patiently suffer; but God made woman of the rib of Adam, for woman shuld be felaw unto man. Man shuld bere him to his wif in feith, in trouthe, and in love, as sayth Saint Poule, that a man shuld love his wif as Crist loved holy chirche, that loved it so wel that he died for it: so shuld a man for his wif, if it were nede.

Now how that a woman shuld be subget to hire husband that telleth Saint Peter: first in obedience; and eke, as sayth the decree, A woman that is a wif, as long as she is a wif, she hath non auctoritee to swere ne bere witness without leve of hire husbande, that is hire lord, algate he shuld be so by reason: she shulde also serve him in all

honestee, and ben attemptre of hire array. I wete wel that they shuld set hir entent to plesse hir husbandes, but not by queintise of hir array. Saint Jerom sayth, Wives that ben appareilled in filke and precious purple ne mow not cloth hem in Jesu Crist: Saint Gregorie sayth also, that no wight seketh precious array but only for vain glorie, to be honoured the more of the peple. It is a gret folie a woman to have a faire array outward and hireself to be foule inward. A wif shuld also be mesurable in looking, in bering, and in laughing, and discrete in all hire wordes and hire dedes, and above all worldly thinges she shulde love hire husbande with all hire herte, and to him be trewe of hire body; so shuld every husband eke be trewe to his wif; for sith that all the body is the husbandes so shuld hire herte be also, or elles ther is betwix hem two, as in that, no parfit mariage. I than shul men understand that for three thinges a man and his wif fleschly may assemble. The first is for the entent of engendrure of children, to the service of God, for certes that is the cause final of matrimonie: another cause is to yelde eche of hem to other the dettes of hir bodies, for neyther of hem hath power of hir owen bodie: the thridde is for to eschew lecherie and vilanie: the fourth is for soth dedly sinne. As to the first, it is meritorie; the second also, for, as sayth the decree, She hath merite of chastitee that yeldeth to hire husband the dette of hire body, ye, though it be ayenst hire liking and the lust of hire herte. The thridde maner is venial sinne. Trewely scarcely may any of thise be without venial sinne for the corruption and for the delit therof. The fourth maner is for to understand, if the assemble only for amorous love and for non of the fore-said causes, but for to accomplish hir brenning delit, they recke not how oft, sothly it is dedly sinne; and yet with sorwe soni folk wol peine hem more to do than to hir appetit sufficeth.

The second maner of chastitee is, for to be a clene widow, and eschue the embracing of a man, and desire the embracing of Jesu Crist. Thise ben tho that have ben wives, and have forgon hir husbandes; and eke women that have don lecherie, and ben releved by penance; and certes if that a wif could kepe hire all chaste, by licence of hire husband, so that she yve no cause ne non occasion that he agiled, it were to hire a grette merite. This maner of women, that observen chastitee, must be clene in herte as well as in body, and in thought, and mesurable in clothing and in contenance, abstinent in eting and drinking, in speking, and in dede, and than is she the vessel or the boiste of the blessed Magdeleine, that fulfilleth holy chirche of good odour. The thridde maner of chastitee is virginitee; and it behoveth that she be holy in herte and clene of body; than is she the sponse of Jesu Crist, and she is the lif of angels; she is the preilling of this world, and she is as thise martirs in egalitee; she hath in hire that tongue may not telle, ne herte thinke. Virginitee bare our Lord Jesu Crist, and virgin was himself.

Another remedie against lecherie is specially to withdrawe swiche thinges as yeven occasion to that vilanie, as eſc, eting, and drinking; for certes when the pot boileth ſtrongly the beſt remedie is to withdrawe the fire. Sleeping long in gret quiet is alſo a gret nourice to lecherie.

Another remedie ayenſt lecherie is, that a man or a woman eſchewe the compaignie of hem by which he douteth to be tempted; for all be it ſo that the dede be withſtonden, yet is ther gret temptation. Sothly a white wall, although it ne brenne not fully with ſticking of a candle, yet is the wall black of the leyte. Ful oft time I rede that no man truſt in his owen perfection but he be ſtronger than Sampſon, or holier than David, or wriſer than Salomon.

Now after that I have declared you as I can of the Seven Dedly Sinnes, and ſom of hir branches, and the remedies, ſothly if I coude I wold tell you the ten commandements; but ſo high doctrine I lete to divines: natheles I hope to God they ben touched in this tretife everich of hem alle.

Now for as moche as the ſecond part of penitence ſtont in confeſſion of mouth, as I began in the firſt chapitre, I ſay Seint Auguſtine ſaith, Sinne is every word and every dede, and all that men covetein, ayenſt the law of Jeſu Criſt; and this is for to ſinne in herte, in mouth, and in dede, by the five wittes, which ben ſight, hering, ſmelling, taſting or favouring, and feling. Now is it good to underſtond the circumſtances that agregein moche every ſinne. Thou ſhalt conſider what thou art that doſt the ſinne, whether thou be male or female, yonge or olde, gentil or thrall, free or ſervant, hole or ſike, wedded or ſingle, ordered or unordered, wife or ſoole, clerk or ſeculer, if ſhe be of thy kinned bodily or goſtly or non, if any of thy kinned have ſinned with hire or no, and many mo thinges.

Another circumſtance is this, whether it be don in fornication or in advoutrie or no, in maner of homicide or non, a horrible gret ſinne or ſmal, and how long thou haſt continued in ſinne. The thridde circumſtance is the place ther thou haſt don ſinne, whether in other menes houſes or in thin owen, in ſeld, in churche, or in churchawe, in churche dedicate or non; for if the churche be halowed, and man or woman ſpille his kinde within that place, by way of ſinne or by wicked temptation, the churche were enterdited til it were reconciled by the biſhop; and if it were a preſt that did ſwiche vilanie, the terme of all his liſ he ſhuld no more ſing maſſe; and if he did he ſhuld do dedly ſinne at every time that he ſo ſong maſſe. The fourthe circumſtance is by which mediatours, as by meſſagers, or for enticement, or for conſentment, to bere compaignie with ſelawſhip, for many a wretche for to bere ſelawſhip wol go to the divel of helle; wherefore they that eggen or conſenten to the ſinne ben partners of the ſinne, and of the dampnation of the ſinner. The fifth circumſtance is, how many times that he hath ſinned, if it be in his minde, and how oft he hath fallen; for he that oft falleth

in ſinne he deſpiseſh the mercy of God, and encreſeth his ſinne, and is unkind to Criſt, and he waxeth the more ſeble to withſtand ſinne, and ſinneth the more lightly, and the later ariſeth, and is more ſlow to ſhrive him, and namely to him that hath ben his confeſſour; for which that folk, when they fall ayen to hir old folies, either they ſorleten hir old confeſſour al utterly, or elles they departen hir ſhrift in divers places: but ſothly ſwiche departed ſhrift deſerveth no mercie of God for hir ſinnes. The ſixte circumſtance is, why ſhat a man ſinneth, as by what temptation, and if himſelf procure thilke temptation, or by exciting of other folk, or if he ſinne with a woman by force or by hire owen aſſent, or if the woman maugre hire hed have ben enforced or non; this ſhal the tell, and wheder it were for covetiſe of poverté, and if it were by hire procuring or non, and ſwiche other thinges. The ſeventh circumſtance is, in what maner he hath don his ſinne, of how that ſhe hath ſuffered that folk have don to hire: and the ſame ſhal the man tell plainly, with all the circumſtances, and wheder he hath ſinned with commun bordel women or non, or don his ſinne in holy times or non, in faſting times or non, or before his ſhrift, or after his later ſhrift, and hath peraventure broken therby his penance enjoined, by whos helpe or whos conſeil, by forceite or craſte; all muſt be told. All thiſe thinges, after that they ben gret or ſmale, engreggen the conſcience of man or woman. And eke the preſt that is thy juge may the better be avided of his jugement in yeving of penance, and that ſhal be after thy contrition: for underſtond wel that after the time that a man hath defouled his baptiſme by ſinne, if he wol come to ſalvation, ther is non other way but by penance, and ſhrifte, and ſatiſfaction; and namely by tho two, if ther be a confeſſour to whom he may ſhrive him, and that he firſt be veray contrite and repentant, and the thridde if he have liſ to performe it.

Than ſhal a man loken and conſider that if he wol make a trewe and a profitable confeſſion ther muſt be ſoure conditions. Firſt, it muſt be in ſorowful bitterneſſe of herte, as ſayth the King Ezechiel to God, I wol remember all the yeres of my liſ in the bitterneſſe of my herte. This condition of bitterneſſe hath five ſignes; the firſt is that confeſſion muſt be ſhamefaſt, not for to covenen ne hide his ſinne, but for he hath agited his God and defouled his ſoule: and hereof ſayth Seint Auguſtin, The herte travaileth for ſhame of his ſinne, and for he hath gret ſhamefaſtneſſe he is digne to have gret mercie of God. Swiche was the confeſſion of the Publican that wold not heve up his eyen to heven, for he had offended God of heven, for which ſhamefaſtneſſe he had anon the mercy of God; and therefore ſaith Seint Auguſtine, that ſwiche ſhamefaſt folk ben next foryevneſſe and mercy. Another ſigne is humiltee in confeſſion, of which ſayth Seint Peter, Humbleth you under the might of God; the hond of God is mighty in confeſſion, for therby God foryeveth the thy ſinnes, for he alone hath the power. And

this humilitee shal be in herte and in signe outward; for right as he hath humilitee to God in his herte, right so shuld he humble his body outward to the preest that sitteth in Goddes place; for which in no maner, sith that Crist is soveraine, and the preest mene and mediatour betwixt Crist and the sinner, and the sinner is last by way of resoun, than shuld not the sinner sitte as high as his confessour, but knele before him or at his feet, but if maladie distrouble it; for he shal not take kepe who sitteth ther, but in whos place he sitteth. A man that hath trespassed to a lord, and cometh for to axe mercie and maken his accorde, and setteth him down anon by the lord, men wolde holde him outrageous, and not worthy so fone for to have remission ne mercy. The thridde signe is, that the shrift shuld be ful of teres, if men mowen wepe, and if they mowe not wepe with hir bodily eyen, than let hem wepe in hir herte: swiche was the confession of Seint Peter, for after that he had forsake Jesu Crist he went out and wept ful bitterly. The fourth signe is that he ne lete not for shame to shrive him and shewe his confession; swiche was the confession of Magdeleine, that ne spared for no shame of hem that weren at the feste to go to our Lord Jesu Crist, and beknowe to him hire sinnes. The fifthe signe is, that a man or a woman be obeisant to receive the penance that hem is enjoined, for certes Jesu Crist for the gilt of man was obedient to the deth.

The second condition of veray confession is, that it be hastily don; for certes if a man hadde a dedly wound, ever the lenger that he taried to warishe himself the more wold it corrupt and haste him to his deth, and also the wound wol be the worse for to hele. And right so fareth sinne that long time is in a man unhelew: certes a man ought hastily to shewe his sinnes for many causes; as for drede of deth, that cometh oft sodenly, and is in no certain what time it shal be, ne in what place; and eke the drenching of o sinne draweth in another; and also the lenger that he tarieth, the ferther is he fro Crist; and if he abide to his last day scarcely may he shrive him, or remembre him of his sinnes, or repent him for the grevous maladie of his deth. And for as moche as he ne hath in his lif herkened Jesu Crist whan he hath spoken unto him, he shal crie unto our Lord at his last day, and scarcely wol he herken him. And understonde that this condition muste have foure thinges; first that the shrift be purveyed afore, and avised, for wicked hast doth not profite; and that a man con shrive him of his sinnes, be it of pride, or envie, and so forth, with the spices and circumstances; and that he have comprehended in his minde the nombre and the gretnesse of his sinnes, and how longe he hath lien in sinne, and eke that he be contrite for his sinnes, and be in stedfast purpose (by the grace of God) never este to fall into sinne; and also that he drede and countrewaite himself that he see the occasions of sinne to which he is inclined: also thou shalt shrive thee of all thy sinnes to o man, and not parcelmele to o man and parcelmele to another; that is to

understonde, in entent to depart thy confession for shame or drede, for it is but strangling of thy soule; for certes Jesu Crist is entirely all good, in him is non imperfection, and therfore either he foryeveth all parfitly or elles never a dele. I say not that if thou be assigned to thy penitencer for certain sinne that thou art bounde to shewe him all the remenant of thy sinnes of which thou hast ben shriven of thy curat but if it like thee of thyn humilitee; this is no departing of shrift: ne I say not, ther as I speke of division of confession, that if thou have licence to shrive thee to a discrete and an honest preest, and wher thee liketh, and by the licence of thy curat, that thou ne mayest wel shrive thee to him of all thy sinnes: but lete no blot be behind; let no sinne be untold as fer as thou hast remembrance. And whan thou shalt be shriven of thy curat tell him eke all the sinnes that thou hast don sith thou were laste shriven: this is no wicked entente of division of shrift.

Also the veray shrift axeth certain conditions. First, that thou shrive thee by thy free will, not constreined, ne for shame of folk, ne for maladie, or swiche other thinges, for it is reson that he that trespasseth by his free will, that by his free will he confesse his trespas, and that non other man telle his sinne but himself; ne he shal not nay ne deny his sinne, ne wrath him ayenst the preest for amonesting him to lete his sinne. The second condition is, that thy shrift be lawful, that is to say, that thou that shrivest thee, and eke the preest that hereth thy confession, be veraily in the feith of holy chirche, and that a man ne be not dispeired of the mercie of Jesu Crist, as Cain and Judas were. And eke a man muste accuse himself of his owen trespas, and not another; but he shal blame and wite himselfe of his owen malice and of his sinne, and non other: but natheles if that another man be enchevon or enticer of his sinne, or the estate of the person be swiche by which his sinne is aggregated, or elles that he may not plainly shrive him but he tell the person with which he hath sinned, than may he tell, so that his entent ne be not to backbite the person, but only to declare his confession.

Thou ne shalt not also make no lesinges in thy confession for humilitee, peraventure to say that thou hast committed and don swiche sinnes of which that thou ne were never guilty; for Seint Augustine sayth, If that thou, because of thin humilitee, makest a lesing on thyself, though thou were not in sinne before yet arte thou than in sinne thurgh thy lesing. Thou must also shew thy sinne by thy propre mouth, but thou be dombe, and not by no letter; for thou that hast don the sinne thou shalt have the shame of the confession. Thou shalt not eke peint thy confession with faire and subtil wordes, to cover the more thy sinne, for than begilest thou thyself and not the preest: thou must telle it plainly, be it never so foule ne so horrible. Thou shalt eke shrive thee to a preest that is discrete to conseille thee; and eke thou shalt not shrive thee for vaine glorie, ne for ypocrisie, ne for no cause, but only for the doute of Jesu Crist and

the hele of thy soule. Thou shalt not eke renne to the preest al sodenly to tell him lightly thy sinne, as who telleth a jape or a tale, but avisedly and with good devotion; and generally shrive thee ofte: if thou ofte fall, ofte arise by confession. And though thou shrive thee ofte than ones of sinne which thou hast be shriven of it is more merite; and, as sayth Seint Augustine, Thou shalt have the more lightly relese and grace of God both of sinne and of peine. And certes ones a yere at the lest way it is lawful to be houseled, for sothely ones a yere all things in the erthe renovelene.

Explicit secunda pars penitentia, et sequitur tertia pars.

Now have I told you of veray confession, that is the seconde part of penitence; the thridde part is satisfacion, and that stont most generally in almesse dede and in bodily peine. Now ben ther three maner of almesse; contrition of herte, wher a man offreth himself to God; another is to have pitee of the defaute of his neighbour; and the thridde is in yewing of good conseil gostly and bodily wher as men have nede, and namely in sustentance of mannes food. And take kepe that a man hath nede of thise thinges generally; he hath nede of food, of clothing, and of herberow, he hath nede of charitable conseilling and visuing in prison and in maladie, and sepulture of his ded body. And if thou maiest not visite the nedeful in prison in thy person, visite hem with thy message and thy yesses: thise ben generally the almesses and werkes of charitee of hem that have temporel riches or discretion in conseilling. Of thise werkes shalt thou heren at the day of dome.

This almesse shuldest thou do of thy propre thinges, and hastily and prively, if thou mayest; but natheles if thou mayest not do it prively thou shalt not forbere to do almesse though men see it, so that it be not don for thanke of the world, but only to have thanke of Jesu Crist; for, as witnesseth Seint Mathewe, *chap. v.* A citee may not be hid that is sette on a mountaine, ne men light not a lanterne to put it under a bushell, but setten it upon a candlesticke, to lighten the men in the hous: right so shal your light lighten before men, that they mowe see your good werkes, and glorifie your fader that is in heaven.

Now as for to speke of bodily peine, it stont in prairs, in waking, in fasting, and in vertuous teching. Of orisons ye shul understond, that orisons or prayers is to say a pitous will of herte, that setteth it in God, and expresseth it by word outward to remeve harmes, and to have thinges spirituel and perdurable, and somtime temporel thinges; of which orisons certes in the orison of the *Pater noster* hath Jesu Crist enclosed most thinges: certes it is privileged of three thinges in his dignitee, for, whiche it is more digne than any other prayer, for that Jesu Crist himself made it; and it is short, for it shuld be coude the more lightly, and to hold it the more esie in herte, and helpe himself the pfer with this orison, and for a man shuld be the lesse wery to say it, and for a man may not excuse

him to lerne it, it is so shorte and so esie, and for i comprehendeth in himself all good prayers. The exposition of this holy prayer, that is so excellent and so digne, I betake to the maisters of theologie; save thus moche wol I say, that whan thou prayest that God shuld foryeve thee thy gilty as thoh foryevest hem that have agiltyd thee, be wel ware that thou be not out of charitee. This holy orison amenufeth eke venial sinne, and therfore it apperteineth specially to penitence.

This prayer must be trewely sayd, and in perfect feith, and that men prayen to God ordynately, discretely, and devoutly: and alway a man shal put his will to be subgette to the will of God. This orison must eke be sayd with gret humbleste, and ful pure and honestly, and not to the annoyance of any man or woman: it must eke be continued with werkes of charitee: it availleth eke ayenst the vices of the soule; for, as sayth Seint Jerome, By fasting ben saved the vices of the flesh, and by prayer the vices of the soule.

After this thou shalt understonde that bodily peine stont in waking; for Jesu Crist sayth, Wake ye and pray yethat ye ne enter into wicked temptation. Ye shul understond also that fasting stont in three thinges, in forbering of bodily mette and drinke, in forbering of worldly jolitee, and in forbering of dedly sinne; this is to say, that a man shall kepe him fro dedly sinne with all his might.

And thou shalt understond also that God ordained fasting, and to fasting appertaineth foure thinges; largeneste to poure folk, gladnesse of herte spirituel, not to be angry ne annoied, ne grutch for he fasteth, and also resonable houre for to ete by mesure, that is to say, a man shal not ete in untyme, ne sit the longer at the table for he fasteth.

Than shalt thou understonde that bodily peine stont in discipline, or teching by word or by writing, or by ensample, also in wering of here or of stamin, or of habergeons, on hir naked flesh for Cristes sake. But ware thee wel that swiche maner penances ne make not thin herte bitter or angry, ne annoied of thyself, for better is to cast away thin here, than to cast away the swetnesse of our Lord Jesu Crist; and therfore sayth Seint Poule, Clothe you as they that ben chosen of God in herte, of misericorde, debonaitee, fuffrance, and swiche maner of clothing, of which Jesu Crist is more plesed than with the heres or habergeons.

Than is discipline eke in knocking of thy brest, in scourging with yerdes, in kneling, in tribulation, in suffring patiently wronges that ben don to thee, and eke in patient suffring of maladies, or lesing of worldly cattle, or wif, or child, or other friends.

Than shalt thou understond which thinges distourben penance, and this is in foure maners, that is, drede, shame, hope, and wanhope, that is, desperation. And for to speke first of drede, for which he weneth that he may suffer no penance, ther ayenst is remedie for to thinke that bodily penance is but short, and litel at regard of

the peine of helle, that is so cruel and so long, that it lasteth withouten ende.

Now ayenst the shame that a man hath to shrive him, and namely thise ipocrites, that wold be holden so parfit that they have no nede to shrive hem, ayenst that shame shuld a man thinke, that by way of reson he that hath not ben ashamed to do foule thinges, certes him ought not be ashamed to do faire thinges, and that is confessions. A man shuld also think that God seeth and knoweth al his thoughtes, and al his werkes, and to him may nothing be hid ne covered. Men shuld eke remembre hem of the shame that is to come at the day of dome to hem that ben not penitent in this present lif; for all the creatures in heven and in erthe, and in helle, shal see apertly all that they hidden in this world.

Now for to speke of the hope of hem that ben so negligent and slowe to shrive hem, that stondeth in two maners; that on is that he hopeth for to live long, and for to purchase moche riches for hir delit, and than he wol shrive him, and, as he sayth, he may, as him semeth, than timely ynough come to shrift; another is the surquedrie that he hath in Cristes mercie. Ayenst the first vice he shal thinke that our lif is in no sikernesse, and eke that all the riches in this world ben in aventure, and passen as a shadowe on a wall; and as sayth Seint Gregorie, that it appertaineth to the gret rightwisnesse of God that never shal the peine stinte of hem that never wold withdrawe hem from sinne, hir thanks, but ever continue in sinne. For thilke perpetual will to don sinne shall they have perpetual peine.

Wanhope is in two maners; the first wanhope is in the mercie of God; that other is that they think that they ne might not long persevere in goodnesse. The first wanhope cometh of that, he demeth that he hath sinned so gretly and so oft, and so long lyn in sinne, that he shal not be saved. Certes ayenst that cursed wanhope shulde he thinke that the passion of Jesu Crist is more stronge for to unbinde than sinne is stronge for to binde. Ayenst the second wanhope he shal thinke that as often as he falleth he may arisen again by penitence; and though he never so longe hath lyn in sinne, the mercie of Crist is alway redy to receive him to mercie. Ayenst that wanhope that he demeth he shuld not long persevere in goodnesse he shal think, that the febleness of the devil may nothing do but if men wol suffre him; and eke he shal have strength of the helpe of Jesu Crist, and of all his chirche, and of the protection of angels, if him list.

Than shal men understonde what is the fruit of penance; and after the wordes of Jesu Crist it is an candeles blisse of heven, ther joye hath no con-

trariouftee of wo ne grévançe; ther all harmes ben passed of this present lif: ther as is sikernesse from the peines of helle; ther as is the blisful compaignie that rejoycen hem ever mo everich of others joye; ther as the body of man, that whilom was foule and derke, is more clere than the sonne; ther as the body that whilom was sike and freele, feble and mortal, is immortal, and so strong and so hole, that ther ne may nothing appeire it; ther as is neither hunger, ne thirst, ne colde, but every foule replenished with the sight of the parfit knowing of God. This blisful regne mowe men purchase by povertie spirituel, and the glory by lowlinesse, the plente of joye by hunger and thirst, and the reste by travaile, and the lif by deth and mortification of sinne: to which life he us bring that bought us with his precious blood! Amen.

Now preye I to hem alle that herken this lital tretise or reden it, that if ther be any thing in it that liketh hem that therof they thanken our Lord Jesu Crist, of whom procedeth alle witte and all godenesse; and if ther be any thing that displeseth hem, I preye hem also that they arrette it to the default of myn unknowing, and not to my wille, that wold fayn have seyde better if I hadde had koning; for oure boke seyth, All that is written is written for oure doctrine, and that is myn entente: wherfore I beseeke you mekely, for the mercie of God, that ye preye for me that Crist have mercie of me and foryeve me my giltes, [and namely of myn Translations and enditinges of worldly vanitees, the which I revoke in my retractions; as The Boke of Troilus, The Boke also of Fame, The Boke of The Five-and-twenty Ladies, The Boke of The Duchesse, The Boke of Seint Valentines Day of the Parlement of Briddes, The Tales of Canterbury, thilke that sounen unto sinne, The Boke of the Leon, and many an other Bokes, if they were in my remembrance, and many a Song, and many a lecherous Lay, Crist of his grete mercie foryeve me the sinne! but of The translation of Boes of Consolation, and other Bokes of Legendes of Saints, and of Omelies, and Moralite, and Devotion, that thanke I oure Lord Jesu Crist and his blisful mother, and alle the seintes in heven, beseking hem that they fro hensforth unto my lyves ende sende me grace to bewaile my giltes, and to stodien to the savation of my foule,] and graunte me grace, of veray penance, confession and satisfaction to don in this present lif, thorgh the benigne grace of him that is King of kinges and Preste of alle prestes, that bought us with the precious blode of his herte, so that I mote ben on of hem atte the laste day of dome that shullen be saved; *Qui cum Deo patre et Spiritu sancto vivit et regnat Deus per omnia secula. Amen.*

THE COKE'S TALE OF GAMELYN.

THE COKE'S TALE OF GAMELYN.

Now lithin and listinith, and
Herkinith you aright,
And ye shullin her: me tell
You of a doughti knight.

Sir Johan of Boundis clepid was
This ilke knight's name;
Wele coudin he of noriture,
And eke of mochil game.

Thre sonnis this knight had, and with
His bodi he them wan;
The eldest was a moche shrew,
And soné he began.

His brotherin lov'd thir fadir,
And of him were agast;
Th' eldist deserv'd his fadir's curse,
And had it at the last.

The godé knight his fadir did
Live so long and yore,
That Deth was comen him unto,
And handlid him full fore.

The godé knight ycarid moch,
Sore like ther as he lay,
How that his childerin shuldé
Lyvin after his day.

He haddé ben widé where, but
Noon husbondé he was;
Allé the londe which that he had
It was veray purchas;

And fayn he woldé that it were
Dressid among them all,
That everich of them had his part
As it mighté befall.

Tho sent he into the contré
Afir wifé knightis,
To helpen dele his londis, and
Dressin them to rightis.

He sent them word by letteris
That they shuldé hye blyve
If that they wol spoken with him
While that he was on live.

Sone as those knightis herden how
Thus féké that he lay,
Tho haddé they no mannir rest
Nothir by night nor day.

Tyll that they comin unto him,
Ther as he layd him still,
Upon his deth's bedde for to
Abidin Godd's will.

Thus then saidin the godé knight,
Sék ther as he lay,
Lordis, I warne you forsothe,
Withoutin any nay,
I may not lengir liven héré
In this forrowful flound,
For thorough Godd's will supreme
Dethe drawith me to ground.

Ther ne was no one of them alle,
That herdin him aright,
That thei ne haddé mochil routh
Upon that ilke knight;

And seidé, Sir, for Godd's love
Ne dismayen you nought,
God may don boté of balé
Which that is now ywrought.

Then answerid them the gode knight,
Siké theré as he lay,
Boté of balé God may send,
I wote it is no nay.

But I beséké you knightis,
Al for the love of me,
Goith and dressith my londis
Among my sonis thre.

And, frendis, for the love of God
Delith them nat amys,
And forgettith not Gamelyn,
My yongé son that is.

Takith hedé unto that one
As wel as to that other;
Seldome ye seine any heir
That helpé woll his brother.

Tho lettin they the knighté liggin
Which that was not in hele,
And in thei wentin to counsaile
His londis for to dele;

For to delin them al too on
That was ther only thought,
And for that Gamelyn yongist was
He shuldé havin nought.

Al the londe which that ther was
They delten it in two,
And leté Gamelyn the yongé
Withouten londe go.

And everich of them seiden
Til othir fullé loude,
His bretherin mowe give him londe
Whan that he godis loude.

Whan they had delid the londis
After their owne will,
Tho camin they unto the knight
Ther as he lay full still,

And toldin unto him anon
How that they hadd ywrought,
And the knight there as he seke lay
Ylikid it right nought.

Then seide the knight angrily,
I fware by Seint Martyn
For all that which ye have ydone
Yet is the londè myn.

For Godd's love, my neighbouris,
Standeith ye allè still,
And I woll delin my londè
After myn owne will.

Johan myn eldist sone shall
Yhave plowis fve,
That was my fadir's heritage
While that he was on live;

And middillist sone shall
Five plowis have of lond
That I holpe for to gettin
With myn own righte hond;

And all myn othir purchas
Of landis and of ledes,
That I bequethè Gamelyn,
And alle my gode ftedes.

And I befeke you, gode men,
That lawis con of lond,
For Gamelyn's love that
Thus my bequest may stonde.

Thus delid hath the gode knyght
His londè be his dai,
Right upon his deth's is beddè,
Sore like ther as he lay:

And sone aftrwerdis he
Lay as a stone still,
And dyd whan the tyme came,
As it was Crist's is will.

Anon affir that he was dede,
And undir grafs ygrave,
Tho sone the eldir brothir
Begylyd the yongè knave.

He tokin into his hondis
His londis and his lede,
And also Gamelyn himself
To clothin and to fede.

He clothid him and feddè him
Evil and eke wroth,
And letin his londis for fare,
And als his housis both;

His parkis eke, and his wodis,
And diddè nothyng wel,
And fithin he it aboughtè
On his own feire fell.

So longè tyme was Gamelyn
In his brother's Hall,
For the strengist of godè will
They doutidn him all.

There ne was none wight in that place,
Nothir yongè ne olde,
That woldè wrathin Gamelyn
Were he nevir so bold.

Gamelyn stode upon a day
In his brother's yerde,
And he began with his hondè
To handilin his berde.

He thoughtin upon his londis,
That layin longe unfawe,
And also of his feire okis,
That dounè were ydrawe.

His parkis werin al brokin,
And al his deir reved;
Of allè his gode ftedis noon
Was there with him beleved;

His housis werin unheldid
And full evilly dight;
Tho thought this yongè Gamelyn
It wentè not aright.

After camè his brothir in
Ywalkyng statelich thare,
And seide unto Gamelyn,
What? is our metè yare?

Tho Gamelyn ywrothid hym,
And swore by Godd's boke,
Thou shalt y go bake, luke, thy self;
I wol not be thy coke.

How, brothir Gamelyn, quod he,
Thus answerist me thou?
Thou spakist nevir soche a word
Yet as thou doist now.

By my faith, seide Gamelyn,
Now me it thinkith nede;
Of all the harmis that I have.
I nevir yit toke hede.

My parkis ben y brokin, and
My deir ben yreyed;
Of myn harnis and my ftedis
Noght is there me beleved.

Al that my fadir me bequethe
Al goith now to shame,
And therefore have thou Godd's curse,
Brothir John by thy name.

Than thus bespakin his brothir,
That rapè was of veece,
Stondith stille, thou gadiling,
And holdith right thy pees:

Thou shaltè ben ful faign to have
Thy metè and thy wede.
What spekest thou, thou gadiling,
Of lond othir of lede?

Then seide to him Gamelyn,
The childè that was yingè,
Christ's is cursè mote he havin
That clepith me Gadlyng.

I am no wors gadlyng than the,
Parde ne no wors wight,
But born I was of a lady,
And gottin of a knyght.

Ne durst he not to Gamelyn
Not oo fote ferthir go,
But clepid to him his meinë,
And seide to them tho;

Goith and bettith welc this boy,
And ravith him his wit,
And let him lere another time
To answering me bett.

Then seide the chyld, yong Gamelyn,

Christ is curfè mote thou havin
What? brother art thou myn.

And if that I shal algatis
Y betin be anon,
Christ is curfè mote thou havin
But that thou be that one.

And right anon his brothir did,
In that his grets hete,
Makin his meine fett flavis,
This Gamelyn to bete.

Whan everich of them had a staff
Into his hond nomin,
Gamelyn was aware tho,
He forsaugh them comin.

Tho Gamelyn laugh them comin
He lokid ovir all,
And was ware of a pestil
Stodè undir the wall.

And Gamelyn was fully light,
And thidir gan he lepe,
And droffe all his brothir's men
Right sone on an hepe.

He lokid like a wild lion,
And laidin on gode wone;
Tho whan his brothir seye that
He beganne to gonne.

He fleigh up untill a lofte,
And shet the dore fast:
Thus Gamelyn with his pestil
Made them all agast.

Somè for Gamelyn's love,
And some for his envie,
Allè withdrawen them to halves
Tho he began to pleie:

What now? seide Gamelyn; brothir,
Evil motè ye the;
Wollè ye beginnin contek
And than so sone fle?

Gamelyn fought his brothir tho
Whithir he was yflowe,
And saugh where that he lokid out
At a solere windowe.

Brothir, tho seide Gamelyn,
Comith a litil nere,
And I wol techin the a plaie
Attè the bokillere.

His brothir to hym answerid,
And swore by Seint Richere,
While the pestil is in thyn honde
I woll comin no nere.

Brothir, I woll makin the pece,
I swere by Crist's ore;
Castith away the pestil tho,
And wrathè the na more.

I mot nedis, seide Gamelyn,
Wrathè me at onys,
For that thou woldist make thy men
To breikin my bonis.

Ne had I haddin meyn and might,
In myn ownè twey armes,
To have y pushin them fro me
They would have done me harmes.

To Gamelyn tho seidin his
Brothir; Be thou not wrothe,
For to sein the havin harme
Me werin rightè lothe.

I ne did it not, my brothir,
But right for a fondon,
For to lokin if thou were strong,
And art so very ying.

Come adoun then to me, quod he,
And grauntè me my bone,
Of oo thing I wol askin the,
And we shul saughtè sone.

Adoun then camin his brothir,
That sikill was and fell,
And was swithe right sore agast
Of that ilkè pestil.

He seide, Brothir Gamelyn;
Askè me now thy bone,
And loke that you me blamè, but
I grauntè it full sone.

Tho seiden yongè Gamelyn;
Brothir mynè, I wif
And if we shullè ben at one
Thou must me grauntè this:

Al that my fadir me bequethe,
While that he was on live,
Thou mustè do me it to have,
If that we shul not strive.

That thou shalt have, Gamelyn,
I swere by Crist's ore,
Al that thy fadir the bequethe,
Though thou woldist have more.

Thy londè, that now lyth lie,
Full well it shal be sowe,
And thyne housis yraisid up
That now ben layd full lowe.

Thus seide the knight to Gamelyn,
But only with his mouth,
And thoughtè but of falseness,
As he right welè couth.

The knightè thoughtin on traizon,
But Gamelyn on noon,
And went and kiffid his brothir,
And then they were at oon.

Alas for yongè Gamelyn!
Nothing at all he wist
With swichè falsè traizon
His brothir bath him kist.

Lithinith and lestipith, and
Holdith you stille your tonge,
And ye shull herin straunge talking
Of Gamelyn the yonge.

There happid to be there beside
Tryid a wraffiling,
And therefore there was ysettin
A ram and als a ring.

And Gamelyn was in a will
To wendè thereunto,
For to previn his mighte, and se
What that he couthè do.

Now brothir myne, quod Gamelyn,
By holie Seint Richere
Thou mustè nedis lenè to night
Me a litil coursere,

That is freshe to the sporis,
Upon him for to ride;
I mustin on an errand go
A litil here beside.

Be God, seide his brothir tho,
Of stedis in my stall
Goith and chosith the the best,
And sparith none of alle,
Of stedis or of courferis,
That stonidith hem beside,
And tellith me, my gode brothir,
Whithur thou wilt ride.

Here besidis, brothir, is
Y cryid a wrastring,
And therefore shall ben y sett
A ram and als a ring.

Mochè worship it were sothly,
Brothir, unto us all
Might I the ram and als the ring
Bringin home to the Hall.

A stede there was fadilid,
Smarth was it and eke flete;
Gamelyn diddin a peire of
Sporis fast on his fete.

He fat his fote in the stirrop,
The stede he bestrode,
And towards the wrastring
The yongè childè rode.

Tho Gamelyn the yongè was
Riddin out at the gate,
The false knight his own brothir
Lokkid it astir thate.

And he besoughtin Jesu Crist,
That is of hevin king,
That he might brekin his nek
In that ilk wrastring.

Affone as Gamelyn cam there
The wrastring place was
He lightid down of the stede
And stodin on the gras.

And ther he herd a frankelyn
Weloway for to sing,
And beganin all bittirly
His handis for to wring.

Gode man, seide Gamelyn,
Why makist thou this fare?
Is ther no man that may you help
Out of this nicè care?

Alas! seide this frankelyn,
That evir I was bore!
For twicè stalworthè sonis
I wene I have forlore.

A champion is in the place
That has wroughtin me sorow,
For he hath slayn my too sonis
But if that God them borrow.

I woldè givin ten poundis,
Be Jesu Crist, and more,
With the nonis I fond a man
To handilin him fore.

Gode man, seide Gamelyn,
Wilt thou this wellè done?
Holdè my hors while that my man
Ydrawith of my shonc.

And helpe my man also to kepe
My clothis and my stede,
And I woll into the place gon
And loke how I may spede.

By God, seide the frankelyn,
It shall right so be don,
I woll my filfin be thy man
To drawin of thy shonc.

And wende you into the place,
Swete Jesu Crist the spede,
And drede not of thy clothis
Nor of thy gode stede.

Barefote and ungert Gamelyn
Into the ringe came,
Alle that werin in the place
Hedin of him the name,

How he durstin aventure him
On him to don his might
That was so doughti a champion
In wrastring and in fight.

Upsterte tho the champion
Ful rapely right anon,
Towardis yongè Gamelyn
He tho began to gon,

And seide, Who is thy fadir,
And who is eke thy fire?
Forsothè thou art a gret fole
For that thou camist hire.

Anon Gamelyn answerid
The stout champion tho,
Thou knewist full wele my fadir
While that he couthe go:

Whilis that he was on live,
I fwere by Seint Martyn,
Sir John of Boundis was his name,
And I am Gamelyn.

Felawe, seide the champion,
So evir mote I thrive,
I knew right wellè thy fadir
While that he was on live;

And thy selfin, yongè Gamelyn,
I will that thou it here,
Whiles thou wert a yongè boy
A mochè shrew thou were.

Then seide yongè Gamelyn,
And swore bi Crist's ore,
Now am I oldir wox thou shalt
Y findin me a more.

Be God, seide the champion,
Welcome motè thou be;
Come thou onys in my honde
Shaltin thou nevir the.

It was wellè within the night,
And bright the mone shonc,
Whan Gamelyn and the champion
Togidir gan to gon.

The champion castè tornis
To Gamelyn that was prest,
And Gamelyn stodin stille,
And bad him don his best.

Then seiden yongè Gamelyn
Unto the champion,
Now that I have fully providè
Many tornis of thine,

Thou mostin, seide Gamelyn,
Prove oon or two of myn.

Gamelyn to the champion
Yede smartly anon,
Of al the tornis that he coude
He shewid him but one ;
And keft him on the listè side
That thre ribbis to brak,
And thereunto his left armè,
That gaf a grettè crak.

Than seide yongè Gamelyn
Smerly to him anon,
Shall it be holdin for a cast,
Or ellis go for none ?

Bi God, seide the champion,
Whedir so that it be,
He that ones comith in thynd hand
Shallin he nevir the.

Than seide the frankelyn, that
Thre sonis there had lore,
Blessid be thou, yongè Gamelyn,
That ever thou were bore !

For now unto the champion
This have I for to seie,
This is the yongè Gamelyn
That taughte the to pleie.

Ayen answerde the champion,
That likid nothyng well,
He is allè their maistr, and
His pleie is right fell.

Sithin that I writtilid first
It is agon full yore,
But I was nevir in my life
Handlid so before.

Yongè Gamelyn stode in the place
Allone withouten ferk,
And seide, If there be any mo
Let them comè to werk.

The champion which that painid
Him to workin so sore,
k semith by his countenance
That he willè no more.

Gamelyn in the placè stode
Stillè as any stone
For to abidin wraistiling,
But there ycomith none.

There ne was none with Gamelyn
That woldè wrestle more,
For he handlid the champion
So wonderously fore.

Two gentlimeinè that owned the place
Come to Gamelyn, God geve them grace !

And seide to him, Have donè on
Thy hofin and thy shone ;
Forsothè at this timè all
This faire it is ydone.

Tho seide to them Gamelyn,
So mote I well yfare,
I have not yet halvindelè
Yfoldè all my ware.

Than seide the champion so broke,
I may it welè swere
He is a fole that therof bieth,
Thou sellest it so dere.

Tho seide to him the frankelyn,
That was in mochill care,
Fellow, he saide, whi lakkist
Thou so moche of his ware ?

Be Seint Jame, that in Galis is,
That many man has sought,
Yet it is moche too godè chepe
That thou hasten ybought.

Tho that the wardinis werin
Of that ilk wraistiling
Comin forth, and brought Gamelyn
The ram and als the ring.

And thus wann yongè Gamelyn
The ram and eke the ring,
And wentè forth with mochil joy
Homeward in the morning.

His brothir se where that he comè
With all the grettè rout,
And bad the porter shute the gate,
And holdin him without.

The porter of his lord's word
Was so right fore agast,
And stert anon unto the gate
And lokkid it full fast.

Now lithinith and lestinith
Bothè yongè and old,
And ye shullin herè gamin
Of Gamelyn the bold.

Gamelyn cometh therunto
For to have comen in ;
But all in vaine; the dore then was
Y shitt fast with a pyn.

Than seide yongè Gamelyn,
Porter, undo the yate,
For many a godè mann'is
Sonnè stondith theat.

Then answerid him the porter,
And swore by Godd'is berde,
Thou ne shalt, frènde Gamelyn,
Comin into this yerde.

Thou lyist, seide Gamelyn,
So broukin I my chynne :
He smote the wikit with his fote,
And brak away the pyn.

The porter strenghtwey faughè tho
It might no bettir be,
He sette fote on erthè, and
Fast he began to fle.

Bi my faith, seide Gamelyn,
That travaille is ylore,
For I am on fote as light as
Thow, though thow had yswore,

Gamelyn ovirtokè the porter,
And his teenè ywraak,
And gert him full upon the nek,
That he the bon to brak ;

And toke him by that oon armè,
And threw him in a well ;
Seven hundrid fadom it was depe,
As I have herdè telle.

Whan Gamelyn the yongè thus
Had yplaid his play,
Alle that in the yerde were
Withdrewin them away,

That dredin him full sore for
The wreke that he wrought,
And for the fayir company
That he had thither brought.

Yong Gamelyn yede to the gate
And letè it up wide,
He letin in allè the rout
That gon woldin or ride;

And seide, Ye ben ywelcome
Withouten any greve,
For we wol ben maisteris here,
And askè no man leve.

It n'as but yesterdai I last,
Saide yongè Gamelyn,
In my brother's feleris
Five toun of right gode wyne.

I willè not this company
Partyn with me on twyn,
And if ye will don afir me,
Whil any sope is inn:

And if my brothir grutchith us,
Or makith it foulè chere,
Othir for spence of mete and drink
That we shull spendin here,

I am the ovircaterir,
And bere our althir purse,
He shallè have for his grutching
Santa Maria's curse.

My brothir is but a nigon,
I swere by Crist's ore,
And we woll spendè largely
That he hath sparid yore.

And whofo that makith grutching
That we do here ydwell,
He shall go unto the porter
Into the drawè well.

Sevin dayis and sevin nightes
Gamelyn held his fest,
With mochè solace that there was,
And eke no mannir heste.

All in a litil torrit his
Brothir laydè yfsteke,
And faugh him walfin his godis,
But durstè not to speke.

Right erl in a morrowning,
Upon the eightè day,
The gestis come to Gamelyn,
And woldè gon thir way.

Lordis, tho seidè Gamelyn,
And wollin ye so hie?
Allè the wyn is not yet drunk,
So broukin I mine eye.

Yonge Gamelyn in his hertè
Was forowfull and wo
Whan that his gestis toke their leve
And fro him woldè go.

He woldè that they had dwelid
Lengir, and they seide Nay,
But bitaught Gamelyn to God,
And bad him have gode dai.

Thus madè Gamelyn his feste,
And brought it well to end,
And afterward his gestis toke
Levè their way to wend.

Now lithinith and listinith,
And holdith you your tonge,
And ye shullin herè gamin
Of Gamelyn the yonge.

Herkinith, Lordilingis, and
Lifinith you aright,
Whan all the gestis weren gon
How Gamelyn was dight.

Allè the while that Gamelyn
Had hold his mangerie
His brothir thought on him bewreke
With his falsè trecherie;

Tho whan that Gamelyn's gestes
Y ridin were and gon
Gamelyn stode anon alone,
Frendè tho had he none.

Tho afir this full sone it fell,
Within a litil stound,
That Gamelyn was taken, and
Full hardly was he bound.

Than forth comith the falsè knight
Out of the folerè,
And to Gamelyn his brothir
He goith fullè nere,

And seiden unto Gamelyn,
Who mede the so bold
For to destroyin and wastè
The stope of my Houssfold?

Brothir, answered Gamelyn,
Now wrathè the right noght,
For it is many day agon
Sithins it was ybought:

For, brothir, thou hastin haddè,
I swere by Seint Richere,
Of fiftene plowis of londè
This full sixteenè yere;

And of allè the beffis which
Thou hastè forth ybredd,
That may fadir to me bequethe
Upon his deth's bedd:

Of allè this full sixteenè yere
I gevè the the prow,
For the metè and the drinke
That we have spendid now.

Than thus seidè the falsè knight,
(Full evil mote he the)
Herkinith, brothir Gamelyn,
What I woll gevin the;

For of my body, brothir, heir
Y gettin have I none;
I wollè makin the my heir,
I swerè by Seint John.

Par mafay, seidè Gamelyn,
And if that it so be,
And thou thinkest as thou seyist,
May God yeldin it the!

Nothing wistè yong Gamelyn
Of his brother's gile,
And therefore he him begilid
In very litil while.

Gamelyn, seiden he, o thing
I nedis must the tell,
Tho whan thou threwe my porter
Into the drawè well,

THE COKE'S TALE OF GAMELYN.

I swore in that wrath, and
In that my grette mote,
That thou shuldest ybondé be
Both hondé and eke fote :

And therefore I beseché the,
My brother Gamelyn,
Letith thou noght me be forsworn;
As brothir art thou mine;
But letith me ybindin the
Both hondé and eke fote,
For me to holdin myne avough,
Right as I the behote.

Brothir, tho seide Gamelyn;
As so I motin the,
Thou shalt not ben forsworin
For the love of me.

The madin thei this Gamelyn
To sitte, might he not stand,
Tyll that he him ybondin had
Both fote and also hand.

The false knight his brothir of
Gamelyn was agast,
And sette aftir fetteris
To fetterin him fast.

His brothir made lefingis
On him ther as he stode,
And toldé them that comin in
That Gamelyn was wode.

Gamelyn stode to a post
Y bondin in the Hall,
And tho that ther ycomin in
Lokid upon him all.

Evir stode yong Gamelyn
Evin bolte upright,
But mete nor drink ne had he none
Nowthir by day ne night.

Tho seide yongé Gamelyn,
Brothir myn, by my hals
Now I have wele espyid that
Thou art a parti fals.

Had I but wiste that trefon
That thou haddist yfond
I woldin have gevin strokis
Or I had ben ybound.

Gamelyn stode thus bondin
As still as any stone
For too dayis and too nightis;
And meté had he none.

Then seide at last this Gamelyn,
That stode boundin strong,
Adam Spencer, methinkith that
I fasté al to long;

Therefore, Adam le Dispencer,
Now I besече the
For the mochè lovè with which
My fadir lovid the;

If thou may comin to the kaies,
Lestith me out of bond,
And for thi I wolle departin
With the of my fre lond.

Than him answerid this Adam,
Which that was the Spencer,
I have yfervid thy brothir
This full fiftene yere,

Vol. I.

And if I shulde letin you
To gon out of his boure
He woldin aftirwardis seye
That I were a traytour.

Adam, answerid Gamelyn;
So broukin I myn hals,
Thou shalt findin my brothir
At the last righte fals;

And therefore, brothir Adam, me
Lose out of my bonds,
And I wolle departin with
The of myn own fre londa.

Upon so gode a forewardé
Saidin Adam, I wis
I wolle doin thereunto
Alle that in me is.

Adam, tho seide Gamelyn;
As so mowin I the,
I wolle holdé the covènaunt,
An thou too wolle me.

Anon as Adam his lordé
To bedde was ygone,
Adam toké the kaies, and last
Gamelyn out anon.

He unlokid yongé Gamelyn
Both hondis and eke fete,
On hope of the avauncement
Which that he him behete.

Then seide yongé Gamelyn;
Thankid be Godd's sonde,
For now that I am ylofid
Both fote and also hond!

Had I but etin a litil,
And thereto dronk aright,
There is non in this house that
Shuld bindé me this night.

Tho Adam wolké Gamelyn;
As still as any stone,
And haddin him into the spence
Right rapily anon;

And settin him to his souper
Right in a privie stede,
And badin hym do gladly,
And Gamelyn so dede.

Anon afone as Gamelyn
Had etin wel and fine,
And thereunto had ydrankin
Well of the redé wyne,

Adam, seide yongé Gamelyn,
Tell what is now thy rede;
For me to go to my brothir,
And gerdin of his hede?

No, Gamelyn, seidin Adam,
It shalle not be so,
But I can tellé the a rede
That is yworth the too.

I wote wele forsothé that
(And this it is no nay)
We shullin have a mangerie
Righte upon Sunday;

Of abbotis and priouris
Full many here shal be,
And other men of holie cherch,
As I can tellé the :

THE COKE'S TALE OF GAMELYN

Thou shalt stond up by the post,
As thou were honded fast,
And I shall them leve unlok, that writis this tale
Away thou may them cast :
And whan that they have y eting, wile, nabe
And washin have their hondes,
Tho thou shalt bespekin them all,
To bring the out of bondes :

And if that they will borrow the
That werin a gode game,
Than werin thou out of prison
And I als out of blame ;

But if that everich of them to a shog of now
Saye unto us Nay,
I shulle don anothir thing,
I swere by this day.

Thou shulle have a gode staffe,
And I wolle have another,
And Crist is curfe have that oon
That faille shall that othir.

Ye, for God, seide Gamelyn,
I say it right for me
If that I failin on my side
Than evil mote I the.

If that we shullin algatis
Asoile them of thire synne ;
Warnith me, my brothir Adam,
Whan that we shall begynn.

Now Gamelyn, seiden Adam,
Ey Seinté Charité
I wolle warné the befor
Whan that the time shall be.

Whan that Itwinkin upon the
Loké for to be gon,
And cast away the fetteris,
And come to me anon.

Adam, seide yong Gamelyn,
Y blifid be thy bones !
That is a righte gode counsaile
Y gevin for the nones.

If that they shullin werné me
To bring the out of bondes
I wolle settin gode strokis
Full right upon their lendes.

Tho the Söndy was ycomin,
And these folk to the feste ;
Paire they werein ywlecomid
Bothé the leste and meste.

And evir as they at the Hall
Doré were comin in
They everich castin an eis
On yonge Gamelyn.

The false knight his own brothir,
So full of trecherie,
Allé the gestes that there were
At that ilk mangerie

Of Gamelyn his own brothir
He toldin them with mouth
Allé the harmis and the shame
That e're he tellé couth.

Tho they werein yservid streit
Of messis too or thre ;
Than seide yonge Gamelyn,
How do ye servé me ?

It ne is not wele yservid,
Be God that allé made,
That I shold sittin here fasting
And othir men make glade.

The false knight his brothir,
Thereas that he ystode,
Foldin to allé his gestis
That Gamelyn was wode.

And Gamelyn there stode still,
And answerid right nocht,
But of Adam's wordis he
Heldé still in his thought.

Tho Gamelyn began to speke,
Right doulefully withall,
Unto the grette lordis that
Y satyn in the Hall :

My Lordings, tho seiden he,
For Crist's passion
Helpin to bringé Gamelyn
Out of thilké prison.

Than seide to him an abbot,
(Sorrow upon his cheke !)
He shallin have Crist's curse
And Seinté Maries eke,

That shall the out of this prison
Beggin owthir borow,
But evir worthé hym full wele
That doth the mykil forow.

And anon astir that abbot
Than spakin anothir,
I woldé that thyn hede were of
Though thou were my brothir.

Allé that the shall borrowin
Moté them foulé fall ;
And thus yfeiden allé they
That werin in the Hall.

Than seide to him a priour,
Evil mowin he thrive !
It is grette sorow and care,
Boy, that thou art on live.

On, on, seide yonge Gamelyn,
So broukin I my bone,
Now that I havin cspyd
That frendis have I none.

A curfid mot he worthé be,
Bothé fleshe and blode,
That evir doth to priouris
Or abbotes any gode.

Anon Adam the Dispencer
Takin up hath the cloth,
And lokid unto Gamelyn,
And saugh that he was wroth.

Adam of the pantrie at thilké
Time litil he thought,
And too gode flavis unto
The Hallé dore he brought.

Adam lokid on Gamelyn
And he was war anon,
And cast awaie the fetteris,
And began for to gon.

Tho he camin unto Adam,
He toke to the one staffe,
And beginning to werke wele,
And gode strokis he gaff.

Gamelyn came into the Hall,
And Adam Spencer both,
And lokid them all aboutin
As they haddè ben wroth.

Gamelyn sprenith holi watir
All with an okin spire,
That some of them that stode upright
Fillin into the fire.

There was no mannir lewdè man
That in the Hallè stode
That woldè doin Gamelyn
Any thingè but gode.

But thei stode besidin, and
Letè them bothè werch,
For thei ne haddè no routhè
Of men of holi chersch.

Of abbot or of prior, or
Of monk or of canon,
That Gamelyn hath overtoke,
Anon they yedin doun.

There ne was none of them allè
That with his stuff ymette
That he made them overthrowe;
And quyttè them his dette.

Tho Gamelyn, seidè Adam,
For Seintè Charite
Payith, I pray, gode liveray,
And for the love of me;

And I wolle kep in the dore;
So evir here I masse,
Er that they ben affoilid
Ther shallè noon ypassè.

Doutè the noght, seidè Gamelyn,
While that we ben in fere;
But kepè thou welè the dore
And I woll werkin here;

Besturrithe the, gode Adam, and
Ne lettith none yfè,
And we shall tellè largily
How many here there be.

To Gamelyn seiden Adam,
Doith them all but gode;
For thei ben men of holi chersch;
Drawith of them no blode;

Savith right welè the coroune,
And doith them no harmes,
But brekith bothè their leggis,
And fithin here thir armes.

Thus Gamelyn and Adam hath
Y wroughtin rightè fast,
And pleidin with the monkies tho,
And madè them agast.

Forth hidir they comè riding
Full jolily with swaines,
But home agen they werin ledde
In cartis and in waines.

Tho as they haddin all ydone
Than seidin a gray frere,
Alas! alas! my Lord Abbot;
What diddè we now here?

Tho that we hither did ycome
It was a coldè rede;
Us had far better ben at home
With watir and with brede:

While Gamelyn made orderis
Of monkis and of frere
Evir stode his brothir stille,
And madè foulè chere.

Tho Gamelyn up with his staff,
That he ful welè knew,
And grettin him upon the nek,
That he him overthrewe,

A litil above the girdil
The riggin bone to brast,
And sett him in the fetteris
There as he sattin arst.

Sittith thou there, my brothir John,
Tho seidè Gamelyn,
For to colin thy hotte bodie,
As I did colè myn.

And swithe as they yhadde welè
Wroken them on their fone,
They askid for the watir, and
They within them anon.

What some of them for their love,
And some for their awe,
Allè the servauntis servid
Them of the bestè law.

The shereff was thennis away
But about a five myle,
And all was toldin unto him
Within a litte while,

How Gamelyn and Adam had
Ydon a sorry res,
Boundin and woundin many men
Agen the king's pece.

Ettfonis tho begannin fone
Striffe for to awake,
And the shiregereve about did
Cast Gamelyn to take.

Now lithinith and lestinith,
So God geve you gode fine,
And ye shall herin a gode game
Of yongè Gamelyn.

Now four-and-twenty yongè men,
That holdin them full bolde,
Comin unto the shiregereve,
And seidè that they wold

Both Gamelyn and eke Adam
Y fettè be the way;
The shiregereve gafè them leve
Tho soth as I you say,

Thes yongè meinè hiden them
Fast, woldè they not lynne
Tyll that they comin to the gate
There Gamelyn was inne.

Thy knokidin upon the gate,
The porter tho was nye,
And lokid forth out at an hole,
As man, that was full slye

The porter had beholdin them
But for a litil while,
He lovid welè Gamelyn,
And was adrad of gile,

And forthi letè the wiket
Y stonidin fullè still,
And askid them that stant without
What ywas their will?

For allè the gret company
Than spake bot one alone,
Undo the gatis, porter, and
Latè us in ygone.

Then seidè to them the porter,
So broukin I my chynne
Ye shullè sayin your errand
Or that ye comin inne.

Say to Gamèlyn and Adam,
If that ther wille it be,
We wollè spekin here with them
Two wordis othir thre.

Fellow, seidè the porter tho,
Stondith thou ther ystill,
And I woll wend to Gamèlyn
To wetin of his wille.

And in wentè the porter tho
To Gamèlyn anon,
And seidè, Sire, I warne you
That here be come your fone;

For lo! the shiregerev's men
Now ben all at the gate
For to ytekin you bothè;
Shallè ye not escape.

Porter, tho seidè Gamèlyn,
So mote I welè the,
I woll allowè the thy wordes
Whan I my timè se.

Go ageyn, porter, to the gate,
And dwell with them a while,
Awaitin, and thou shaltè se
Right fone, porter, a gile.

Adam, tho seidè Gamèlyn,
Lokè the to be gon,
We havè foemen at the gate,
And frendis nevir one.

It ben the shiregerev's men
That hithir ben comin,
They ben yswore togideris,
That we shull be nomin.

To Gamèlyn seidè Adam,
Hiè the rightè belyve,
And if I failè the this day
Than evil mote I thryve.

And we shullin so welcomè
The shiregerev's men,
That some of them Irow shall make
Their beddis in the fen.

Then thorough the posternè gate
Yong Gamèlyn out went,
And a gode sturdie cartè stasse
In his hondè he hent.

And Adam Spencer hentè fone
Anothir grettè stass
For to helpè young Gamèlyn,
And gode strokis he gaffe.

Adam yfellig hath his tweyne,
And Gamèlyn felled thre,
The tothir settè on erth,
And fast began to fle.

What? seidin Adam Spencer tho,
So evir hire I masse
I havè right gode reddè wyne,
Pray drinkith er ye passe.

Nai, nai! by God, seidè they the,
Thy drink is nothing gode,
It woldè makin mann's brayne
To lyin in his hode.

Yong Gamèlyn tho stodè still,
And lokid him about.
And faide, The shiregereve comith
With a full grettè rout.

Adam Spencer, seid Gamèlyn,
My rede it is now this,
Abidin we not lengir here
Lest we farin amys.

I rede that we to wode ygonn
Er that we be yfound;
Betir is there lose for to gon
Than in the tounè ybound.

Adam them tokè by the hond
This yongè Gamèlyn.
And echè of them to the othir
Drankin a draft of wyne.

And aftirwardistoke their course,
And wentè streight their way;
Tho fond the shiregereve the nest,
But in it was none ay.

The shiregereve lightid adoune,
And went into the Hall,
And fond the lord yfetterid
Full fastè therewithall.

The shireve tho unfetterid
Him rightè fone anon,
And fentin afrè a gode leche
To hele his riggè bon.

Letè we now this falsè knight
Lie in his mochill care,
And tellè we of Gamèlyn,
And lokè how he fare.

Gamèlyn into the wild wode
Ytalkid is full stille,
And Adam le Dispencer it
Ylikid but right ille.

Tho Adam swore to Gamèlyn,
And that be Seint Richere,
Now I say that it is mery
To ben a dispencer;

That muchè levire me werin
The kayis for to bere,
Than walkin in this wildè wode
My clothis all to tere.

Adam, seidè yong Gamèlyn,
Dismayè the right noght,
For many a gode mann's child
In carè is ybrought.

As they thus in the wode stodin,
Ytalking both in fere,
Adam herdè talking of men,
And nigh them thought they were.

Tho Gamèlyn undir the wild
Wodè lokid aright,
Full sevin score of yongè men
He saugh right wel ydight;

Allè were fattè at their mete
In a compas about;
Adam, tho seidè Gamèlyn,
Now havin ye no doute,

For aftir balé comith bote,
Thorough Godd's grete might;
Methinkith of mete and of drink;
That I havin a fight.

Adam le Dispencer lokid
Tho undir wode bowe,
And whan that he the meté faugh
Tho he was glad inowe;

For now he hopid unto God
For to havin his dele,
And he was ful fore alongid
Aftir a godé mele.

Anon as he seide that word
Streight the maistr outlawe
Saugh Gamelyn and Adam both
Undir the wode shaw.

Lo! yongé men, seide the maistr
Outlaw, by the gode rode
I am aware of some gestis,
Pray God fendin us gode!

Loke! yondir be two yongé men
That ben right wel adight,
A! peradventure they ben mo,
Whoso lokid aright.

Arifeth up quick yongé men,
And fetté them to me,
For it is gode that we wetin
What meiné that they be.

Up thei stertin quik at that word,
Sevin fro the dinnere,
And they mettin with Gamelyn
And Adam Dispencere.

Whan that they werin ney to them
Than seide thus that one,
Yeldith up to us, yonge men
Your bowis and your fione.

Than seide to them Gamelyn,
That yongé was of elde,
Ful mochil sorow mote they have
That unto you shall yelde:

I curse woll none othir wight
But right mine owné felve
Tho ye may fettin unto you
Fyve, andthan be ye twelve.

They herdin by his wordis that
Gret might was in his arme,
And forthi there was non of them
That woldé don him harme.

But fedin unto Gamelyn
Right mildily and still,
Comith asforin our maistr,
And fay to him thy will.

Yongé man, seide Gamelyn,
Upon your leaute
Teltich what man your maistr is
Which that ye with ybe.

Tho allé they answerid him
At ones without lesing,
Our maistr is yecoroundid
Of Outlawis is the King.

Adam, seide yongé Gamelyn,
Go we in Crist's name,
He may nothir meté nor drink
Y werné us for shame;

And if that he hendé, and
Comin of gentil blode,
He woll geve us both mete and drink,
And doin us some goode.

By Seinté Jame, seide Adam tho,
What harme so that I grete
I will adventure me to the
Doré that I had mete.

Tho Gamelyn and Adam both
Y wenté forth in fere,
And they both greté the maistr
Which that they fondé there.

Than seide to them the maistr,
That King was of Outlawes,
What do ye seke, ye yongé men,
Undir the wode shawes?

Yong Gamelyn answerid tho
The King with his coroune,
He musté nedis walk in wodes
That may not walk in touné.

Sire, we walké not here in wodes
Non harmé for to do,
But if peradventure we mete
A dere to sherte thereto.

As meiné that ben right hungry,
And mow no meté fynd,
And very hardé ben bestad
Undir the wode lynd.

Of Gamelyn's wordis tho
The maistr haddé routhe,
And seide to them, Ye shall have
Inow, heve God my trouthe.

Anon he baddé them sittin
Douné for to také rest,
And baddé them etin and drink,
And that too of the best.

As they were eting and drinking
Of the best wele and fine,
Than seide the ton to the tothir
This is yonge Gamelyn.

Tho was the maistr of outlawes
Into consaile nomin,
And told how it was Gamelyn
That thither was comin.

Anon as he had herdin all
How that it was befall,
He madé Gamelyn maistr
Undir him o're them all.

Within the third weke aftir this
To him comith tiding,
To the maistr of outlawis,
Which that now was their king.

That he shuldé ycomin home,
For that his pees was made;
And of that joyfull tiding he
Was wonderouly glade.

Tho seide he to his yongé men,
The sothé for to tell
To me be comin tidingis
I may no lengir dwell.

Tho was yong Gamelyn anon,
Withoutin taryng,
Made maistr of outlawis, and
Y coroundid their king:

Tho was yong Gamelyn crounid
The King of the Outlawes,
And among them walkid a while
Undir the wodde shawes.

The falsē knight his brothir now
Was shiregereve and Sire,
And lete his brothir be endite
For hatē and for ire.

Tho werin all his bondmacine
Sory and nothing glad
Whan that Gamelyn their lordē
Wolfe Hede was cryed and made,
And fentin outē his meine
Where they mightin him fynd,
For to sekin yonge Gamelyn
Undir the wodde lynd,

To tellē to him tidingis
The winde was ywent,
And allē his gode reyed was,
And all his men yshent.

Whan that they haddē hym foundin
On kneys they them fette,
And adoun with their hode, and
Gamelyn their lord grette.

They seiden, Sire, now wrathē not
You for the godē rode,
For we have brought you tidingis,
But they be nothing gode.

Now is thy brothir shiregereve,
And he hath the baillie,
And thereto hath enditid the,
And Wolfe Hede doth the crie.

Allas! tho seide Gamelyn,
That e're I was so flak,
That I ne hadd brokin his neck,
Whan I his riggē brak.

Goith, and gretich you welē
My housbondis an wif,
I wollē ben at the next shire,
So havē God my lif.

Gamelyn camē well redy
Unto the nextē shire,
And therē the falsē knight his brothir
Was bothē Lord and Sire.

Gamelyn camē boldlich
Into the More Hall,
And put adoun his hode among
The lordilingis all.

God savē you, Lordilingis!
Which that now herē be;
But as for the, brokebak thereve,
Evil motē thou the be!

Why hastē thou doin to me
That shame and villonie
For to latin enditē me,
And Wolf's Hede me crie?

Tho thought the falsē knight on him
For to have ben awreke,
And lete takin Gamelyn;
Must he no more yspeke.

Mightē there be no mannir grace,
But Gamelyn at last
Was into prifoun ycastin,
And fetterid full fast.

This Gamelyn hath a brothir
That cleped was Sir Ote;
As gode and hend a knight he was
As mightin gon on fote.

Right anon yede a messager
Unto that gode knight,
And toldin him altogethir
How Gamelyn was dight.

Anon as Sir Ote herdin had
How Gamelyn was dight,
He was right passing sory tho,
Ne he was nothing light:

And letē saddle him a stede,
And freit the weic he name,
And unto his twicē bretherin
Right sonē there he came.

Sir, seide this Sir Ote unto
The shiregereve tho,
We ben but only thre brethren,
Shall we be nevir mo,

And thus hast thou yprifounid
The bestē of us all;
Soche anothir brothir as thou
Evil motē him befall!

Sir Ote, seide the falsē knight,
Now letē be thy cars;
By God for thesē thi wordis he
Shallē farin the wors.

Now to the king's prifoun he
Is lesfully ynome,
And ther he shall abidin
Untill the justice come.

But parde, seide Sir Ote tho,
Bettir it shall ybe
I biddin him unto maynprife
And that thou grauntē me,

Untill the nextē sitting shall
Come of deliveraunce,
And than lete Gamelyn fairely
Yfondon to his chaunce.

Brothir, in soche a forewardē
I takin him to the,
And by thy fadir's soule,
That the begat and me,

If that he be not right redy
Whan that the justice sitte,
Thou shaltē berin the judgement,
For all thy grette wit.

I grauntin it welē, seide Sir Ote,
That it shall so ybe;
Letith delivir him anon,
And takin him to me.

The Gamelyn was delivered
To Sir Ote his brothir,
And that night ydwelid in fereham
The ton with the tothir.

On the morow seide Gamelyn
Unto Sir Ote the hend,
My brothir, he seide, forsothe
I motē from the wend,

To lokin how my yonge men
In wode ledin their lif,
And whether that they liven now
In joie or elles in strif.

Be God, tho answerd Sir Ote,
That is a coldde rede,
Now I fe that alle the cark
Shall fallin on my hede;

For whan that the justice sittith,
And thou be not yfound
I shall anon be takin, and
In thy fiede be ybound.

Brothir, tho seide Gamelyn,
Dismaye the right noght,
For be Seintè Jame in Galis,
That many man hath sought,

If so that God Almighty hold
Me my lif and my wit
I wolle ben there right redy
Whan that the justice sit.

Than seide Sir Ote to Gamelyn,
God sheldè the fro shame!
Comith whan that thou feist tyme,
And bring us out of blame.

Now lithinith and lestinith,
And holdith you right fill,
And ye shulle herin how that
Gamelyn had his will.

Anon Gamelyn wentin his
Way undir the wode rife,
And he yfonde there playing
His yongè men of prife.

Tho was this yongè Gamelyn
In hert right glad inow
Whan that he fond his yongè men
Undir the wode bow.

Gamelyn and his yongè men
Ytalkidin in fere,
And they all haddè right gode game
Their maistr for to here.

His men told him of adventures
Which that they had yfound,
And Gamelyn told them agen
How he was fast ybound.

All the while that Gamelyn was
Outlaw had he no curs;
There ne was no man that for him
Yferid ought the wors,

But abbottis and priouris,
And monkis, and chanon;
In them forsothe ne last he noght
Whan er he might them nom.

While Gamelyn and his yongè men
Ymadè mirthis ryve,
The falsè knight his own brothir,
Evil motè he thryve!

For all this while he wast about,
Both one day and othir,
On purpose for to hire the quest
To hangin his brothir.

Gamelyn stodin on a day,
And round him he beheld
The wild wodis and the shawis
Within the wildè feld;

He thoughtin upon his brothir,
How that he him behete
That he ywoldin be redy
Whan that the justice sete;

He thoughtin welè that he wolde,
Withoutin more delay,
Ycomin afore the justice
For to kepin his day;

And seide to his yongè men,
Now dightith you full yare,
For whan that the justice sittith
We mote nedis be there;

For I am undir a herow
Until that I comin,
And my brothir instede of me
To prifon shal be nomin.

Be Seint Jame, seide his yongè men,
And that thou rede thereto,
Ordeinith how it shalle be,
And it shal so be do.

While Gamelyn was ycoming
There that the justice satt
The falsè knight his own brothir
Forgattin he not that,

To hire the meind on his quest
To hangin his brothir,
And though thei haddè not that oon
He wolde han that othir.

Tho comith yongè Gamelyn
From undir the wode rife,
And he broughtin along with him
His yongè men of prife.

I fe welè, seide Gamelyn,
The justice is yfette;
Go thou afor us, Adam, and
Lokè how that it spette.

Adam wentè into the Hall,
And lokid all about,
And he saugh there yfonde the
Lordingis grette and stout,

And Sir Ote, Gamelyn's brothir,
Yferterid welè fast;
Tho wentin Adam out of Hall
As he werin agast.

Adam seide to Gamelyn,
And to his felawes all,
Sir Ote yfondeith fetterid
Within the Motè Hall.

Seide Gamelyn, If God geve us
Gracè we shal for to do
He shallin it abegge anon
That him broughtin thereto.

Then seidin Adam Dispencer,
That lokkis haddin hore,
Chrif's curse motè he havin
That boundin him so fore.

And if thou wiltè, Gamelyn,
Doin afor my rede,
There is none in the Halle that
Shall bere aweie his hede.

Adam, tho seide Gamelyn,
We wolle not do so;
We woll fle only the giltif,
And lat the othir go.

I will my selve into the Hall,
And hire the justice speke,
And on all them that ben giltif
I wolle ben awreke.

Lat none escapin at the dore;
Take, yongè meinë, yeme,
For I wolle ben the justice
This day domis to deme.

Pray God spedè me this ilk dai
At this my newè werke!
And Adam, comith thou with me,
For thou shalt be my clerke.

His meinë all answerid him,
And bad hym don his best,
And if thou to us havè peded
Thou shalt fyndin us prest:

For we wolle stonfin with the
Whilis that we may dure,
And but that we werkin manly
Payith us then no hure.

Yongè men, seidè Gamelyn,
So mot I wele y the,
As ye a right trusty maistr
Shulle findin of me.

And rightè thereat the justice
Yfatin in the Halle,
In wentè the yong Gamelyn
Boldly amonges them all.

Gamelyn letè unfettir
His brothir out of bend;
Than seidè to him Sir Ote,
His brothir that was hende,

Thou haddist almost, Gamelyn,
Dwellid away to long,
For the questè is ygon out
On me that I shulde hongè.

Brothir, tho seidè Gamelyn,
God gevè me gode rest,
This gode day they shull ben hongid
That ben upon the quest;

And thereto the justice bothè,
That is the juggè man,
And eke the sheriff our brothir,
For through him it began.

Than seidè yongè Gamelyn
Unto the false justice,
Now is thi powir at an end,
You must nedis arise.

Thou hast ygevin domis that
Ben evil allè dight;
I wolle settin in thi fete,
And dreslin them aright.

But the justice fatin stillè,
And roosè not anon,
And Gamelyn with his swardè
Cleidid his chekè bonc.

Yongè Gamelyn toke him in his
Armis, and no more spak,
But threw him ovir the barre,
And his armè to brak.

Durst no one unto Gamelyn
Sayè nothing but gode,
For fere of the gret company
That withoutin yfode.

Gamelyn fattè pint adoun
In the justicis stede,
(Herkenith now of the bourdè
That Gamelyn tho dede)

And Sir Ote by him he fette,
And Adam at his fete.
And whan Gamelyn the yong was
Satte in the justice fete,

He letè fette the justice
And his false brothir,
And letè them come to the barre
The ton with that othir.

Whan Gamelyn had thus ydone
Haddin he tho no rest
Till that he had enquerid who
Werin upon the quest.

For to demin his brothir dere,
Sir Ote, for to be hongè,
Er that he wiste which they were
It thoughte him full longe.

But al so fone as Gamelyn
Wiste where that thei were
He hidde them everichone
Fetterin fast in fere.

And bringè them unto the barre,
And fette them in vewe:
By my faith, seidè the justice,
The sheriff is a shrewe.

Than seidè yongè Gamelyn
Unto the false justice,
Thou hastè gevè thy domis
Al of the worst affise;

And the twelve sifouris that
Werin of the inequest
They shulle ben hongid this day,
So God geve me gode rest.

Than seidè the sheriff pitouly
To yongè Gamelyn,
My Lord, I criè the mercie,
Brothir artè thou myn.

Therefore, seidè yongè Gamelyn,
Have you Crist's curse,
For if thou werin maistr yet
Shuldin I farè worse.

But for to makè short my Tale,
And not to tary longe,
He ordeynid him there a quest
Of his own men so strong.

The false justice and the sheriff
Bothè were hongid hie,
To weyvin there with the ropis,
And with the winde drie.

And als the twelve sifouris
Sorrow havè that rekk,
Allè they werin yhongid
Full fastè by the nekk.

Thus endid hath the false knight
With all his trecherie,
That evir haddè lad his life
In falsenès and folie.

He was hongid up by the nekk,
And nought by the purle,
That was the mede that he had haddè
From his fadir's curse:

Sir Ote was the eldist tho,
And Gamelyn was yongè,
They wentin with their frendis, and
Pafidid to the king

They madin pece with the kinge
Of the best affise;
The king lovid Sir Otè welè,
And made him a justice.

Aftir the king made Gamelyn,
Bothè in est and west,
The chefe justice and ridere of
Allè his fre forest.

Allè his wight yonge men the king
Forgafin them their gilt,
And sithen in gode office the king
Hath allè them ypilt.

Thus has wan yongè Gamelyn
His londè and his lede,
And wrake of him his enemies,
And quyèt them their mede.

And Sir Otè, his brothir dere,
Ymade him hath his heir,
And sithin weddid Gamelyn
A wife both gode and faire.

They lividin togidir welè
Whilis that Chrifstè wolde,
And sithin that was Gamelyn
Ygravin undir molde:

And so shallè we allè here;
May there no man yse
God bringin us unto the joie
That evir shull ybe!

Thus endith the legend of Gamelyn, called The Coke's Tale.

HERE BEGINNETH

THE PLOWMAN'S PROLOGUE.

THE Plowman plucked up his plowe
 Whan midfomer mone was comen in,
 And faied his bestes should ete inowe,
 And lige in grasse up to the chin :
 Thei ben feble both oxe and cowe,
 Of 'hem n'is left but bone and skinne;
 He shoke of there; and coulter' off drowe,
 And honged his harnis on a pinne.

He toke his tabarde and staffe eke,
 And on his hedde he set his hat,
 And faied he would Sainct Thomas seke.
 On pilgrimage he goth forth plat;
 In scrippe he bare bothe bred lekes;
 He was folswonke and all forwat :
 Men might have fene through both his chekes,
 And every wang tothe where it fat.

Our Hoste behelde well all about,
 And sawe this man was sunne ibrent;
 He knewe well by his singid snout,
 And by his clothes, that were to rent,
 He was a man wont walke about,
 He n'as not aye in cloister pent,
 Ne couthe religiounliche lout,
 And therefore was he full ill shent.

Our Hoste him axed, What man art thou ?
 Sire Hoste, (quod he) I am an hine,
 For I am wont to go to plow,
 And erne my mete yet that I dine :

To swette and fwinke I make awowe,
 My wife and babes therewith to finde,
 And servin God and I wist how,
 But we lende men yben full blinde :

For clerkes saie we shullin be fain
 For ther lived to swette and fwinke,
 And thei right nought us give again
 Neither to ete ne yet to drinke;
 Thei mowe by lawe, as that thei fain,
 Us curse and dampne to hell'is brinke;
 And thus thei puttin us to pain
 With candlis quient and bell'is clinke.

Thei make us thrallis at their lust,
 And fain we mowe not els be faved;
 Thei have the corne and we the dust;
 Who gainfayes then they saye he raved.
 What, man ! (quod our Hoste) canst thou preche ?
 Come nere and tel some holy thing.

Sir, quod he, I herd onis teche
 A preest in pulpit gode preching.

Saie on quod he, I the beseche.

Sir, I am redy at your bidding.

I praiſe that no man me reproche
 While that I am my Tale telling.

Thus endeth the Prologue.

HERE FOLOWETH

THE FIRST PART OF THE TALE*.

A FULL sterne strif is stirrid newe,
In many stedis in a stounde,
Of sondry sedis that ben sewe;
It semeth that some ben unsounde,
For some be grete growin on grounde,
Some ben foubel, simple and small;
Whether of 'hem is falsir founde
The falsir foule mote him bifall.

That one side is that I of tell
Popis, cardinals, and prelates,
Parsons, monkis, and freris fell,
Priours, abbotes, of grete estates;
Of heven and hell thei kepe the yeates,
And Peter's succelours ben all,
And this is demid by old dates;
But falshed foule mote it befall.

The othir side ben pore and pale,
And peple yput out of prefe,
And femin caitiffes fore a cale,
And er in one without encrefe;
Iclepid Lollers and Londlese;
Who totheth on 'hem thei ben untall;
Thei ben arayid all for pece,
But falshed foule mote it befall.

Many a cuntrye have I fought
To knowe the falsir of these two,
But aye my travaile was for nought
All so ferre as I have ygo,
But as I wandrid in a wro,
Within a wode beside a wall,
Two foulis sawe I sitting tho,
The falsir foule mote him befall.

That one did plete on the Pope's side,
A Griffon of a grimme stature;
A Pellicane withoutin pride
To these Lollers ylaied his lure;
He mused his mattir in mesure
To counsaile, Christ ay gan he call;
The Griffon shewed as sharpe as fire,
But falshed foule mote it befall.

* A complaint against the pride and covetousness of the clergy, made no doubt by Chaucer, say the editor of Chaucer's Works printed for *W. B. at London, A. D. 1602.* Urry.

The Pellicane began to preche
Bothe of mercie and of mekenesse,
And saied that Christ so gan us teche,
And meke and merciable kan blisse;
The' Evangely berith witnesse
A lambe he likeneth Christ ovre' all,
In tokening that he mekist was
Sith pride was out of hevin fall.

And so should every Cristened be,
Priestis and Peter's succelours,
Beth lowliche and of lowe degre,
And usin none yerthly honours,
Ne croune ne curious covertours,
Ne pilloure ne other proude pall,
Ne to cofrin up grete trefours,
For falshed foule mote it befall.

Priestis shoud for no cattill plede,
But chaften 'hem in charite,
Ne to no battaile shoud men lede,
For inhauning ther owne degre,
Nat willin sittinges in hie se,
No foverainte in hous ne hall,
Worldly worship desie and se;
Who willesh highnes foule shall fall.

Alas! who maie soche saintis call
That wilnith welde yerthly honour?
Lowe as Lucifere soche shall fall,
In balefull blacknesse build ther boure;
That eggith peple to erreure,
And makith them unto 'hem thrall;
To Crist I holde soche one traitour;
Lowe as Lucifer soche shall fall.

That willith to be kingis peres,
And higher than the Emperour,
And some that werin bot pore freres
Now wollin waxe a warrior;
God ne is not ther governour,
That holdith none his permagall,
While cove'tise is ther consailour;
All soche falskede mote nedis fall.

That hie on horse willith to ride
In glitterande golde of grete arae,
Painted and portrid alle in pride,
No common knight maie go so gaie,

Change of clothing every daie,
With goldin girdils grete and small,
As boistous as is bere at baic;
All soche falsheede mote nedis fall.

With pride puniſhith thei the pore,
And some one thei sustain with sale,
Of holie church makith an hore,
And fill ther wombe with wine and ale;
With money fille thei many a male,
And chaffrin churchis when thei fall,
And telle the peple a leude tale;
Soche false faitours foule 'hem befall.

Thei fede of many manir metes,
With song and solas sitting long,
And filleth ther wombe, and faste fretes,
And from the mete unto the gong,
And astir mete with harpe and song,
And eche man mote 'hem Lordis call,
And hote spicis evir emong;
Soche false faitours foule 'hem befall.

Miters thei werin mo than two
Iperlid as the quen is hedde,
A staffe of golde, and pirrie lo!
As hevie as it were made of ledde;
With clothe of gold bothe new and redde,
With glitterande gold as grene as gall,
By dome thei dampne men to be dedde;
All soche faitours foule 'hem befall.

And Crist is peple proudly curse
With brode boke and braying bell,
And to put pennies in ther purse
Thei woll sell bothe hevin and hell:
In ther sentence and thou wilt dwell
Thei willin gesse in ther gaie hall,
And though the soth thou of 'hem tell
In the grete cursing shalt thou fall.

That is ybleſsid that thei bleſse,
And cursid that thei cursin woll,
And thus the peple thei oppresse,
And have ther lordshippis at full:
And many be merchautes of woll,
And to purs pennies woll come thrall,
The pore peple thei al to pull;
Such false faitours foule 'hem befall,

Lordis also mote to 'hem loute,
Obeysaunt to ther brode blessing,
Thei ridin with ther royal route
On a courſir as it were a king,
With saddle of golde glittering,
With curiſus harnais quaintly crallit,
Stiropis gaie of golde mastling;
All ſuche falshed foule may befall it.

Christes Ministers clepid thei bene,
And rulin al in robberie,
But Antichriste thei servin clene,
Attirid al in tirannie,
Witneſse of John his prophecie;
Antichriste is ther admirall,
Tiffelers attired in trecherie;
Al ſuche faitours foule 'hem befall.

Who saith that some of 'hem may sinne
He shal be domid to be ded;
Some of 'hem wollin gladly winne
Al ayenst that which God forbed.

Al Holiest they clepe ther hed,
That of ther rule is full regall;
Alas that evir thei ete bred!
For al ſuch falshed wol foule fall.

Ther hed covitith al honour,
To be worshipped in worde and dede,
Kings mote to him knele and cource,
To the apostles that Christ forbede:
To Popis heste ſuch take more hede
Than to kepe Christes commaundement,
Of gold and silvir ben ther wede,
Thei holde him hole omnipotent.

He ordaineth by his ordinance
To parishe priestis a powere,
To' anothir a gretir avaunce,
A gretir point to his mistere;
But for he' is highist in erth here
To him reserveth he many' a point,
But unto Christ, that hath no pere,
Reservith he no pin no joynt.

So semith he abovin all,
And Christ abovin him nothinge,
Whan that he sittith in his stall
Dampnith and savith as him thinke;
Suche pride tofore hie God doth ſinke:
An angel bad John to' him not knele,
Only to God to do his bowinge;
Soche worship-willers mote ill ſele.

Thei ne clepe Christ but *Sanctus Deus*,
And clepe ther hed *Sanctissimus*;
All they that ſuche a ſecte ſewis
I trowe thei taken 'hem amisse:
In erth here they havin ther blisse,
Ther hie maſtir is Beliall;
Christ his pore peple from 'hem wiſſe,
For al ſuche false will foule befall.

They mowin both ybinde and loſe,
And all is for ther holy life;
To ſave or dampne they mowen choſe;
Betwene 'hem now is a grete ſtriſe;
Many' a man is killed with a kiſe
To wete which havin lordship ſhall;
For ſuche Christ ſuffrid woundis five,
For all ſuche falshed will foule fall.

Christ ſaid, *Qui gladio percutit*,
With ſwerde ſurely he ſhall die;
He bad his priestis pece and grith,
And bad 'hem not drede for to die,
And bad them be both ſimple and ſlie,
And carke not for no cattell,
And truſte on God that ſittith on hie,
For al false ſhal full foule befall.

Theſe wollin make men to ſwere
Ayenſt Christ is commaundement,
And Christ is members al to tere,
On rode as he were new yrent;
Suche lawes thei maken by aſſent,
Eche on it trowith as a ball,
And thus the pore be fully ſhent,
But falshed foule it ſhulle befall.

Ne uſin thei no ſimonie,
But ſelle churchis and priories,
Ne they uſin to none envie,
But cursin al 'hem contraries,

And hirith men by daies and yeres
With strength to hold 'hem in ther stall,
And culle all ther advarfaries,
Therefore falsched foule thou them fall.

With purse they purchase perfonage,
With purse thei payin 'hem to plede,
And men of warre thei wollin wage
To bring ther enemies to dede,
And lordis livis they wol lede,
And muchil take, and give but small,
But he' it so get from it shal shede,
And make fuche falsche right foule yfall.

They halowe nothing but for hire,
Ne churche, ne font, ne vestiment,
And make orders in every shire,
But priestis pay for the parchement;
Of riatours they taken rent,
Therwith they smere the shep's skall,
For many churches ben suspent;
All fuche falsched foule it befall.

Some livith not in lecherie,
But haunte wenchis, widows, and wives,
And punish the pore for putre,
Themselfe it useth al ther lives;
And but a man to them him shrives
To hevin come he never shall,
He shal be curs'd as be catives;
To hel thei faine that he shal fall.

Ther was more mercy' in Maximine,
And Nero, that never was gode,
Than there is now in some of them
Whan he hath on his furrid hode;
They folowe Christ that shede his blode
To heven, as bucket to the wall;
Suche wrechis yben worse than wode,
And al fuche faitours foule 'hem fall.

They give ther almis to the riche,
To mainteynours and men of lawe,
For to lordis they wol be liche,
And harlots sonne not worthe an hawe;
Sothfastnesse alle fuche han slawe;
They kembe ther crockettes with cristall,
And drede of God they have doune drawe;
Al fuche faitours foule 'hem befall.

They make parsons for the pennie,
And canons and their cardinals;
Unnethe amongst 'hem al is any
That ne hath glosed the gospel fals,
For Christ made ner no cathedrals,
Ne with him was no cardinall
With a redde hatte, as use ministrals;
But falsched foule mote it befall.

Ther tithing and ther offring bothe
They clemith by possession,
Ne therof n'il they none forgo,
But robbin men as a raunfome:
The tithing of *turpe lucrum*
With these maistres is veniall;
Tithing of bribery and lardon
Will make falsched full foule to fall.

They taken to ferme ther sumpnours
To harme the peple what they may,
To pardoners and falsche faitours
Thei sell ther seles I dare well say,

And all to holdin gret arraie,
To multiple 'hem more metall,
They drede ful litel dom's day,
Whan al fuche falsched shal foule fall.

Suche harlottes shul men disclaunde,
For that they shullin make them gre,
And ben as proud as Alexander,
And fain to the pore Wo be ye!
By yere eche priest shal paie his fe
For to encrese his lemmans call;
Suche herdis shul wel ilvil the,
And al fuche falsche shal foule befall.

And if a man be falsely famed,
And wol ymake purgacioun,
Than wol the' officers be agramed,
And assign him fro toun to toun;
So nede he must payin raunfome,
Though he be cleue as is cristall,
And than have an absolution;
But al fuche falsche shal foule befall.

Though he be giltye of the dede,
And that he may the money paie,
Al the while his purse wol yblede
He may use it fro day to day.
The bishopes officers gone gay,
And this game they use ovir all,
The pore to pil is al their pray;
But al fuche falsche shul foule befall.

Alas! God ordained no fuche lawe,
Ne no fuche crafte of covetise,
But he forbad it by his lawe;
Suche rulers mowen of God agrise,
For al his rulis ben rightwise:
These newe pointis ben pure papall,
And Godd's lawe they all dispiace,
And al fuche faitours shul foule fall.

They faine that Peter had the key
Of heven and hel, to have and holde;
I trowe Peter toke no money
For no finnis that he yfolde:
Suche successours yben to bolde,
In winning all ther witte they wral,
Ther consience is waxin colde,
And al such faitours foul 'hem fall.

Peter was ner so grette a sole
To leve his key with fuche a lorell,
Or take fuche cursid soc or tole,
He was advifid nothing well;
I trowe they have the key of hell,
Their maistir is of that marshall,
For there thei dreslin 'hem to dwell,
And with falsche Lucifer to fall.

Thei ben as proude as Luciferre,
As angry and as envious;
From a gode faith they ben ful farre;
In cove'tise they ben curious;
To catche casil as covitous
As hounde that for hungre wol yall,
Ungodly and ungracious;
And nedely fuche falsche shal foule fall.

The Pope, and he were Peter's heire,
Me think he errith in this cafe,
Whan choise of bishop's in dispaire
To chosin 'hem in divers place,

A lorde shal write to him for grace,
For his clerke anone praye he shall,
So shal he sped in his purchas;
And al fuche false foule 'hem befall.

Although he can ne manir gode
A lord's prayir shal be spedde,
Though he be wilde of wil or wode;
Nat understanding what men redde,
A leude bostir, that God forbedde,
As gode a bishoppe' is my horse Ball;
Suche a Pope is full foule bestede,
And at the laste wol foule yfall.

He makith priestes for erthly thanke;
And not at all for Christ's sake;
Suche that yben ful fat and ranke,
To foul's hele none hede they take;
Al is wel done what er they make,
For they shal answe're ones for all;
For world's thank such worth and wake;
And al fuche false shal foule befall.

Suche that can nat yfay ther crede
With prayir shul be made prelates,
Nothir can thei the gospel rede;
Suche shul now weldin hie estates;
The hie godes frendship 'hem makes,
Thei totith on ther summe totall;
Suche bere the keyes of hell's yates,
And all fuche false shal foule befall.

Thei forsakin for Christ's love
Travaille, and hungre, thurste, and colde;
They ben ordrid or al above
Out of youthed til they ben olde;
By the dore they go nat to the folde,
To helpe ther shepe they nought traval,
For hirid men al fuche I holde,
And al fuche false foule 'hem befall.

For Christ our King thei wol forsake,
And knowe him nought for his povertie,
For Christ's love they wol awake,
And drinke piement al aperte:
Of God they seme nothing aserde,
As lusty live as Lamual,
And drive ther shepe into desert;
Al fuche false faitours shul foule fal.

Christ yhad twelve apostles here,
Nowe say they 'They may be but one
That may not erre in no manere,
Who leve not this ben lest echone:
Peter criid, so did not John;
Why is he cleped the Principall?
Christe cleped him Peter, not the Stone;
Al false faitours foule 'hem befall.

Why cursin they the croisery
Christ's Christian creturis?
For bytwene them is now envy
To be enhaunsid in honours;
Christin livers with ther labours,
For they levin on no mortal,
Ben do to deth with dishonours,
And al fuche false foule 'hem befall.

What knoweth a tilloure at the plowe
The Pop's name, and what he hate?
His crede suffiseth to 'him inowe,
And knoweth a card'nal by his hatte.

Rough is the pore unrightly latte,
That knowith Christ his God royal;
Suche maters be not worth a gnatte,
But fuche false faitours foule 'hem fal.

A king shal knele and kisse his showe,
Christ let a sinful kisse his fete,
Me thinke he holdeth him hie inowe,
So Lucifer did, that hie set:
Suche one me thinke himsele foryet,
Or to the trouth he was nat cal:
Christe that suffrid woundis wete,
Shall make all fuche falsed foule fall.

They layith out ther large nettes
For to takin silvir and golde,
Thei fillin coffers, and sackes fettes
Ther as they soulis catchin holde;
Ther servautes be to them unholde,
But they can doublin ther rentall;
To bigge 'hem castles bigge 'hem holde;
And al fuche false foule 'hem befall.

*Here endeth the first parte of this Tale, and bereafter
foloweth the seconde partie.*

To accorde what this word is fall
No more Englishe ne can I finde;
Shewing anothir nowe I shall;
For I have moche to saye behinde,
How priestis han the peple pinde,
As curteis Christe yhath me kinde;
And put this matter in my minde,
To make this manir men amende.

Shortely to shende 'hem, and shewe nowe
How wrongfully they werche and walke;
Of hie God nothing tell, ne howe,
But in Goddes worde tell many a balke;
In harnis holde 'hem and in halke,
And prechen' of tithis and offrende,
And untruely of the gospel talke;
For his mercy God it amende!

What els is Antichriste to saie
But even Christ's adversarie?
Suche hath now ben many a daie
To Christ's bidding ful contrarie;
That from the trouthe clene ywarry;
Out of the way they ben ywende;
And Christ's peple untruely cary;
God for his pitie it amende!

They live contrary to Christes life;
In hie pride against mekenesse,
Against suffraunce they usin strife;
And angr ayenst sobrenesse;
Ayenst wisdom wilfulnesse;
To Christ's talis litil tende;
Against mesure outrigoufnesse;
But whan God wol it may amende.

Lordely life ayenst lowlinesse,
And demis al without mercy,
And covetise ayenst largeesse,
Ayenst trouthe trechery,

And ayenist almeffe envy;
Ayenist Christ they comprehend;
For chastite mainteine leche'ry;
But al this God may well amende!

Against penaunce thei use delights,
Ayenist suffraunce strong defence,
Ayenist God they usin ill rightes,
Ayenist pitie punishmentes,
Open' evil ayenst continence;
Ther wickid winning worse dispense,
Sobirnesse sette in to dispence;
God for his godenesse it amende!

Why cleimin they holy' his powere,
And wranglin ayenist al his hestes?
His living folowe thei nought here;
But livin worse than witlese bestes;
Of fishe and fleshe they lovin festes;
As lordis thei ben brode ikende;
Of Godd'is pore thei hatin gestes;
God for his mercy this amende!

With Dives fuche thal have ther dome,
That faine that they be Christ'is frendes,
And do nothing as they shold done,
Al fuche ben falir than ben fendes
On the peple they ley fuche bendes
As God in erth they han offense;
Succour for fuch Christe now fend us,
And for his mercy this amende!

A token' of Antichrist they be;
His careckes ben now wide iknowe,
Receved to preche shal no man be
Without tokin of him I trowe;
Eche Christin priest to prechin owe,
From God above thei ben yfende
Of Goddes word to al folke for to showe,
And sinful man for to amende.

Christ sent the pore for to preche,
The royal riche he did not so,
Now dare no pore the peple teche,
For Antichrist is al ther foe;
Among the peple he mote go,
He hath biddin al fuche suspende,
Some hath he hent, and thinketh yet mo;
But al this God may wel amende.

Al tho that han the worlde forsake,
And livin lowly, as God badde,
Into ther prison shulle be take,
Betin and boundin, and forth ladde:
Hereof I rede no man be dradde,
Christ said that his shold be yfende;
Eche man ought hereof to be gladd,
For God ful wel it wol amende.

They take on 'hem royall power,
And say they havin swerdis two,
One curse to hel, one fle men here:
At his taking Christ had no mo,
Yet Peter had but one of tho,
And Christ to him smite gan defende,
And into the' sheth badde put it tho;
And al fuche mischeves God amende!

Christ bad Peter to kepe his shepe,
And with his sworde forbade 'hem smite;
Sworde is no tole with shepe to kepe,
But to shepherdes that shepe wol bite;

Me think fuche shepherdes ben to wite
Who' ayen ther shepe with swerde contende;
They drive ther shepe with grete despote;
But al this God may well amende.

Peter's successours be thei nought
Whom Christ ymade his chefe pastoure;
A swerde no shepherde usin ought
But he would fle as a bochoure;
Who so were Peter's successours
Should bere his shepe til his backe bende,
And shadowe 'hem from every shoure;
And al this God may wel amende.

Successours to Peter ben these
In that, that Peter Christe forsoke,
That levir had God's love to lese
Than shepherde had to lese his hoke;
He culleth the shepe as doth the coke;
Of 'em takin they woll untrende,
And falsely glose the Gospell boke;
God for his mercy them amende!

Whan Christ had take Peter the key
Christ saide he must ydie for man;
That Peter to Christ gan withsay,
Christe bad him Go behinde, Sathan;
Suche counsaillours many' of these hang
For world'is wele God to offense;
Peter's successours they ben than
But al fuche God may wel amende.

For Sathan is to say no more
But he that contrary to Christ is,
In this they lernin Peter's lore,
They sewin him whan he did misse;
They folowe him forsoth in this
That Christ would Peter reprehende,
But nat that longith to' hevin blisse;
God for his mercie 'hem amende!

Thei none apostle sewen, in case
Of ought that I can underfonde,
But him that betraieith Christ, Judas,
That bare the purse in every londe,
And al that he might sette on honde
He hidde and stale, and it mispende;
His rule these traitours han in honde;
Almighty God al fuche amende!

And at the last his lorde gan tray
Curdily through false covetise,
So would these traine him for money
And they ywistin in what wise;
They be sikre' of the fele ensife.
From all sothnesse they ben yfrende,
And covetise change with quantise;
Almighty God al fuche amende!

Were Christ upon erth, here este fone,
These wouldin dampne him to die;
All his hekis they han fordone,
And faine his sawes ben herfise;
Ayenist his commaundementes they crie,
And dampnin all his to be brende,
For thei ne like fuche losengrie;
God Almighty al fuche amende!

These han more might in Englande here
Than hath the king and all his lawe,
They han purchasid fuche powere
To takin 'hem whom list not knawe,

And say that heresie' is ther sawe,
And so to prison wol 'hem fende;
It was not so by eldir dawe;
God for his mercy it amende!

The king is lawe wol no man deme,
Angerliche withoutin answere,
But if any man these misqueme,
He shall be baightid as a bere,
And yet wel worse they wol him tere,
And in prison wollin him pende
In ginis, and in othir gere;
Whan that God woll it may amende.

The king ne taxith nat his men,
But by assent of the commi'nalte,
But these eche yere wol raunfom 'hem
Maistfully, more than dothe he:
Ther felis by yere bettir be
Than is the king'is in extende,
Ther officers han gretir fe;
But alle this mischefe God amende!

Who so wol prove a testament
That is nat al worth tenné pounce,
He shal paye for the parchement
The thirde of the money all rounde;
Thus the pore peple is ranfoude,
They say fuche parte t'em shoulde apende,
There as they gripen' it goeth to grounde;
God for his mercy it amende!

A simple fornication
Twenty shillingis he shal pay,
And than have absolucion
And al the yere use it he may:
Thus thei lettin 'hem go astry;
Thei recke nat though the soule be brende;
These kepin evill Peter's kay;
And al fuche sheperdes God amende!

Wondir is that the parliamente,
And all the lordis of this londe,
Here to takin so lite entente
To helpe the peple' out of ther honde,
For thei ben hardir in ther bonde,
Worse bete, and cruellir ybrende,
Than to the king is understand;
God him helpe this for to amende!

What bishoppes, what religions,
Han in this lande as muche lay fe,
Lordeshippis and possessions,
More than lordis it semith me;
That makith 'hem lese charite:
They mowin not to God attende,
In erth thei have so highe degre;
God for his mercy it amende!

The Empe'roure yafe the Pope somtime
So highe lordeship him about,
That at the last the fely kime
The proude Pope yput him out,
So of this relme is in grete dout;
But, Lordes, beware, and them defende,
For nowe these folke be wondir stout;
The king and lordes now this amende.

*Thus endeth the seconde parte of this Tale, and hereafter
followeth the thirde.*

Mowse's lawe forbode it tho
That prestis shoulde no lordshippes welde;
Christ'is gospell biddith also
That they shoulde no lordshippis helde;
Christes apostels were ner so bolde,
No fuche lordshippes to 'hem embrace,
But sklere ther shepe and kepe ther folde;
May God amende 'hem for his grace!

For thei ne ben but counterfete,
Men may yknow 'hem by ther fruite,
Ther greteneffe maketh 'hem God foryete,
And take his mekenesse in despise;
And thei were pore and had but lite
Thei n'old nat demen' afix the face,
Norishe ther shepe, and 'hem nat bite;
May God amende 'hem for his grace!

Griffon.

What canst thou preche ayenst canons
That men yclepin Seculere?

Pellican.

Thei ben curates of many tonnes,
On yerth they havin' grete powere,
They have grete prebendis and dere,
Some two or thre, and some have more;
A parsonage to ben playing fere,
And yet thei serve the king also,
And let to-ferme all that fare

To whom that wol moste give therfore,
Some wollin spende, and some woll spare,
And some wol laye it up in store;
A cure of soule they care not fore,
So that they mowin money take;
Whethir ther soules be wonne or fore,
Ther profites they woll not forsake.

They have a gederung procuratour,
That can the pore peple enplede,
And roble 'hem as a ravinour,
And to his lorde the mony lede,
And catche of quicke and eke of dede,
And richin him and his lorde eke,
And to robbe the pore give gode rede.

Of olde and yonge, of hole and sick,
Therwith they purchase 'hem lay fere;
In londe, there as 'hem likith best,
And buildin brode as a cite,
Both in the est and in the west;
To purchase thus they ben ful prest,
But on the pore they woll nought spende;

Ne no gode give to Godd'is gelt,
Ne sende him some that all hath fende;
By ther service soche wollin live,
And trust that othir to trespere;
Though all ther parishe die unshrive,
Thei woll nat givin a rose floure;
Ther life shoulde be as a mirroure,
Both to lerd and leude also,
And teche the folke ther lele labour;

Soche maister men ben all misgo,
Some of 'hem yben full harde nigges,
And some of 'hem ben proude and gaid,
Some spendin ther gode upon gigges,
And findin 'hem of grete arais;

Alas! what thinke these men to faie
That thus dispendin Godd's gode?
At the grete dredefull dom'is daie
Soche wretchis shall be worse than wode.

Some ther churchis nevir ne lie,
Ne ner o penie thidir sende;
Though that the pore for hungir die,
O penie' on 'hem will thei not spende:
Have thei receiuing of the rente
Thei recke ner of the remenaunt;
Alas! the devill hath clene 'hem blente;
Soche one is Sathanes sojournant.

And use horedome and harlottrie,
And covetise, and pompe, and pride,
And slothe, and wrathe, and eke envie,
And sewin sinne by every side;
Alas! where thinkin soche t' abide?
How woll thei ther accomptis yeld?
From hie God thei mowe 'hem not hide;
Soche willers witte' is not worth a nelde.

Thei ben so rotid in richeffe
That Christ'is povert is foryet;
Yservid with so many melle
Hem thinke that manna is no mete:
All is gode that thei mowin gete;
Thei wene to livin evmoure;
But whan that God at dome is sete
Soche trefour is a feble store.

Unnethis mote thei matins faie
For counting and for courtholding,
And yet he jangilith as jaie,
And understont himself nothing;
He woll yerve bothe erle and king
For his finding and for his fe,
And hide his tithing and offring;
This is a feble charite.

Othir thei ben proude or cove'tous,
Or elles thei ben hard or hungrie,
Or thei ben libe'rall or lecherous,
Or els medlers with marchandrie,
Mainteiners of men with maistrise,
Or stewARDS, countours, or pledours,
And serve God in ypocrisie;
Soche priestis ben Christes false traitours.

Thei ben false, thei ben vengeable,
And begile men in Christ'is name;
Thei ben unstedfast and unstable;
To traie ther Lorde 'hem thinke no shame;
To servin God thei ben full lame;
Godd'is thevis, and falsely stele,
And falsely Godd'is worde defame;
In winning is ther world'is wele.

Antichrist these priestis serve all,
I prae the who maie sayin Naie?
With Antichrist soche shulkin fall,
Taci folowen him in dede and faie;
Thei servin him in riche arae,
To servin Christ soche falsely fain;
Why at the dredfull dom'is daie
Shall thei not folowe him to pain?

That knowen 'hem self that thei doen ill
Ayenst Christ'is commaundment,
And amende 'hem ner ne will,
But serve Sathan by one assent.

VOL. I.

Who sayith sothe he shall be shent,
Or spekeþ ayenst ther false living,
Who so well livith shall be brent,
For soche ben gretir than the king.

Popis, bishops, and cardinals,
Chanons, and parsons, and vicare,
In Goddes service I trowe ben fals
That sacramentis sellin here,
And ben as proude as Lucifere:
Eche man loke whethir that I lie;
Who so spekeþ ayenst ther powero
It shall be holdin heresie.

Lokith how many orders take
Onely of Christ for his service,
That the world'is godis forsake;
Who so take ordirs othir wise
I trowe that thei shall fore agrife,
For all the glofe that thei conne,
All ne sewin not this assie;
In evill time thei thus begonne.

Loke how many among hem all
Ne holdin not this hie waie
With Antichrist thei shulkin fall,
For that thei wollin God betraie:
God amende 'hem, that best ymaie!
For many men thei makin shende;
Thei wetin well the sothe I faie,
But the devill hath foule 'hem blende.

Som of 'hem on ther churchis dwell
Apparailled porely; proude of porte;
The seven sacramentes thei doen sell;
In cattell catching' is ther comfort:
Of eche mattir thei wollin mell;
To doen 'hem wrong is ther disport;
To afrage the peple thei ben fell,
And hold 'hem lower than doeth the lorde.

And for the tithing of a ducke,
Or of an apple or an aie,
Thei make men sweve upon a boke;
Lo! thus thei foulin Christ'is faie:
Soche berin evill hevyn kaie;
Thei mowin assoile, thei mowe thrive,
With mennis wivis strongly plaie,
And with true tillers, sturte and strive,

At the wrestling and at the wake,
And the chief chauntours at the nale,
Market beters, and medling make,
Hoppen' and houtin with heve and hale;
At faire freshe, and at wine stale,
Thei dine and drinke, and make debate,
The seven sacramentes set a faile;
Kepe soche the kaies of hevyn gate?

Mennis wivis thei wollin hold,
And though that thei ben right fory,
To speke thei shall not be so bold,
For sompning to the consistory,
And make 'hem faie with mouthe I lie;
Though thei it fawin with ther eye
His lemman holdin opiny
No man so harde to alke why.

He woll have tithing and offring
Maugre whosoever it grutche,
And twife on the daie he wol sing:
Godd'is priestis ne were none so che-

P

He mote go hunte with dogge and biche,
And blown his horne and cryn Hey,
And forcerie usen as a witcher;
Soche kepin evill Peter's key.

Yet thei mote have some stocke or ston
Gaily paintid and proudly dight,
To makin men livin upon,
And saie that it is full of might,
About soche men let up grete light,
Other soche stockes shull stande therby
As darke as if it were midnight,
For it maie makin no mastric.

That it the leude peple se mowe,
Thou Mary, thou worchest wondir thinges,
About that that men offrin to
Hongin broochis, ouchis, and ringes;
The priost purchasith the offringes,
But he n'll offir to none image:
Wo is the soule that he forfinges
That prechith for soche pilgrimage!

To men and women that ben pore,
Which that ben Christ's owne likenesse,
Men shullen offir at ther dore,
That suffre hungir and distresse,
And to soche image offir lesse,
That mowe not sele ne thirstene cold;
The pore in spirite gan Christ blesse,
Therefore offirith to feble and old.

Buckilers brode and fwerdis long,
Baudrike, with baselardis kene,
Soche toles about ther necke thei hong;
With Antichrist soche priests ben;
Upon ther dedes it is well fene
Whom thei servin, whom thei honouren;
Antichrist is thei ben all clene,
And Godd's godes falsly devouren.

Of scarlet and grene gaie gounes,
That mote be shapin for the newe,
To clippin and kysin in tounes
The damoseles that to the daunce sewe,
Cuttid clothes to sewe ther hewe,
With longe pikis on ther shone:
Our Godd's gospel is not true;
Either thei serve the devill or none.

Now ben the priests pokes so wide
Men must enlarge the vestiment,
The holy gospel they doen hide
For the contrarian in raiment;
Such pristes of Lucifer ben sent:
Like conquerours thei ben araied,
The proude pendauntes at ther ars pent,
Falsely the trueth thei han betraied.

Shrift silvir soche wollin alkeis,
And wollin men crepe to the crouche;
None of the sacramentes save askis
Withouten moede shall no man touche;
On ther bilhop ther warant vouche,
That is a law of the decere:
With mede and money thus thei mouche,
And thus thei saie in charite.

Within the middis of ther masse
Thei n'll have no man but for hire,
And full shortly let forth ypasse;
Soche shull men findin in ech thire

That parsonages for game desire
To live in liking and in lustes;
I dare not saie *fais of seo dre*

That soche ben Antichrist's priests.

Or thei yef the bissoppis why,
Or thei mote ben in his servise,
And holdin forth ther barlottrie,
Soche prelates ben of feble emprise;
Of Godd's grame soche men agrile,
For soche mattirs that takin mede,
How thei excuse hem, and in what wise,
Methinketh thei ought gretely drede.

Thei saie that it to no man longeth
To repove them though that thei erre,
But falsly Godd's godes thei songeth,
And therwith maintein wo and werre;
Ther dedes should be as bright as sterre,
Ther living leud mann's light:
Thei saie the Pope ne maie not erre;
Nede must that passin mann's might.

Though a priest be with his lemman al night,
And tellen his felowe and he him,
He goith to masse anon right,
And saith he singeth out of sinne;
His birde abideth him at his inne,
And dighteth his diner the mene while,
He singeth his masse for he would winne,
And so he wenith God begile.

Hem thinkith long till thei be met,
And that thei ase forth all the yere;
Emong the folke whan he is set
He holdith no nian half his pere:
Of the bisshop he hath powere
To soile men, or els thei ben lore,
His absolution maketh them fere;
Wo is the soule that he singeth for!

The Griffon began for to threte,
And saied, Of monkis canst thou ought?
The Pelli can saie, Thei ben full grette,
And in this world moche wo hath wrought;
Saint Benet, that ther ordir brought,
Ne made hem ner in soche manere,
I trowe it came ner in his thought
That thei should use fo grete powere.

That a man shoeld a monke Lorde call,
Ne serve him on knees as a king;
He is as proude as prince in pall,
In mete and drinke, and in all thing:
Some weren a miter and ring,
With double worldid well idight,
With roial mete and riche drinke,
And ride on courser as a knight.

With hauks and with houndis eke,
With broche or ouchis on his hode;
Some saie no masse in all a weke;
Of deintees is ther moste fode
With lordshippis and with bondmen;
This is a roial region;
Saint Benet made ner non of hem
To have lordship of man ne toun.

Now thei ben queint and curious,
With fine clothe clad and fervid elene,
Proude, and angrie, and envious,
Malice is mochil that thei mene,

In catching craftie and covetous,
Lordly livin in grete liking;
This living' is not religious
According to Benet's living.

Thei ben clerkes, and courts ovir se,
Ther pore tenaunce fully thei flite;
The hier a man amercid be
The gladlyir thei wolle it write:
This is farre from Christes poverté,
For all with cove'tise thei entite;
On the pore thei have no pite,
Ne ner 'hem cherishe but or bite.

And comminly soche ben comen
Of pore peple', and of 'hem begete;
That this perfection han inomen:
Ther fathirs ride but on their fete,
And travaile fore for that thei ete,
In povert livith yong and old;
Ther fathirs suffreth drought and wete,
Many hungrie meles, thurstie, and cold.

And all this the monkes han forsake
For Christ's love and Sainct Benete,
To pride and ese have 'hem betake;
This religion is ill besete:
Had thei ben out of gret religion
Ther must have hangid at the plowe,
Threshid and diked fro tounne to tounne,
With sorie mete not halfe inowe.

Therefore thei han this all forsake,
And take to riches, pride, and ese;
Full fewe for God wol monkes 'hem make,
Lite is soche ordir for to prasse;
Sainct Benet ordained it not fo,
But bad hem to the chereliche,
In churchliche manir live and go,
Boitous in yerth, and not lordliche.

Thei disclaunderin Sainct Benet,
Therefore thei have his holy curse;
Sainct Benet with hem never met
But if thei thought to robbe his purse.
I can no more here of 'hem tell
But that thei ben like tho before,
And clene serve the devill of hell,
And ben his trefure and his store;

And all soche othir counterfaitours,
Chanons, canons, and soche disgrid,
Ben Godd's enemies and traitours,
His religion han foule dispised;
And of freris I have before
Told in a makin of a crede,
And yet I could tell worse and more,
But men would werien it to rede.

As Goddes godenes no man tell might,
Ne write ne speke, ne thinke in thought,
So ther falsched and ther unright
Maie no man tell that ere God wrought.
The Griffon saied, Thou canst no gode,
Thou came ner of no gentill kinde;
Othir I trowe thou waxist wode
Or ellis thou hast losse thy minde.

Should holy churche yhave no hedde
Who should ybe her governaile,
Who should her rule, who should her redde,
Who should her forthren, who availe?

Eche man shall live by his travaile;
Who best doith shall have most mede:
With strength if men the church affaile
With strength men must defende her mede.

And if the Pope were purely pore
And nedy, and nothing ne had,
He shuld be drive from dore to dore;
The wickid of him n'olde not drad;
Of soche an hedde men would be fadé,
And sinfully liven' as 'hem lust;
With strength amendis soche be made,
With wepin wolves from shepe be wult.

If that the Pope and prelates would
So begge and bid, bowe and borowe,
Holy church should ystande full cold,
Her servautes sit and soupe sorowe;
And thei were noughtie, foule, and howe,
To worship God men would wlate
Both on evin and on morowe:
Soche harlotrie men would hate.

And therefore men of holy church
Shouldin be honeste in all thing,
And worshipfull God's workis werche;
So semeth it to serve Christ ther king.
In honest and in clene clothing,
With vessels of gold and clothes riche
To God honestly to make offering,
For to his lordship none is liche.

The Pellican cast an hougge crie,
And saied, Alas! why saiest thou so?
Christ is our hede that sitteth on hie,
Heddis ne ought we have no mo;
We ben his membres bothe also,
Fathir he taught us call him als,
Maisters to call forbad he tho;
All maisters ben wickid and fals.

That takith maistrise in his name
Ghostly, and to win yerthly gode;
Kings and lordes should lordship have,
And rule the peple with milde mode,
But Christ, for us that shed his blode,
Bad his priests no maistrisship have,
Ne carke not for clothis ne fode;
From all mischief he wolle 'hem save;

Ther riche clothes shall be rightwisnesse,
Ther trefure a true life shall be,
Charite shall be ther richeffe,
Ther Lordship shall be unite,
And hope in God ther honeste,
Ther vessell a clene conscience;
Pore in sprite, and humilite,
Shall be holy church's defence.

What! saied the Griffon, maie the greve
That othir folkis faren wele?
What hast thou to doin with ther live?
Thy falsched every man maie fele,
For thou ne canst no cattell gete,
But livest in londe as a loren,
With glosing gettist thou thy mete;
So farith the devil in hell.

He would that eche man there should dwell,
For he livith in clene envie,
So with the tales that thou dost tell
Thou wouldest othir peple despie

With your glofe and yout heresie,
For ye can live no bettir life
But clene in fals hypocrite,
And bringist the in wo and strife.

And therwith have ye not doen,
For ye ne havin here ne cure;
Ye serve the devill, not God ne man,
And he shall payin you your hire;
For ye wol farin wel at festes,
And be warm clothid for the cold,
Therefore ye glosin Godd's heltes,
And begile peple yong and old.

And all the sevin sacramentes
Ye speke ayenst as ye were slic,
Tithings, offringes, with your ententes,
And on your Lord's body lie:
All this ye doen to live in ese,
As who sayith ther ben none soche,
And fain 'The Pope' is not worth a pefe,
To make the peple' ayen him groche.

And this ycommith in by fendes
To bring the Christin in distaunce,
For thei would that no man were frendes:
Levith thy chattring with mischaunce!
If thou live well what wilt thou more?
Let othir men live as 'hem list,
Spendin ther gode or kepe in store;
Othir mennes conscience ner thou n'ist.

Ye han no cure to answer fore;
What meddle' ye that han not to doen?
Let men live as thei han doen yore,
For thou shalt answer for no man.
The Pellican sayid, Sir, naie,
I ne dispisid not the Pope
Ne no sacrament, sothe to saie,
But speke in charite' and gode hope:

But I dispise ther hie pride,
Ther welthe that should be pore in sprite;
Ther wickidnesse is knowe so wide,
Thei servin God in false habite,
And tournin mekenesse into pride,
And lowlinesse into' hie degre,
And Godd's wordis tourne and hide,
And I am moved by charite

To lettin men to livin so
With all my conning and my might,
And to warnin men of ther wo,
And to tellin 'hem trouth and right.
The sacramentes be foul's hele
If thei ben usid in gode use;
Ayenst that speke I ner a dele,
For than ne were I nothing wise;

But thei that use 'hem in misse manere,
Or set 'hem up to any sale,
I trowe thei shall abie 'hem dere;
This is my reson, this my tale:
Who so taketh hem unrightfullliche
Ayenst the ten commandementes,
Or elles by glofe wrechidliche
Selleth any of the sacramentes,

I trowe thei doe the devill homage,
In that thei wetin thei doe wrong,
And therto I dare well to wage
Thei serve Sathan for all ther song.

To tithen' and offre' is holsome lif,
So it be doen in due manere,
A man to houselin and to thrive,
Wedding, and all othir in fere.

So it be nother solde ne bought,
Ne takè ne give for covetise,
And it be so taken' it is nought;
Who selles him so maie fore agrife:
On our Lordes body' I doe not lie,
I saie the sothe thorough true rede,
His fleshe and blode, through his misserie,
Is there all in the forme of brede.

How it is there it nedeth not strive,
Whethre' it be subget or accident,
But as Christ was whan he' was on live
So is he there in verament.
If Pope or cardinall live gode live,
As Christ us bad in his gospell,
Ayenst that ne woll I not strive,
But me thinkith thei live not well;

For if the Pope lived as God bedde,
Pride and highnesse he should dispise,
Richeffe, covetise, and croune on hedde;
Mekenesse and poverté' he should use.
The Griffon saied he should abaie,
Thou shalt be brent in balefull fire,
And all thy sect I shall distric;
Ye shall be hangid by the fwire.

Ye shulle be hangid and to drawe:
Who givith you leve for to preche,
Or spekin ayenst Godd's lawe,
And the peple thus falsly teche?
Thou shalt be curfed with boke and bell,
And dislevered from holie church,
And clene idampnid into hell,
Othirwise but ye wollin worche.

The Pelli'can saied, That I ne drede;
Your cursing is of lite value;
Of God I hope to have my mede,
For it is falsed that ye shewe,
For ye ben out of charite,
And wilne vengeance, as did Nero:
To suffrin I wol redy be;
I drede not all that thou canst do.

Christ bad ones suffre for his love,
And so he taught all his servauntes,
But thou' amende for his sake above;
I drede not all thy maintenaunce;
For if I drede the world's hate,
Me thinkith I were lite to praise:
I drede nothing your hie estate,
Ne I ne drede not your disefe.

Wollin ye tourne and leve your pride,
And your hie porte and your richesse,
Your cursing should not go so wide;
God bring you into right wifenesse!
For I drede not your tirannie,
For nothing that ye can ydoen;
To suffre I am all redie,
Sikir I recke never how fone.

The Griffon grinned as he were wode,
And lokid lovely as an owle,
And swore by cock's herte and blode
He wold him tere every doule;

Holy church thou disclaundrist foule;
For thy speche I wolle the to race,
And make thy flesh to rote and moule;
Lofell, thou shalt have harde grace.

The Griffon flewe forth on his waic,
The Pellican did sit and wepe,
And to himself he gan to saie,
God would that any of Cristes shepe
Had herdin, and itaken kepe
Eche a word that here sayid was,
And would it write and well ikepe;
God would it were all for his grace!

Plowman.

I answereid, and saied I would,
If for my travaile one would pey.

Pellican.

He saied yes; these ther God han sold,
For thei han grete store of money.

Plowman.

I sayid, Tell me and thou maie,
Why tellist thou menn'is trespass?

Pellican.

He saied, To' amende hem in gode fay,
If God wolle give me any grace;

For Crist himself is liken to me,
That for his peple died on rode;
As fare I right so farith he,
He sedith his birdes with his blode:
But these doen evill ayenst Gode,
And ben his foen undir frendes face;
I told 'hem how ther living stode,
And God amende 'hem for his grace!

Plowman.

What ailith the Griffon, tell why
That he holdith on the' othir side,
For thei two yben likly
And with kindis yrobin wide.

Pellican.

The foulè betokinith pride,
As Lucifer that high flewe was,
And sith he did him in ill hide,
For he agilted Godd'is grace.

As birde flyith up in the aire,
And livith by birdes that ben meke,
So these ben flowe up in dispaire,
And shendin sely foulis eke;
The foulis that ben in sinnes eke
He culleth 'hem; knele therefore, alas!
For bribrie Godd'is forbode breke;
But God amende it for his grace!

The hinder parte is a loun,
A robber and a raver,
That robbeth the peple in yerth doune,
And in yerth holdith none his pere:
So fareth this foule both ferre and nere,
With tempo'el strength the peple chaseth
As a lion proude in yerth here;
May God amende 'hem for his grace!

Pellican.

He flewe forth with his wingis twain
All drouping, and dasid, and dull,
But sone the Griffon came again,
Of his foulis the yerth was full;
The Pelli'can he had cast to pull,
So grete nombre ner sene ther was,
What manir of foules telle I wolle,
If God wolle give me of his grace.

With the Griffon come foulis fele,
Ravins, rokis, crowis, and pie,
And graic foulis, agadrid wele,
Igurde above they wouldin hie,
Gledis and bosardes weren 'hem by,
White molles and puttockes toke ther place,
And lapwinges, that wel conith lie;
This company' han forlete ther grace.

Long while the Pellican was oute,
But at last he commith againe,
And brought with him the phenix stoute;
The Griffon would have flow ful faine,
His foulis flewen as thicke as raine,
The phenix tho began 'hem chace;
To fle from him it was in vaine,
For he did vengeance and no grace.

He flewe 'hem doune without mercy;
There estarte neither fre ne thrall;
On him they cast a rufull crie
Whan that the Griffon down was fall;
He bete him not, but flewe hem all:
Where he 'hem drove no man may trace:
Under the erth methought they yall;
Alas, they had a feble grace!

The Pellican then axid right
For my writing if I have blame
Who then wol for me sight of flight?
Who shullin shelde me from shame?
He that yhad a maide to dame,
And the Lambè that flaine ywas,
Shal sheldin me from gostly blame,
For erthely harme is Godd'is grace.

Therefore I pray evry man
Of my writing have me excused,
This writing writeth the Pellican,
That thus these peple hath dispised;
For I am freshe fully advised
I n'il not maintene his menace,
For the devill is ofte disguised
To bring a man to evil grace.

Withith the Pelli'can and not me,
For herof I n'il not avowe
In hie ne lowe, ne no degre,
But as fable take it ye mowe.
To holy church I will me bowe;
Eche man to' amende him Criste sende space!
And for my writing me alowe
He that' is almighty for his grace.

Here endeth the Plowman's Tale.

THE PROLOGUE;

Or, The mery adventure of the Pardonere and Tapstere at the Inn at Canterbury.

WHEN all this fresh feleship were come to Canturbury,
As ye have herde to fore, with Talys glad and merry,
Som of sotill sentence of vertue and of lore,
And som of othir mirthis, for them that hold no
Of wisdom, ne of holynes, ne of chivalry, {store
Nethir of vertuose matere, but to foly
Leyd wit and lustis all to such japis
As hurlewaynes meyne in every hegg that rapes
Thorough unstabill mynde, ryght as the levis
grene
Stondewn ageyn the wedir, ryght so by them I
mene :
But no more hercof nowe at this ilche tyme,
In saving of my sentence, my Prolog, and my
ryme.
They toke ther in, and loggit them at mydmo-
rowe I trowe,
Alle cheker of the hope that many a man doth
knowe;
Their Hoof of Southworke, that with them went,
as ye have herde to fore,
That was rewler of them al, of las and eke of
more,
Ordeyned their dyner wisely or they to church
went,
Such vitaillis as he fonde in town, and for noon
othir sent.
The Pardonere behelde the besynes, how stat-
wer iservid,
Diskenning hym al prively, and a syde swervid :
The hostelere was so halowid fro o plase to an-
other,
He toke his staffe to the Tapstere : Welcom myn
own brother,
Quod she, with a frendly loke, al redy for to kys;
And he, as a man i lerned of such kyndnes,
Bracyd hir by the myddyll, and made hir gladly
chere,

As thoughte he had iknowen hir al the rather
yeer :
She halid hym into the tapstrey there hir bed way
was makid;
Lo, here I ligg, (quod she) myself al nyght al
nakid,
Without manny's company syn my love was dede,
Jenkyn Harpoure, yf ye hym knewe : from fete
to the hede
Was not a lustier persone to daunce ne to lepe
Then he was, thoughte I it sey : and therwith to
wepe
She made, and with hir napron seir and white
ywalsh
She wyprd soft hir eyen for teris that she out last
As grete as any mylstone : upward gon they
stert
For love of her swetyng, that fat so nighe hir
hert :
She wept and waylid, and wrong hir bondis, and
made much to done,
For they that loven so passyngly such trowes they
have echon :
She snyffith, sighith, and shoke hire hede, and
made rouful cher :
Benedicite ! quod the Pardonere, and toke hir by
the swere,
Yee make forwe inowgh, quod he, your life
though ye shuld lest.
It is no wondir, quod she than; and therwith she
gan to sene.
Aha ! al hole, quod the Pardonere; your penaunce
is somewhat passid.
God forbede it els ! quod she, but it were som-
what lassid;
I might nat lyve els, thoww wotist, and it shuld
long endure :
Now blessid be God of mendement of hele and
eke of cure !

Quod the Pardonere tho anon, and toke hir by
the chynne,

And sayd to hir these wordis tho; Alas that love
is syn!

So kynd a lover as ye be oon, and so trew of
herte,

For be my trewe conscience yit for yewe I smerte,
And shall this month hereafter, for your soden
disese;

Now wele wer hym ye lovid so he coud you
plese;

I durst swere upon a book that trewe he shuld yewe
fynd,

For he that is so yore dede is grene in your mynd;
Ye made me a sory man; I dred ye wold have
flervid.

Graunt mercy, gentil Sir, quod she, that ye un-
asfervid:

Yee be a nobile man, iblessid mut yee be:
Sit down; ye shul drynk. Nay I wis (quod he)
I am fastyng yit, myne own heit is rote.

Fastyng yit, alas! quod she; therof I can gode
bote.

She stert into the town and fet a py. al hote,
And set to fore the Pardonere; Jenken, I weep
I n'ote

Is that your name I yow prey. I wis, myn own
sustir,

So was I enformed of them that did me fostir.
And what is yowrs? Kitt, iwis; so cleped me
my dame.

And Godd'is blessing have thou, Kitt; now broke
wel thy name;

And privylich unlasid his both eyen liddes,
And lokid hir in the visage paramour and amyddis,

And sighed there with a litil time that she it here
myghte,

And gan to rown and seyn this song, *Now, love,
then do me righte,*

Ete and be merry, quod she; why breke ye nowt
your fast?

To wait more feleship it were but work in waste.
Whi make ye so dull chere? for your love at
home?

Nay, forsooth, myne own hert, it is for you aloon.
For me? alas! what sey ye? that wer a simple prey.

Trewlich yit, quod the Pardonere, it is as I yewe
sey.

Ye, etith and beth mery; we wol speke therof
sone;

Brennyd cat deedith fair: it is mery to be a loon;
For by our Lady Mary, that bare Jesus on hir

I coud nevir love yit but it did me harm, [arm,

For evir my manere hath be to love avirmuch.
Now Crist'is blessing, quod the Pardonere, go with
al such.

Lo! how the clowdis worchyn ech man to mete
his mach,

For trewly, gentil Cristian, I use the same tach,
And have ydo many a yer: I may it nat forbere,

For Kynd wold have his cours though men the con-
trary swere;

And therwith he stert up smertly and cast down
a grote.

What shal this do, gentil Sir? Nay, Sir, for my
I n'old ye payd a peny her and so fone pas. [rote]

The Pardonere swore his grette othe he wold pay
no las.

I wis, Sir, it is ovir do, but sith it is yowr will
I woll putt it in my purse lest yee it take in ill

To refuse your curtesy: and therwith the gan to
bowe.

Now trewly, quod the Pardonere, your manere
been to lowe,

For had ye countid strenght, and nothing left behind,
I might have wele ydemed that ye be unkind,

And eke untrew of hert, and sooner me forgete.
But ye list be my tresorer, for we shall ofter mete.

Now certen, quod the Tapster, ye have a rede sub-
even,

As wold to God ye couth as wele unde my sweven
That I may self did mete this nyght that is ypassid,

How I was in a church when it was all ymasid,
And was in my devocioun tyl service was al doon;

Tyl the preest and the clerk boystly bad me goon,
And put me out of the church with an egir mode;

Now Seynt Daniel, quod the Pardonere, your
sweyyn turn to gode,

And I woll hallow it to the best, have it in your
mynd,

For comyngly of these sweyngs the contrary men
shul fynd,

Ye have be a lover glad, and litil joy yhad;
Pick up a lusty hert, and be mery and glad,

For ye shul have an hufbond that shal yewe wed
to wyve,

That shal love yewe as hertly as his own lyve.
The preest that put yew out of church shal lede

you in ageyne,
And helpe to your mariage with al his might and
main.

This is the sweven al and som Kit; how likith the?
Bemytrowith wondirwele, blessid mut thou we be?

Then toke he leve at that tyme, tyll he come effe-
sone,

And went to his feleship (as it was to doon)
Thoughe it be no grete holynes to prech this ilk

matere,
And that som list to her it, yit, Sirs, ner the latter

Endurith for a while and suffrith them that wold,
And ye shul her how the Tapster made the Par-

doner pull
Garlik all the long nyghte til it was ner end day;

For the more chere she made of love the falsir
was her lay:

But litil charge gaff she therof, tho she acquit
while,

For ethir is thought and tent was othir to begile,
As ye shul here hereafter, when tyme comith and

spafe
To meve such matere.—But now a litil spafe

I wol return me ageyn to the company,
The Knyghte and al the feleship, and nothing for

to ly.

Whan they wer al yloggit, as skil wold and reſon,
 Everich aſtir his degre, to church then was ſeſon
 To paſ and to wend to make their offeringis,
 Righte as their devocioun was, of ſilver broch
 and rynges;

Then at church dorr the curteſy gan to ryſe
 Tyl the Knyght, of gentilnes that knewe right
 wele the guyſe,

Put forth the prelatiſ, the Parſon, and his fere,
 A Monk that took the ſpryngill with a manly chere,
 And did as the manere is, moilid al their patis
 Everich aſtir othir, righte as they were of ſtatis :
 The Frer feynyd fetouſly the ſpryngill for to hold
 To ſpryng oppon the remnaunt, that for his cope
 he n'old

Have laſt that occupacioun in that holy plaſe,
 So longid his holy conſcience to ſe the Nonn's ſafe.
 The Knyght went with his compers toward the
 holy ſhryne

To do that they wer com for, and aſtir for to
 dyne :

The Pardonere and the Miller, and othir lewde
 ſotes,

Sought 'hem ſelf in the church right as lewd gotes,
 Pyrid faſt and pourid high upon the glaſe,
 Counterſetyng gentilmen the armies for to blaſe,
 Diſkynering faſt the peyntur, and for the ſtory
 mournid,

And a red al ſo right as rammys hornyd.
 He berith a baſtaff, quod the toon, and elſa ra-
 kid end;

Thow ſaileſt, quod the Miller, thow haſt nat wel
 thy mynd;

It is a ſpere, yf thow canſt ſe, with a prik toſore,
 To puſh a down his enemy, and through the ſhoul-
 der bore.

Peſe, quod the Hooft of Southwork; let ſtond the
 wyndow glaſid;

Goith up and doith your offerynge; ye ſemith
 half amaſid :

Sith ye be in company of honeſt men and good
 Worchith ſomwhat aſtir them, and let the kynd
 of brode

Paſ for a tyme; I hold it for the beſt,
 For who doith aſtir company may live the bet in
 reſt.

Then paſſid they forth boyſtly gogling with their
 hedis,

Knelid adown to fore the ſhrine, and hertlich their
 bedis

They preyd to Seint Thomas in ſuche wyſe as they
 couth;

And ſith the holy relikes ech man with his mowith
 Kiſſid, as a goodly monk the names told and
 taught,

And ſith to othir places of holynes they raught,
 And wer in their devocioun tyl ſervice wer al
 doon,

And ſith they drowgh to dynerward as it drew to
 noon,

Then, as manere and cuſtom is, ſignes there they
 bought,

For men of contre ſhuld know whome they had
 ſought.

Eche man ſet his ſilver in ſuch thing as they likid,
 And in the meen while the Miller had ypikid
 His boſom ful of ſignys of Caunterbury brochis,
 Though the Pardonere and he pryvely in hir pou-
 chis,

They put them afterwards, that noon of them it
 wiſt,

Save the Sompner ſeid ſomwhat, and ſeyd to he
 liſt

Halff part, quod he, pryvely rowning on their
 ere;

Huſht! pees, quod the Miller, ſeiſt thou na: the
 Frere,

How he lowrith undir his hood with a doggiſh
 eye?

Hit ſhuld be a privy thing that he coud nat aſpy;
 Of every craft he can ſomwhat our Lady gave
 hym ſorowe!

Ampen, tho quod the Sompner, on eve and eke
 on morowe :

So curſid a Tale he told of me the devill of hell
 hem ſpede,

And me, but yf I pay him wele and quyte wele
 his mede.

Yf it hap homward that ech man tell his Tale,
 As we did hideward, though we ſhuld ſet at ſale
 All the ſhrewdnes that I can, I wold hym nothing
 ſpare,

That I n'ol touch his takerd ſomwhat of his care.
 They ſet their ſignys upon their hedes, and ſom
 oppon their capp,

And ſith to the dynerward they gan for to flapp.
 Every man in his degre wiſh and toke his fete,

As they were wont to doon at ſoper and at mete,
 And wer in ſilence for a tyme tyl good ale gan
 ariſe,

And then, as nature axith, as theſe old wiſe
 Knowne wele, when veynys been ſomwhat re-
 plete,

The ſpirits wold ſtere, and alſo metis ſwete
 Cauſen oft myrthis for to be ymevid,
 And eke it was no tyme tho for to be ygrevid :
 Every man in his wyſe made hertly chere,
 Telling his ſelowe of ſportys and of chere,
 And of othir mirthis that ſellyn by the wey,
 As cuſtom is of pylgryms, and hath been many a
 dey.

The Hooft leid to his ere, of Southworke as ye
 knowe,

And thenkid al the company both high and lowe,
 So wele keepring the covenaut in Southwork that
 was made,

That every man ſhuld by the wey with a Tale
 glade

All the whole company in ſhorting of the wey;
 And al is wele performed : but than now thus I
 ſey,

That we muſt ſo homeward eche man tel anothir.
 Thus we wer accordit, and I ſhuld be a rathir
 To ſet yewe in governaunce by right ful jugs-
 ment.

Trewly Hooft, quod the Frer, that was all our
 aſſent,

With a litle more that I shall sey therto:
 Yee graunted of your curtesy that we shuld also
 All the hole company sope with yewe at nyght?
 Thus I trowe that it was; what sey you, Sir
 Knyght?
 It shal nat nede, quod the Hoost, to axe no wit-
 nes;
 Your record is good I now; and of your gen-
 tilnes
 Yit I prey yew efft ageyn; for by Seynt Thomas
 shryne
 And ye woll hold covenaut I woll hold myne:
 Now trewely Hoost, quod the Knyght, ye have
 right welyseyd;
 And as towching my persone I hold me payde;
 And so I trowe that al doith: Sirs, what sey yee?
 The Monk and eke the Marchaunte and al seid Ye.
 Then al this astir-mete, I hold it for the best;
 To sport and pley us, quod the Hoost, eche man
 as hym lest,
 And go by tyme to soper and to bed also,
 So mowe we erly ryfen our jorney for to do.
 The Knyght arose therewithal, and cast on a fresher
 gown,
 And his sone anothir, to walk in the town,
 And so did all the remnaunt that were of that
 aray,
 That had their chaungis with them, they made
 them fresh and gay,
 Sortid them togidir, right as their lustis lay,
 As they were more usid travelling by the way.
 The Knyght with his meyne went to see the walle
 And the wards of the town, as to a knyght befall,
 Devising ententifich the strengthis al about,
 And apointid to his sone the perell and the dout
 For shot of arblast and of bowe, and eke for shot
 of gonne,
 Unto the wardis of the town, and how it might
 be wone;
 And al defence ther ageyn astir his intent
 He declarid compendiously, and al that evir he
 ment
 He sone perseyvid every poynt, as he was ful abil.
 To armes and to travaille and persone covenabill
 He was of all factur astir fourm of kynd,
 And for to deme his governaunce it semed that
 his mynd
 Was much in his lady that he lovid best,
 That made hym oft to wake when he shuld have
 his rest.
 The Clerk that was of Oxenforth onto the Somp-
 nore feyd;
 Me semeth of grete clerge that thow art amayde,
 For thou puttist on the Frer in maner of repreff;
 That he knoweth falthede, vice, and eke a theff;
 And I it hold vertuouse and right commendabill
 To have very knowlech of thinges reprovabill;
 For who so may efchew it, and let it pas by,
 And els he might fall theron upward and fodenly.
 And thoughte the Frer told a Tale of a Somp-
 nour,
 Thow oughtist for to take it for no dishonour,
 For of al craftis and of eche degre
 They be not al perfite, but som nyce be.

Lo! what is worthy, seyde the Knight, for to be
 a clerik;
 To sommon among us them this mocionne was put
 I comend his wittis and eke his clerge, [derke]
 For of ether part he saveth honeste.
 The Monk toke the Parfone then and the grey
 Frer,
 And preyd them for curtesy for to go in fere:
 I have ther acquaintaunce that al this yeres thre
 Hath preyd hym by his lettris that I hym wold se;
 And ye my brothir in habit and in posselioun,
 And now I am here methinketh it is to doon,
 To prove it in dede what chere he wold me make,
 And to yew my frende also for my sake.
 They went forth togidir talking of holy matere,
 But woot ye wele in certeyn they had no mind on
 water
 To drynk at that tyme, when they wer met in fere,
 For of the best that myght be founde, and there-
 with mery chere,
 They had, it is no doubte; for spycys and eke wine
 Went round about the gastyon and eke the ruine.
 The Wyfe of Bath was so wery, she had no wyl to
 walk,
 She toke the Prioress by the honde; Madam, wol
 ye stalk,
 Pryvely into the garden to se the herbes growe,
 And astir with our host's wife in hir parlour
 rowe?
 I wol gyve yewe the wyne and ye shul me also,
 For tyl we go to soper we have naughs ellis to do.
 The Prioress, as woman taught of gentil blood and
 hend,
 Assentid to hir counsel, and forth gon they wend,
 Passyng forth softly into the herbery,
 For many a herb grewe for sowe and furgery,
 And all the aleys seir, and parid, and raylid, and
 ymakid.
 The savage and the isope yfretid and ystakid,
 And othir beddis by and by fresh ydight,
 For comers to the hooft righte a sportful sight.
 The Marchaunt and the Mancipill, the Miller and
 the Reve,
 And the Clerk of Oxenforth, to townward gan
 they meve,
 And al the othir meyne, and lastt noon at home
 Save the Pardoner, that pryvelich when al they
 wer goon
 Stalkid into the tapstry; for nothing wold he leve
 To make his covenante in certeyn that same eve;
 He wold be loggit with hir, that was his hole en-
 tentioun.
 But hap and eke Fortune, and all the constellaci-
 oune,
 Was clere hym ageyns, as ye shul astir here;
 For hym had better be yloggit al nyght in a myere
 Then he was the same nyght or the sun was up;
 For such was his fortune he drank without the
 cupp;
 But thereof wist he no delay; ne No man of us alle
 May have that bigg connyng to know what shal befall.
 He stappid into the tapstry wondir pryvely,
 And fond hir ligging liryng with half slopy
 eye,

Pourid fellich undir hir hood, and sawe all his comyng,

And lay ay still, as naught she knewe, but feynid-hir slepyng.

He put his hond to hir brest; Awake, quod he, awake.

A, benedicite! Sir, who wist yew her? out tho I myght betake

Prisoner, quod the Tapstere, being al aloon;
And therwith breyd up in a frite, and began to groon.

Now sith ye be my prisoner yeld yew now, quod he.
I must nedis, quod she, I may nothing fle;
And eke I have no strength, and am but yong of
And also *It is no mastery to catch a mouse in a cage* [age,
That may no cubere stert out, but cloid wandir fast;
And eke, Sir, I tell yew though I had grete haft
Ye shuld have coughed when ye com. Wher lern
you curtesy?

Now treflich I must chide, for of right pryvety
Women ben som tyme of day when they be aloon.
Wher could I yew prey when ye com effitone?

Nowe mercy, dere swetyng! I wol do so no more;
I thank you an hundrit fithis; and also by your
lore

I wol do hereaftir in what plase that I com:
But lovers, Kitt, ben evil avysid full oft, and to
loms;

Wherefore I prey you hertlich hold me excused,
And I behote yew treflich it shall no more be usid.
But now to our purpose: how have ye fare
Sith I was wyth you last? that is my most care;
For yf yee cylid eny thing othir wife then good,
Treflich it wold chaunge my chere and my blood.
I have sarid the wers for yewe, quod Kitt; do ye
no drede

God that is above? and eke ye had no nede
For to congir me, God woot, wyth your nygro-
maney,

That have no more to vaunte me but oonly my
And yf it were disteynid then wer I ondo: [body,
I wis I trowe, Jenkyn, ye be nat to trust to;
For evir more ye clerkis con so much in book
Yee wol wynn a woman at first look.

Thought the Pardonere, this goth wele, and made
his beter chere,

And axid of hir softly, Love! who shall ligg here
This nyght that is to comyng? I prey yewe tell
I wis it is grete nede to tell yewe, quod she: [me.
Make it nat overqueynt though you be a clerk;
Ye knowe wele inough iwis by loke, by word, by
work.

Shal I com than, Cristian, and fese away the cat?
Shal ye com? *per benedicite!* what question is
that?

Wherfor I prey you hertly to be my counsail?
Comyth somewhat late, and for nothing fail;
The dorr shall stond that up; put it from you soft,
But be wele avysid ye wake nat them on lost,
Care ye nat, quod Jenkin, I can theron at best;
Shal no man for my slepyng be wakid of his rest.
Anon they dronk the beverage, and were of oone
accord,

As it semed by their chere and also by their word;

And al a staunee she lowid hym wele; she toke
hym by the swere,
As though he had kerynd cury favel of som old
frere.

The Pardonere plukkid out of his purs I trow the
dowry,

And toke it Kitt in hir hond, and bad her pryvely
To orden a rere sopor for them both to, [also,
A cawdell ymade with swete wyne and with sugir
For treflich I have no talent to ete in your absence,
So longith my hert toward yew to be in yewr
presence.

He toke his leve, and went his way as though no-
thing wer,

And met wyth al the felship; but in what plase
ne wher

He spake no word therof, but held hym close and
styll,

As he that hopid sikirlich to have had al his wyll,
And thought many a mery thought by hymself
aloon:

I am a loggit, thought he best, how so evir it
goon;

And thoughte it have colid me, yit wol I do my
peyn.

For to pike hir purs to nyghte and win my colt
ageyn.

Now leve I the Pardonere tyll that it be eve,
And wol returne me ageyn righte, ther as I did leve.

Whan al wer com togider in their herbergage
The Hooft of Southwork, as ye knowe, that had
no spice of rage,

But al thing wrought prudenciall, as sobir man
and wife;

Now wol we to the soup, Sir Knyght, feith yew
ayve,

Quod the Hooft ful curteysly, and in the same wise.
The Knyght answer'd him ageyn, Sir as ye devyse

I must obey, ye woot wele; but yf I failly wytt
Then takith these prelatis to yewe, and walwith
and go sit;

For I wol be yewr Marchall and serve yewe, ech
one,

And then the officers and I to soper shall we gone.
They wish, and sett right as he bad, ech man
wyth his fere,

And begonne to talk of sportis and of chere
That they had the astir-mete whiles they wer out,
For othir occupacioun t, ll they wer servid about
They had nat at that tyme, but every man kitt a
loft;

But the Pardonere kept hym close, and told no-
thing of

The myrth and hope that he had, but kept it for
hymself;

And thoughte he did it is no fors, for he had nede
to solve

Long or it were mydynyght, as ye shal her sone,
For he met with his love in crokeing of the moon.
They wer yservyd honestly, and ech man held
hym payde,

For of a manere of service their soper was araid,
As skill wold and reson, sith the left of all
Payid ylik: much, for growing of the gall:

But yit as curtesy axith, though it were som dele
freight,

The statis that were above had of the feyrest en-
dreyte;

Wherfor they did their gentilnes ageyn to all the
rout,

They dronken wyne at their cost onys round
about.

Now pass I lightly ovir. When they sould had
Tho that were of governaunce, as wise men and
sad,

Went to their rest, and made no more to doon,
But Miller and the Coke dronken by the moon
Twyes to eche othir in the repenyng; [to sing
And when the Pardoner them espy'd anon hegan
Doubtill me this burden, chokelyng in his throte,
For the Tapster shuld here of his mery note:
He clepid to hym the Sompnour, that was his own
discipill,

The Yeman and the Reve, ond the Mancipill,
And stoden so holowyng; for nothing wold they
Tyl the tyme that it was well within eve. [leve
The Hooft of Southwork herd them wele, and
the Marchaunt both,

As they wer at a countis, and wexen somewhat
wroth,
But yet they preyed them curteysly to rest for to
wend.

And so they did all the rout; they dronk and made
an end.

And eche man droughe to *enly* to slepe and take
his rest

Save the Pardoner, that drew apart, and weytid
by a cheste

For to hidn hymself tyl the candill wer out:

And in the meen while, have ye no doute,
The Tapster and hir paramour, and the hosteler
of the house,

Sitt togidir pryvelich, and of the best gouse
That was yfound in town and yfet at sale
They had there of sufficiant, and dronk but litill
ale;

And sit and ete the cawdell for the Pardoner that
was made,

With sugir and with swete wyne, right as hym-
self bade;

So he that payd for all in feer had not a twynt,
For offit is more better ymerkid then ymynt:

And so farid he ful right as ye have yherd,
But *Woe is that a woman could not make his berd*,

And she wer therabout, and set hir wytt therto?

Ye woot wele I ly nat, and wher I do or no
I wol nat here termyn it, lest ladies ston in plase

Or els gentil women, for lesing of my grace
Of daliaunce and of sportis and of goodly chere;

Therfor anenst their estatys I wol in no manere
Deme ne determyn, but of lewd kittes,

As tapsters, and othir such that hath wyly wyttis,
To pike mennys pursis, and eke to bler their eye;

So wele they make seme soth when they falsest
by.

Now of Kitt Tapster, and of hir paramour,
And the hosteler of the house, that sit in Kittis
bour,

When they had ete and dronk right in the same
plase,

Kitt began to rendin out all thinge as it was;
The wowing of the Pardoner and his cost also.

And how he hopid for to lygg al nyght wyth hir
also;

But therof he shall be sikir as of God's cope;
And sodenly kiffid her paramour, and seyd, We

shuld slope

Togidir hul by hul, as we have many a nyght,

And yf he com and make noyse, I prey yowe

duh hym Knyght.

Yes, Dame, quod hir paramour, he then not sgast;

This is his own staff thou seyst, therof he shall

atast.

Now trewly, quod the hosteler, and he com by my

lot

He shall drink for Kittis love wythout cup or pot;

And he be so hardy to wake eny gyst [mist;

I make a vowe to the pecock there shal wake a foul

And arose up therewithal and toke his leve anon;

It was a shrewd company; they had servid so

many oon.

With such manere of fellechip ne kepe I never to dele,

Ne no man that lovith his worship and his hele.

Quod Kitt to hir paramour, Ye must wake a

whyte,

For trewlich I am sikir that within this myle

The Pardoner wol be comyng, his hete to adwage;

But loke ye pay hym redelich to kele his corage;

And therfor, love, dischance yewe not tyl this chek

No, for God, Kitt, that wol I no. [be do.

Then Kitt went to bed, and blew out all the

light.

And by that tyme it was ner hond quarter nyght,

Whan all was still, the Pardoner gan to walk.

As glad as eny goldfynch that he herd no man

talk,

And doreghe to Kittis droward to herken and to

list.

And went to have fond the dor up; but the hase

and eke the twist

Held hym opt a while, and the lok also;

Yit trowid he no gile, but went ner to,

And scrapid the dorr welplich, and wynyd wyth

his mowith

After a doggis lyden, as nere as he couth.

Awey, dog, with evill deth! quod he that was

within,

And made hym all redy the dorr to unpin.

A! thought the Pardoner, the I trow my berd ha

made;

The Tapster hath a paramour, and hath made

them glade

With the cawdell that I ordeyned for me, as I

gues;

Now the devill hir spede, such oon as she is,

She seid I had ycongerid hir; our Lady gyve hir

forowe;

Now wold to God she wer in stokis tyl I shuld hir

borowe,

For she is the falsest that evir yet I knewe;

To pik the meny out of my purs, Lord! she made

hir trewe.

And therewyth he caught a cardiakill and a cold
fot,

For who have love longing, and is of corage hote,
He hath ful many a myrr thought tofore his
delyte;

And right so had the Pardonere, and was in evil
plight;

For sayling of his purpose he was nothing in ese,
Wherfor he fill fodenlich into a wood reise,
Entryng wondir fast into a frensy

For pur very angir and for jelousy; [wood,
For when he herd a man within, he was almost
And because the coft was his no mervel tho the
moud

Wer turned into vengauce, of it myght be :
But this was the myschief; all so strong as he
Was he that was within, and lighter man also,
As provid wele the bataille betwene them both to.
The Pardonere scrapid eftt ageyn; for nothyng
wold he blyn,

So feyn he wold have herd more of hym that
was within.

What dog is that? quod the paramour; Kit, wolt
thou ere?

Have God my trowith, quod she, it is the Pardonere.
The Pardonere, with myschief! God gyve hym evil
preff!

Sir, she seid; by my trowith he is the same theff.
Therof thou liest, quod the Pardonere, and might
nat long forbere.

A thy fals body! quod he; the devil of hell the
tere!

For by my trowith a falssher sawe I nevir noon,
And nempnid hir namys many mo then oon,
Though to rech hir wer noon honeste
Among men of good worship and degre.

But, shortly to conclude; when he had chid inowe
He axid his staff spitouslich, with wordis sharp and
rowe.

Go to bed, quod he within; no more noyse thou
make;

Thy staff shal be redy to morowe I undertake,
In soth, quod he, I wol nat fro the dorr wend
Tyl I have my staff. Thow bribour, then have the
todir end,

Quod he that was within; and leyd it on his back,
Right in the same plase as chapmen berith their
And so he did to mo, as he coud a rede, [pak;
Graspyng aftir with the staff in length and eke in
brede;

And fond hym othir whyle redlich inoughe
With the staffys end high upon the browe.

The hosteler ley oppon his bed and herd of this
affray,

And stert hym up lightlich, and thought he wold
asay:

He toke a staff in his hond, and highed wondir
blyve

Tyl he wer with the feleship that shuld nevir
thryve.

What be yee? quod the hosteler; and knew them
both wele.

Hyust! pefe, quod the paramour: Jak, thou must
be sele;

Ther is a theff, I tell the, within this hall dorr.

A theff? quod Jak; this is a nobill chere

That thou hym halt yfound, yf wee hym myght
cach.

Yis, yis, care the nought; with hym we shul mach
Wele inowe or he be go, yf so we had lighte,
For we to be strong inowe with o man for to
fighte.

The devil of hell, quod Jak breke this thev'is
bonis!

The key of the kitchen, as it wer for the nonys,
Is above with our dame: and she hath such usage,
And she be wake of her slepe, she fallith in such a
rage

That all the weke aftir there may no man hir pefe,
So she sterith aboute this house in a wood reise.

But now I am avifid but how we shul have lyte;
I have too giftis within that this same nyght

Supid in the halle, and had a litill feir: [pire,
Go up, quod Jak, and loke, and in the ashis

And I wol kepe the dorr; he shall not stert out.

Nay, for God that wol I nat, lest I cach a clout,

Seid the todir to Jak, for thou knowist bettir then I

All the efris of this house; go up thyself and spy.

Nay, for soth, quod Jak, that were grete unrighte
To aventur oppon a man that with hym did not
fighte:

Sithens thou hast hym bete and with thy staff ypilte,
Me thinkith it wer no reison that I shuld ber the
gilt;

For by the blyfying of the cole he myght se myne
hede,

And lightly lene me such a stroke my hond to be
dede.

Then wol we do by common assent sech hymal
about;

Who that metith hym first pay him on the snout;
For methought I herd hym here last among the
panny.

Kepe thou the toder side, but ware the watir
cannys,

And if he be hereyn ryghtsone we shull hym fynde,
And we to be strong inowgh a theffe for to bynde.

Aha ha! thought the Pardonere, beth the panny
aryn?

And drowhe oppon that side, and thought oppon
a gynpe;

So at last he fond oon, and fet it on his hede,
For as the case was fall ther' to be had grete nede:

But yit he graspit ferthirmore to have fomwhat
in honde,

And fond a grete ladill right as he was gonde,
And thought for to sterte out betwene them both
to

And waytid wele the paramour that had doon
hym woo,

And fet him with the ladill on the grufcill on the
nose,

That all the week after he had such a pose,
That both his eyin waterid rrich by the morowe,

But she that was the cause of it had ther'of no
sorowe.

But now to the Pardonere. As he wold stert away
The hosteler met with hym, but nothyng to his pay:

The Pardonere ran so swith the pan fill him fro,
And Jak hosteler astir hym as blyve as he myght go,
And stapid oppon a brondeal unware, [afware,
That hym had bin beter to have goon more
For the egg of the pann met with his shynne,
But whils that it was grene he thought litil on,
But when the greneueis was apast the greff sat ner
the bone;

Yit Jak leyd to his hond to grope wher it sete,
And when he fond he was yhurt the Pardonere he
gan to threte,

And swore by Seynt Amyas that he shuld abigg
With strokis hard and fore even oppon the rigg;
Yf he hym myght fynd he nothyng would hym
spare:

That herd the Pardonere wele, and held hym bettir
a square,

And thought that he had strokis ryght inough.
Wytnes on his armis, his back, and his browe.

Jak then, quod the paramour, where is the theff
ago?

In'ote, quod tho Jak; right now he lept me fro,
That Crist is curs go with hym, for I have harm
and spite:

Be my trowith and I also and he goith nat al quyte:
Bat and we myght hym fynd we wold aray him so
That he shuld have legg ne foot to morrowe on to go.
But how shull we hym fynd? the moon is adown,
(As grace was for the Pardonere) and eke when
they did roun

He herd them evir wel inowe, and went the more
asyde,

And drew him ever bakward, and let the strokis
glide.

Jak, quod the paramour, I hold it for the best,
Sith the moon is down, for to go to rest,
And make the gatis fast; he may not then astert,
And eke of his own staff he berith a redy mark,
Wherby thou mayest him knowe among all the
route,

And thou ber a redy ey, and weyt wele aboute
To morowe when they shul wend; this is the best
rede:

Jak, what seyst thou therto? is this wele yfeyd?
Thy wit is clere, quod Jak; thy wit mut nodis
flond.

He made the gatis fast; ther is no more to doon.
The Pardonere stode aside, his chekis ron and bled,
And was ryght evil at ese al nyght in his hede:
He must of force lige lyke a colyn fwerd, [berd;
Yit it mevid him wondir fore for making of his
He payd at full ther'fore though a womans art
For wyne and eke for cawdill, and had ther'of no
part:

He ther'for preyd Seyn Juliane, as ye mowe on-
derstonde,

That the devill her shulde spede on watir and on
londe,

So to disfeive a travellyng man of his herbergage,
And coud not els save curs his angir to aswage;
And was distract of his wit, and in grete despayr
For afir his hete he caught a cold through the
nyght is eyr,

That he was ner afound it, and coud, none othir
help:

But as he fought his loggingg he happid oppon a
whelp

That ley undir a fleyir, a grete Walsh dog,
That bare about his neck a grete huge clog;
Because that he was spetouse, and wold fone bit,
The clog was hongit about his neck, for men shuld
nat wite

Nothyng dogg is maister yf he did eny harm,
So for to excule them both it was a wyly charm.
The Pardonere wold have loggit hym ther, and
lay somwhat nigh,

The warrok was awakid and caught hym by the
thigh,

And bote hym wondir spetously, defendeng wele
his couch,

That the Pardonere myght nat ne hym nether touch.
But held hym a square by that othir side,

As holfom wasat that tyme for tereing of his hyde:
He coud noon othir help, but leyd adown his hede
In the dogg is littir, and wisshid astir brede
Many a time and oft, the dog for to pefe;

To have yle ymore nere for his own ese:
But wish what he wold, his fortune seyde Ney;

So trewly for the Pardonere it was a dismal dey.

The dog ley evir grownyng, redy for to inache.

Wher'for the Pardonere durst nat with hym mache,

But ley as still as eny stone, remembering his foly,

That he wold trust a Tapstere of a common hustry;

For commonly for the most part they ben wyly
echon.

But now to alle the company a morrow whan
they shuld gon

Was noon of all the felsehip half so fone ydight

As was the gentil Pardonere; for al tyme of the nyght

He was aredy in his aray, and had nothing to doon

Saffe shake alite his eris, and trus and be goone.

Yet or he cam in company he wish away the blood,

And bond the sorys to his hede with the typet of
his hood,

And made lightfom chere for men shuld nat spy

Nothyng of his turment ne of his luxury; [pry,

And the hosteler of the house, for nothing he coud

He coud nat knowe the Pardonere among the com-
pany

A morowe when they shuld wend, for ought that

they coud pour,

So wyfely went the Pardonere out of the dogg is
bour,

And blynyched from the hosteler, and turned oft
about,

And evirmore beheld hym amydward of the rout,

And was evir syngyng to make al thyng good;

But yit his notis wer somwhat low for aking of his

So at that tyme he had no more grame, [hede;

But held hym to his happynes to scape shame.

The Knyght and all the felsehip forward gon they

Passyng forth merely to the toun ys end; [wend,

And by that tyme they were ther the day began to

And the son merely upward gan he pike, [rype,

Pleyng under the egge of the firmament.

Now, quod the Hooft of Southwork, and to the
felsehip bent,

Who sawe evir so feyr or so glad a day,
And how sote this feson is entring into May?
The thrustelis and the thrushis, in this glad mor-
nyng,

The ruddok and the goldfynch; but the nyghtin-
His amierous notis lo how he twynith small!
Lo how the trees grenyth that nakid wer, and no-
thing

Bare this month afore but their sommer clothing!

Lo how Nature makith for them everichone!

And as many as ther be he forgettith noone!

Lo how the feson of the yere and Averell shouris

Doith the busshis burgyn out blossoms and flouris!

Lo the prymerosis how fresh they ben to sene!

And many othir flouris among the gras grene.

Lo how they spryng, and sprede, and of divers hue!

Beholdith, and seith both rede, white and-blue!

That lusty bin and comfortabill for mann'ys sight!

For I sey for myself it makith my hert to light.

Now fith Almighty Soveryn hath sent so feir a dey

Let se now, as covenant is, in shorting of thewey,

Who shall be the first that shall unlace his male

In comfort of us al, and gyn some miery Tale;

For and we shuld now begyn to draw lot

Peraventure it might fal ther it ought not,

On som unlusty persone that wer not wele awakid,

Or semybousy ovyr eve, and had ysong and crakid

Somwhat ovir much: how shuld he than do:

For *Who shuld tell a Tale be must have good wyll therto.*

And eke som men fastyng beth glewid and ybound
In their tongis; and som fastyng beth nothyng jo-
cound;

And som men in the morning ther mouthis beth
adoun;

Tyll that they be charmyd their wordis woll not
foun.

So thys is my conclusioun and my last knot,

It wer grete gentiles to tell without lot.

By the rood of Bromholm, quod the Marchant tho,

As fer as I have failed, riden and ygo,

Sawe I never man yet tofore this ilk day

So wele coud rule a company as our Host, in fay

His wordis ben so comfortabill, and comyth so in
feson,

That my wit is ovircome to make eny reson

Contrary to his counsaill at myn ymagynacioun,

Wherfor I woll tell a Tale to your consolacioun,

In ensampill to yowe that when that I have do

Another be right redy then for to tell, ryght so

To fulfyll our Host's wyll and his ordinaunce.

There shall no sawte be found in me: gode wyll

shal be my chaunce:

With this I be excusid of my rudines,

Altho' I cannot peynt my Tale, but tell it as it is,

Lepying ovir no sentence, as ferforth as I may,

But tell yewe the yolke and put the white away.

THE MERCHANT'S SECOND TALE;

OR, THE HISTORY OF BERYN.

Whan yeris passed in the old dawis [lawis]
When rightfullich by reson governyd wer the
And princypally in the cete of Rome, that was so
rich,

And worthiest in his dayes, and noon to himilich
Of worship ne of wele, ne of governaunce,
For alle londis christened ther of had dotaunce,
And all othir nationis, of what feith they were,
Whils the Emperour was hole, and in his paleys
I mainteynid in honour; and in Pop's se [there]
Rome was then obceid of all Cristiane.

But it farith ther by as it doith by othir thingis;
For though nethir cete, regioun, ne kyngis,
Beth nat nowe so worthy as wer by olde tyme,
As we fynd in romaunces, in gestis, and in ryme,
For all thingis doth wast, and eke mann's lyff
Is more shorter then it was; and our wittis fyve
Mowe nat comprehende now in our dieties
As som tyme myght thes old wise poetes.
But sith that terrene thinges ben nat perdurabill,
No mervaille is though Rome be somwhat variabill
Fro honour and fro wele sith his frendis passid;
As many anothir town is payrid and ylassid
Within these few yeris, as we mowe se at eye;
Lo! Sirs, here fast by Wynchelfe and Ry.

But yit the name is evir oon of Rome as it was
groundit

After Remus & Romulus, that first that cete foundit,
That brethren weren both to, as old bokis writen;
But of ther lesf and governaunce I wol not now
enditen,

But of othir mater that fallith to my mynd;
Wherfor, gentill Sirs, ye that beth behind
Drawith somwhat nere thikker to a rout,
That my wordis may soune to eche man about.

After these two brethren Romulus and Remus
Julius Caesar was Emperour, that rightful was of
Domus.

This cete he governed nobilich wele,
And conquered many a regioun, acronicull doth
us telle;

For, shortly to conclude, al the wer adversaries
To Rome in his dayis he made them tributaries;
So had he in subjectione both frend and foem,
Of which I tell yew trewely Eng lond was oon.
Yit aftir Julius Caesar, and sith that Crist was bore,
Rome was governed as wele as it was before,
And namelich in that tyme and in the same yeris
When it was governed by the Doseperis;
As semeth wele by reson, who so can entend,
That O mann's wyt ne wyll may not comprehend
The boucheff and the myscheff, as may many bedis;
Therfor ther operaciouns, ther domes, and ther
dedes,

Were so egallith ydoon; for in all Cristen londis
Was noon that they sparid for to mend wrongis.
Then Constantyne the Third, aftir the Doseperis,
Was Emperour of Rome, and regnyd many yeris.
So, shortly to pas ovir, after Constantyn's dayis
Phus Augustinus, as fongen is in layes,
That Constantyn's son, and of ploner age,
Was Emperour ychofe, as fill by heritage,
In whose tyme likerlich the seven Sages were
In Rome ydwelling decently; and yf yee lust to lere
How they were yclepid, or I further goon,
I woll tell you the names of them everichone;
And declare yeu the cause why ther namys
The first was ycleped Sother Legifetr, [berec]
This is thus much for to sey, as man beryng the lawe;
And so he did trewly; for lover he had be slawe
Then do or sey any thing that sowed out of reson,
So cleen was this conscience yset in trowith and
reson.

Marcus Stoycus the second, so popill hym lighte,
That is to mene in our contert, a leper of the right;
And so he did full trewe; for the record and the
plees

He wrote them evir trewly, and took noon othir
But such as was ordynid to take by the here;
Now, Lord God! in Cristendom I trowd it were so
litere.

THE MERCHANT'S SECOND TALE.

The third Crassus Afulus among men clepid was,
An house of rest, and ease, and counsaile, in every case :
 For to onderstand that was his name full right,
 For evirmore the counsaile he helpid wyth al his
 Antonius Judeus the ferth was ylepid, [myght
 That was as much to meen, as wele me myght have
 As any posed of all the long yere, [clepid
 That myght have made hym fory or chongit onys
 chere,

But evirmore rejoycing, what that evir betid,
 For his hert was evir mery, right as the fomer
 Summus Philopater was the fift's name, [bridd.
 That thoughte men wold flee hym, or do hym al
 the shame,

Angir, or diseste, as evil as men couthe,
 Yet wold he love them never the wers in hert ne
 in mowith.

His will was cleen undir his foot, and nothing
 hym above,

Therfore he was clepid *Faibir of perfite love.*

The sixth and the seventh of these Sevin Sages
 Was Stypio and Sithero, as thes word Astrolages
 Was sirname to them both aftir their sciencis;
 For of astronomy likerlich the cours and all the
 fences

Bothe they knowhit wele inoughe, and wer right
 sotil of art.

But now to othir purpose, for her I wold depart
 As lightly as I can, and draw to my matere.

In that same tyme that these Sages were
 Dwellyng thus in Room, a litill without the walles,
 In the subarbis of the town, of chambris and of
 hallis,

And all othir howfeing that to a lord belongit,
 Was noon wythyn the cete, ne noon so wele be-
 hongit

With docers of lighe pryfe, ne wallid so aboute,
 As was a Senatours hous wythyn and eke withoute.

Favinus was his name, a worthe man and rich;
 And, for to sey shortlych, in Room was noon hym
 lyche.

His portis and his estris were full evenaunte
 Of trefour and of lordshipp; also the most vailant
 He was, and eke ycom of high lynage :

And at last he toke a wyff like to his peerage;
 For *Noriture and connyng, beaute and parentyne,*
Wer the countid more worth than gold or sylver fyne.

But now it is al othir in many mannys thought;
 For *uk ys now ymarried, and vertu set at nought.*

Fawnus and his worthy wyff wer to gidir aloon
 Fyvetene wyntir fullliche, and isfu had they noon,
 Wherfor ther joyis wer not half parfite,
 For uttirlich to have a child was al ther delite,
 That myght enjoy ther heritage and weld their
 honour,

And eke when they were febill to their trew so-
 cure.

Their fastyng and their prayir, and all that evir
 they wrought,

As pilgrimage and almsde, ever they besought
 That God wold of his goodnes som fruyte be-
 twene them send :
 Fro gynnyn of their spoufaill, the myddil, and
 the end,

This was their most besynes, and all othir delites,
 And eke this world's rychis, they fet at litil price.
 So at last, as God wold, it fill oppon a dey,
 As this lady fro churchward went in the wey,
 A child gan stire in her womb, as Godd's wyl was,
 Wherof the gai to mervill, and made shortir pas,
 Wyth colour pale and eke warine, and full in he-
 vynes,

For she had never tofore that day such manere
 sekenes.

The wymmen that with hir were gon to behold
 The lady and her chere, but nothing they told,
 But feir and soft wyth eke homward they her
 led :

For her soden sekenes ful fore they were adred,
 For she was inlich gentil, kynd and amyabill,
 And eke trewe of hert, and nothyng variabill.
 She lovid God above all thing, and dred fyn and
 shame,

And Agea likerly was her rightfull name.

So aftir, in bress tyme, when it was purfeyved
 That she had done a womans dede, and had a
 child conseyvyd,

The joy that she made ther may no tung tell;
 And al so much, or more, yf I ne ly shell,
 Favinus made in his behalf for this glad tyding,
 That I trowe I leve the emperour ne the kyng
 Made no bettir cher to wyff, ne no more myrth,
 Then Fawnus to Agea. And when the tyme of
 birth

Nyghid ner and ner, aftir cours of kynd,
 Wetith wele in certen that all the wyt and mynd
 Of Fawnus was continuell of feir delyveraunce
 Betwene Agea and his child, and made grete or-
 denaunce

Ageyn the tyme it shuld be bore, as it was for
 to doun.

So as God wold whan tyme cam Agea had a
 son ;

But joy that Fawnus made was dobil the to fore
 When that he knew in certen she had a son ybore,
 And sent anon for nuris four, and no less,
 To reule this child. Afterward as yeris did pas,
 The child was kept so tenderly that it throff wel
 the bet,

For what the norishe axit anon it was yfett.
 In his chambir it norisshed was; to town it mut
 nat go :

Fawnus lovid it so cherey hit myght nat part
 hym fro.

It was so feyr a creature as myght be on lyve
 Of lymys and of fetours, and growe wondir
 blyve.

This child that I of tell, Berinus was his name,
 Was ovir much cherisshed, which turned hym into
 grame,

As yee shull here aftir, when time comyth and
 spafe :

For *Aftir swete the faire comyth full eft in many a*
 For as sone as he could go and also speke
 All that he set his ey on, or aftir list to beke,
 Anoon he shuld it have, for no man hym wer-
 nyd.

But it had be wel bettir he had be wele yler-

Noriture and gentilnes, and had yhad some hey,
For it fill so astir wyth what child he did pley
Yf the pley ne likid hym he wold breke his
hede,
Or wyth a knyff hym hurt ryght nygh hond to be
dede :

For ther nas knyght ne squyer in his fadirs house,
That thought his owne persone moſte corajouſe,
That did or ſeyd eny thing Bérinus to diſpleſe
That he n'old ſpetouſly anon oppon him reſe ;
Wher'of his fadir had joy and his modir alſo :
Yet it ſemith to many a man it was nat wiſely do.
When Beryn paſſed was ſeven yere, and grew in
more age,

He wrought ful many an evil chek ; for ſuch was
his corage

That there he wiſt or might do eny evil dede
He wold nevir leſe for ought that men him ſeid ;
Wherfore many a pore man ful oft was agrevid ;
But Fawnus and Agea ful light theron belevid :
And thoughe men wold pleyne ful ſhort it ſhuld
availe,

For Fawnus was ſo myghty, and cheff of all
counſaill

With Auguſtyn the Emperour, that all men hym
drad,

And lete pas ovir miſcheſe and harmys that they
had.

Bérinus furthermore lovid well the diſe,
And for to pley at hazard, and held ther' of grete
pryle,

And all othir gamys that loſery was in,
Aſid evirmore he loſt, and nevir myght wyn.
Berynus at hazard many a nyght he wakid,
And oft tynie it fill ſo that he cam hom al nakid :
And that was all his joy, for right wele he knew
That Agea his modir wold cloth hym newe.
Thus Berynus lyvid, as I have told to fore,
Tyll he was of the age of eightene yere or more.
But othir whyls amongis for pleyntis that were
grete

Fawnus made amendis, and put them in quiete :
So was the fadir cauſe the ſone was ſo wyld ;
And ſo have many mo ſuch of his own child
Be cauſe of his undoyng, al we mowe ſe al day ;

For *Thing ytake is hard to put away,*
As here that evir trethid, trewlich I yew telle,
It were hard to make hym aſtir to ambill welle :
Ryght ſo by Beryn ; when he had his luſt and wyll
when he was lite

It ſhuld be hevvy afterward to reve his old delite,
Save the whele of Fortune, that no man may
withſtonde,

For every man on lyve ther'on he is gond ;
O ſpoke the turnyd bakward, righte at high noone,
All ageyn Bérinus, as ye ſhull here ſone.
Agea his modir fell in grete ſikenes,
And ſent aſtir huſbond wyth wordis hire to liſe,
And for ſhe wold tell hym hir hole hert'is wyll
Er the out of the world partid, as it was right and
ſkill.

When Fawnus was ycome, and ſaw ſo rodyleſe
Hys wyff that was ſo dere, that for love he cheſe,

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No mervell though his hert wer in grete moſn-
ing,

For he purſeyvyd fulllich ſhe drewe to hir endyng :
Yit made he othir chere then in his hert was
To put away diſcomfort, diſſimilyng wyth his
faſe

The hevynes of his hert : wyth chere he did it
cloſe,

For ſuch a manher craft ther is wyth them can
gloſe ;

Save that tournyng all to cautele : but Fawnus
did nat ſo,

For wetith wele in certeyn his hert was full of wo
For his wyff Agea ; and yit for craft he couth
The teris fro his eyin ran down by his mowith :
When he ſaw the pangis of deth comyng ſo laſt
Oppon his wyff Agea almoſt his hert to braſt.
Agea lyſt up hir eyen, and beheld the chere
Of hir huſbond Fawnus, that was ſo trew a fere,
And ſeyd, Sir, why do ye thus ? this is an clying
fare

In comfort of us both, yf yee might ſpare
And put away thys hevynes whyle that yee and I
Myght ſpeke of othir thyngis, for Deth me
nyghith nygh,

For to body ne to ſoule this vaillyth nat a karſe.
Now tellyth on, quod Fawnus, and I wol lete it
For the time of talkyng as wele as I may [pas
But out of my remembraunce onto my endyng
day

Yeur deth woll nevir, I woot it wele, but evir be
in my mynd.

Then, good Sir, quod Agea, beth to my ſoule
kynd

When my body is out of ſight, for therto have I
nede,

For truer make then yee be in word ne in dede
Had nevir woman, ne more kyndnes

Hath ſhewed unto his make, I know right wele
iwis :

Now wold ye ſo her after in hert be as trewe,
To lyve wythout make, and on yeur ſone rewe,
That litill hath ylernid ſithens he was bore :
Let hym have no ſtepmodir, for children have
toſore

Comelich they lovith nat : wherfore wyth hert I
prey

Have chere onto yeur ſone aſtir my endyng day ;
For ſo God me help and I laſt yew behynd
Shuld nevir man on lyve bryng it in my mynd
To be no more yweddit, but lyve ſoule aloon.
Now yee know all my wyll, good Sir, think
ther'on.

Certis, quod Fawnus, while I have wyttis ſyve
I think nevir aſtir yew to have another wyff.
The preſt was com therwythall for to do hir
rightis ;

Fawnus toke his leve, and all the othir knyghtis,
Hir kyndrid and frendis kiſſed hir echone :

It is no nede to axe wher ther was dole or noon.
Agea caſt her ey up, and lokid all aboute,

And wold have kiſſid Beryn, but thes was he
wythoute,

Pleying to the hazard, as he was wont to doon,
 For as fone as he had ete he wold ren out anoon;
 And when the faw he was not ther that the thought
 most on
 Hire sekene and hire mournyng berst her hert
 anoon.
 A damfell tofore that was ron into the toun
 For to feche Beryn, that pleyed for his gowne,
 And had almost lost it, right as the damfell cam,
 And swore and starid as he was wood, as longit
 to the game.
 The damfell seyde to Beryn, Sir, ye must com
 home,
 For but ye hygh blyve that yee wer ycome
 Year mothir woll be dede; she is yit on lyve:
 Yf ye wol speke wyth her yee must hygh blyve.
 Who bad so, lewd Kitt? Your fadir, Sir, quod
 she.
 Go home, lewd vifanag, that evil mut thow the!
 Quod Beryne to the damfell, and gan her fray and
 feer,
 And bad the devill of hell hir shoud to tere.
 Hast thou ought els to do but let me of my
 game?
 Now by God in hevin, by Peter, and by Jame,
 Quoth Beryn in grete angir, and swore be book
 and bell,
 Reherfying many namys mo than me lyst to tell,
 N'er thou my fadir's messenger wer thou shuldist
 nevyr ete brede:
 I had levyr my modir and also thou wer dede
 Then I shuld lese the game that I am nowgh in;
 And smote the damfell undir the ere, the weet-
 gon upward spyn:
 The death of Agea he fet at litill pryse;
 So in that wrath frolick Beryn threw the dyle,
 And lost wyth that same cast al was leyde adown,
 And stert up in a wood rage, and ballid on his
 crown,
 And so he did the remnaunt, as many as wold
 abyde;
 But for drede of Fawnus his felawis gan to hyde,
 And nevyr had wyll, ne list, wyth Beryn for to
 fyght,
 But evir redy to pley and wyn what they
 myght.
 The deth of Agea sprang about the towne,
 And every man that herd the bell for her sowne
 Bemony'd her full sore; fass Beryn toke none
 hede,
 But sought another fesehip, and quyklich to them
 yede,
 To such manner company as shuld nevyr tharyve,
 For such he lov'd bettir then his modir's lyve;
 And evirmore it shuld be nyght or he wold home
 drawe,
 For of his fadir in certeyn he had no manner awe;
 For evir in his yowith he had al his wyll,
 And was ypassid chaffing but men wold hym
 kyll.
 Fawnus for Agea, as it was well sitting,
 Made grete ordenaunce for hir burying,
 Of prelat's and of preest's, and of all othir thyng,
 As though she had be a wyff of a worthy king

It myght nat have be mendit; such was his gen-
 tilnes,
 For at hir enterying was many a worthy messe.
 For four weeks full, or he did her intere,
 She ley in lede wythyn his hous; but Beryn cam
 not there,
 Namelich into the place where his modir ley,
 Ne onys wold he a *Pater noster* for hir soule sey:
 His thought was all in unthryft, lechery, and
 dyfe,
 And drawing all to foly, for *Yowith is recbles*,
But ther it is refreynd and bath sam maners eye:
 And therfore methinkith that I may wele sey
 A man ypassid yowith, and is wythout lore,
 May be wele ylikened to a tre wythout more,
 That may nat bowe ne bere fruyte, but root and
 ever wast:
 Ryght so by yowith farith that no man list to
 chaft.
 This mowe we know verely by experience,
 That *Yerd makith vertu and benevolence*
In childhode for to growe, as provith ymagynacioun:
 A plant whils it is grene, or it have domina-
 cioun,
 A man may wyth his fyngers ply it wher hym
 lyst,
 And make therof a shakill, a with, or a twist;
 But let the plant stond, and yeris ovirgrowe,
 Men shull not wyth both his hondis unnethis make
 it bowe:
 No more myght Fawnus make his fone Beryn,
 When he grew in age, to his lore encline;
 For every day when Beryn rose unwash he wold
 dyne,
 And draw hym to his fesehip as even as a lyne,
 And then com home and ete, and soop, and selepe
 at nyght:
 This was al his besynes but yf that he did sight;
 Wherfor his fadir's hert Fawnus gan for to blede,
 That of his modir that ley at home he toke no
 more hede:
 And so did all the pepill that dwellid in the town
 Of Beryn's wildnes gon speke and eke roun.
 Fawnus oppon a dey, when Beryn cam at eve,
 Was set oppon a purpose to make his fone leve
 All his shrewd taichis wyth goodnes if he myght,
 And taught hym feir and soft, but Beryn toke it
 light,
 And countid at litill pryse al his fadir's tale.
 Fawnus saw it wold nat; with colour wan and pale
 He partid from his fone, and wyth a sorowfull
 hert.
 I ne can write halfyndeale how fore he hid smert
 The disobeying of his fone and his wyf's deth,
 That, as the book tellith, he wished that his breth-
 Had ybeen above the ferkill celestynce,
 So fervent was his sorowe, his angir, and his pynce.
 So, shortly to conclude, Agea was interid,
 And Fawnus livid wyfles three yere were ywerid,
 Wherof ther was grete speche for his high honour;
 Tyll at last word cam onto the Emperour
 That Fawnus was without wyfe, and feld was jo-
 counde,
 But mournyng for Agea that he was to ybound

And lyvid as an hermyte, foule and destitute,
Wythout consolacioun, penyff oft and mute;
Wherfor Angustinus, of Rome the Emperour,
Was inwardlich sory, and in grete dolour.
Wyth that the seven Sagis and Senatouris all
Were assembled, to discryve what shuld ther'of
fall;

The wych seyde shortly, For a molestacioun
Ther was noon othir remedy but a consolacioun;
For *Whoso wer in eny thing displeid or agrevid*
Must by a like thing egall be remeid.

And when the Emperour knew all their determi-
nacioun,
Quicklich in his mynd he had imaginacioun
That Fawnus for Agea was in high distres,
And must ycurid be wyth passyng gentilnes.
Of som lusty lady, that of pulchritude
Were excellent al othir: so, shortly to con-
clude,

The Emperour had a love tofore he had a wyf
That he lovid as hertlich as his own lyf,
As was as feir a creature as fone myght besyhe;
So excellent of bewte that she myght be shryne
To all othir wymmyn that wer the lyvand:
But for the Emperour had a wyf ye shul welc on-
derstand

He cam nat in hir company to have his delite;
For Cristendome and conscience was the more
perfit

Then it is now adayis, yf I durst tell:
But I wol leve at this tyme. Than Fawnus al
so well
Was afir sent in hest, of seknes to be curyd;
So what for drede and ellis they wer both en-
suryd

In presence of the Emperour, so Fawnus myght
nat ftee;

It was the Emperours wyll, it myght noon
othir be.

So wythin a tyme Agea was forgette,
For Fawnus thought litill on that he hir behight:
For as the seven Sagis had afore declarid
It cam all to purpos; For Fawnus litil carid
For eny thing at all save his wyff to pleser.
That Rame was yclepid: for rest nethir ese
Fawnus nevir had but of her presence:

So was his hert on her yfet that he coude no
defeince,
Save evirmore be wyth hir, and stare on hir
vilage,

That the most part of Room held it for dotage,
And had much marvell of his variance:

But *What is that Fortune cannot put in chance?*
For ther n'as man on lyve on woman more be-
dottid

Then Fawnus was in Rame, ne half so much
yfotid,
Wyth that Rame had knowlech that Fawnus was
yfmyt

Wyth the date of Love: ye mowe ryght welc
it wyt

That all that evir she coude cast or ythyneke
Was all ageyn Berynus, for many a sotill wrench

She thought and wrought day by day, as many
wemen doon,

Tyll they have of their desire the full conclusi-
oun:

For the more that Fawnus of Rame did made
The more dangerous was Rame and of chere
faded,
And kept wele hir purpose undir coviture:

She was the las to blame; it grew of nature
But though that Rame wrought so, God forbode
that alle

Wer of that condicioun. Yet touch no man the
gall,

It is my plein counsell, but doith as othir doith:
Take your part as it comith of roughe and eke of
smoothe:

Yit noritur, wit and gentilnes, reson and perfit
mynde,

Doth all these worthy women to worth agenys
kynde,

That though they be agrevid they suffir and
endure,

And passith ovir for the best, and folowith nothing
nature.

But now to Rame's purpose, and what was hir
desire,

Shortly to conclude, to make debate and ire
Betwene the fadir and the sone, as it was likely
tho;

What for his condicioun, and what for love also
That Fawnus owte to his wyff, the rather he must
hir leve,

And grant for to mend; yf ought hir did greve.
Berinus evir wrought right as he did before,

And Rame m'le hym chere of love, ther myght
no woman more,

And gaff hym gold and clothing evir as he did
lese,

Of the best that he coude ought wher in town
chefe,

And speke full feir wyth hym, to make al thyng
dede;

Yit wold she have yete his hert wythout falt or
brede:

She hid so hir felony, and spak so in covert,
That Beryn myght nat spy it but lye of Ram's

othert.
So, shortly to pas ovir, it fill oppon a nyghte,

When Fawnus and his fresh wyf wer to bed
ydyght,

He toke hir in his armys and made hir hertly
chere,

Ther myght no man betir make to his fere,
And seyde, Myn ertly joy, myn heris full plesance,

My wele, my woo, my paradise, my lyv is suste-
naunce!

Why ne be ye mery, why be ye so dull;
Sith ye know I am your own right as year hert

desireth well!

Now tell on love, myn own hert! yf ye cylich
ought,

For and it be in my power anon it shall be
wrought.

Rame wyth that gan fighe, and wyth a wepeing
chere.

Undid the bagg of trechery, and seide in this
manere :

No mervell though myn hert be fore and full of
dele,

For when I to yew weddit was wrong went my
whele.

But who may be ageyns hap and aventure ?

Therfor as wele as I may myne I mut endure.

Wyth many sharp wordis she fet his hert on feir

To purchase with hir praktik that she did desire :

But hoolich all hir wordis I cannot wele reherse,

Ne write ne endite how she did perce

Through Fawny's hert and his scull also ;

For more petoufe compleynt of forowe and of woo,

Made nevyr woman, ne more petoufly,

Then Rame made to Fawnys : she smote full
bitterly

Into the veyn, and through his hert blood ;

She bloderit so and wept, and was so high on
mode,

That unneth she myght speke but othir while
among

Wordis of discomfourt, and hir hondis wrong ;

For alas and woo the tyme that she weddit was !

Was evir more the frestret when she myght have
spafe.

I am yweddit ; ye, God woot best in what maner
and how !

For yf it wer so fall I had a child by you,

Lord ! how shuld he lyve ; how shuld he com
awey ?

Sith Beryn is your first sone, and heir afir your
day ?

But yf that he had grace to fowle for to goo,
To have som mader conning that he myght
trust to,

For as it now stondeth it were the best rede,
For, so God me help, I had levir he wer dede

Than wer of such condicioun or of such lore

As Beryn your sone is ; it wer bett he wer unbore,

For he doith nat ellis save at hazard play,

And comyth home al nakid ech othir dey ;

For within this month that I have wyth you be

Fiftene sithis, for verry grete pite

I have yclothid hym al new when he was to tore,

For evirmore he seyde the old were ylore.

Now and he wer my sone I had levir he were yfod,

For and he play so long half our lyvelode

Wold scarcely suffise hymself oon,

And n'ere yee wold be grevid, I swere be Seynt

John

He shuld afir this dey be clohid no more for me,

But he wold kepe them bettir and draw fro
nycte.

Now gentill wyff, grāncy of your wise tale,

I thynk wel the more that I sey no fale ;

For towchyng my grevaunce, that Beryn goith

al nakid,

Treulich that grevaunce is fomwhat afclakid :

Let hym aloon, I prey yew, and I wold con yew

thank,

For in such losery he hath lost many a frānk.

The devil hym spede that rech yf he be to fore,
And he use it hercaftir as he hath doon to fore.

Beryn arose a morowe, and cried wondir fast,

And axid afir clothis, but it was all in wast ;

Ther was no man tendant for hym in all the
house ;

The whele was ychaungit into anothir cours.

Fawnys herd his sone wele how he began to cry,

And rose up anon and to hym did high,

And had forgete nothyng that Rame had yseyde,

For he boillid so his hert he was nat well apayde,

He went into the chambir ther his sone ley,

And set hym down in a chair, and thus he gan to
sey :

My gentil sone Beryn, now feir I wol ye teche ;

Rew oppon thy self, and be thyne own leche.

Manhode is ycom now, myne own dere sone,

It is tyme thou be aweynyd of thyn old wone :

And thow art 20 wynters, and naught half of
doctryne ;

Yit woldist thou draw to perfitte the worship wold

be thyne,

To noritur and goodshipp, and al honest thing,

Ther myght com to myn hart no more glad ty-
ding.

Leve now al thy foly and thy rebawdry,

As tablis and mervellis, and the hazardry,

And draw the to the company of honest men and
good,

Els leve thow me as wele as Criste died on the
rode ;

And for al menkynd his ghost pas lete,

Thow shalt for me hercaftir stond on thyn own fete,

For I wold no lengir suffir this aray

To clothe the al new eche othir dey.

Yf thow wold draw the to wit, and rebawdry
withdraw,

Of such good as God have sent yn part have shalt
thow :

And if thow wold nat, my sone, do as I the tell,

Of me shalt thow naught have, trust me right well.

Wenyst thou wyth thy dife-pleying hold myn ho-
noure

Aftir my deth dey ? Then Beryn gan to loure,

And seide, Is this a sermon or a prechment ?

Ye were nat wont herto ; how is this ywent ?

Sendith for some clothing that I wer ago ;

My felawis lokith aftir me, I woot well they do so ;

I wold nat leve my felship ne my rekelaie,

Ne my dife-pleying, for all your heretages :

Doith your best wyth them by your lyf day,

For when they fall to me I wold do as I may.

Benedicite A fadir, who hath enformyd you,

And set you intoire, to make me chere rowe ?

But I know wele inough whens this counsaill cam ;

Treulich of your own wyse, that evil dancid

Com oppon hir body that fals putaigne,

For treulich, fadir, yee dote on hir, and so all men
seyne.

Alas that evir a man shuld, that is of high counsaill,

Set all his wisdom on his wyf's taile !

Yee lovith hir so much she hath benome your

wyt,

And I may curs the tyme that evir ye wer ykny

For now I am in certen I have a stepmodir :
They been shrewis, som ther been, but few, othir.
Vel Fikil Flaptail, such oon as she ys,
For all my pleying at disceyt do yee more amys :
Yee have ylost your name, your worship, and
your feith,

So dote ye on hir, and levith all the sayth.
Fawnus wyth the same word gaff the chayir a but,
And lepe out of the chambir, as who seyde Cut,
And swore in verrey woodnes be God omnipo-
tent

That Beryn of his wordis shuld fore repent.
Beryn set nought ther'of, with a proude hert
Answerd his fadir, and axid a new shert.
He gropid al about to have found oon,
As he was wont to fore, but ther was noon.
Then toke he such wilokis as he fond ther,
And beheld hymself what man he wer ;
For when he was arayde then gan he firste be
wrothe,

For his womb lokid out and his rigg both.
He stert astir his fadir, and he began to cry,
For feth myn array, for the villany
Ye as wele yeurs as it is myne.

Fawnus let him clatir and cry wel and fyne,
And passid forth still and spak nat a word.
Then Beryn gan to think it was nat al bord
That his fadir seyde when he wyth hym was,
And gan to think all about, and therwyth seid
Alas !

Now know I wele forsoth that my modir is dede ;
For tho gan he to glow first a fory mann'ys hede.
Now kepe thy cut, Beryn, for thou shalt have a
Somwhat of the world to lern betir wit ; [fit
For and thou wist likerly what ys for to com
Thow woldist wish astir thy deth full oft and
ylone ;

For *Ther n'ys betyng half so sore wyth staff netbir
As man to be bete with his own yerd.* [sward

The pyry is yblowe, hop, Beryn, hop,
That ripe wol herastir and on thyn hede drop :
Thou tokist noon hede whils it shoon hoot,
Ther for wynter the nyghith asay by thy cote.
Beryn for shame to town durst he nat go,
He toke his wey to churchward ; his frend was
made his foo,

For angir, sorowe, and shame, and hevynes, that
he had,

Unneth he might speke, but stode half as mad.
O alas ! quod Beryn, what wyt had I
That could nat tofore this dey know likerly
That mymodir dede was ? but now I know to fore,
And drede more that eche day hereastir more and
more

I shall know and fele that my modir is dede.
Alas ! I smote the messangere, and toke of hir noon
hede ;

Alas ! I am right pore ; alas ! that I am nakid :
Alas ! I slepte to fast, tyl sorowe now hath me
wakid :

Alas ! I hunger fore ; alas ! for dole and peyn,
For eche man me feith hath me in disceyn.
This was all his mirth to the churchward
That of his modir Agta he toke so litill reward.

When Beryn was within the church then gan he
wers fray :

As fone as he saw the tomb where his modir lay
His colour gan to chaunge into a dedely bew :
Alas, gentill modir ! so kynd you wer and trew,
It is no mervell for thy deth though I fore smert.
But therwythal the sorowe so fervent smote his hert
That sodenly he fil down stan dede in frowe :
That he had part of sorowe methynkith that
myght I avowe.

Beryn lay so long or he myght awake,
For al his fyve wittis had clene hym forsake,
Wel myght he by hymself, when reton ycom were,
Undirfond that Fortune had a sharp spere,
And eke grete power among high and lowe,
Som to avaunce and som to ovrthrowe.
So at last whan Beryn a litill wakid were
He trampelid fast with his fete, and al to tere his
And his visage both, right as a wodeman, [ere
With many a bitir tere that from his eyen ran,
And sighid many a sore sigh, and had much hevyn-
nes,

And evirmore he cursid his grete unkyndnes
To foreyt his modir whils she was alyve,
And lenyd to hir tombe upon his tore sclyve,
And wishid a thousand sithis he had ybe hir by,
And beheld hir tombe with a petouse eye.
Now, glorious God ! quod Beryn, that al thing
madist of nought,

Heven and erth, man and beste, sith I am myf-
wrought

Of yewe I axe mercy, socour, and help, and grace,
For my mysdede and foly, unthryffe and treispase :
Set my sorowe and peyn somewhat in mesure
Fro dispeir and myschief as I may endure,

Lord of all lordis ! though Fortune be my foo
Yit is thy myght above to turn hym to and fro.
First my modirs lyfe Fortune hath me berevid,
And sith my fadirs love, and nakid also me levid.
What may he do more ? Yis, take away my lyfe ;
But for that wer myn eke, and end of al stryfe,
Ther'for he doith me lyve for my wers I sey,
That I shuld evirmore lyve and nevyr for to dey.
Now leve I Beryn wyth his modir tyl I com aye,
And wol return me to Rame, that of hir sotilte
Bethoughte hir al aboute, when Beryn was agoon
That it shuld be wittid hir, wher'for she anon
In this wise seyde to Fawnus : Sir, what have ye do,
Althoughe I speke a mery word, to suffer your sone
Nakid into the town ? it was nat my counsaill. [go
What wol be seyde ther'of ? sikir without faile,
For I am his stepmodir, that I am cause of alle
The violence, the wrath, the angir, and the gall,
That is betwene yew both, it wol be wit me ;
Wher'for I prey you hertly doith hym com hom
aye.

Nay, by throwth, quod Fawnus, for me comyth he
Sithe he of my wordis so litil prife set [nat yit
As litil shall I charge his estate also :
Sorowe have that rechith though he nakid go,
For every man knowith that he is nat wise ;
Wher'for may be supposid his pleying at disceyt
Is cause of his aray, and nothing yee, my wyf,
Yes, iwis, quod Rame, the tale woll he ryff

Of me and of noon othir, I know right wel afyne;
 Wherfor I prey you, gentil Sir, and for love myn,
 That he wer yfet hom, and that in grete hast,
 And let afay offt agein with feirnes hym to chafte;
 And fend Beryn clothis and a new fliert; [hert.
 And made al wele in ecche fide, and kept clofe her
 Now fith it is your wyll, quod Fawnus tho anon,
 That Beryn shall home com, for your sake aloon
 I woll be the messager to put your hert in ese;
 And els, fo God me help, wer it nat yew to plesse
 The gras shuld grow on pament or I hym home
 bryng.

Yet thirles forth he went, wyth too or thre
 riding,

From o strete to anothir, enqueryng to and fro
 Astir Beryn in every plase wher he was wont to
 Seching evry halk howris two or thre, [go,
 With hazardours, and othir fuch, ther as he was
 wont to be,

And fond hym not ther; but to chirche went
 echone,

And at dorr they stode a while and herd Beryn
 made his mone:

They herd all his compleynt, that petouse was to
 here.

Fawnus into the chirch pryvelich gan pise,
 But al so fone as he beheld wher Agea lay
 His teris ran down be his chekis, and thus he gan
 to fey:

A, Agea! myn old love, and my new also!
 Alas, that evir our hertis shuld depart atoo!
 For in your graciouse dayis of hert is trobilnes
 I had never knowlech, but of all gladnes;
 Remembryng in his hert, and evir gan renewe
 The goodnes betwene them both, and hir hert
 trewe,

And drew hym ner to Beryn with an hevvy mode.
 But as fone as Beryn knew and ondirfode
 That it was his fadir, he wold no longir abide,
 But anon he voidit by the todir fide,
 And Fawnus hym encounterid, and seyde, We have
 the fought

Through the town, my gentil fone, and therfor
 void the nought.

Though I seyde a word or two, as me thought for
 the best

For thyne erudicioune, to drawe the onto lyfe ho-
 nest,

Thou shuldist nat so fervently have take it to thy
 hert:

But fith I know my wordis doith the so fore smert
 Shall no more hereafter; and ecche dey our diete
 Shall be mery and solase, and this shall be forgete;
 For wele I woot for thy modir that thou art to tore,
 Also thou hast grete sorowe, but onys nedith, and
 no more:

And therfor, fone, on my blessing to put sorowe
 away;

Drawe the nowe herafter to honist myrth and play.
 Lo, ther is clothing for yewe, and yeur hors ydight
 With harneys all freshe new; and if yee list be
 knyght

I shall yit or eve that bergeyn undirtake, [make;
 That the Emperour for my love a knyght shall you

And what that evir ye nede anon it shall be
 bought.

For whils that I have eny thing ye shall lak naught,
 Graunt mercy! quod Beryn with an hevvy chere,
 Of yeur worshipfull profir that ye have proferid
 me here:

But ordir of knyghthode to take is nat my liking;
 And fith your will is for to do somewhat my plesing,
 Ye have a wyfe ye love wele, and so tenderlich,
 That and she have children I know right likerlich
 All that she can devyse both be nyght and dey
 Shall be to make her childryn heirs of that she
 may,

And eke fowe sedis of infelicite,
 Wherof wold growe devysioune betwene yewe
 and me:

For yf ye spend on me your good, and thus riallich
 Levith wele, in certen your wyfe woll likerlich
 Ecche dey for angir her tuskis whet,
 And to smyte with her tunge, your hert in wrath
 to set.

Toward me from dey to dey, but ye wold aply-
 Somwhat to hir purpose and astir hir yew guy;
 She wold wex fo overtwart and of so lither tach,
 And evir lour undir her hood a redy for to snache;
 She wold be shorfyng of your lyfe, and that desire
 I naught:

Wherfor to plesse all about, my purpose and my
 thought

Is for to be a Marchaunte, and leve myn heritage,
 And relese it for evir, for shypys fyve of stage-
 Full of marchaundise the best of all this londe:
 And yf ye woll so, fadyr, quyk let make the bonde.
 Fawnus was right well apayd that ilk word out-
 ftert,

But yit he seyde to Beryn, I mervell in myn hert
 Wherhaddist thou this counsaile to leve thyne
 honour,

And lyve in grete aventure and in grete labour;
 And rid so forth talking a soft esy pale
 Homward to his plase ther that Rame was.
 And as fone as Fawnus was ylight adown,
 And highid fast to his wyfe, and with hir gan
 to rown,

And told hir all the purpose, and made Fawnus
 chere,

She did hym nat half so much the tyme she was
 his fere.

She hullid hym, and mollid hym, and toke hym
 about the neck,

And went low for the kite, and made many a bekk;
 And seyde, Sir, by your spech now right well I here
 That yf ye list ye mowe do thing that I most de-
 sire;

And that is this, your heritage there ye best likid
 That ye myght gyve: and evir among the brush
 away the pikid

From hir clothis here and there, and sighd ther
 withall.

Fawnus of his gentilnes by hir myddil smale
 Hertlich hir bracyd, and seyde, I woll nat leve,
 I suyr yew my trowith that onys or it be eve
 That I shall do my devoir without feintise
 For to plesse your hert fullich in all wyfe.

Graunt mercy! myn own soverene, quod Rame
tho mekely,

And made protestatioun that she shuld sikerly
All the dayis of hir lyfe be to hym as hende
As evir woman was to man, as ferforth as hir
mynd

And wit hir wold serve, and made grete othe.
Fawnus bood no longir, but forth therwith he
goith.

A! precious God in heven, Kyng of majeste!
So plentivouse this world is of inquite!

*Why is to suffrid that trowith is brought adoun
With trechery and falsbede in feld and eke in town?*

But now to Fawnus and his entent. When he his
sone met

He toke hym soft by the hond; his tung he gan
to whet,

Sotilly to engyne him. First he gan to preche,
Leve thy foly, my dere sone, and do as I the teche:
Sith thou hast wit and reson, and art of mann'ys
age,

What nedith the be Marchaunt and shall have
heritage?

For and thy good wer ylost the sorowe wold be
myne,

To tell the soth, right nigh peregall to thyn;
And yf that I were dede whils thou wer oute
Lond and rent, and all my good, have thou no
doute,

It wold be plukkid from the; thy part wold be
And also ferthermore, I make oon beheest, [lest:
That I trowe my moblis wol nat suffise
To charge fyve shippis ful of marchandise
But yf I leyd in mortgage my lond and eke my
rent,

And that I leve be nat thy wyll ne thyn entent:
Yit nethirles yf thy hert be so inly set
For to be a Marchaunt, for nothing wold I let
That I n'y! do thy plessaunce as ferforth as I mey
To go ryght nygh myn own estate, but levir I
had nay.

Their wordis ne their dedis, ne matters them be-
twene,

I wol nat tary now ther'on my perchemen to
spene:

But fynallich, to the end of their accordement,
Fawnus had so goon about, yturned and ywent,
That he had brought his sone tofore the Empe-
To relese his heritage and al his honour, [rour,
That he shuld have astir his dey, for shippis fyve,
and full

Yled of marchaundise of linnen and of wool,
And of othir thingis that wer yusid tho.

Engroßid was the covenaut betwene them to
Yn presence of the Emperour, in opyn and norown,
Tofore the gretist Cenators and eldest of the town.
So when the relese felid was with a syde bonde
They wer yleyd both in a meen honde
Into the tyme that Beryn fullich felid were
In the fyve shippis that I yew told ere.

But who was glad but Fawnus? and to his wyff
went

And seyde, Now, my hert is swete! all thyn hole
entent

Ys uttirlich perfourmyd; us lakkith now no more
But marchaundise and shippis, as I told tofore.

That shall not fail, quod Rame, and began to
daunce,

And astirward they speken of the purvaunce.

Alas! this fals world, so ful of trechery?

In whom shuld the sone have trust and feith sikirly

If his fadir saylid hym? whether myght be go

For to fynd a sikir frend that be myght trust to!

So when these fyve shippis wer rayid and dight
Fawnus and his sone to the Emperour ful right
They went, and many a grete man for the same
case,

To see both in possessioun, as ther covenante
Beryn first was fesid in the shippis fyve, [was.

And Fawnus had the relese, and bare it to his
wyff;

And eche held them payde, and Rame best of all,
For she had conquerid thing that causid most hir
gall.

Now leve I Fawnys and his wyff, and of the go-
vernaunce

Of Beryn I wol speke, and also of his chaunce.

When lodismen and maryneris in al thing redy
was

This Beryn into Alisaunder, yf God wold send
hym grace

That wynde hym wold serve, he wold: so on a day
The wynd was good, and they seyld on ther wey
Too dayis fullich, and a nyght therwythal,
And had wedir at wyll, tyll at last gan fall

Such a myst among them that no man myght se
othir,

That wele was hym that had ther the blessing of
his modir.

For thre dayis incessantly the derknes among
them was,

That no shipp myght se othir; wherfor full oft
Alas!

They seyde, and to the high God they made their
preyere,

That he wold of his grace them govern and stere
So that their lyvis myght favid be,

For they wer cleen in dispeyr, because they
myght nat se

The loder, wherby these shipmen ther cours toke
ech one.

So at last, the ferdh day, making thus hir mone,
The dey gan clere; and then such wynd arose
That blew their shippis el sewhere then was their
first purpose.

The tempest was so huge and so strong also,
That wele was hym that coude bynde or ondo

Any rope within the shipp that longit to the craft;
Every man shewed his connyng to fore the shipp
and baste.

The wynd a wook the see to baste, it blew so
grefly fore,

That Beryn and all his company of synnys las and
more

Eche man round about shroff hymself to othir,
And put in Godd's governaunce lys, shipp, and
strothir;

For ther was shippis meyne, for owght they coude
hale,
That myght abate of the shipp the thiknes of a
scale:
The wedir was so fervent of wynd and eke of
thundir
That every shipp from othir was blowe of sight
afondir,
And durid so al day and nyght, tyll on the morowe
I trow it was no questioune wher they had joy or
sorowe.
So aftirward, as God wold, the wynd was som-
what soft,
Beryne clepid a maryner, and bad hym sty on loft,
And weyte aftir our four shippis aftir us doith
dryve,
For it is but grace of God yf they be alyve.
A maryner anon wyth that, right as Beryn bad,
Styed into the top castell, and brought hym ty-
dys glad:
Sir, he seith, beth mery; yeur shippis comith echone
Saff and sound sailing, as ye shul se anon;
And eke, Sir, ferthermore, lond also I sigh,
Let draw our cors estward, thys tyde woll bryng
us ny.
Blessed be God! quod Beryn, then wer our shippis
com,
We have no nede to dout werr ne molestatioune,
For ther n'ys wythin our shippis no thyng of spo-
liatioune,
But al trew marchaundise; wherfor for lodisfman
Stere onys into the costis as well as thou can;
When our shippis be ycom, that we mowe pas in
fere,
Lace on a bonnet or tweyn, that we mowe faile
nere.
And when they wer the costis nygh was noon of
them alle
That wist what lond it was: then Beryn gan to
calle
Out of every ship anon a maryner or tweyne
For to take counseil, and thus he gan to feyne:
The frountis of this ilk town been wondir feir
wythall,
Methinketh it is the best rede, what that evir be-
fall,
That I my self aloon walk into the towne,
And here and se both her and ther, upward and
downe,
And enquire fullich of their governaunce.
What fey ye Sirs? woll ye sent to this ordonaunce?
All they accordit well therto and held it for the
best,
For thus yf it be profitabill we mowe abide and
And yf it be othirwise the rathir shall we go,
For aftir that the spede we woll work and do:
But nowwe mowe ye her right a wondir thing;
In all the world wyde so fals of their lyvynge
Was no pepill undir sone, ne none so disseyvabill,
As was the pepill of this town, ne more unstabill,
And had a curled usage of sotill ymaginacioune,
That yf so wer the shippis of any straunge nacioune
Werecom into the port, anon they wold them hide
Within their own howlis, and no man go ne ryde

In no strete of alle the town; afaunce that they
wer lewde,
And coude no skill of marchaundise, a skill it was a
shrewde,
As ye shul here aftir of their wrong and falshede;
But yit it fill, as worthy was, oppon their own hede,
Beryn arayd hym freschly, as to a Marchand
longith,
And set hym on a palfrey wel be sey and hongit,
And a page rennyng by his hors fete:
He rode endlong the town, but no man coude he
meet;
The dorrys wer yclosid in both too fidis,
Wherof he had mervell: yet ferthermore he ridis,
And waytid on his right hond a mancipil is plafe
All fresh and new, and thidir gan he pase:
The gatis wer wyde up, and thidir gan he go,
For throughout the long town he found so no mo,
Therin dwellid a burgeyse the most sciper man
Of all the town throughout, and what so he wan
With trechery and gile, as doith som freis,
Right so must he part with his comperis.
Beryn light down on his hors, and inward gan
he dres,
And fonde the good man of the house pleying at
chefs
With his neyghbour, as trewe as he, that dwellid
hym fast by.
But as sone as this burgeyse on Beryn cast his eye
Sodenly he stert up, and put the chiefs hym fro,
And toke Beryn by the hond, and seyde these wor-
dis tho;
Benedicite: what manere wynd hath ybrought you
here?
Now wold to God I had wherof, or coude make
yew chere!
But ye shul lowe my good wyll, and take such as
ther is,
And of yeur gentil paciens suffir that is amys.
For well he wist by his aray and by his counte-
naunce
That of the shippis that wer ycom he had som go-
vernaunce,
Wherfor he made hym chere femyng amaybill,
Icolerid all with cautelis, and wondir disseyvabill:
He bracyd hym by the myddil, and preyd hym sit
adoun,
And lowly with much worshipp drestid his coschon.
Lord God! seyde this burgeyse, I thank this ilk dey
That I shuld see yew hole and found here in my
contray;
And yf ye list to tell the cause of yewr comyng,
And yf ye have nede to any manere thing,
And it be in my power, and thoughte I shuld it
fesch,
It shuld go right wonder streyte, I sey yew siker-
But yee it had in haste, therwith yew plesse, [lich,
For now I see yew in my house my hert is in grete ese,
The todir burgeyse rose hym up for to make rouse,
And axid of his felaw, that lord was of the house,
Whens is this worshipfull man? with wordis hend
and low,
For it semith by the manere that ye hym shuld
knowe,

And have sey hym tofore this tyme. I have sene,
quod the todir,

Ye ywis an 100 fithis, and right as to my brodir
I wol do hym plesance in al that evir I can,
For trewlich in his contray he is a worshipful man:
Forsoth, Sir, and for your love, a thousand in this

town
Wold do hym worship, and be right seyne and
bown

To plesse hym, and avail to have thonk of you:
I woot wele, God them yeld, so have they oft er
nowe.

And arose up therewithall, and with his fellow spak
Of such manere mater that faylid never of lakke.
So when their conseil was ydo this burgeyse preyd
his fere

To fit a down be Beryn, and do hym sport and
And in the while I wol se to his hors, [chere,

For every gentil hert, afore his own cors
Desirith that his riding best servid and ydight

Rather than hymself; wherfor wyth all my myght
I wold have an eye therto; and sich parte wyyn

Wich tonne or pipe is best and most fyne.
Beryn was all abashid of his foden chere,

But nethirles the burgeyse fat hym fomwhat nere,
And preyd hym of his gentilnes his name for to tell,

His contrey and his lynnage: and he answer'd snell,
Berinus I am ynamid, and in Rome ybore,

And have fyve shippis of myn own, las and more,
Full of marchaundise, ligging tofore the town;

But much maryaille have I the good man is so boun
To serve me and plesse, and how it might be.

Sir, seyde the burgeyse, no mervelle it is to me,
For many a tyme and oft, I cannot sey how lome,

He hath be in your marchis; and as I trow in Room
Also he was ybore, yf I ne ly shall.

Yf it be so, quod Beryn, no mervelle it is at all
Thoughe he may have ysey, and eke his gentill

chere
Previth it all opynly; but be hym that bought me
dere

I have ther of no knowleche, as I am now avysid,
With that cam in the good man with countenance

disgidid,
And had enquiryd of the child that with Beryn cam

Fro gynnyng to the endyng, and told his maistris
name,

And of Agea his modir, and all thing as it was,
Wher-through he was ful perfit to answer to e-

very cas;
So entryng into the hall the burgeys spak anon,

A! my gentill Beryn, alas! that under stonne
Myn own hert Agea, thy modir leff and dere!

Now God assouy hir soule, for never bettir chere
Had I of frend woman, he never half so good.

Benedicite! a Marchaunt comyng ovir flood!
Who brought yew in this purpos, and beth your

fadir's heir?
Now by my trew conscience ryght nygh in dispeyr

I was for your sake, for now frendlese
Ye mowe wele sey that ye been; but yit for ne-

thirles
Yee mut endure fortune and hevynes put away;

Ther is noon othir wisdom. Also your shippis gey,

That been ycom in favete, ought to amend your
mode,

The wich when we have dyned, I swere for by the
rood,

We wol se them trewly within and eke without;
And have wyne wyth us and drynk al about.

They set and wasch, and fed them, and had wher-
of plesse;

The burgeyse was a stuffid man, ther lakkid noon
deynte.

So when they had ydined the cloth was up ytake,
A chese ther was ybrought forth, but the gan so-

rowe to wake.
The ches was all of ivory, the meyne fresch and
new,

I pulshid and ypidid of white; asure, and blew.
Beryn beheld the cheker, it semed passyng feir;

Sir, quod the burgeyse, ye shal fynd her a payr
That wold mate yew trewly in las than half a myle,

And was yseyd of sotile Beryn to begile.
Now in soth, quod Beryn, it myght wel hap nay,

And ne'er I must my shippis se els I wold assay.
What nedith that, quod the burgeyse? trewlich I

wol nat glofe,
They been nat yit yfetelid ne fixid in the wofe;

For I have sent thries sith ye hither cam
To wait oppon their governaunce; wherfor let set

o game,
And I shall be the first that shall yew assaile.

The meyne wer yset up, and gon to pley fast.
Beryn wan the first, the second, and the third,

And at fourth game in the ches amyd.
The burgeyse was ymatid; but that lust him wele;

And all was doon to bryng hym yn, as ye shal
her shiel.

Sir, then, seyde Beryn, ye woot well how it is,
Me list no more to pley, for yee know this,

Wher is noon comparisoun, of what thing so it be;
Lust and liking fallith ther: as it semeth me

Ne myrth is nat commendabil that ay is by o side,
But it rebound to the tobir; wherfore tyme is to ryde;

And as many thonkis as I can or may.
Of my sport and chere, and also of your pley.

Nay iwis, gentill Beryn, I woot ye wol nat go,
For noritur wol it nat for to part so,

And eke my condicioun; but I ley something
Is no more to pley then who so shoke a ryng.

Ther no man is wythyn the ryngyng to answer;
To shete a fethirles bolt almost as good me were:

But and ye wold this next game som manir wager
legg,

And let the throwith on both fidis be morgage and
yplegg.

That whose be ymatid graunt and assent
To do the todirs bidding, and whose do repent.

Drynk all the watir that falk is of the see,
Beryn belevid that he coude pley betir than he.

And sodinly assentid, with hond in hond assurid,
Men that stode besides, ycappid and yhurid.

Wist wele that Beryn shuld have the wera mes,
For the burgeyse was the best pleyer at ches.

Of all the wyde marchis, or many a myle about;
But that ne wyft Beryn of, ne cast ther of no

doute:

He set the meyne eft ayein, and toke betir hede
Then he did tofore; and so he had nede.

The burgeyse toke avilement long on every
draught,

So wyth an hour or two Beryn he had ycaught
Somwhat oppon the hipp, that Beryn had thewers.
And albeith his mynd and wyll was for to curs,
Yit must he dure his fortune when he was so fer
roon by go;

For *Who is that that Fortune may alway unde!*
And namelich stout even in eché side
Of *pro* and *contra*: but God help down woll he
glide.

But now a word of philosophy that fallith to my
mynd;

Who take hede of the begynnyng what fal shall of the end
He leyth abyte tofore the gap ther Fortune wold inryde:
But comynlich yowith forgetith that throughout
the world wyde.

Right so be Beryn I may wele sey that consaillis
in rakid,

Likly to lese his marchaundise, and go hymself al
nakid.

Beryn studied in the ches, although it nought
availid;

The burgeyse in the mene while with other men
consaillid

To fech the sergauntis in the town for thing he
had ado.

So when they come were, they walkid to and fro
Up and down in the hall, as skaunce they knew
nought;

And yit of all the purpose, wit, and mynd, and
thought,

Of the untrew burgeyse, by his messengeris
They wer ful enfermyd: wherfor with eye, and
eris, and hest,

They lay await full doggidly Beryn to arest,
Forther for they wer afir sent, and was their
charge.

Lord! how shuld o fely lomb among wolvis weld,
And scape unyharmyd? it hath been seyn feld.
Kepe thy cut now, Beryn, for thow art in the case.
The hall was full of pepill, the serjauntis shewid
their mase;

Beryn kast up his hede, and was ful fore amayid,
For then he was in certen the burgeyse had hym
betrayde.

Draw on, seyde the burgeyse; Beryn, ye have the
wers;

And every man toothir the covenautgan reherse.
The burgeys, whils that Beryn was in hevly thought,
The next draught afir he toke a rook for nought.
Beryn swat for angir, and was in hevly plight,
And drede full fore in hert; for wele he wist al quyt
He shuld nat escape, and was in high distres;
And pryvelich in his hert that ever he saw the ches
He cursid the day and tyme: but what avaylid
For wele he wist then that he shuld be mate: [that?
He gan to chaunge his colour both pale and wan.
The burgeyse seith; Comyth nere, ye shul se this man
How he shul be matid with what man me list.

He droughe and seyde, Check mate. The serjauntis
wer full prest,

And seid Beryn by the scleve, and seyde, Sirs, what
think ye for to do,

Quod Beryn to the serjauntis, that ye me hondith
Or what have I offendit? or what have I seide?
Trewlich, quod the serjauntis, it vaylith nat to
breyde;

Wyth us ye must a while wher ye wol or no
Tofore the steward of this town; arys, and tru
and go;

And ther it shal be openyd how wisely thow hast
wrought:

This is the end of our tale, make it nevir so tought.
Sirs, farith feir, ye have no nede to hale.

Pas forth, quod the serjauntis, we wol nat her thy
Yis, Sirs, of your curtesy I prey yew of o word:
Although my gentill hoost hath pleyed with me in
borde,

And ywon a wager, ye have naught to doon:
That is between hym and me; ye have nothing
to doon.

The hoost made an hidouse cry, in gesolreut the
haut,

And set his hand in kenebowe, he lakid nevir a
faute.

Weynst thow, seid he to Beryn, for to scorne me?
What evir thow speke, or stroute, certes it woll
nat be.

Of me shalt thou have no wrong; pas forth a betir
pase;

In presence of our steward I woll tell my case.
Why, hoost, fay yee this in ernest or in game?

Ye know my contray, and my modir, my lynnage,
and my name;

And thus ye have fleyde me X lith on this dey.
Ye, what though I seyde so? I know wele it is nay:

Ther lyth no more ther to. But another tyme
Leve me so much the les when thow comest by me;

For all that evir I seyde was to bring the in care,
And now I have my purpose I woll nothing the
spare.

Thus jangling to ech othir, endenting every pase,
They entrid both into the hall ther the steward
was:

Evandir was his name, that sotill was, and so fell,
He must be well avised tofore hym shuld tell.

Another burgeyse wyth hym was, provost of the
That Hanybald was yclepid, but of sotille [cete,
He passid many another, as ye shul here sone.

Beryn hoost gan to tell al thyng as it was doon
Fro gynnyng to the endyng, the wordis wyth the
dede,

And how they made their covenaut, and wager
how they leyde.

Now Beryn, quod the steward, thou hast yherd
this tale.

How and in what manere thou art ybrought in
bale;

Thow must do his byddyng, thow maist yn no
wysse dee,

Or drynk all the watir that salt is in the see:
Of these too thingis thow must chese the toom;

Now be well avysid, and sey they will anoon.
To do yee both law I may no betir sey,

For thow shalt have no wrong, as ferforth as I

Chefe the self right as the list, and wit thou nothing me

Though thou chefe the wers and let the betir be, Beryn stode altonyde, and no mervail was, [case; And preyd the steward of a day to answer to the For I might lightlich in som word be yeaught, And eke it is right herd to chefe of to that both right naught:

But and if wer your likyng to graunt me day tyl to morowe

I wold answer through Godd's help. Then must thou fynd a borowe,

Seyd the steward to Beryn, and yit it is of grace, Now herith me, quod Hanybald, I preyakill spafe: He hath fyve shippis ondir the town, lyggyng on the strong,

The wich ben sufficient yfself in our hond, By me that am your provost to execute the law. He must assent. Quod Evander, Let us onys here his saw.

I graunt wele, quod Beryn, fith it may be noon othir.

Then Hanybald arose hym up to sefe both ship and stothir,

And toke Beryn, wyth hym: so talkyng on the Beryn, quod Hanybald, I fuyr the be my fey That thou art much ybound to me this ilk dey, So is thy ple amendit by me; and eke of such a wey I am avyid in thy cause, yf thou wold do by rede, That lite or nought by my counsaill ought the to drede.

Yee know wele to morowe the dey of ple is set, That ye mut nedis answer, or els without lett, I must yeld them your shippis; I may in no wyse blyn;

So have I undertake; but the marchaundise wythin Is nat in my charge, ye knowe as wele as I, To make ther of no livery: wher for now wyfely Worch, and do aftir rede: let all your marchaun- Be voidit of your shippis, and at hiest prise [dise I wol have it every dele in covepaunt; yf ye list To se myne houle here onys tofore, I hold it for the best,

Wher ye shall se of divers londis, houses to or thre Full of marchaundise, that through this grete cete Is no such in preve, I may right well avowe.

So when he have all feyn, and I have your also, Let som bargin be ymade betwene us both too. Graunt mercy! Sir, quod Beryn, your profir is feir and good;

Feyn wold I do ther'astir yf I ondirstood, I myght wythout blame of breking of arest.

Yis, quod Hanybald, at my perell me trust.

So to Hanybald's house togidir both they rode, And fond, as Hanybald had yseyd, an hounge house, long and brode,

Full of marchaundise as rich as it may be, [cete. Passyng all the marchantis that dwellid in that Thus when all was shewid they dronk and toke their leve,

So se Beryn's shippis in hast they gon to meve. And when that Hanybald was avyid what charge the shippis bere

He gan to speke, in his wyse ascaunce, he rought

Whethir he bargenynd or no, and seyde thus: Beryn, frend,

Your marchaundise is feir and good, now let us make an end

If yee list; I can no more; ye knowith how it is. Com, of short let tuk them yn, methinkith I sey

And then your meyne and ye, and I, to my houle shall we go,

And of the marchaundise I saw I wol not part Chefe of the best of that ye find there [therfro; Throughout the long houle, ther shal no man you dese.

And therwith shall your shippis be filled all fyve: I can sey no betir: yf ye list to dryve

This bargin, to the end counsellith with your I may nat long tary, I must nedis hen

Beryn clepid his meyne counsell for to take; But his first mocionne was of the woo and wrake;

And all the tribulacionne, for playng at ches, That he had, every dele his shame and his dures

Fro poynt to poynt, and how it stode, he told how it was,

And then he axid counsaill what best was in the case,

To change with the burgeyse or els for to leve? Eche man seyde his avise; but al that they did meve

It wer to long a tale for to tell it here: But fynally, at end, they cordit al in fere

That the change shuld stond, for as the case was fall

They held it clerly for the best, and went forth wythall

The next wey that they couth to Hanybald's place. But now shull ye here the most sotill fallace

That ever man wrought til othir, and highest trechery,

Wich Hanybald had wrought hymself to this company.

Go in, quod Hanybald, and chefe, as thy cove- naunt is

In goon these Romeyns ech pon, and fond a mys; For there was nothing that eny man might se

Saff the wall and tyle stony, and tymbir made of tre;

For Hanybald had do void it of all thing that was there;

Whils he was at the shippis his men away it bere. When Beryn saw the houle ler that ful was ther to

fore

Of riche marchaundise, alas! thought he, I am lore, I am in this world; and wittith well his hert

Was nat al in likeing; and outward gan he stert. Like half a wodeman, and bete both his lippis,

And gan to hast fast towards his own shippis, To kepe his good within wyth al that evir he

myght,

That it were nat dischargit, as hym thought verry right.

But al for naught was his hast, for 300 men, As fast as they myght, they bare the good then,

Through ordenaunce of Hanybald, that pryvelich tofore

Had purposid and ycast shuld be out ybore.

Beryn made a fwyll pafe; ther myght no man hym
let;
But Hanybald was ware inough, and with Beryn
met:
All for nought: Beryn, thou knowest well and fyne
The shippis ben areitid, and the good is myne.
What woldest thou do ther? thou hast ther
nowght to do;
I wol hold thy covenaut and thou myn also.
For yit saw I never man that was of thy manere;
Sometyme thou wilt avaunte, and some tyme
arere:
Now thou wilt, and now thou n'olt; Wher shul
men the fynd?
Now sey oon, and sith anothir. So variant of mynd
Saw I never before this dey man so variabill.
Sith I the fynd in such plyte, our barget for to
stabill,
We woll tofore the steward, ther we both shull
have right.
Nay, forsoth, quod Beryn. Yis treulich the tite,
Quod Hanybald, wher thou wolt or no; and so
I the charge
As proveo: know that yf me list my warant is so
large,
And thou make any diffence, to bynym thy lyffe.
Take thyn hors; it gaynyth nat for to make stryffe.
So wyth sorowfull hert Beryn toke his hors,
And softly seyde to his men, Of me, quod he, no fors,
But wend to your shippis; I wol com when I may;
Ye seth well everichone I may no bet away.
Now here by this same Tale both fre and bond
Mow sele in their wittis; and eke ondirfonde
That Litill willeth wysdom or els governaunce
Ther Fortune evir werrieth; and eke Hap and Chaunce;
Or what availleth bounte, beote, or riches,
Frendship, or fofite, or els hardines,
Gold, good, or catell, wyte, or by lynage,
Lord, or lordis service, or els high peirage?
What may all this availe ther Fortune is a foo?
I wis right litill, or never a dele: full oft it fallith so.
So, shortly to pas ovir, they fill to such an end
That Beryn shuld have day ageyn a morowe, and
so to wende
He set hym in ful purpose to his shippis ward:
But yit or he cam ther he fend the passage hard:
For how he was begiled throughout all the towne
Ther and ther a coupill gan to speke and to rounce;
And every man his purpose was to have parte
With falsnes, and with fofiltices; they coude noon
othir art,
Beryn rode forth in his way, his page ran hym by,
Full sore adred in hert, and cast about his eye
Up and down, even long the strete, and for angir
fwey;
And er he had riden a stone's cast, a blynd man
with him met,
And spak no word, but sefid hym fast by the lap,
And cried out and harrowe, and nere hym gan to
flap.
All for nought, quod this blynd; what! wenyf
thow for to skape?
Beryn had thought to prik forth, and thought it
had be jape.

The blynd man cast away his staff, and set on both
his hondis;
Nay, thou shalt nat void, quod he, for all thy rich
londis;
Tyll I of the have reson, lawe, and eke righte,
For treulich I may wit it the that I have lost my
fight.
So for ought that Beryn coude othir speke or prey
He myght in no wyse pas; ful fore he gan to may,
And namelich for the pepill throng hym so about,
And eche man gan hym hond, and seyde, Withour
doute
Ye must nedes stond, and rest, and bide the lawe,
Be ye never so grette a man; So wold I wonder sawe,
Quod Beryn, yf yee had cause, but I know noon.
No, thou shalt know or thou go thou hast nat
al ydoon,
The blynd man seyde to Beryn. Tell on them,
quod he,
Here is no place to plete, the blynd man seyde age,
Alfo we have no juge here of autorite; [me.
But Evandir the steward shall deme both the and
When I my tale have told, and thou hast made
answere,
By that tyme men shull know how thou canst the
clete.
Now, soverein God! I thank the of this ilk dey;
Then I may preve the, be my lyve, of word and
eke of fay
Fals, and eke untrewed of covenaut thou hast
ymakid.
But sitill is thy charge now though that I go nakid
That sometyne wer partinere, and rekenydif never
yit;
But thou shalt bere or we depart ther' of a litill
For aftir comyn feyng, Evir atte ende [witt,
The trowth will be previd how so men evir trend.
Thus they talkid to eche othir tyl they com into
the plase,
And wer yentrid in the hall ther the steward was.
The blynd man first gan to spake: Sir Steward,
for Godd's sake,
Herith me a litill while, for here I have ytake
He that hath do me wrong most of man of mold;
Be my help, as law wolle, for hym that Judas sold.
Ye know wele that oft tyme I have to yew
ypleynid
How I was betrayed; and how I was ypenid,
And how a man some tyme and I our yen did
change:
This is the same persone, though that he make it
straunge:
I toke them hym but for a tyme, and wenyd
trewly
Myne to have that yhadageyn; and so both he and I
Were ensured uttirlich, and was our both will;
But for myne the bettir were wrongfullich and
ille
He hath them kept hidirto, wyth much sorowe and
pyne
To me, as ye wele knowith; becaufe I have nat
myne
I may nat se with his; wherfor me is ful woo:
And evirmore yefeyd that ye myght nothing do

Without presence of the man that wrought me
this unquiet :

Now sith he is tofore you now let hym nat aftir ;
For many tyme and oft yee behete me

And he myght be take he shuld do me gre,
Sith ye of hym be feld, howeuer so ye tave,
Let hym nevir pas tyll I myn yen have.

Beryn, quod Evandir, herif thow nat they selve
How sotilly he pletith, and ware by eche halve ?
Beryn stode all muet, and no word he spake ;
And that was tho his grace ; ful lone he had be
take

And he had mysseyd onys, or els yseyd nay ;
For then he had been negatyff, and undo for ay :
Forthey were grete Sevilioans, and usid probat law,
Where evnmore affirmatyf shuld preve his own

Wherfore they were so querelouse of all myght
com in mynd.

Though it wer nevir in dede ydo ; such matere
they wold fynd

To benym a man his good through som manir gile ;
For the blynd man wist right wele he shuld have
lost his whyle

To make his pleynt on Beryn, and sayd oppon his
good,

For shippis and eke marchaundise in a balauce
stode ;

Therfor he made his chalenge his yen for to have,
Or els he shuld for them syne yf he wold them
have,

And ligg for them in hostagetyll the synaunce cam :
This was all the fofille of the blynd man.

Beryn stode all muet, and no word he spak.

Beryn, quod Evander, lest thow be ytake

In defaute of answer thow myghtist be condemp-
nyd,

Be right wele avysid, sith thou art examenyd.
Sir, seyde Beryn, it wold litill availe

To answer thus aloon without good counsaill ;

And also ferthermore, full litill I shuld belevyd,

Whatevir I answered, thus stonyd and reprevyd ;

And eke my wit doith faille ; and no wondir is ;

Wherfor I wold prey yew, of yewr gentilnes,

To graunt me dey tyll to morowe I might be

avyside

To answer forth, wyth othir that on me been

furmysid.

Deperdeux ! quod the steward, I graunt wel it be so.

Beryn toke his leve, and hopid to pas and go :

But as sone as Beryn was on his hors ryding

He met a woman and a child wyth sad chere

comyng,

That toke hym by the reyn, and held hym wondir

fast,

And seid, Sir, voidith nat yit, vailith nat to haste ;

Ye mow in no wyse scape ; ye must nedis abyde ;

For though ye list to know me nat, yit lien by

your side

I have submany a tyme, I can nat tell yew lome.

Come tofore the steward, ther shall ye here your

done

Of thing that I shall put on yew, and no word for

To leve me thus aloon it is your villany :

Alas the day and tyme that evir I was your make !
Much have I endured this too yere for your sake !

But now it shall be know who is in the wronge ;
Beryn was all abashid, the pepill so thik thronge ;

About him in eche side : for ought that he couth
peyn

He must to the steward of fyne fors ageyn.

Now shull ye here how sotilich this woman gan
hir tale

In presence of the steward. With colour wan and
pale

Petously she gan to tell ; and seid, Sir, to yew
Full oft I have compleynyed in what manere and

My childlis fadir lest me, by myself aloon, [how
Without help or comforte, as grete as I myght

goon,

Wyth my son here and his, that shame it is to tell

The penury that I have yhad, that afor sell

I must nedis myne aray, wher me list or lothe,

Or els I must have beggit for to fynd us bothe ;

For there was nevir woman I leve, as I ges,

For lak of hede of lyvelode that lyvid in more

distres

Then I my self for oft tyme for lake of mete and

drink ;

And yit I trow no creature was seyrer for to fwinke

My lyff to sustene ; but as I must nede

Above all othir thingis to his child take hede,

That wondir is and mervaille that I am alyve ;

For the sokyng of his right as it were a knyve

It ran into my hert ; so low I was of mode

That well I woot in certen with percell of my

blode

His child I have ynorifid ; and that is by me seen ;

For my rede colour is turnid into grene :

And he that cause is of all here he stondith by me ;

To pay for the fosteryng methinkith it is tyme.

And sith he is my husbond, and hath on me no

rowith,

Let hym make amendis in faving of his trowith.

And yf he to any word onys can say nay

Lo ! here my gage, al redy to preve all that I sey.

The stewarde toke the gage, and spakin soft wyse,

Of this perouse compleynt a mannys hert may

grise,

For I know in percell hir tale is nat all lese,

For many a time and oft this woman that here is

Hath ybe tofore me, and pleynid of hir greiffe,

But without a party hir cause myght nat presse.

Now thou art here present that the plenyth on,

Make thy defence now, Beryn, as wele as thou

Beryn stode all muet, and no word he spak. [con.

Beryn, quod the steward, doist thou slepe or

Sey onys oon or othir : is it soth or nay. [wake ?

As he hath declarid ? tell on saunce delay.

Lord God ! quod Beryn, what shuld it me availe

Among so many wife, without right good coun-

saill,

To tell eny tale ? full litill as I ges :

Wherfor I wold prey you of your gentilnes

Graunt me day tyll to morrowe to answer forth

with othir.

I graunt wele, quod the steward, but for fadir and

modir,

Thow getist no lenger tyme pleyaly I the tell.
 Beryn toke his leve; his hert gan to swell.
 For pure verrey anguysh; and no mervail was;
 And who is that that nold and he wer in such
 case? For al his trift and hope in eny worldich thing
 Was cleen from hym passid, save sorowe and my-
 slykyng.
 For body, good, and catell, and lyff, he set at
 nought.
 So was his hert ywondit for angir and for thought.
 Beryn passyd softly, and to his hors gan go;
 And when he was without the gatis, he lokid to
 and fro,
 And coud noon othir countenance; but to his
 page he seyde,
 Preciouse God in heven! how falsly am I betrayd!
 I trow no man alyve fount it wers plight,
 And all is for my synne, and for my yong delite;
 And pryncipally above all thyng for grete un-
 kyndnes.
 That I did to my modir; for littil hede iwis
 I toke of hir, this know I wele, while she was alyve,
 Therfor al this turment is sent to me so ryve;
 For ther was never woman kynder to hir child
 Than she was; and ther ageyns never thing so
 Ne so evil thewid as I was my self,
 Therfor sorowe and happes environ me by eche
 helve.
 That I n'ote whider ryde nethir up ne down,
 Ther bent so many devyllis dwellyng in this town,
 And so ful of gile and trechery also,
 That well I woot in certeyn they wolle me ondo.
 Now wold to God in hevyn what is my best rede!
 He toke his hors to his page, and thus to hym he
 sayde,
 Lede my hors to shipward, and take it to some
 And I wolle go on foot as pryvely as I can, [man,
 And assay yf I may in eny manere wise
 Escape unarrested more in such manner wise.
 The child toke his maistris hors, and last hym there
 aloon,
 Walking forth on foot, making oft his moon;
 And in his most musing, I can nat sey how lome,
 He wosshid nakid as he was bore he had be in
 Room,
 And no mervail was it as the case stode,
 For he drad more to lese his eyen than he did his
 shippis or his good.
 Now ye that listith to dwell and here of aventure,
 How petously Dame Fortune, Beryn to inture,
 Turnyth hir whyle about in the wers side;
 With hap of sorowe and anguysh she gynyth for
 to ride.
 Beryn passid toward the strond ther his shippis were,
 But yee mow ondisfond his hert was full of fere;
 Yet nethir he sat hym down softly on a stall,
 Semy ryse for sorowe, and lenyd to the wall
 For turment that he had, so wery he was and fen t
 And to God above thus he made his pleynt:
 Glorious God in heven! that al thing maidst of
 nought,
 Why sufferist thou these curfid men to stroy me
 for nought,

And knowest well myn innocent, that I have no
 Of al that they purfu me or on me is pilt? [gilt
 And in the meen while that Beryn thus gan pleya
 A cachepoll stode, befidis, his name was Machaign,
 And herd all the wordis, and knew also tofore
 How Beryn was turmented both with las and
 more.
 It was ysprong through the town; so was he full
 enfeld.
 How he hym would engyne as he had propensid,
 And had araid hym sotillich as man of contem-
 placioun.
 In a mantell wyth the list, with fals dissimulaciounes
 And a staff in his honde, as thoughte he febill were,
 And drow hym toward Beryn, and seid in this ma-
 nere;
 The high God of heven, that al thing made of
 nought,
 Bles yew, gentil Sir, for many an hevvy thought
 Me thinketh that ye have, and no wondir is:
 But, good Sir, dismay yew nat, but levith yewr
 hevines;
 And yf ye list to tell me somwhat of your distres
 I hope to God Almighty in party it redres [oon,
 Through my pore counsaill, and so I have many
 For I have pete on yew be God and by Seint Jon;
 And eke pryvy hevines doith eche man apeir
 Sodenly or he be ware, and fall in dispeir;
 And who be in that plague that man is incurabill
 For consequent comyth aftir sckenes abominabill;
 And therfor, Sir, diskeverith yewe, and be no-
 thing adrad.
 Graunt mercy! Sir, quod Beryn, ye seme trow and
 sad;
 But o thing lyith in myn hert, I n'ote to whom to
 trust,
 For tho that dynd me to dey ordeyned me to
 a rest,
 A Sir! be yew that man? of yew I have yherd.
 Gentill Sir, doutith nat, ne be nothing aferd
 Of me, for I shall counsell yew as well as I can,
 For trewlich in the cete dwellich many a fals man,
 And usyn litil els but falshode, wrong, and wyle,
 And how they might straungers with trechery
 begile.
 But ye shul do right wisely somwhat be my
 counsaill;
 Speke with the steward; that may yow most
 avail;
 For ther is a comyn byword, yf ye herd havith,
 Wele seith he bis peny that the pound savith.
 The steward is a covetouse man, that long hath
 disfid
 A knyff I have in keeping, wherwith his hert I
 wrid;
 Shall be yew to help, in covenante, that yee
 Shall give me five mark yow toun frend to be.
 The knyff is feir, I tell yew; yet never tofore this
 day
 Myght the steward haveit for aught he coud prey;
 The wich ye shuld gyve hym, the betir for to
 speide,
 And behethe hym to help yew in yowr
 ned;

And yf he grauntith, trustith wele ye stond in good plight;

For betir is then lese all the las the more quyt.

And I woll go wyth yew straight to his plase,
And knele down and speke first to amēd yewr case,

And say yee be my cofin; the betir ye shul spede;
And when that I have all ytold the knyff to hym yee bede.

Beryn thankid hym hertlich, and on hym gan trust,
With hond in hond ensurid, and all for the best;

Beryn thought noon othir, al that it othir was.
Machaign hym comfortid, talkyng of their case,

And passid forth styly toward the steward blyve
Beryn and Machaign; but Beryn bare the knyff,

And trust much in his felawe to have som help:
But or they departed were they had no cause to yelp

Of no manir comfort, as ye shull here anon;
For as sone as Machaign tofore the steward com

He fill plat to the erth: a grevous plynt and an huge

He made; and seyde, Sir Steward, now be a trew juge

Ageyns this fals treytour that stondith me besyde;
Let take of hym good hede, els he woll nat abide.

Now mercy gode Steward, for yee have herd me yore

For my fadir Melan pleyn to you ful fore,
That with seven dromedarys, as I have told yew lome,

With marchandise chargit went toward Rome,
And it is seven yere ago and a litill more

Of hym or of his goodis that I herd les or more;
And yet I have enquired as by ely as I couthe.

And met nevyr man yit that me coud tell with mowth

Any tyding of hym onto this same day;
But now I know too much, alas! I may wel sey.

When Beryn herd these wordis he kist down his hede;

Allas! he thought in hert, alas! what is my rede?
And would fayn have voidit and outward gan to stapp,

But Machaign arofe and sefid by the lapp:
Nay, thou shalt not void, he seid; my tale is nat ydo;

For be trowith of my body yf thou scapidist so
I shuld nevyr have mery whils I wer on lyve,

And set hond fast on Beryn's othir sleve,
And seid, Good Sir Steward, my tale to the end

I prey ye wold here, for wend how men wend
There may no man hele murdir; but it will out at last:

The same knyff my fadir bere when he of contre
Let serch wele this felon, ther ye shul hym find;

I know the knyff wele inough, it is nat out of my mynd:

The cotelere dwellith in this toun that made the same knyff,

And for to preve the trowith he shall be here as blyve.

Beryn swat for angir, his hert was full of fere;
He toke the knyff to the steward or he serchid were,

The steward onto Beryn, My frend, lo! quod he,
And thou think the well about this is foule plee:

I can know noon othir but thou must or thou go
Yeld the body of Melan and his good also.

Now be well avyfid ageyne to morowe day,
Then shalt thou have thy jugement; ther is no more to say.

When Beryn fro the steward thus departid was,
And was without the gate, he lokid oppon the plase,

And cursid it wondir bitterly in a fervent ire,
And wishid many tymes it had been a fire;

For I trowe that man of lyve was never wors be-
trayid

Then I am; and therwithall my hert is cleen dis-
mayid,

For here I have no frendship, but am all counselles,
And they ben falscher then Judas, and eke mer-
cyles.

A, Lord God in hevyn! that my hert is woo;
And yit suyrlly I mervel nat though that it be so,

For yit in all my lyve sithe I ought undirfond
Had I nevyr wyl for to lern good:

Foly I hauntid it ever, ther myght no man me let,
And now he hath ypaid me, he is cleen out of my dett;

For whils I had tyme, wisdom I myght have lernyd,

But I drow me to foly, and wold nat be governed,
But had al myne own wyll, and of no man aserd.

For I was nevyr chaffid; but now myne own yerd
Betith me to fore; the stroking ishen too hard;

For these devillis of this towu takith but littil reward

To sclee my body to have my good. The day is
set to morowe;

Now wold to God I were in grave, for it wer end
of sorowe.

I was iwis to much a sole; for hate I had to Rame
I wold forsake myn heritage, ther for sorowe and shame

Is oppon me fall, and right wele deservid,

For I toke none maner hede when my modir stervid,

And disobeyid my fadir, and set hym at naught also;

What wondir is it than though that I have woo?
Fortune and eke Wisdom have werrid with me

evir,

And I with them in all my lyf, for Fortune was
me levir.

Then eny wit or governaunce, for them too I did
hate;

And though I wold be at oon now it is too late.
O myghtfull God in hevyn! wher was evir man?

That wrought hymself more foly than I my self
did than?

A cursid be the tyme that I out of Rome went!
That was my fadir's right heir of lyvelode and of rent,

And al the rial lordship that he hath in the toun.
Had I had wit and grace, and hold me low and boun,

It wer my kynd now among my baronage
To hauk and to hunt, and eke to pley and rage

With feir freshe ladies, and daunce when me list;
 But now it is to late to speke of Had I wist.
 But I fare like the man that for to swele his flyes
 He stert into the bern, and aftir stre he hies,
 And goith about the wallis with a brennyng wase,
 Tyll it was at last that the leem and blase
 Entrid into the chynys where the wheate was,
 And kysid so the ewefe that brent was all the plase;
 But first in the begynnyng, tyll feer smote in the
 rastris,
 He toke no manere kepe, and thought of nothing
 aftir
 What perell there myght fall; ne more did I
 ywis,
 That wold forsake myn honour for the unkynd-
 nes
 Of Rame, that was my stepmodir; for yf I shall
 nat ly
 They beth soure; wherfore the more wisely
 I shuld have wrought, had I had wit, and suffrid
 for a tyme,
 And aftir com to purpos wel inowghe of myne;
 But evil avengit he is deol that for a litil mode
 And angir to his neybour sellith away his good,
 And goith hymself a beggyng: aftir in bress
 tyme
 He mut be countid a lewd man in all manere
 ryme.
 So have I wrought and werr, for I dout of my
 lyve,
 How that it shal stond, for plakking of myn sleve
 The knyff that was me take, as ye have herd to-
 fore;
 And yit it grevith mine hert also much more
 Of myn own pepill, that no difese aservid.
 I wote wele aftir pleding ryght nought wold 'be
 reservyd
 To sustene their lyvis: I trow ryght nought or lite,
 And peraventur lightly stond in wors plight.
 Of me it is no fors though I be thus arayed,
 But it is dole and pete that they shull be betrayid
 That hath nought aservid but for my gilt aloon.
 And when that Beryn in this wise had ymade his
 mone
 A crepill he saw comyng with grete spede and
 haste
 Oppon a silt ondir his kne bound wondir fast,
 And a crouch undir his armys, with hondis al for-
 skramyd;
 Alas! quod this Beryn, shall I be more examenyd?
 And gan to turn aside onto the see stonde,
 And the cripill aftir, and wan oppon hym londe.
 Tho began Beryn to drede inwardlich fore,
 And thought thus in his hert, shall I be comberid
 more?
 And it wer Godd's wyll my sorowe for to cese
 Methinkith I have inowghe. The cripill began
 to preche,
 And had yraught nere hond Beryn by the feleve:
 Beryn turnyd as an hare, and gan to ren blyve;
 But the cripill knew betir the pathis smale and
 grete
 Then Beryn, so to fore hym he was, and gan hym
 mete.

When Beryn saw it vaylid naught to renne ne to
 lepe,
 What for dole and anguyssh no word myght he
 speke,
 But stode still amafid, and starid fast about:
 The crepill began to speke; Sir, to drede or to
 dout
 Of me wold ye right light, and ye knew myne
 hert,
 So where ye like well or ill fro me shall ye nat
 part
 Tyl I have tretid with yew, and ye with me also,
 Of all yeur soden happis, yeur myscheff, and yeur
 wo;
 For by the tyme that I have knowlech of yeur
 case,
 Yeur rennyng, and yeur trotting into an esy pas,
 I shall turn or that we twyn, so ye aftir my stole
 Woll do, and as I rede yew; for yec wer a sole
 When ye cam first alonde, ye had met with me,
 For I wold have enfenid yew all the iniquite
 Of thes fals marchauntes that dwellen in this
 town,
 And outid all your chaffare without gruch or
 groun;
 For had ye dwelid within yeur shippis, and nat
 go them among,
 Then had ye been undaungerid, and quyrt of all
 their wrong
 On yew that been surmyd through fals sugges-
 tioun.
 Beryn gan to sigh, unneth he myght soune
 Saf o word or tweyn, and Mercy was the first,
 Preying with all his hert that he myght have his
 rest,
 And be no more enpleid, but pas fro hym quyte.
 Good Sir, quod Beryn, doith me no more dis-
 pite,
 And suffir me to pas, and have on me routhe;
 And I suyr yew feithfully, have here my trowith,
 To morowe when I have plectid, and eny thing
 be last
 Of ship or marchaundise, afore the ship or bast,
 I woll shew yew all isere, and opyn every chest,
 And put it in yewr grace to do what ye lest.
 And in the meen while that Beryn gan to clapp
 The cripill nyghid hym nere and nere, and hent
 hym by the lap;
 And as sone as Beryn knew that he was in honde
 He unlacyd his mantell for drede of some com-
 mand,
 And pryvelich ovir his shuldris let hym down
 glide,
 And had levir lese his mantell then abide.
 The crepill all perseyvid, and hent hym by the
 feleve
 Of his nethir surcote. Alas! now mut I strive,
 Thought Beryn by himself, now I am yhent,
 There helpith naught save strengith; therewith
 the feleve to rent
 Beryn gan; to scape he sparid for no cost.
 Alas! thought this cripill, this man wold be lost,
 And be ende for evir, but he counsell have;
 Iwis thoughte he be lewde myn contramen to save:

Yit will I my besines do and peyn that I may,
Sith he is of Room, for that is my contray.
This crisill was an hundrit yere full of age,
With a long thik berd, and a trew visage
He had; and manly and july was he,
And Geffrey was his name yknow in that contré.
Alas! thought this Geffrey, this man hath grete
drede.

Of me, that by my power wold help hym in his
nede:

I wis though he be nyce, untaught and unwise,
I wold nat for his foly leve myne enpryfe;
And lept astir Beryn, and that in right good
spede.

Beryn was so fore agast he toke no maner hede
To look onys bakward tyll he to the watir cam,
Then lokid he behynd and saw Sir Clekand
Commaund wondir fast with staff and with his silt.
Allas! thought Beryn, I now am yspilt,
For I may no ferthir without I wold me drounfe,
I n'ote wich were the betir, or go ageyn to touné.
Geffrey was so nigh com that Beryn myght nat fle:
Good Sir, quod this Geffrey, why do yee void me?
For by heven quene, that bare Crist in hir barme,
But right as to my self I wold yew no more harme.
Sittith down here by me oppon this see stonde,
And yf ye drede any thing clepe yewr men to
londe,

And let them be here with us all our speche tyme,
For I wold nat seyn oon word, as makers doon to
ryme,

But counsell yew as prudently as God wold send
me grace:

Take comfort to yew, and herk a litill spafe.

And when that Beryn had yherd his tale to the
end,

And how goodly as Geffrey spak, as he were his
frende,

None obstant his drede, yet part of sapience
Stremyd into his hert for his eloquence,
And seyd; God me counsaill for his high mercy!
For I have herd this fame dey men as sotilly
Speke, and of yeur semblant, and in such manere,
And byhete me frendship outward by their chere,
But inward it was contrary their intellectiouné,
Wherfor the blame is les, though I suspiciouné
Have of yewr wordis, lest othir be yewr entent,
For I n'ote whom to trust by God omnipotent;
Yit nethirles yf your will is to com into the ship
with me,

I wold somwhat do by yeur rede how so it evir
be.

Then, quod Geffrey, if it be so that I in yewr
powere

Entrir into your shippis, and yew help in yewr my-
stere,

That ye ageyn yewr adversaries shull have the be-
stir syde,

And gyve yow such counsell to bate down their
pride,

And that yee wyne in every pleynt, al so much
or more

As they purpouse to have of yew; yf they be down
yore,

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And ye have amendis for their iniquite,
And I yew bring to this end, what shall my guer-
don be?

In verrey soth, quod Beryn, yf I yew may trust
I wold quyte yew trewly, I make yew bcheft.
In feith then, quod Geffrey, I wold with yew
wende.

What is yewr name, seid Beryn, though my
frende?

Geffrey, he seid; but in these marchis I was nat
bore,

But I have dwellid in this cete yeeis heretofore
Fol many, and turmentid were then war yee,
And endurid for my trowith much adverlite,
For I wold in no wise suffer their falsheces.
For in all the world is corrupt of their dedis.
Been noon men alyve, I myght ryght well avow.
For they set all their wistis in wrong all that they
mowe;

Wherfor full many a tyme the grettist of them
and I

Have stonden in altercatione for their trechery;
For I had in vawle in trew marchaundise

A M. l. all have they take in such maner wise:
So ferforth to save my blode no longer myght I
dryve dure;

For drede of wors thus thought I myself to disfi-
gure,

And have among them 12 yere go right in this
plighte,

And evir have had in memory how I myght them
quyte;

And so I hope now, as sotill as they be,
With my wit engine them and help yew and
me.

My lymes been both hole and sound, me nedith
stilt ne crouch.

He cast asyde them both, and lepe oppon an huche
And adown ageyns, and walkid to and fro,

Up and down, within the ship, and shewid his
hondis tho,

Stretching forth his fingris in fight and all about
Without knot or knor, or any sign of gonté,

And dyght them eft ageyns right discretirly,
Som to ride ech othir, and som aweward wry.

Geffrey was right myghty, and wele his age did
bere,

For natir was more substantiall when tho dayis
wer

Then now in our tyme; for all thing doith waffe
Saff vile and cursid lying, that growith all to false.

What shuld I tell more? But Geffrey sat hym
down,

And Beryn hym besydis; the Romeyas gan to
rown,

And mervelled much in Geffrey of his disgience,
And Beryn had another thought, and spak of his
distres.

Now Geffrey, seid this Beryn, and I durst trust in
yew

That and ye knewe any man that is alyve anowe
That had of discreciouné so much influence

To make my party good to morowe in my de-
seate,

E

And delivir me of sorowe, as ye behote have,
I wold become his legeman, as God my foule save,
That wer to much, quod Geffrey; that wold I
yew relese;

But I desire of othir thing to have yewr promes,
That and I bryng yewr enmyes into such a
traunce

To make for yewr wrong is to you right high fe-
naunce,

And so declare for you that with you pas such dome,
That yee oppon your feith bryng me at Rome,
Yf God wol send yew wedir and grace to repase.

Quod Beryn, But I grant yew I wer lawder then
an affe,

But or I fullich trust yew holdith me excusid;
I wold go counsell with my men lest they it re-
fusid.

Beryn drew asyde, and spak with his nieyne,
And expresid every word in what plight and
degre

That he stode from poynt to poynt, and of his
fals areitis:

His meyne were astonyd, and starid forth as bestis.
Spekith som word, quod Beryn, sith I am betrayd;
Yee have yherd what Geffrey to me hath sayd.

These Romeyns stode alle still; o word ne coud
they meve;

And eke it passid their wittis. Then Beryn gan
releve,

And to Geffrey est ageyn, and mercy hym be-
fought.

Help me, Sir, quod Beryn, for his love that us
bought

Dying on the rood, and wept full tendirly;
For but ye help, quod Beryn, ther is no remedy,
For comfort nethir counsaill of my men have I
noon:

Help me, as God yew help, and els I am undoon.

When Geffrey saw this Beryn so disfrac and wept,
Pite into eche veyn of his hert crept.

Allas! quod Geffrey, I might nat do a more syn-
ful dede,

I leve by my trowith, then sayl yew in this nede;
Faill me God in heven yf that I yew faill!

That I shall do my besines, my peyn, and my tra-
vaile,

To help yew be my power; I may no ferther goo.
Yis, yee behete me more, seid Beryn; the,

That yee wold help me at all that I shuld stond
Beryn gan to wepe and make wers chere: [cler.

Stillith yew, quod Geffrey, for how so evir ye
More than my power ye ought nat desire, [tire

For thorough the grace of God yeshul be help wele;
I have ther of no dout; but trewlich I you tēc

That ye wold hold me covenante and I wold yew
also,

To bryng me at Rome when it is all ydo.

In signe of trowith of both sidis of our acordment
Eche of us kys othir of our comyn assent;

And all was do. And astirward Beryn commaun-
dit wyne;

They dronk, and then Geffrey seid; Sir Beryne,
Yee mut declare yeur maters to myne intelligence,

That I may the bet perseyve all inconvenience,

Dout, pro, contra, and ambiguite.

Thorough your declaratioun, and enformyd be;
And with the help of our Soveren Lord celestiale
They shall be behynd, and we shull have the bally

For now the time apprechith for their cursidnes:

To be somwhat rewardit; and cause of yewr
distres

Hath my hert ysetlid and fixid them a nye,
As trowith wold and reson, for their trechery:

For many a man tofore this day they have do out
of daw,

Distroid and turmentid thorough their fals law;
For they think litill ellis, and all their wyttis fyve,

Save to have a mann's good and to benym his
lyve;

And hath a cursid custom, all ageyns reson,
That what man they empeche they have noon
encheson

Thughe it be as false a thing as God hymself is
trew:

And it touche a straunger that is com of newe
Atte first mocione that he begynneth to meve

Ther stondith up an hundrit hym to repreve.

The lawes of the cete stont in probacy;

They usen noon enquestis the wrongis for to try;
And yf thow haddist eny wrong, and woldist
pleyn the,

And were as trewe a cause as eny myght be,
Thow shuldist nat find o man to bere the witnes,

Though every man in the town knew it more or
les;

So burith they togidir, and holdith with eche
othir,

That as to counterplede them, though ye wer my
brothir,

I wold gyve yew no counsaill, ne their empeche-
ment,

In no word to deny, for that wer combirment;
For then wer they in the affirmatyf, and wold
preve anon,

And to yew that wer negatyff the law wold graunt
anon:

So for to plede ageyn them it wold litill avail,

And yit to every mann's wit it ought be grete
mervaile,

For their lawes been so streyt, and peynous ordi-
naunce

Is stallid for their falshede; for this is their sy-
naunce,

To lese their lyff for lesing, and hope it may
knowe,

That lord is riall of the town, and holdith them
so lowe,

Wherfor they have a custom a shrewid for the
nonys,

Yf eny of them sey a thing they cry all at onys,
And ferm it for a soth, and it bere any charge;

Thus of the danger of hope they kepe them ever
at large;

And therfor wisdom weer, whofo might eschewe,
Nevir to dele with them; for wer it wrong or
trew

It shuld litill availl ageyn their falsshedes,
For they been acwrid, and so been their dedes;

Wherfore we must, with all our wit sensibill,
Such answer us purvey that they been insolibill,
To morowe at our aparauce, and shall be respon-
sibill,

For of wele and ellis it is thy day fynall.

Now Soveren Lord celestiale with many forow-
ful sighs,

Seyd Beryn to Geffrey, ymmemorat of lyes,
Graunt me grace to morowe, so that God be
pleisid

Make so myne answer, and I somewhat y-esid
By the that art my counsaill, for othir help is noon.
Reherce me then, quod Geffrey, the causis of thy
foon

Fro poynt to poynt, al in fere, on the is surmysid,
Wherthrough I myght to morowe the betir be
avisid.

Now in soth, quod Beryn, thoughe I shuld dy
I cannat tell the tenyth part of their trechery,
What for forowe and angir that they to me have
wrought;

So stond I cleane desperat but ye con help ought.
Deperdeux! seid Geffrey, and I the woll not fail;
Sith I have ensurid the to be of thy counsaill;
And so much the more that thou art nat wife,
And canst nat me enform of no maner avise;
Here therfore a while, and tend wel to my lore.
The lord that dwellith in this town, whose name
I told tofore,

Hope, estt reherfid, is so inly wife
That no man alyve can his pas devise,
And is so grow in yeris that LX year ago
He sawe nat for age; and yit it stondith so
That thorough his wit, and wisdom, and his go-
vernaunce,

Who makith a fray ef, or stryvith aught, or mel
to much or prauce,
Within the same cete, that he n'ys take anoon,
And hath his pennaunce forthwith, for pardon
usith he noon:

For ther n'ys pore ne riche, ne what state he be,
That he n'ys undirfote for his inquite;
And it be previd on hym ther shall no, gold hym
quyte,

Right as the forfete axith moch or lite,
For geys his commaundment is noon so hardy
quck,

So hard setith he his fote in every mann's nek;
For undir sky and sterris this day is noon alyve
That coud amend hym in o poynt, al thing to di-
stryve.

The seven Sages of Rome, though al ageyn hym
were,

The shuld be insufficient to make his answer,
For he can all langagis, Greek, Hebrew, and
Latyne,

Caldey, Frensh, and Lombard, ye know well fyne,
And al maner that men in bokis write;

In poyse and philosophie also he can endite:

Cevile and canoune, and al maner lawis,

Seneca and Sydrak, and Salamon's sawys,

And the seven sciences, and eke lawe of armys,

Experimentis and pomprey, and all maner char-
mys,

As ye shal here astir er that I depart,
Of his imaginaciouns and of his sotill art;
For he is of age 300 yere and more,
Wherfor of all sciencis he hath the more lore,
In Denmark he was gotten and ybore also,
And in Grece ynorished tyl he coud speke and go;
Ther was he put to scole, and lernyd wondir fast,
For such was his grace that all othir he past:
But first in his begynnyng litil good he had,
But lernyd evir passyngly, and was wise and sad:
Of stature and of feture ther was noon hym like
Thorough the lond of Grece though men wold
hym seke.

A kyng ther was in tho yeris that had noon heir
male

Saff a doughter, that he lovid as his own faa;
Hose was his servaunt, and did hym such ple-
saunce

That he made hym his heir, and did hym so
avaunce

To wed his doughter, and astir hym to bere
croune,

Thorough prowes and his port so low he was and
boun;

So as Fortune wold, that was Hopes frend,
This worthy king that same yere made his carnel
end.

That twenty-seven yere is passid that Hopes thus
hath reigned,

And yit was ther nevir for wrong on hym com-
pleyned

For no judgement that he gaff; yit som ageyn hym
wyld

A grete part of his pepil, and wold have hym
exilid;

But his grete wisdom, and his manfulnes,
His governaunce, with his bounte and his right-
fulnes,

Hath evir yit preserved hym unto this ilk day,
And woll whyle that he lyvith for aught that men
can say:

For who hath eny quarrel or cause for to wonde
Within this same cete, quicklich woll he fond,
And it be sotill matir, to Hopes for to fare,
For gynnyng to the end his quarrell to declare;
And eve afore, as custom is, peple shall be on the
morowe;

But whofo ly he scapith nat wythout shame or so-
rowe.

Beryn, thou must go thidir, wher thyn empeche-
ment

Shall be ymevid, and therfor pas nat thens
Tyll thou have herd them alle, and report them
wele

To me, that am thy counsell, and repeer snele.

But so rial mancioune as Hopes dwellith in

Ther is noon in the world, ne so queynt of gyn,

Wherfore be well avisid how I enform the

Of the wondir wayis and of the pryvyte

That been wythyn his paleyse, that thou must pas
by:

And when thou approchist, and art the castell
nygh,

Blench fro the brode gate, and enter thou nat there.

For ther been men to keep it; yit have thou no fere;

Pas down on the right hond by the castell walle
Tyll thou fynd a window, and what so the by-fall

Entir ther yf thou may, and be nothing agast,
But wolk forth in that entre: then shalt thou see in haste

A portcolyse the tofore; pas in boldly
Tyll thou com to an hall the seyrist undir sky:
The wallis been of marbill, yjoynid and yclosid,
And the pilours of crystall, grete and wele-propod:

The keveryng of bove is of felondyn,
And the pament beneth of gold and asure fyne.
But whofo passith thorough this hall hath nede to ren blyve,

Or els he myght be disware of his own lyve,
For ther wythin liith a stoon that is so hote of kynd

That what thing com for by anon it well atend,
As bryght as eny kandell leem, and consume anon;

And so wold the hall also n'er coldnes of a stoon
That is yclepid Dionyse, that set is hym ageyn;
So and thou lepe lightly thou shalt have no peyn,
For ethir ston in kynd proportioned they be,
Of hete and cke of coldnes of oon equalite.

Thow must pas thorough the hall, but tary nat I rede,

For thou shalt fynd a dar up right afore thyh hede:

When thou art entrid ther, and the dore apast,
Whatso thou se ligg or stond be thou nat agast;
And yf thou drede eny thing do no more fass blowe,

But yit I rede the beware that it be somewhat lowe:

Ther been to libardis loos and untied,
If that thy blowing of that othir in eny thing be spied

Anoon he rakith on the to sese the by thy pate,
For ther n'ys thing in erth that he so much doth hate,

As breth of mann'ys mowith; wherfore refreyn thee,

And blow but fair and soft, and when that nede be.
When thou art passid this hall anon then shalt thou com

Into the fayrest garden that is in Christendom,
The wich thorough his clergy is made of such devise

That a man shall ween he is in Paradise,
At his first comyng in, for melody and song,
And othir glorious thinges and delectabill among,
The wich Tholomeus, that somtyme Paynym was,
That of astronomy knew ev'ry poynt and case,
Did it so devise, thorough his high comyng,
That ther n'ys best in erth ne bird that doith sing
That he n'ys there in figur in gold and sylvir fyne,
And mow, as they wer quyk, knawe the sotill engyne.

In myrdward of this gardyn stant a feir tre
Of al maner levis that undir sky be,
Yfforgit and yffourmit eche in his degre
Of sylvir and of gold fyne that lusty been to see,
This gardyn is evir grete, and full of May flowris,

Of rede, white, and blew, and ethir fresh colouris,

The wich been so redolent, and sentyn so about,
That he must be right lewde therin shuld route.
These monstrefull thingis I devise to the
Because thou shuldist nat of them abaschid be.

When that thou comist there, so thou be strong in thought,

And do be my counsell, drede the right nought,
For ther beth eight tregetours that this gardyn kepith,

Four of them doith waak whils the four slepith,
The wich been so perfite of nygramance,
And of the art of apparenc and of tragetrie,
That they make semen as to a mann'ys sight
Abominabill wormys, that fore ought be afright
The hertiest man on erth, but he warnyd were
Of the gryffy fightis that he shuld see there.

Among al othir there is a lyon white
That and he be a straungir he rampith for to bite,
And hath tofore this tyme 500 men and mo
Devourid and yete, that thereforth have ygo:

Yit shalt thou pas suyrly so thou do as I tell.
The tre I told tofore, that round as eny bell
Berith bow and braunche, traylyng to the ground,
And thou touch oon of them thou art fass and found;

The tre hath such vertu there shall nothing the dere:

Loke that be the first when thou comist there.
Then shalt thou se an entre by the farther side;
Though it be streyte tofore, inner large and wyde
It growith more and more, and as a demour wryith;

Yit wold that wey the bryng there that flope liith,
Into the seyrist chambir that evir man saw with eye;

When thou art there wythyn govern the wisely,
For there shalt thou here al thyh empechement
Opynly declarid in flop's present.

Report them wele and kepe them in thy mynd,
And affir thy relacounes we shall so turn and wend,

Thorough help of God above, such help for to make

That they shall be acombrit, and we right well to scape.

Now in soth, quod Beryn, a mann'ys hert may grise

Of such wonderir weyis, for al my marchandise
I had levir lese them oppon me take
Such a wey to pas. Then, Sir, for your sake
I wold my self, quod Gessrey: sith I am ensurid
To help the with my power thou shalt me any-rid

As ferforth as I may; that I wold do my peyn
To bryng yow plefant tyding, and retourn ageyn

Yit or the cok crow; and therfor let me se
Whils I am out how mery ye can be.
Geffrey toke his leve; but who was sory tho
But Beryn and his company? for when he was go
Thei had no maner joy, but dout and hevynes,
For of his reseyryng thei had no sikernes;
So every man to othir made his compleynt,
And wishid that of felony they had been atteynt,
And so them thought betir to end hevynes
Then every day to lak brede atte first mes;
For when our good is go what shall fal of us?
Evir to be their thrallis, and peraventure wers,
To lese our lyf astir yf we displese them ough.
Aftir Geffrey went this was all their thought
Throughout the nyght tyl cockis gan to sing;
But then encrefid anguish; their hondis gan to
wryng.
And cursid wynd and watir that them brought
ther,
And wishid many tymes that he had been in
bere,
And were apassid and entrid into dispeyr,
In as much as Geffrey did nat repair:
Eche man seyde to othir it myght nat be nayid
But Geffrey had uttirlich falsly them betrayid
Thoroughout all the long nyght.

Tho went they to counsell a litill tofore the day,
And were all acordit for to sayl away;
And so them thought betir, and leve their good
ther,
Then abyde theroppon, and have more fere.
They made their takelyng redy, and wend the
sail acros,
For to save their lyvis, and set nat of their los;
So fore they wer adred to be in servitude,
And hopid God above wold fend them som refute
By som othir costis ther wynd them wold bryng:
And therwithall cam Geffrey on his silt lepeing,
And cried wondir fast by the watir syde.
When Beryn herd Geffrey he bid his men abyde,
And to launch out a bote and bryng Geffrey in,
For he may more avayl me now then al my kyn,
And he be trew and trusty, as myn hope is;
But yit therof had Beryn no full sikernes.
These Romeyns set in Geffrey with an hevyr
chere,
For they had levir sail forth then put them in
weer
Both lyve and goodis: and evill suspicioun
They had of this Geffrey; wherfore they gon
roune,
Talking to eche othir, This man well us betray.
Geffrey wist well inowghe he was nat to their
pay,
And for verry angir he threw into the see
Both silt and eke his crouch, that made wer of
tre,
And gan them to comfort, and seid in this ma-
nere:
Benedicite! Beryn, why make ye such chere?

For and yee wer hevyr what shall yewr men do
But take ensampill of yew? and have no cause to;
For yit or it be eve yewr adverfaryes all
I shall make them spurn and have a fore fall,
And yee go quyte, and all yewr good, and have
of theirs too,
And they to be right feign for to scape so
Wythout more daungir, and yewr wyl be;
For of the lawys her such is the ekyte
That *Who pursueth othir and his pleynt be wrong*
He shall make amendis be he never so strong;
Right as shuld the t'odir yf he condemned were
Right so shall the pleyntiff right as I yew lere:
And that shall preve by them, have ye no doute,
Yet or it be eve right low to yew to loute,
And submit them to yew, and put them in yewr
grace
By that tyme I have ymade all my wanlase;
And in hope to spede wel let shape us for to dyna,
Geffrey axid watir, and sith brede aud wyne,
And seir, It is holfom to breke our fast betyme,
For the steward wold to the court at hour of pryng.
The sonne gan to shyne and shope a feir dey;
But for aught that Geffrey coud do or sey
These Romeyns spekyn fast all the dynyr while,
That Geffrey with his sotill wordis wold them
begile.

So when they had ydyned they ryssen up echoont,
And drew them to counsell what was best to doon:
Som seyde the best rede that we do may,
To throw Geffrey ovir the bord, and seyll forth
our way:

But for drede of Beryn som wold nat so,
Yit the more party assentid wele therto.
Geffrey and Beryn, and worthy Romeyns tweyn,
Stood a part within the ship, so Geffrey gan to
seyne,

Beryn, beth awiid; your men beth in distaunce:
Sith ye been her soveryn put them in governance;
For methinkith they boldith contrary opynyoun,
And *Grace saylith cawynlich wher is divisoun.*
In the meen whyle that they gan thus to fryve
Hanybald was up, and ycom as blyve
To the brigg of the town ther the shippis rood,
And herd much noyse; but litil while he bood,
For when he saw the saylis stond all acros,
Alas! quod this Hanybald, here growith a smert
los

To me that am provost, and have in charge and
hest

All these fyve shippis undir myn areft:
And ran into the town, and made an hidenouse cry,
And chargit all the cetezins to armys for to hy
From ostrete tyl anothir, and rerid up al the town,
And made the trompis blowe up and the bellis
soun,

And sey that the Romeyns wer in poynt to pas,
Tyl ther wer a thousand, rather mo then les,
Men y-armyd cleen, walkyng to the fronde
When Beryn them aspied: Now, Geffrey, in thy
honde

Stont lyf and goodis; doth with us what the list
For all our hope is on the, comfort, help, and trist;

For we must bide aventure, such as God wol
shape,
For now I am in certen we mow in no wise scape.
Have no doubt, quod Geffrey, beth mery; let me
aloon;

Getith a peir fisours, sherith my berd anoon,
And astirwerd letē top my hede hastylich and
blyve.

Som went to with scfours, som wyth a knyffe,
So what for sorowe and hast, and for lewd tole,
Ther was no man alyve bet like to a sole
Then Geffrey was by that tyme they had al ydo.
Hanybald clepid out Beryn, to Mote Hallfor to go,
And stode upon the brigg with an huge route.
Geffrey was the first to Hanybald gan to loute
And lokid out a fore ship: God bles yew! Sir,
quod he.

Wher art thou now, Beryn? com forth, behold
Her is an huge pepill yrayd and ydight; [and se,
All these been my children that been in armys
Yirdrey I gat them: is nat mervail, [bryght;
That they been hidir ycom to be of our counsaill,
And to stond up by us, and help us in our ple?

A! myne own childryn, bleffid mut ye be!
Quod Geffrey, with an high voise, and had a nyce
visage,

And gan to daunce for joy in the fore stage.
Hanybald lok'd on Geffrey as he wer amafid,
And beheld his countenance, and how he was
yrafid,

But evirmore he thought that he was a sole
Naturell of kynde, and had noon othir tool,
As semed by his wordis and his visage both,
And thought it had been foly to wex with hym
wroth,

And gan to bord ageyn, and axid hym in game,
Sith thou art our fadir who is then our dame?
And how and in what plase were we begete?
Yistirday, quod Geffrey, pleyng in the strete
At a gentil game that clepid is the Quek,
A long peny halter was cast about my nek,
And yknet fast with a riding knot,
And cast over a perch, and hale along my throte.
Was that a game, quod Hanybald, for to hang thy
selve?

So they seyde about me, a thousand eche by hymself.
How scapiddist thou, quod Hanybald, that thou
wer nat dede?

Therto can I answer without any rede:
I bare thre disch in myn own purs,
For I go never without, fare I betir or wers;
I kist them forth all thre, and too fill am'ys,
But here now what fill astir, right a mervelouse
case;

Ther cam a mowse lep forth, and ete the third boon,
That puffed out her skyn as grete as she myght goon;
And in this maner wise of the mowse and me
All ye be ycom my children fair and fre;
And yit or it be eve fall yoll such a chauce
To stond in my power yew all to avaunce,
For and we plede well to day we shall be riche
inowghe.

Hanybald of his wordis hertlich loughē,

And so did all that herd hym, as they myght wele,
And had grete joy wyth hym for to tell,
For they knew hym noon othir but a sole of kynd
And all this was his discrecioun, and that provid
the end,

Thus whils Geffrey japid to make their hertis
light

Beryn and his company were rayid and ydight,
And londid them in botis, serefull how to spede,
For all their thoughtis in balance stode betwene
hope and drede:

But yet they did their peyn to make light some
chere,

As Geffrey them had enfourmed, of port and all
manere

Of their governaunce all the long day [wey
Tyll thair plee wer endit; so went they forth their
To the court with Hanybald. Then Beryn gan to
sey,

What nedith this, Sir Hanybald, to make such aray
Sith we been pefe-marchantis, and use no spolia-
cioun?

For soth, Sir, quod Hanybald, to me was made
relacioun

Yee wer in poynt to void; and yef ye had do so
Yee had lost yewr lyvis, without wordis mo.

Beryn held hym styll. Geffrey spak anoon;
No les wed them lyvis? Whi so, good Sir Jon?

That wer somwhat to much as it semeth me;
But ye be ovrwise that dwell in this cete;

For ye have begonne a thing makith your right bold
And yit or it be eve as folis shull yee be hold:

And eke ye devyne for shipmanny's craft,
And wotith litill what longith to afore the ship
and bafft,

And namelich in the dawnyng when shipmen first
arise,

My good frend, quod Hanybald, in a scornynge
wise,

Yee must onys enfourm me thorough yowr dis-
crecioun,

But first yee must answer to a questioun;
Why make men crof-sail in myddis of the mast?

For to talow the ship and fecb more blast.

Why goon the yemen to bote ankirs to hale?

For to make them redy to walk to the ale.

Why hale they up stonys by the crane lyne?

To make the tempest sise and the sonne skyne.

Why close they the port with the see bord?

For the mastir shuld awake at first word.

Thou art a redy reve, quod Hanybald, in fay.

Yee, Sir, trewly, for sothe is that ye yew sey;

Geffrey evir clappid as doith a watir myll,

And made Hanybald to laugh al his hert fyll.

Beryn, quod this Geffrey, retourn thy men ageyn;

What shull they do with the at court? no man on
them pleyn.

Plede thy case thy selve right as thou hast
ywrought;

To bide with the shippis my purpose is and thought.
Nay, forsoth, quod Hanybald, thou shalt abyde
on lond,

Wee have no folis but the; and toke hym by the
hond,

For thou art wife in law to plede all the case.
That can I betir, quod Geffrey, then eny man in
this plafe.

What feyst thou therto, Beryn? shall I tell thy
tale?

Hanybald likid his wordis wele, and forward gan
hym hale.

Beryn made him angry, and fighid wondir fore,
For Geffrey hym had enfourmaid of every poynt to
fore,

How he hym shuld govern all the long day.

Geffrey chafid hym ageyn; Sey me ye or nay;

Mayst'owe nat here speke some maner word?

Leve thy blab, lewd sole, me likith nat thy bord:

I have anothir thought, quod Beryn, wherof thou
carist lite.

Clepeft thou me a Fole, quod Geffrey? al that
I may the wite:

But first when we out of Rome faillid both in fere

Tho I was, thy felawe and thy partinere,

For tho the marchandise was more then half myne,

And fith that thou com hidir thou takist all for
thyne.

But yit or it be eve I wol make oon behest,

But thou have my help thy part shall be leff.

Thyn help, quod Beryn; lewde sole, thou art
more then masid;

Dres the to the shippis ward with thy crown
yrafid,

For I myght nevir spare the bet: trus and beagoo.
I woll go with the, quod Geffrey, wher thou wolt
or no,

And lern to plede law to wyn both howfe and lond.
So thou shalt, quod Hanybald, and led hym by
the hond,

And leyd his hond oppon his nek: but and he
had yknow

Whom he had led, in sikernes he had well levir in
fnowe

Have walkid xl myle, and rather then fail more;

For he wisshid that Geffrey had ybe unbore

Full oft tyme in that day or the ple wer do,

And so did all that wrought Beryn sham and woo.

Now yee that list abide and here of sotilete

Mowe know how that Beryn sped in his ple,

And in what aray to the court he went,

And how Hanybald led Geffrey, difware of his
entent;

But yet he axid of Geffrey, What is thy name
I pray?

Gylhochet, quod Geffrey, men clepid me yistirday.

And wher twer thou ybore? I n'ote I make a vow,

Seyd Geffrey to this Hanybald, I axe that of yew,

For I can tell no more but here I stond now.

Hanybald of his wordis hertlich lowghe,

And held hym for a passyng sole to serve eny lord.

Thus they romyd janglyng into the court ward,

But or they com ther the steward was yfet,

And the grettist of the town a company ymet,

And gon to strye fast who shuld have the good

That com was with Beryn ovir the salt flood.

Som seyde oon and som seyde anothir;

Som wold have the shippis, the parrell, and the

spothir;

Som his eyen, som his lyf wold have, and no les,
Or els he shuld for them fyne or he did pas;
And in the mene whils they wer in this asray
Beryn and these Romeyns wer com, in good aray
As myght be made of woll, and of colour graynyd;
They toke a fyde bench that for them was or-
deynyd.

When all was hushid and still Beryn arose anon,
And stode in the myddis of the hall tofore them
everichone,

And seyde, Sir Steward, in me shall be no let;

I am ycom to answer as my day is set:

Dome ryght and reson; I axe yew no more.

So shall I, quod the steward, for ther'to I am
fswore.

He shall have right, quod Geffrey, wher thou
wolt or no,

For and thou mys onys thy judgement ondo.

I woll to the Emperour of Rome my cofyn,

For of o cup he and I full oft have dronk the wyne,

And yit we shull herafir as oft as we mete,

For he is long the gladder when I send hym to grete.

This Geffrey stode upon a fourm, for he wold be sey

Above all othir the shoultris and the cry,

And stard al about with his lewd berd,

And was yhold a very sole of ech man hym herd.

The steward, and the officers, and the burgeyfis
all,

Laughid at hym hertlich; the criour gan to call

The burgeyse that had pleyd with Beryn at ches,

And he arose quiklich, and gan hym for to dres

Afore the steward at barr, as the maner is;

He gan to tell his tale wyth grete redines;

Here me, Sir Steward, this day is me fet

To have right and reson; I axe yew no bet,

Of Beryn that here stondith, that with me yistirday

Made a certen covenaut, and at ches we did pley,

That whofo were ymatid of us both too

Shuld do the jodir's bidding, and yf he wold nat so

He must drink all the watir that salt wer in the se;

Thus I to hym furid and he also to me.

To preve my tale trew I am nat all aloon:

Up rose ten burgeyfis quyklich anon,

And affermyd eviry word of his tale soth,

And made them all redy for to do their othe.

Evander the steward, Bery, now, quod he,

Thow most answerede nede; it woll noon othir be:

Take thy counsell to the: spede on; I have doon,

Beryn held hym styll: Geffrey, spak anon;

Now be mytrowith, quod Geffrey, I mervell much
of yew

To bid us go to counsell, and knowith me wise
inowghe,

And evir ful avisid, in twynkelyng of an eye,

To make a short answer but yf my mowith be dry.

Shuld we go to counsell for o word or tweyn?

Be mytrowith we n'yll; let se mo that pley;

And but he be yanfwer'd, and that right anon,

I geve yew leve to rise and walk out every choon,

And aspyd redily yf ye fynd me there,

In the meen whils I woll abyde here;

Nay, I tell trewly, I am wiser than ye ween,

For ther n'is noon of you woot redily what I

meen.

Every man gan laughe all his hert fill
Of Geffrey and his wordis; but Beryn held hym
And was cleenastonyd; but yitner the lastir still,
He held it nat all foly that Geffrey did clattir,
But wisely hym governyd, as Geffrey hym taught.
For percell of his wisdom he had tofore finaught.
Sir Steward, quod Beryn, I undirstood welc
The tale of this burgeyse; now let anothir tell,
That I may take counsell and answer all at onys,
I graunt, quod the steward; then axing for the nonys,

Sith thou wold be rewld by the fol's rede,
For he is right a wise man to help the in thy nede.
Up aros the accusours quyntlich anoon;
Hanybald was the first of them everichoon,
And gan to tell his tale with a proud chere.
Yistirday, Soverens, when I was here
Beryn and thes burgeyse gon to plede fast
For playing at ches; so ferforth at last,
Thorough vertu of myn office, that I had in charge
Beryn's fyve shippis, for to go at large,
And to be in answer her this same day;
So walkyng to the strowdward we bargeynyd by
the wey

That I shuld have the marchandise that Beryn
with hym brought,

Wherof I am sesid, as ful fold and bought,
In covenante that I shuld his shippis fill ageyn
Of my marchandise, such as he tofore had seyn
In myn own plase, howlis to or thre,
Full of marchandise as they myght be;
And I am evir redy, whensoever he wolle,
Let hym go or sende, and charge his shippis full
Of such marchandise as he findith there,
For in such wordis we acordit were.
Up rose x burgeyis, not tho that roke tofore,
But othir, and made them redy to have swore
That every word of Hanybald, from the begyn-
nyng to the end,

Was soth and eke trewe, and with their mende
Full prest they wer to preve; and seyde they wer
present

At covenaut making, by God omnipotent.
It shal nat nede, quod Geffrey, whils that I here
stood,

For I wolle preve it my self with my right honde,
For I have been in four batellis heretofore,
And this shall be the fift, and therfor I am swore.
Beholdith, and seith, and turnyd hym about;
The steward and the burgeyse gamyd all about;
The Romeyns held them still, and lawghid but
a lite.

Wyth that cam the blynd man his tale to endite,
That God hym grant wyanyng right as he hath
aservid.

Beryn and his company stood all astryvyd
Betwene hope and drede, right in high dritres,
For of wele or of woo they had no sikernes.
Beryn, quod this blynd, thoughe I may nat see
Stond nere yit the barr, my comyng is for the,
That wrongfullich thou witholdist my both to
eyen,

The wich I toke the for a tyme, and quyklich to
me hijen,

And take them me ageyn, as our covenaut was,
Beryn, I take no toward of othir mennys case,
But conlich of myn oon; that stont me most an
honde.

Now bleid be God in leven that brought the to
this lond!

For sith our last parting many betir teris
Have I lete for thy love, that soti tyme partineris
Of wyunnyng and of lesing were yeris sele,
And evir I fond the trewe, tyl at the last thou
didst stele

Awey wyth my too eyen that I toke to the
To se the tregetours pley and their sotile,
As yistirday here in this same plase
Tofore yew, Sir Steward, scherfid as it was.
Full trew is that byword, *A man to strowfabill*
Ledit of Beryn from his own stabill.

Beryn, by the I meen, though thou make it
straunge,

For thou knowist trewly that I made no change
Of my good eyen for thyn that badder were.
Therwith stode up burgeyse four witnes to here.
Beryn held hym styll, and Geffrey spak anoon;
Now of thy lewd compleynt, and thy masid
moon,

By my trowith, quod Geffrey, I have grete mer-
vail,

For though thou haddist eyen-sight it shuld littill
availle;

Thow shuldist never fare the bet, but the wors,
in fay,

For al thing may be still now for the in house and
way,

And yf thou haddist thyn eyen thou woldist no
counsell hele;

I know wele by thy fisnamy thy kynd wer to stele:
And eke it is thy profite and thyn ese also
To be blynd as thou art; for now wherso thou
go

Thow hast thy lyvlode whils thou art alyve,
And yf thou myghtist se thou shuldist never
thryve.

Al the house throughout save Beryn and his feris
Lawghid of Geffrey, that watir on their levis
Ran down from their eyen for his masid wit.

Wyth that cam the woman, hir tung was nat sclyt,
Wyth 15 burgeyis, and women also sele,
Her quarrel for to preve, and Beryn to apele,
With a feir knave child yloke wythin their armys,
And gan to tel her tale of wrongis and of harmys,
And eke of unkyndnes, untrowith, and falsmede,
That Beryn had ywrought to hir, that quyntlich
from hir yede

Anoon oppon her wedding, when he his wyl had
doon,

And brought hir wyth chyld, and lete hir sit
aloon

Wythout help and comfort from that day, and
nowith

He preferid me nat to kys onys with his mowith,
As yistirday, Sir Steward, afore yew eche word
Was reherfid here, my pleynt is of record,
And this dey is me set for to have reson.
Let hym make amendis, or els tell encheson

Why hym ought nat fynd, as man ought, his wyf.
These fiftene burgeyfis quyklich al so blyve,
And as fele wymen as stode by hir ther,
Seyd that they were present when they weddit were,

And that every word that the woman seyde
Was trew, and eke Beryn had hir so betray'd.
Benedicite! quod Geffrey, Beryn, hast thou a wyf?

Now have God my trowith the dayis of my lyf
I shal trust the the les thou teldist me nat to fore
As wele of thy wedding and of thy sone ybore.
Go to, and kys them both, thy wyf and eke thyn heir;

Be thou nat ashamyd, for they both be feyr.
This wedding was right privy, but I shall make it couthe:

Behold thy sone, it semith crope out of thy mowith,

And eke of thy condicioun both soft and some.
Now am I glad thyn heir shall with us to Rome,
And I shall teche hym, as I can, whils that he is young,

Every day by the strete to gadir houndis dung
Tyll it be abill of prentyshe to craft of *Taverner* tary

And aftir I shall teche hym for to catche a fly,
And to mend mytens when they been to tore,
And aftir to cloute shoun when he is elder more;
Yit for his parentyne to pipe as doith a mowse
I woll hym teche, and for to pike a snayl out of his howse,

And to berk as doith an hound, and fey Baw, baw,

And turn round about as a cat doith wyth a straw,

And to blete as doith a shepe, and ney as doith an hors,

And to low as doith a cow; and as myn own corps

I woll cherissh hym every day for his modirs sake;

And gan to stappe ner the child, to have ytake,
As semed by his countenance, although he thought nat so:

But modir was evir ware, and blenchid to and fro,

And leyd hir hond betwene, and lokid somewhat wroth,

And Geffrey in pur wrath beshrewid them all both;

For by my trowith, quod Geffrey, wel masid is thy pan,

For I woll teche thy sone the craftis that I can,
That he in tyme to come myght win his lylode,

To wex therfor angry thou art very wood.
Of husbond, wyff, and sone, by the Trynyte

In'ote wich is the wisest of them all thre.

No, sothly, quod the steward; it liith all in thy noll

Both wit and wysdom, and previth by thy poll:
For all be that Geffrey wordit sotilly,

The steward and the burgeyfis held it for foly

All that evir he seyde, and toke it for good game,
And had full litill knowleche he was Geffrey the lame.

Beryn and his company stode still as ston;
Betwene hope and drede, disware how it shuld goon,

Saff Beryn trist in party that Geffrey wold hym help,

But yit into that hour he had no cause to yelp;
Wherfor they made much sorowe, that dole was and pete.

Geffrey herd hym sigh fore: What devil is yew? quod he:

What nede yew be sory whils I stond here?
Have I nat enfourmid yew how and in what manere

That I yew wold help, and bryng them in the snare?

Yf ye coud plede as well as I, full litill wold ye care,

Pluk up thy hert, quod Geffrey, Beryn, I speke to the.

Leve thy blab lewd, quod Beryn to hym age;
It doith no thing avail that sorowe com on thy hede;

It is nat worth a fly al that thou hast seyde.
Have we nat els now for to think oppon

Saff here to jangill? Machyn rose anon,
And went to the barr, and gan to tell his tale;

He was as fals as Judas, that set Criste at sale.
Sir Steward, quod this Machyn, and the burgeyfis al,

Knowith welc how Melan with purpill and with pall,

And othir marchandise, seven yere ago
Went toward Rome, and how that I also

Have enquired sith, as reson woll and kynde,
Sith he was my fadir, to know of his ende;

For yit sith his departing tyl it was yistirday
Met I nevir creature that me coud wish or say

Reedynes of my fadir, dede othir alyve;
But, bleffid be God in heven! in this thev'is sclyve

The knyff I gaff my fadir was yistirday yfound:
Sith I hym apele let hym be fast ybound.

The knyff I know wel inowe; also the man stont here,

And dwellith in this town, and is a cotelere,
That made the same knyff wyth his too hendis,

That wele I woot there is noon like to sech al Cristen londis;

For three pretiouse stonys been wythin the haft
Perfelych ychouchit, and sotillich by craft

Endendit in the haft, and that right coriously,
A saphir, and a salidone, and a rich ruby.

The cotelere cam lepeing forth with a bold chere
And seyde to the steward that Machyn told now here

Every word is trew, so beth the stonys set;
I made the knyff my self, who myght know it bet?

And toke the knyff to Machyn, and he me pay'd wele;

So is this felon gilty; there is no more to tell.

Up arose burgeyfis by two by three by four,
And sey'd they wer present the same tyme and
hour

When Machyn wept fore, and brought his fadir's
gownd,

And gaf hym the same knyff oppon the see strond.
Beth ther eny mo pleyntifs of record?

Quod Geoffrey to the steward: and he ageyn-
ward;

How semeth the, Gylhochet, beth ther nat
inowghè?

Make thyn answer, Beryn, case that thou mowe,
For oon or othir thou must sey, although it nat
availle,

And but thou lefe or thou go methinkith grete
mervail.

Beryn goith to counsell and his company,
And Geoffrey bode behinde to her more and fe,
And to shew the burge; se somewhat of his hert;
And seyde, But I make the pleyntifs for to smert,
And alle that them meynntenith, for aught that is
seyde,

I woll grant yew to kut the cris fro my hede.
My maister is at counsell, but counsell hath he
noon

For but I hym help he is cleen undoon;
But I woll help hym al that I can, and meyntene
hym also

By my power and connyng, so I am bound ther'to;
For I durst wage, battell wyth yew, though yee be
strong,

That my maister is in the trowith and ye be in
the wrong;

For and we have lawe I ne hold yew but distroied
In yewr own falskede, so be yee now aspied;
Wherfor yit or eve I shal abate yewr pride,
That som of yew shall be right feyn to flynk away
and hide.

The burgeyses gon to lawgh, and scornyd hym
ther'to.

Gylhochet, quod Evander, and thou cowdist so
Bryng it thus about, it were a redy wey.
He is a good fool, quod Hanybald, in fay,
To put hymself aloon in strength and eke in wit
Ageyns all the burgeyfis that on this bench sit.
What clatir is this, quod Machyn, al day with a
sole?

Tyme is now to warch with som othir tole,
For I am certeyn of their answer that they wol fail,
And lyf for lyf of my fadir what may that avail?
Wherfor beth avisid, for I am in no doute
The goodis been sufficient to part al aboute,
So may every party pleyntif have his part.
That is reson, quod the blind; a trew man thou
art;

And eke it were untrowith and eke grete syn
But eche of us that pleyntith myght fomwhat wyn.
Hanybald bote his lippis, and herd them both
wele;

Towching the marchandise o tale I shall yew tell,
And eke make a vow, and hold my behest,
That of the marchandise yewr part shall be lest;
For I have made a bargeyn that may nat be undo;
I woll hold his covenannt and he shal myn also.

Up roos quicklich the burgeyse Syrophanes;
Hanybald, quod he, the law goith by no lanye,
But hold ferth the streyt wey, even as doith a lyne;
For yistriday when Beryn with me did dyne
I was the first person that put him in arest;
And for he wold go large thou haddist in charge
and heft

To sefe both ship and goodis til I were answerid;
Then must I first be servid, this knowith al men
ylerid.

The woman stode besidis, and cried wondir fast,
Ful soth is that byword, *To pot ybo comyth last*
He worst is servid: and so it farith by me;
Yit nethirles, Sir Steward, I trust to yewr lentè,
That knowith best my cause and my trew entent;
I axe yew no more but rightful jugement:

Let me have part with othir sith he my husbond is;
Good Sir, beth avisid; I axe yew nat amys.
Thus they gon to fryve, and wer of high mode
For to depart among them othir mennys good,
Wher they tofore had never properte,

Ne never shuld therastir by doom of equitye;
But they had othir cause then they had tho.
Beryn was at counsell, his hert was full woo,
And his meyny fery, distrakt, and al amayide,
For tho they levid noon othir but Geoffrey had be-
trayide;

Because he was so long they coud no maner rede,
But everich by hymself wishid he had be dede.
O myghtful God! they seyde, I trow tofore this day
Was never gretter trefon, fere, ne affray,
Ywrought onto mankind then now is to us here,
And namelich by this Geoffrey with his sotil chere;
So feithful he made it he wold us help echone.
And now we be ymyryd he letith us sit aloon.
Of Geoffrey, quod Beryn, be as it be may;
We mut answer nede, ther is noon othir way;
And therfor let me know your wit and your
counsaile.

They wept, and wrong their hondis, and gan to
waile

The tyme that they were bore, and shortly of the
They wishid that they wer. With that came Gef-
frey blive,

Passing them towards, and began to smyle.
Beryn axid Geoffrey wher he had be al the while?
Have mercy oppon us, and help us as thou hight.
I woll help yow right wele through grace of
Godd's might;

And I can tell yow tiding of their governaunce.
They stondin altercatioun and stryf in poynt to
prauce

To depart your goodis, and levith verily
That it wer impossibil yew to remedy;
But their high pride and their presumpcioun
Shal be yit or eve their confusioun;
And to make amendis ech man for his pleynt,
Let se therfor your good avise how they might
be ateynt.

The Romeyns stode still, as who had shor their
hede.

In feith, quod Beryn, we can no maner rede,
But in God and yew we submit us all,
Body, lyf, and goodis, to stond or to fall,

And nevir for to travers o word that thou seyft;
 Help us, good Geffrey, as wele as thou mayst.
 Deperdeux! quod Geffrey, and I woll do my peyn
 To helpyow as my connyng woll ffrech and ateyn,
 The Romeyns went to barr, and Geffrey altofore
 With a nice countenance, bare fote, and to tore,
 Pleying with a yerd he bare in his honde,
 And was evir wistlyng at every pase comaunde.
 The stewerd and the burgeyfis had game inowghe
 Of Geffrey's nice comyng, and hertlich lowghe;
 And eche man seyde, Gylhochet, com nere;
 Thow art right welcome, for thow makist uschere.
 The same welcom, quod Geffrey, that yee woll us
 Fall oppon yewr hedis, I pray to God, and wers.
 They held hym for a verrey sole, but he held them
 wel more;

And so he made them in breff tyme, all though
 they wer nat thore,

Styntith now, quod Geffrey, and let make pefe;
 Of myrthis and of japis tyme is now to cefe,
 And speke of othir mater that we have to doon,
 For and we hew amys eny maner stone
 We know wele in certeyn what pardon we shul
 have;

The more is our nede us to defend and save.
 My master hath be at counsell, and ful avisid is
 That I shall have the wordis, speke I wele or mys;
 Wherfor, Sir Steward, and ye burgeyfis all
 sittith upright, and writtith nat, for aventuris that
 may fall;

For and ye deme untrewely, or do us eny wrong,
 Ye shul be refourmyd, be ye nevir so strong,
 Of every poynt and injury, and that in grete haste,
 For he is nat unknowe to us that may yow chaste:
 Hold forth the right wey, and by no side lanyis.
 And as towching the first pleyntif Syrephanes,
 That pleyd with my master yistirday at ches,
 And made a certeyn covenante, who that had
 the wers

In the last game, al though I wer nat there,
 Shuld do the todir's bidding, whatsoever it wer,
 Or drynk all the watir that falt wer in the see;
 Thus I trowe, Sir Steward, ye woll record the ple,
 And yf I have ymyssid in lettir or in word
 The lawe, wol I be rewild astir yewr record;
 For we be ful avisid in this wise to answere.

Evander the stewerd, and al men that wer there,
 Had mervil much of Geffrey, that spak so redely,
 Whose wordis tofore semyd al foly,
 And wer atonyed cleen, and gan for to drede,
 And ev'ry man tyl othir lenyd with his hede,
 And seyde he reported the tale right formally;
 He was no sole in certen, but wise, ware, and scly,
 For he hath but yjapid us and scornyd heretofore,
 And we have hold hym a sole, but we be wel
 more.

Thus they stodied on Geffrey, and laughed tho
 right naught.

When Geffrey had apied they wer in such thought,
 And their hertis trobelid, penyfy, and anoyed,
 Hym lyst to dryve in bet the nayl, till they were
 fully cloyid.

Soverens Sirs, he seyde, sith that it so is
 That in reporting of our ple ye fynd nothing amys,

As provith wele yowr scilence, eke ye withseyth
 O word of our tale, but clene without spot, [nat
 Then to our answer I prey yow take hede,
 For we wol seyde the trowth right as it is in dede;
 For this is soth and certen, it may nat be with-
 seyde,

That Beryn that here stondith was thus ovirpleid
 In the last game, when wagir was opon;
 But that was his sufferance, as ye shul hereanoon,
 For in all this cete ther n'ys no maner man
 Can pley betir at ches then my mastir can;
 Ne bet then I, though I it sey, can nat half so much;
 Now how he lost it by his wyll the cause I woll
 teche;

For ye wend and ween that he had hym engnyed.
 But ye shul sele in every veyn that ye be undir-
 mined,

And ybrought at ground, and eke ovirmusid.
 And agenst the first that Beryn is accusid
 Herith now ententyflich. When we wer on the see
 Such a tempest on us fill that noon myght othir se
 Of thundir, wynd, and lightenyng, and stormys
 ther among.

Fiftene dayis during the tempest was so strong
 That eche man till othir began hym for to shryve,
 And made their avowis, yf they myght have the
 lyve,

Som to se the sepulkir, and som to othir plase,
 To sech holy feyntis for help and for grace;
 Som to fast and do pennaunce, and som do almyf-
 dede;

Tyl at last, as God wold, a voise to us seyde,
 In our most turment, and desperat of mynd,
 That yf we wold be savid my mastir must hym
 bynd

Be feith and eke be vow, when he cam to lond,
 To drink al the salt watir within the see strond,
 Without drinking eny sope of the fresh watir;
 And taught hym al the sotilte how and in what
 manere

That he shuld wirc by engyne and by a sotill
 charm, [charm,

To drink all the salt watir and have hymself no
 But stop the fresh rivers by every cost side,
 That they enter nat in the se thorough the world
 wyde.

The voise we herd but naught we saw; so wer our
 witts ravid,

For this was end synally, yf we lust be savid.
 Wherfor my mastir Beryn, when he cam to this
 port,

To his avow and promys he made his first resort,
 Or that he wold bergeyn eny marchandise,
 And right doith these marchandis in the same wise
 That maken their avowis in saving of their lyv'is,
 They completyn their pilgremagis or they se their
 wyvis.

So mowe ye ondirfonde that my mastir Beryn
 Of fre will was ymatid, as he that was a pilgrym,
 And myght nat perfourm by many thousand part
 His avow and his hest wythout right sotil art,
 Without help and strength of many mennys
 myght. [right

Sir Steward, and Sir Burgeyse, if we shul have

Sirophanes must do cost and aventure,
To stop al the fresh ryvers into the see that entir,
For Beryn is redy in al thing hym to quyte,
So he be in defeaute must pay for the wite.
Sith ye been wise al what nede is much clatir?
Ther was no covenante them betwene to drink
fresh watir.

When Sirophanes had yherd al Geffrey's tale,
He stode al abashid, with colour wan and pale,
And lokid oppon the steward with a rewful chere,
And on othir frendship and neyhbours he had
there,

And preyd them of counsell the answere to reply.
These Romeyns, quod the steward, been wondir
And eke right ymmagytyf, and of sotil art, [sely,
That I am in grete dowte howe yee shul depart
Without harm in oon side: our lawis, well thow
woft,

Is to pay damagis, and eke also the cost,
Of every party plentyf that fallith in his pleynt:
Let hym go quyrt I counsell, yf it may so be
queynt.

I mervell, quod Sirophanes, of their sotilte,
But sith that it so stondith, and may noon othir be,
I do woll be counsell, and graunted Beryn quyte.
But Geffrey thought anotir, and without respit,
Sirs, he seyde, me wetith wele that ye wol do us
right,

And so ye must nedis, and so ye have us highte;
And therefore, Sir Steward, ye occupy our plase,
And ye know wele what lay wol in this ca e;
My mastir is redy to perfourme his avow.
But natheleis, quod the steward, I cannat wete
how

To stop al the fresh watir were possiblite.
Yis, in soth, quod Geffrey, who had of gold plente
As man coud wish and it myght well be do:
But that is nat our defeaute, he hath no tresour to.
Let hym go to in haste, or find us suerte
To make amendis to Beryn for his iniquite,
Wrong, and harm, and trespas, and undewe wex-
acioune,
Lost of sale, and marchandise, disese, and tribula-
cioune,

That we have sustenyd thorough his iniquite.
What vaylith it to tary us? for though ye sotil pry
We shul have reson wher ye wol or no,
So woll we that ye knowe what that we woll do;
In certen full avisid to lhope for to pase,
And declare every poynt, them ore and eke the
lase,

That of your opyn errors hath pleyne correc-
tioune,

And agenyis his jugement is noon proteccioune:
He is yewr lord riall, and soveren jugge and lele,
That and ye work in eny poynt to hym liith our
apele.

So when the steward had yherd, and the burgeyis
alle,

How Geffrey had ysteryd, that went so nighe the
gall,

What for shame, and drede of more harm, and re-
presse,

They made Sirophanes, wecr hym looth or leffe,

To take Beryn gage, and plegg find also,
To hyde the ward and jugement of that he had
mysdo.

Now fertherfore, quod Geffrey, sith that it so is
That of the first plentyf we have sikernes,
Now to the Marchant we must nedis answere,
That bergeyned with Beryn al that his shippis
bere,

In covenante that he shuld his shippis fill ageyn
Of othir marchandise that he tofore had seyn
In Hanybald's plase, howis to or thre,
Full of marchandise as they might be;
Let us pas thidir, yf eny thing be there
At our lust and liking, as they accordit were.
I graunt wele, quod Hanybald, thow axist but
righte;

Up arose these burgeyis, Thow axist but right,
The steward and his comperis entrid first the
howfe,

And saw nothing within, straw, ne leff, ne mowfe,
Save tymbir, and the tyle stonys, and the wallis
white.

I trow, quod the steward, the wyynyng woll be
but lite

That Beryn woll now get in Hanybald, is pleynre,
For I can se noon othir but they woll be ateynt,
And clepid them in echone, and went out hym-
selve,

As sone as they were entrid they saw no maner
For soris of their hert, but, as tofore is seyde,
The howse was cleen yswep; then Geffrey seir
they preyde,

To help yf he coud. Let me aloon, quod he,
Yit shul they have the wers as sotil as they be,
Evander the steward in the mene while
Spak to the burgeyse, and began to smyle;

Though Sirophanes be yhold thes Romeyns for to
curs,

Yit I trow that Hanybald woll put hym to the
wers,

For I am fuyr and certeyn within they shul nat
fynd?

What sey ye be my pleynt, Sirs, quod the bynd?
For I make a vow I woll nevir cese

Tyl Sirophanes have of Beryn a pleyn relese,
And to make hym quyte of his submissioun,
Els wol I have no pete of his contritioun,
But solew hym al so serfly as I can or may
Tyll I have his eyen both to away.

Now in feith, quod Machyn, and I wol have his
lyffe,

For though he scape yewall, with me woll he nat
stryffe,

But be right seyn in hert all his good forsake
For to scape wyth hys lyf, and to me it take.
Beryn and his feleship wer within the house,
And spoken of their answer, and made but litill
rouse,

But evir preyd Geffrey to help yf he coud ought.
I woll nat fail, quod Geffrey, and was tofore be-
thought

Of too botirilis, as white as eny snowe;
He lete them slee within the house, that astir
the wowe

They clevid wondir fast, as their kynd woll,
 Astir they had flew to rest anothir pull
 When Geffrey saw the botirflis cleaving on the wall
 The steward and the burgeyse in he gan call;
 Lo! Sirs, he sayd, whose evir repent,
 We have those marchandise most to our talent
 That we fynd herein. Behold, Sir Hanybal,
 The yondir botirflis that cleveith on the wall;
 Of such ye must fill our shippis all fyve.
 Pluk up thy hert Beryn, for thow most nedis
 thryve;

For when we out of Rome in Marchantfare went,
 To purchase botirflis was our most entent;
 Yit woll I tell the cause especial and why:
 There is a leche in Room that hath ymade a cry
 To make an oymtent to cure all tho ben blynde,
 And al maner infirmytees that growith in man-
 kynde. [ye mut hy.

The day is short; the work is long: Sir Hanyball,
 When Hanybald herd this tale, he seyde pryvely
 In counsell to the steward; In soth I have the wers,
 For I am sikir by this pleynt that shall I litil purs.
 So me semeth, quod the steward, for in the world
 rounde

So many botirflis wold nat be founde
 I trow o ship to charge; wherfor me thinkith best
 Let hym have his good ageyn, and be in pefe and
 rest.

And yit is an aventure and thow scape so
 Thy covenannt to relese without more ado.
 The burgeyse everichone, that were of that cete,
 Were anyoid fore when they herd of this plee;
 Geffrey with his wisdom held them hard and
 freyte,
 That they were acombrit in their own distreyte.
 When Hanybald with his frendis had spoke of
 this matere [manere:

They drow them towards Beryn, and seid in this
 Only for botirflis ye com fro your contrey;
 And we you tell in sikirnes and open our sey,
 That fo many botirflyes we shul never gete,
 Wherefore we be avifid othirwise to trete;
 That Hanybald shal relese his covenannt that is
 makid, [ransakid.

And delyver the good ageyn that from you was
 Nay forsoth, quod Geffrey, us nedith no relese;
 Ye shull hold our covenannt and we shall yeurs
 For we shull have reson wher ye woll or no [also,
 Whils lhope is alyve; I am nothyng aserd,
 For I can wipe all this plee cleen from your berd,
 And ye blench onys out of the high wey. [deley.
 Thei proferid hym: plegg and gage without more
 Now ferthirmore, quod Geffrey, us ought to pro-
 cede, [nede;

For to the blynd mann's poynt we must answer
 That, for to tell trowith, he lyvith all to long
 For his own sawte and his own wrong
 On Beryn he hath surmylid, as previth by his plee,
 And that ye shull opynlich know wele and see;
 For as I undirstode hym he seyde that sele yeris
 Beryn, that here stondith, and he were pertyneris
 Of wyunnyng and of lesyng, as men it use and
 doith,

And tha; they chaungit eyen, and yit this is sothe:

But the cause of chaunging yit is to yow onknow,
 Wherfore I woll declare it both to high and lowe.
 In that same tyme that this burge, se blynd,
 And my master Beryn, as fast as seyth myght bynde
 Were marchaundis in comyn of al that they myghte
 Saff of lyf and lym, and of dedely syn, [wyn,
 Ther fill in the marchis of al thing such a derth
 That joy, comfort, and folas, and al maner myrth;
 Was exilid cleen, saff onoly molestatione,
 That abood continuell—desperatioun: most
 So when that the pepil wer in most myscheffe
 God that is above, that al thing doth releve,
 Sent them such plente of mony, fruyte, and corn,
 Wich turnid al to joy their mournyng al to forn;
 Then gaf they them to mirth, revel, pley, and
 And thankid God above evir more among [song,
 Of their relevacioun from woo into gladnes,
 For *Astir four ruben swete is com it is apleant mes.*
 So in the meen while of this prosperite:
 Ther cam such a pleyer into the same contre
 That never thertofore was seyn such anothir,
 That wele was the creture that born was of his
 modir

That myght se the mirthis of this jugeloure,
 For of the world wide tho day is he bare the floure,
 For there n'as man ne woman in that regioune
 That set of hymself the store of a boton
 Yf he had not sey his myrthis and his game.
 So oppon a tyme this pleyer did proclame
 That al manere of pepill his pleyis wold se
 Shuld com oppon a certen dey to the grette cete:
 Then among othir my master here, Beryn,
 And this same blynd, that pledith now with hym,
 Made a certen covenannt that they wold se
 The mervellis of this pleyer and his feteite:
 So what for hets of somer, age, and sebilnes,
 And eke also the long way, this blynd for wer-
 rynes

Fill that adown to the erth; o fete ne myght he go;
 Wherfor my master Beryn in hert was full woo,
 And seyde, My frend, how now? now ye no fet-
 ther pas?

No, he sayde, by hym that first made mas;
 And yit I had levir, as God my soule save,
 Se thes wondir pleyer then all the good I have.
 I cannat els, quod Beryn, but yf it may nat be
 But that ye and I mut retourn age
 Astir ye be refreschid of your werynes,
 For to leve yew in this plite it wer no gentilnes.
 Then seyde this blynd, I am avifid bet;
 Beryn, ye shull wend thidir without eny let,
 And have myn eyen with yew that they the pley
 mow se,

And I woll have yewrs tyll ye come age.
 Thus was their covenannt made, as I to yow report,
 For ese of this blynd, and most for his comfort.
 But woth wele the whole science of all sur-
 gery
 Was unyd or the chaunge was made of both eye
 With many sotill enchantours and eke nygraman-
 cers,

That sent were for the ponys maistris and scolers.
 So when all was complete my maistr went his wey
 With this mann's eyen and saw all the pley,

And hastily retourned into that plase age,
And fond this blynd feching on hondis and on
kne,

Grasping all aboute to fynd that he had lore,
Beryn his both eyen that he had tofore.

But as tene as Beryn had pleyne knowleche
That his eyen were ylost, unneth he myght
areche

O word, for pure anguysh that he toke sodenly,
And from that day till now ne myght he nevir
spy

This man in no plase ther law was ymevid;
But now in his presence the soth is full yprevyd,
That he shall make amendis or he hens pas
Right as the lawe wol deme, ethir more or las;
For my mastir is eyen were betir and more clere
Then these that he hath now to se both fer and
nere;

So wold he have his own, that proper were of
kynd,

For he is evir redy to take to the blynde
The eyen that he had of hym, as covenant was,
So he wold do the same. Now, Soverens, in this
Ye mut take hede for to deme right, [case
For it wer no reson my mastir shuld lese his sight
For his trew hert and his gentilnes.
Beryn, quod the blind, tho I wold the relese
My quarell and my cause, and fall fro my pleynt.
Thow mut nede, quod Geoffrey, for thow art
ateynt,

So mut thow profir gage, and borowis fynd also,
For to make amendis, as othir have ydo.

Sir Steward, do us law, sith we desire but right:
As we been pefe marchandis us longith nat to
fight,

But pleyne us to the law, yf so we be agrevid.
Anoon opon that Geoffrey these wordis had yme-
vid

The blynd man fond borowis for all his maleta-
lent,

And were yentrid in the court to byde the juge-
ment;

For thoughe that he blynde were yit had he good
plente,

And more wold have wonne through his ini-
quite.

Now herith, Sirs, quod Geoffrey: thre pleyntifs
been assurid;

And as anenst the ferth this woman hath arerid,
That pleyntith here on Beryn, and seyth she is his
wyfe,

And that she hath many a dey led a peynous lyfe,
And much sorow endurid his child to sustene,
And al is soth and trew. Now rightfullich to
deme

Whether of them both shall othir obey,
And folowe will and lustis, Sir Steward, ye mut
sey.

And therwith Geoffrey lokid aside on this woman
How she chaungit colours, pale and eke wan.

All for nought, quod Geoffrey, for ye mut with
us go,

And endure with your husbond both wele and
woo:

And wold have take her by the hond, but she
away did breyde,

And with grete sighing these wordis she seyde;
That ageyns Beryn she wold plede no more,
But gaged with too borowis, as othir had do to-
fore.

The steward sat as still as who had shor his hede,
And specially the pleyntifs were in much drede:
Geoffrey set his wordis in such maner wise
That wele they wist they myght nat scape in no
wife

Without los of goodis for damage and for cost,
For such wer their lawis wher pleyntis wer ylost.
Geoffrey had full perseyte of their encombriment,
And eke he was in certen that the jugement
Shuld pas with his mastir; wherfor he anoon,
Sovern Sirs, he seyde, yit must we ferthir goon,
And answer to this Machyn, that seith the knife
is his

That found was on Beryn; therof he seith nat
amys:

And for more prefe he seith in this manere
That here stondith present the same cotelere
That the knyfe made, and the precious stonys thre
Within the haft been couchid, that in Crystyanite,
Thoughe men wold of purpose make serch and
seche,

Men shuld nat fynd in al thing a knyfe that were
it liche;

And more opyn prefe than maun's own know-
leche

Men of law ne clerkis con nat tell ne teche.
Now sith we be in this manere thus ferforth ago,
Then were spedfull for to know how Beryn cam
first to

Have possessioun of the knyfe that Machyn seith
is his:

To yew unknowne I shall enfourm the trowith as
it is.

Now seven yere and passid, opon a Tuisday
In the Passioun-week, when men leven pley,
And use mote devocioun, fastyng, and preyer,
Then in othir tyme or seson of the yere,
This Beryn's fadir erlich wold arise,
And barefote go to chirch to Godd's servise,
And lay hymself aloon from his own wyfe,
In reverence of the tyme, and mending of his
lyfe:

So on the same Tuisday that I tofore nempt
This Beryn rose and rayn hym, and to the chirch
went,

And mervelid in his hert his fadir was nat there,
And homward went ageyn with drede and eke
fere.

Into his fadir's chambir sodenlich he rakid,
And fond hym ligg stan dede oppon the straw al
nakid,

And the clothis halid from the bed away.
Out, alas! quod Beryn, that evir I saw this dey!
They meyne herd the noife, how Beryn cried alas,
And cam into the chambir al that therein was;
But the dole, and the sorowe, and anguysh, that
was there

It vaylith nat at this tyme to declare it here;

But Beryn had most of all, have ye no doute :
 And anon they ferchid the body all aboute,
 And fond this fame knyfe, the poynt right at his
 hert
 Of Beryn's fadir, whose teres gan outstert
 When he drewth out the knyfe of his fadir's
 wound;
 Then standede I saw hym fall down to the ground
 In sight of the most part that beth with hym
 now here;
 And they affermyd it for soth, as Geffrey did them
 here :
 And yit had I nevyr suspicioun from that day tyll
 noweth
 Who ded that curfed dede, tyll Machyn with his
 moweth
 Afore yew hath knowlechid that the knyfe is
 his;
 So mut he nedis answer for his deth ywis.
 When Macyhn had yherd all Geffrey's tale
 He rose of bench sodenly with colour wan and
 pale,
 And feyd onto Beryn, Sir, ageyn the
 I woll plete no more, for it wer gret pete
 To combir yew with actions that beth of nobill
 kynde.
 Graunt mercy ! Sir, quod Geffrey ; but yit ye
 shull fynde
 Borowis or ve pas, amendis for to make
 For our undewe vexacioune, and gage also us
 take
 In sign of submyssioun for your injury,
 As law woll and reson, for we woll uttirly
 Procede tyll we have jugement finall;
 And ther'for, Sir Steward, what that evir fall
 Delay us no longer but gyve us jugement,
 For tristlich ye noon othir but we be fullich bent
 To lhope for to wend, and in his high preface
 Reherce al our plees, and have his sentence ;
 Then shull we make fynys, and highlich be agre-
 vid.
 And as sone as the steward herd thes wordis me-
 vid,
 Reson, ryght, and law, feyd the steward tho,
 Ye mut nedis have wher I woll or no ;
 And to preve my full wyll, or we further goon,
 Quicklich he commaundit, and sparid nevyr oon,
 24 burgeyis in law best ylerid,
 Reherfing them the plees, and how Geffrey an-
 swerid,
 And on lyf and lym, and forfetur of good,
 And as they wold nat lese the ball within their
 hood,
 To draw a-part togidir, and by their all assent
 Spare no man on lyve to gyve trew jugement.
 And when thes 24 burgeyis had yherd
 The charge of the steward, right fore they wer
 aferd
 To lese ther own lyvis but they demed trowith ;
 And eke of their neybouris they had grete rowith,
 For they perseyvid clerlich in the plee through-
 out
 Their frendis had the wors side, ther'of they had
 no dout,

And yf we deme trefwly they wold be fore anoyd,
 Yit it is betir then we be shamyd and distroyid.
 And anon they were accordit, and feyd with
 Beryn,
 And demed every pleyntif to make a grete fyne
 With Beryn, and hym submyt hoolich to his grace
 Body, good, and catell, for wrong and their tref-
 pafe ;
 So ferforth, tyll at last it was so bout ybore
 That Beryn had the doubill good that he had to-
 fore,
 And wyth joy and myrth, wyth all his company,
 He drouge hym to his shippis ward wyth song
 and melody.
 The steward and the burgeyse from the court bent
 Into their own placis, and evir as they went
 They talkid of the Romeyns, how sotill they wer
 To aray hym like a fole that for them shuld an-
 swer.
 What vylyth it, quod Hanybald, to angir or to
 curs ?
 And yit I am in certen I shall fare the wers
 All the dayis of my lyfe for this day's pleding,
 And so shal al the remnant ; and their hondis
 wryng,
 Both Syrophanes, and the blynd, the woman, and
 Machyn,
 And be bet avifid er they eston's pleyne,
 And al othir personys wythyn this cete
 Mell the les wyth Romeyns whils they here be ;
 For such anothir fole was nevyr yit yborn,
 For he did naught ellis but evir with us scorn
 Tyll he had us caught even by the shyn
 With his sotill wittis in our own grene.
 Now woll I retourn to Beryn ageyn,
 That of his grete lukir in hert was right feyne.
 And so was all his meyne, as them ought wele,
 That they wer so delyverid from turment like to
 hell,
 And graciully relevid out of ther grete myschef,
 And yset above in comfort and bouchef.
 Now in soth, quod Beryn, it may nat be denied
 N'ad Geffrey and his witt be we had be distroyid ;
 I thanked be Almyghty God omnipotent
 That for our consolacioun Geffrey to us sent !
 And in protest opynly, here among yew alle,
 Half my good, whils that I lyve, whatevir me
 befall,
 I graunt it here to Geffrey, to gyve or to sell,
 And nevyr to part from me, yf it wer his wyl,
 And fare as well as I a morrow and eke on eve,
 And nevyr for a man on lyve his company for to
 leve.
 Graunt mercy ! Sir, quod Geffrey, yewr profir is
 feir and grete,
 But I desire no more but as ye me behete,
 To bryng me at Room, for this is covaunte.
 It shal be do, quod Beryn, and all the rem-
 naunt.
 Deperdeux ! quod Geffrey, ther'of we shull wele
 do.
 He rayid hym othirwise ; and without wordis me
 They went to the dyner the hole company,
 With pipis and wyth trompis, and othir melody :

And in the myddis of their mete gentil women
fyve,
Maidens fresh asid as myght be on lyve,
Com from the Duke Ifope, lord of that rigioun,
Everich wyth a present, and that of grete re-
nown :
The first bare a cup of gold, and of asure fyne,
So corouse and so nobill that I can nat devyne;
The second brought a swerd yfethid, wyth
seyntur
Iftetid all with perelis orient and pure;
The third had a mantell of lusty fresh colour,
The uttir part of purpill, yfarurid with pelour;
The fers th a cloth of gold, a worthy and a riche,
That nevyr man tofore saw cloith it liche;
The fift bare a palme that fode tofore the deys
In tokyn and sign of trowth and pefe,
For that was the custom through all the con-
tray;
The message was the levyr and more plesant to
pay.
The cup was uncoverid, the swerd was out
ybrayd,
The mantell was unfold, the cloth along ylayd;
They knelid adown echone right tofore Beryn;
The first did the message, that taught was wel
and fyne :
Ifope, she seyde, Sir Beryn, that is our lord riall,
And gretich yew, and sendith yew these presentis
all,
And joy hath of yewr wisdom and of yewr go-
vernaunce,
And preyd you to com and have with hym plea-
saunce
To morowe, and se his palayse, and to sport you
there,
Yee and all your company. Beryn made noon an-
swere,
But sat styll, and beheld the women and the son-
dis;
And aftirward avisely the swerd first he hondis
And commaundit therewith all the wymmen wash
and sit,
And pryvelich chargit officers that with al their
wit
To serve them of the best, and make them hertly
chere
Reslevyng al the presentis in worshipful manere.
I cannot wele exprefe the joy that they had,
But I suppose tofore that day that they were nat
to glad
That they wer so ascapid fortune and myschefe,
And thankid God above that al thing doith relefe;
For *Aftir myssy cloudis ther comith a cler sonne,*
So aftir hale comyth hote, whofo hyde conne.
The joy and nobley that they had whils they wer
at mete,
It waylith nat at this tyme ther of long to trete :
But Geoffrey sat with Beryn, as he had servid wele;
Their hedis they leyde togidir, and begon to tell
In what maner the wymen shuld be answered.
Geoffrey avysid Beryn ther of he leyde,
And of othir thingis how he hym shuld govern;
Beryn faverid wele theron, and fast he gan to lern.

When al wer up the wymmen cam to take their
leve;
Beryn, as fat hym welc of blode, them toward gan
releve,
And prey'd them hertly hym to recommend
Unto the worthy lordship of Ifope, that you send
To me that am unworthy, save of his grete nobley,
And thank hym of his gyftis as ye can best, and
sey,
To morow I will be redy his hest to fulfill,
With this I have save condit I may com hym ryll,
For me and al my feleshipp fass to com and go,
Trusting in his discrecioun that thoughe I ax fo
He wol nat be displeid; for in my contray
It hath evyr be the custom, and is into this day,
That yf a lord riall desirith for to see
Euy maner persone that is of las degre,
Er he approche his prefrence he wol have in his
honde
A fass condit enselid, or els fom othir bonde,
That he may com and pas without disturbaunce;
Throughout all our marchis it is the observance,
Thes wymmen toke their leve without wordis mo,
Repeyryng onto Ifope, and al as it was do
They reherfid redely, and saylid nevyr a word,
To Ifope with his baronage ther he sat at his borde,
Talking fast of Romayns, and of their high pru-
dence,
That in so many daungers made so wise defence.
But as sone as Ifope had pleylich yherd
Of Beryn's governaunce, that first fessid the swerd
Afore al othir presentis, he deimed in hys minde
That Beryn was ycom of fom nobill kynde.
The nyght was past; the morowe cam; Ifope had
nat forgete;
He chargit barons twelf with Beryn for to mete
To cond hym fass and his meynes; and al perfour-
myd was.
Thre dayis ther they sportid hym in myrth and
solas,
That through the wise instructioun of Geoffrey
nyght and dey
Beryn pleid Ifope with wordis al to pay,
And had hym so in port and in governaunce
Of all honest myrthis and witty daliaunce,
That Ifope cast his chere to Beryn so groundly,
That at last ther was no man with Ifope so pryvy,
Resorting to his shippis, comyng to and fro,
Thorough the wit of Geoffrey, that eche day it
fil fo
That Ifope coude no wher chere when Beryn was
absent;
So Beryn must nedis eche day be aftir sent :
And chefe he was of counsell within the first
yere,
Thorough the wit of Geoffrey, that eche dey did
hym lere.
This Ifope had a doughtir betwene hym and his
wyfe
That was as feir a creature as myght bere lyfe,
Wyfe, and eke bountevouse, and benying with
all,
That heir shuld be aftir his dey of his lordshippis
alle;

MISCELLANIES.

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE*.

MANY menne faine that in sweveninges
Ther n'is but fables and lesinges,
But yet menne maie some swedin sene
Whiche hardily that false ne bene,
But aftirwarde ben apparent,
This maie I drawin to warraunt.

An author that hight Macrobes,
That halte not dremis false ne lese,
But undoth us the avisoun
That whilom mette King Cipioun.

And who faith and weneth it be
A jape or els a nicete

To wene that dremis aftir fal,
Let who so list a sole me cal;
For this trowe I, and faw for me,
That dremis signifaunce be
Of gude and harme to many wightes:
That dremis in ther slepe a nightes
Full many thingis covirly
That fallin aftir opially.

Within my twenty yere of age,
Whan that Love takith his corage
Of yonge folke, I wente sone
To bed, as I was wont to done,
And faste I slepte, and in sleping
Me metté fuche a swevining
That likid me wondrous welc,
But in that swevin' is ner a dele
That it n'is aftirwarde besal,
Right as this dreame wol tell us al.

Now this dreame wol I rime a right
To make your hertis gay and light;
For Love it prayith, and also
Commaundith me, that it be so.

And if there any askin me
Whether that it be he or she,
And how this boke whiche is here
Shal hate, which that I rede you here,
It is The Romaunt of the Rose,
In which all The Arte of Love I close.

The matir faire is of to make,
God graunt in gre that she it take
For whom that it begonnin is!
And that is she that hath iwis
So mokil prife, and therto she
So worthy is beloved to be
That she wel ought of prife and right
Be clepid Rose of every wight.
That it was Mey me thoughtin tho,
It is five yere or more ago,
That it was Mey thus dremid me,
In time of love and jolite,
That al thing ginnith waxin gay,
For there is neithir buske nor hay
In Mey that it n'll shroudid bene,
And it with newé levis wrene;

* This book was begun in French verse by William de Lorris, and finished forty years after by John Clopinell, alias John Moone, born at Mewen upon the river of Loyer, not far from Paris, as appeareth by Molinet the French author, upon the morality of The Romaunt, and afterward translated, for the most part into English metre by Geoffrey Chaucer, but not finished. It is intituled The Romaunt of the Rose, or The Art of Love; wherein are shewed the helps and furtherances, as also the lets and impediments that lovers have in their suits. In this book the author hath many glances at the hypocrisy of the clergy, whereby he got himself such hatred amongst them that Gerlon Chancellor of Paris writeth thus of him: sayth he, There was one called Johannes Meldinensis who wrote a book called The Romaunt of the Rose, which book if I only had, and that there were no more in the world, if I might have 500 pound for the same, I would rather burn it than take the money. He saith more, that if he thought the author thereof did not repent him for that book before he dyed, he would vouchsafe to pray for him no more than he would for Judas that betrayed Christ. *Urry.*

These wordis eke recoveren grene
That drie in winter ben to sene,
And the erth wexith proud withall
For sote dewis that on it fall,
And the povir estate forgette
In whiche that winter had it sette,
And than becometh the grounde so proude
That it wol have a newe shroude,
And make so queint his robe and fayre;
That it had hewes an hundrid payre
Of grasse and flouris Inde and Pers,
And many hewis full divers,
That is the robe I mene iwis
Through whiche the ground to praisin is.

The birdis that han left ther songe
While thei han suffrid colde ful stronge
In wethers grille and derke to fight;
Ben in Mey for the sunne bright
So glad, that they shewe in singig
That in ther heert is fuche liking
That thei mote singin and ben light;
Than dothe the nightingale her might
To makin noife and singen blithe;
Than is blisful many a fische,
The chelandre' and the popingay,
Than yonge folke entendin aye
For to ben gaie and amorous,
The time is than so flavorous.

Harde is his herte that lovith nought
In Mey, whan al this mirth is wrought;
Whan he may on these braunchis here
The swale bigdis singig clere
Ther blisfull swete song pitous:
And in this seson delitous,
Whan love affirmith alle thing,
Me thought one night, in my sleping;
Right in my bed ful redily
That it was by the morowe erly,
And up I rose and gan me clothe;
Anon I wisse mine hondis bothe;
A silvir nedil forth I drowe
Out of aguiler queint inowe,
And gan this nidil threde anone;
For out of tounne me list to gone
The sounne of briddis for to here
That on the buskis singin clere;
In the swete seson that lese is,
With a thred bailing my slevis;
Alone I went in my playing,
The swale foulis songe herkening,
That painid hem ful meny' a paire
To sing on bowis blossomed faire;
Jolife and gaie, full of gladnesse,
Towarde a river gan me dresse,
Which that I herde renne faste by,
For fairir playin non faugh I
Than playin me by that rivere,
For from an hill that stode there nere
Come doune the streme full stille and bold,
Clere was the watir, and as cold
As any well is, sothe to faine,
And somdele lasse it was than Saine,
But it was straitir, wele away,
And nevir faugh I er that daie

The watir that so wele liked me,
And wondir glad was I to se
That lusty place and that rivere:
With that watir that ran so clere
My face I wisse, tho sawe I wele
The botome ipavid everidele
With gravell, ful of stonis shene,
The medowis sote, sote, and grene,
Beet right upon the watir side;
Ful clere was than the morowe tide,
And ful attentre out of drede;
Tho gan I walkin throwe the mede,
Downwarde evir in my playing
Nigh to the river's side coasting.

And whan I had a while igone
I sawe a gardin right anone
Full long and brode, and everidele
Enclodid was and wallid wele
With hie walis embataillid,
Portrayed without, and well entaylid
With many full riche portreitures,
And both the' imagis and peintures
Gan I beholdin befly;
And I wol tel you redily
Of thilke imagis the semblaunce,
As ferre as I have remembraunce.

Amiddis sawe I Hate yfonde,
That for her wrathe, and ire, and onde,
Semid to be a minoresse,
An angry wight, a chidresse,
And ful of gile and fell corage
By semblaunt was that ilke image,
And she was nothing wele arraide;
But like a wode woman affraide;
Yfrouncid foule was her visage,
And grinning for dispitous rage;
Her nose yfourtid up for tene,
Ful hidous was she for to sene;
Ful foule and rusty was she this;
Her hed iwirthin was iwis
Ful grimly with a grette towaile.

An image of anothe' entaile
A lifte halfe was her fast yby;
Her name above her hed sawe I,
And she was callid Felony.

Anothe' ihage, that Villany
Yclepid was, sawe I and fonde
Upon the wall on her right honde:
This Villany was like somdele
That othe' image, and trustith wele
She semid a wickid cature;
By countenance in portreiture
She semid be ful dispitous,
And eke ful proude and outrageous.

Wel coude he paint, I undertake,
That such an image coude make;
Ful foule and chortlich semid she,
And eke villenous for to be,
And litil could of noriture
To worshippe any creature.

And nexte was paintid Covetise,
That eggith folke in many' a gise
To take and yve right nought again,
And grette tresouris up to laine.

And that is she that for ure
 Lenith to many a creture
 The lasse for the more winning,
 So covitous is her brenning!
 And that is she for pennis fele
 That techith for to robbe and stele
 These thevis and these smale harlotes,
 And that is rounthe, for by ther throtes
 Ful many one hongith at last;
 She makith folke compasse and cast
 To takin othir folkis thing
 Through robbery or miscoveting;
 And that is she that makith trechours,
 And she that makith false pledours,
 That with ther termis and ther domes
 Do maidins, childrin, and eke gromes,
 Ther heritage, alas! forgo;
 Ful crokid were her hondis two,
 For Covetise is evir wode
 To gripin othir folkis gode;
 For Covetise for her winning
 Ful lese hath othir meanis thing.
 Another image fet faugh I
 Next unto Covetise fast by,
 And she was cleepid Avarice:
 Ful soule in painting was she eke,
 Ful sad and catise was she eke,
 And also grene as any leke;
 So evil hewed was her coloure
 Her semed to have livid in langoure;
 She was like thing for hungir ded,
 That lad her life onely by bred
 Knedin with eisel strong and egre,
 And therto she was lene and megre;
 And she was clad ful povirly
 Al in an oldè torne courtpye
 As she were all with doggis torne,
 And bothe behinde and eke befornt
 Ycloutid was the beggirly.
 A mantil honged her fast by
 Upon a benche both weke and smale;
 A burnette cote honged there withal,
 Yfurrid with no menivere,
 But with a furre rough of here
 Of lambe skynnys hevvy and blake;
 It was full olde fundirtake,
 For Avarice to clothe her wele
 Ne hastith her nevyr adele,
 For certainly it were her lothe
 To werin of that ilkè clothe,
 And if it were forwerid she
 Would havin full gret nicete
 Of clothing er she bought her newe,
 Al were it bad of wol and hewe.
 This Avarice helde in her hande
 A purse which that honged by a bande,
 And that she hid and bonde so stronge
 Men must abidin wondir longe
 Out of the purse er there come oughe,
 For that ne comith in her thought;
 It was not certaine her entent
 That fro that purse a peny went.
 And by that image nigh inough
 Was painted Envy, that nere lough,

Nor nevyr wel in her hert ferde
 But if she either sawe or herde
 Some grette mischaunce or grette disese;
 Nothing ne may so much her plesse
 As mischefe and misaventure;
 Or whan she seeth discomfiture
 Upon any worthy man fall,
 Than likith her right well withall:
 She is ful glad in her corage
 Yf she se any grette linage
 Be brought to naught in shampil wife;
 And if a man in honour rise
 Or by his wit or his prowesse,
 Of that she hath gret hevynesse,
 For trustith wele she goeth nre wode
 Whan any chaunce yhapith gode.
 Envy is of suchè cruelete
 That faith ne trouth ne holdith she
 To frende ne felawe badde or gode;
 Ne she hath kenne none of her blode
 That she n'is ful ther enemy;
 She n'olde, I dare faine hardly,
 That her own fathir farid wele;
 And fore abieth the every dele
 Her malice and her male talent,
 For she is in so grette turment
 And hate suche whan that folke doth gode
 That nigh she meltith for pure wode:
 Her hert so kervith and so breketh
 That God the peple wel a wreketh.
 Envy I wis shall nevyr let
 Some blame upon the folke to set
 I trowe that if Envy i-wis
 Yknew the bestè man that is
 On this side or beyond the se,
 Yet fomwhat lackin him wold she;
 And if he were so hende and wise
 That she ne might abate his prise,
 Yet wold she blame his worthinesse,
 Or by her wordis make it lesse.
 I sawe Envy in that painting
 Yhad a wondirful lokung,
 For she ne lokid but awrie
 Or ovirthwart, all baggingly;
 And she had a full soule usage,
 She mightin loken in no visage
 Of man ne woman forth right plaine,
 But shette her one eye for disdaine;
 So for envie ybrennid she
 Whan she might any man yse
 That faire or worthy were or wise,
 Or ellis stode in folkis prise.
 Sorowe was paintid next Envie
 Upon that wal of masonrie;
 But wel was sene in her colour
 That she had livid in langour;
 Her semid to have the jaundice;
 Not halfe so pale was Avarice,
 Ne nothing alike of lenesse,
 For sorowe, thought, and grette distresse,
 That she had sordid day and night,
 Made her yefowe, and nothing bright:
 Ful fade, pale, and megre, also,
 Was nevyr wighte yet halfe so wo

As that her semid for to be,
Nor so fulfilled with yre as she;
I trow that no wight might her plesse,
Nor do that thing that might her eke;
Nor she ne would her sorowe slake,
Nor comfort none unto her take,
So depe ywas her wo begonne,
And eke her hert in angre ronne.
A forowful thing wel semid she;
Nor she had nothing slowe ybe
For to bescratchin all her face;
And for to rent in many place
Her clothes, and for to tere her swire,
As she that was fulfilled of ire;
And all to torne laic eke her here,
About her shuldres here and there,
As she that had it all to rent
For angre and for male talent.

And eke I tell you certainly
How that she wept full tendirly
In worlde n'is wight so hard of herte,
That had yfene her sorowes smerte,
That n'olde have had of her pite,
So wo begon a thing was she,
She all to dasht her self for wo,
And smote togidir her hondes two;
To sorowe was she full ententif,
That wofull rechellese caitife,
Her roughte litle of playing,
Or of clipping or of kissing,
For who so forowfull is in herte,
Him lustith not to plaie ne sterre,
Nor for to dauncin ne to sing,
Ne maie his herte in temper bring
To make joie on even or morowe,
For joie is contrary to sorowe.

Elde was ypaintid after this,
That shortir was a fote i-wis,
Than she was went in her yonghede;
Unneth her self she might yfede;
So feble and so olde was she,
That fadid was all her beaute;
Full falowe was waxen her colour;
Her hedde for hore was white as flour;
I wis grete qualme ne were it none,
Ne sinne, although her life were gone.
All woxin was her body unwelde,
And drie and dwinid all for elde;
A foule forwelkid thing was she,
That whilom round and soft had be;
Her heris thokin fast withall,
As from her hedde they wouldin fall;
Her face yfrouncid and forpined,
And bothe her hondis lorne fordwind;
So old she was that she ne went
A fote but it were by potent;
The time that passith night and daie,
And restlesse travaillith aie,
And stelieth from us privily,
That to us semith sikirly
That it in one point dwellith ever,
And certis it ne restith never,
But goeth so fast and passith aie,
That ther n'is man that thinkin maie

What time that now present is,
Askith at these grete clerkis this;
For men thinkin it redily
Thre timis ben ypassid by
The time that maie not sojourne,
But goth and maie never retourne,
As watir that dounne runnith aie,
But never droppe returne maie.
There maie nothing as time endure,
Ne metall nor yerthly cature,
For alle thing is frette and shall,
The time eke that ychaungith all,
And all doeth waxe and sofrist be,
And alle thing distroyith be;
The time that eldith our auncestours,
And eldith kinges and emperours,
And that us all shall ovircomen,
Er that deeth us shall have nommen.
The time that hath all in welde
To elden folke had made her elde,
So inly, that to my weting
She mightin helpe her self nothing,
But tourned eyen unto childhede;
She had nothing her self to lede,
Ne witte ne pithe within her hold,
More than a child of two yere old,
But nathelesse I trowe that she
Was faire somtime and freshe to se,
When she was in her rightfull age,
But she was past all that passage,
And was a doted thing becomen;
A furrid cappe on had she nommen;
Well had she cladde her self and warme,
For cold might els doin her harme;
These old folke havin alwaic cold,
Ther kinde is soche whan thei ben old,
An othir thing was down there write
That semid like an ipocrite,
And it was clepid Papelardie;
That ilke is she that priville
Ne sparith ner a wicked dede
Whan men of her takin none hede,
And makith her outward precious
With pale visage and pitous,
And semith a simple cature,
But there n'is no misaventure
That she ne thinketh in her corage;
Full like to her was thilke image
That makid was like her semblance,
She was full simple of countenance;
And she was clothid and eke shod
As she were for the love of God
Yholdin to religion,
Soche semid her devotion.

A spaltir helde she fast in honde,
And busily she gan to fonde
To make many a faint prairie
To God and to his sainctis dere;
Ne she was gaie, freshe, ne jolife,
But semed to be full ententif
To gode werkis and to faire,
And therto she had on an haire.

Ne certis she was fatte nothing,
But semid weric for fasting;

Of colour pale and dede was she;
From her the gates aie warnid be
Of Paradise, that blissfull place,
For soche folke makin lene ther grace,
As Christ saith in his Evangile,
To get 'hem prife in toune a while,
And for a little glory veigne
Thei leifin God and eke his reigne.

And aldir last of everichone
Was painted Poverté all alone,
That not a penny had in hold,
Although that she her clothis fold,
And though she shold an hongid be,
For nakid as a worme was she,
And if the wether stormy were
For cold she shold have dyid there.

She ne' had on but a straite old facke,
And many' a cloute on it there facke;
This was her cote and her mantele;
No more was there nevir a fiele
To clothe her with; I undirtake
Grete lefir haddé she to quake:
And she was put that I of talke
Ferre fro these othere, up in an halke;
There lurkid and there couid she,
For povir thing, where so it be,
Is shamefast and dispisid aie:
A curfid maie' well be that daie
That povir man conceived is,
For God wote all to felle i-wis
Is any pore man well ifed,
Or well arayid or icled,
Or well belovid, in soche wise
In honour that he maie arise.

Allé these thingis well avifed,
As I have you er this devifed,
With gold and asure ovir all
Depaintid were upon the wall:
Square was the wall, and high somele,
Enclosid and ibarrid wele
In stede of hegge was that gardin,
Came nevir no shepherd therein:
Into that gardin well ywrought
Who so that me coud have byought
By ladders, or els by degre,
It wouddé well have likid me;
For soche solace, soche joie and pleie,
I trowe that nevir man ne feie
As was in that placé delicious:
The gardin was not daungerous
To herborowe birdes many one;
So riche a yere was nevir none
Of birdis song and braunchis grene,
Therit were birdis mo I wene
Than ben in all the relmie of Fraunce;
Full blissfull was the acordaunce
Of the fwete petous song thei made,
For all this worlde it ought to glade.

And I my self so mery ferde,
When I ther blissfull songis herde,
That for an hundrid ponde would I
If that the passagie opynly
Haddin ybe unto me fre,
That I n'olde entrin for to fere

Th' assemble (God kepe it fro care!)
Of birdis whiche that therein ware,
That songin through ther mery throate
Dauncis of love and mery notes.

Whan I thus herd the foulis sing,
I fell fast in a waimenting
By whiche art or by what engin
I might com into that gardin;
But waie I couthe ne findin none
Into that gardin for to gone,
Ne nought wist I if that there were
Eithir a hole or a place where
By whiche I mightin have entre;
Ne there was none to techin me,
For I was all alone i-wis,
For wo and for anguise of this,
Till at the laste bethought I me
That by no waie ne might it be,
There n'as laddre ne waie to pace,
Or hole, into so faire a place;
Tho gan I go a full grete pace
Environ, evia in compas,
The closing of the square wall,
Till that I founde a wicket small
So fette that I ne might in gone,
And othir entre was there none.

Upon this dore I gan to smite
That was so fetis and so lite,
For othir waie coud I not feke,
Full long I shofe and knockid eke,
And fode full long all herkingid
If I herd any wight coming,
Till that the dore of thilke entre
A maidin curteis opened me:
Her here was as yelowe of hewe
As any basin scourid newe;
Her fieshe tendir as is a chike,
With bent browis both smothe and flike;
And thereto by mesure large were
The opening of her eyen clere;
Her nose of gode proporcion;
Her eyen graie as is a faucon;
With fwete breth and wel favoured;
Her fadé white and well coloured;
With little mouthe and round to fe;
A clovin chinne eke had she;
Her necke was of gode fashion,
In length and gretnesse by reison,
Withoutin bleine, or scabbe, or roine;
Fro Hierusalem' to Burgoine
There n'is a fairer necke i-wis
To fele how smothe and soft it is;
Her throte also so white of hewe
As snowe on braunche yfnowid newe;
Of body full well wrought was she,
Men nedin not in no countre
A fairer bodie for to feke;
And of fine ofris had she eke
A chapilet, so femely on
Ne nevir werid maide upon;
And faire above that chapilet
A rose garlande had she yfet;
She had also a gaie mirroure
And with a riché golde trefour

Her hedde was tressid full quiently;
 Her slevis sowed fetouly;
 And for to kepe her hondis faire
 Of glovis white she had a paire;
 And she had on a cote of grene
 Of cloth of Gaunt withoutin wene:
 Well semid by her aparaille

She was not wont to grete travaile,
 For whan she kempt was feteouly,
 And well araied and richly,
 Than had she doen all her journe,
 For mery and well begon was she.

She had a lustie life in Maie;
 She had no thought by night ne daie
 Of nothing but it were onely
 To graieth her well and uncouthly.
 Whan that this dore had opened me
 This maidin femely for to se,
 I thonkid her as I best might,
 And askid her how that she might,
 And what she was I asked eke?

And she to me was nought unmeke,
 Ne of her answer dangerous,
 But faire answerde, and sayid thus:

Lo, Sir, my name is Idilnesse,
 So clepen men me more and lesse:
 Ful mightie and ful riche am I,
 And that of one thing, namly,
 For I entending to no thing
 But to my joie and my playing,
 And for to kembe and tresse me:
 Acquainted am I and prive
 With Mirthe, the lord of this gardin,
 That fro the londe of Alexandrian
 Made the treis hithir be fet
 That in his gardin ben Met;
 And whan the trecs were woxe on hight
 This wall, that stant here in thy sight,
 Did Mirthe enclofin all about;
 And these imagis all without
 He did hem bothe entaile and paint
 That neither ben jolife ne quaint,
 But thei ben full of forowe and wo,
 As thou hast sene a while ago.

And oft timis him to solace
 Sir Mirthe comith into this place,
 And eke with him come his meine,
 That liven in lust and jolite;
 And now is Mirthe therein, to here
 The birdis how they singin clere,
 The mavis and the nightingale,
 And othir joly birdis female;
 And thus he walkith to solace
 Him and his folke, for swettir place
 To playin in he maie not finde
 Although he sought one in till Inde;
 The althir fairest folk to se
 That in this worlde maie founde ybe
 Hath Sir Mirthe with him in his rout,
 That folowen him alwaies about.

Whan Idilnesse had tolde all this,
 And I had herkened well i-wis,

Than saied I to Dame Idilnesse,
 Now all so wisely God me blese,
 Sich Mirthe, that is so faire and fre,
 Is in this yerd with his meine,
 Fro thilke assemble if I maie
 Shall no man wene me to daie,
 That I this night ne mote it se,
 For well wene I there with him be
 A faire and jolie companie
 Fulfillid of all curtisie.

And forth withoutin wordis mo
 In at the wickit went I tho
 That Idilnesse had opened me
 Into that gardin faire to se:
 And whan that I was in i-wis
 Mine herte was full glad of this,
 For well wende I full sikirly
 Have ben in Paradise yertly.
 So faire it was, that trustith well
 It semed a place espiituell;
 For certis as at my devise
 There is no place in Paradise
 So gode in for to dwell or be
 As in that gardin thoughtin me;
 For there was many a birde singing,
 Thoroughout the yerde all thringing,
 In many placis nightingales,
 And alpes, and finches, and wodewales,
 That in ther swete song deliten
 In thilke places as thei habiten.

There mightin men se many flockes
 Of turtels and of laverockes,
 Chalaundris sele yfawe I there,
 That very nigh forsongin were,
 And thrustils, terins, and mavis,
 That songin for to winne hem price,
 And eke to furmount in ther song
 That othir birdis hem among;
 By note ymadin faire servise
 These birdis that I you devise;
 Thei song their song as faire and welle
 As angels doen espiituell;
 And trustith me whan I hem herde
 Full lustie and full well I ferde,
 For never yet soche melodie
 Was herd of man that mightin die,
 Soche swete song as was hem among,
 That me thought it no bird's song,
 But it was wondir like to be
 Song of meremaides of the se,
 That for her singing is so clere;
 Though we Meremaides clepe hem here
 In Englishe, as is our usance,
 Men clepen hem Serceins in Fraunce.

Eatentise werin for to sing
 These birdis, that not unkonning
 Were of ther craft and a prentise,
 But of song subtil and eke wise;
 And certis whan I herd ther song,
 And sawe the greeat place among,
 In hert I wext so wondir gaie
 That I was never er that daie

So jolife nor so well bigo,
Ne mery' in herte as I was tho;
And than wist I and sawe full well
That Idilnesse me servid well,
That me put in soche jolite;
Her frende well ought I for to be
Sithe she the dore of that gardin
Had opinid and let me in.

From hennis-forthe how that I wrought
I shall you tellen as me thought.
First whereof Mirthe yservid there,
And eke what folke there with him were,
Without fable I will discrive,
And alle that gardin eke as blive;
I wolle you tellen aftir this
The faire fasson all i-wis
That well ywrought was for the nones;
I mai not tell you all at ones,
But as I mai and can I shall
By order tellin you it all.

Full faire service, and eke full swete,
These birdis madin as thei fete;
Layis of love full well souning
Thei songin in ther jargoning;
Some hie and some eke lowe yfong
Upon the braunchis grene isprong;
The swetenesse of ther melodie
Made all mine herte in revelrie.

And whan that I had herd I trowe
These birdis singin on a rowe,
Than might I not withholdin me
That I ne went in for to fe
Sir Mirthe, for all my desiring
Was him to fene ovir all thing;
His countenance and his manere
That sight was unto me full dere.

Tho wente I forthe on my right honde,
Dounce by a litle pathe I fonde
Of mintis full and fenell grene;
As faste by withoutin wene
Sir Mirthe I founde, and right anon
Unto Sir Mirthe gan I to gon,
Ther as he was him to folace;
And with him in that lustie place
So faire folke and so freshe had he
That whan I sawe I wondrid me
Fro whennis soche folke mightin come,
So faire thei werin all and some,
For thei weren like, as to my sight,
To angels that ben fetthered bright.

These folke, of whiche I tell you so,
Upon a karole wentin tho:
A ladie karoled 'hem that hight
Gladnesse, the blisfull and the light;
Well could she sing and lustily,
None halfe so well and femily,
And cothe make in song soche refraining
It fete her wondir well to sing:
Her voice full clere was and full swete;
She was not rude ne yet unmete,
But couthe inoughe for soche doing
As longith unto karolling,

For she was wonte in every place
To singin first folke to folace,
For singin moste she gave her to;
No cratte had she so lefe to doe.

Tho mightist thou karollis fene,
And folke daunce and merie ben,
And made many a faire tourning
Upon the grene grasse springing:
There mightist thou se these flutours,
Minstrallis and eke jogelours,
That wel to singin did ther paine:
Some songin songis of Loraine,
For in Loraine ther notis be
Full swetir than in this contré.
There was many a timbessere,
And sailours, that I dare wel swere
Yeothe ther craft full paritly;
The timbris up full subtilly
Thei castin, and hent them full oft
Upon a fingir faire and soft,
That thei ne fallid nevir mo.
Full fetis damofellis two,
Right yong, and full of femelyhede,
In kirtils and none othir wede:
And faire ytreffid every trefse
Had Mirthe ydoen for his nobleffe
Amidde the carole for to daunce.
But hereof lieth no remembrance
How that thei daunsid queintly,
That one would come all privily
Ayen that othere, and whan thei were
Togithre' almoste thei threwe ifere
Ther mouthis so, that through ther plaie
It semid as thei kist alwaie:
To dauncen well couthe thei the gife;
What should I more to you devise?
Ne bode I nevir thennis go
Whiles that I sawe 'hem dauncin so.
Upon the karoll wondir fast
I gan beholde, till at the last
A ladie gan me for to' espie,
And she was clepid Curtesie,
The worshipfull, the debonaire;
I praie to God er fall her faire!
Full curtisly she callid me,
What do you there, Beau Sire? (quod she)
Comith, and if it likith you
To dauncin, daupstith with us now.
And I withoutin taryng
Ywent into the caroling:
I was abafid ner a dele,
But it to me likid right wele
That Curtesie me clepid so,
And bade me on the daunce ygo,
For if I haddé durst certain
I would have karollid right fain,
As man that was to daunce right blithe:
Than gan I lokin ofté sithe
The shapé, the bodies, and the cheres,
The countenance, and the maneres,
Of all the folke that dauncid there,
And I shall tellin what thei were.

Full faire was Mirth, full longe and high,
 A fairer man I never sigh :
 As round as aples was his face,
 Full roddie' and white in every place ;
 Fetis he was and well befeie,
 With metely mouthes, and eyin greie ;
 His nose by mesure wrought full right ;
 Crispe was his here, and eke full bright ;
 His shulderis of large brede,
 And smalithe in the girdelstede ;
 He semid like a purtreiture,
 So noble' he was of his stature,
 So faire, so jolie', and so fetise,
 With limmis wrought at pointe devise,
 Deliver, smerte, and of grete might,
 Ne sawe thou never man so light ;
 Of herde unneeth had he nothing,
 For it was in the firste spring ;
 Full yong he was, and merie' of thought,
 And in famette with birdis wrought ;
 And with golde bete full fetoufly
 His bodie was clad full richely ;
 Wrought was his robe in straunge gise,
 And all to flittered for quentise
 In many a place, lowe and hic ;
 And thode he was with grete maistrice
 With shone decopid, and with lace,
 By drurie and eke by solace ;
 His lese a rosin chapilet
 Had made, and on his hedde it set.

And wetin ye who was his lese ?
 Dame Gladdeste there was him so lese,
 That singeth so well with glad corage,
 That from the was twelve yere of age
 She of her love graunt to him made :
 Sir Mirthe her by the fingir hade
 A dauncing, and she him also ;
 Grete love there was a twix 'hem two ;
 Bothe were thei faire and bright of hewe ;
 She semid like a rose newe
 Of colours, and her fleshe so tender,
 That with a brece female and tender
 Men might it cleve, I dare well sain ;
 Her forhedde frounciles all plain ;
 Bent werin her eye-browis two ;
 Her eyin graie, and glad also,
 That laughdin aie in her semblaunt
 First or the mouthes by covenant ;
 I n'ot what of her nose diserve,
 So faire hath no woman alive ;
 Her here was yelow', and clere shining ;
 I wot no lady so liking.

Of orfraies freshe was her garlande ;
 I, whiche that sene have a thousande,
 Sawe ner i-wis no garlande yet
 So well ywrought of filke as it ;
 And in an ovir gilt famite
 Yclade she was by grete delite,
 Of whiche her lese a robe ywerde ;
 The merier she in herte ferde.

Next her went, on her othir side,
 The god of Love, that can devide
 Love, and as him liketh it be ;
 But he can cherlis dauntin, he,

And many folkis pride fallen,
 And he can well thes lordis thrallen,
 And ladies put at lowe degre,
 When he maie 'hem to proude yfe.

This god of Love of his facion
 Was like no knave ne no quित्रon ;
 His beutie gretely was to prife,
 But of his robis to devise
 I drede encombrid for to be,
 For not icladde in silk was he,
 But all in flouris and flourettes,
 Ipainted all with amorettes,
 And with losingis and scochons,
 With birdis, liberdes, and lions,
 And othir bestis wrought full welc ;
 His garment was every dele
 Ipurtraied and iwrought with floures,
 By divers medeling of coloures ;
 Flouris there were of many gise
 Iset by compace in a fise ;
 There lackid no osure to my dome,
 Ne not so much as floure of brome,
 Ne violet, ne eke pervinke,
 Ne floure none that men can on thinke ;
 And many a rose lese full long
 Was entermedlid there emong ;
 And also on his hedde was set
 Of roses redde a chapiler.

But nightingales a full grete rout,
 That flien ovir his hedde about,
 The levis feldin as thei flien,
 And he was all with birdis wrien,
 With poppingaie, with nightingale,
 With chalaundre and with wodewale,
 With finche, with larke, and with archangel ;
 He semid as he were an angell
 That doun were come fro hevin clere.

Love had with him a bachilere
 That he made alwaies with him be,
 And Swete Loking cleped was he,
 This bachilere stode beholding
 The daunce, and in his honde holding
 Turke bowes two, well devised, had he ;
 That one of 'hem was of a tre
 That berith fruit of favour wicke ;
 Full crokid was that foul flicke,
 And knottie here and there also,
 And blacke as berie' or any flo.

That othir bowe was of a plant
 Withoutin wemme I dare warant
 Full even' and by proporcion
 Trectis and long, and of gode facion,
 And it was paintid well and thwitten,
 And ore all diapid and witten
 With ladies and with bachileres
 Full lightfome and full glad of cheres.
 These bowis two held Swete Loking,
 That ne semid like no gadling,
 And ten brode arrows held he there,
 Of whiche five in his honde were,
 But thei were shavin well and dight,
 Nockid and fetherid a right.
 And all thei were with golde begon,
 And strong ypoinctid everichon,

And sharpe for to ykervin wele,
But iron was there none ne stele,
For all was golde, men might it se,
Out take the fethers and the tre.

The swiftest of these arrowes five
Out of a bowe for to drive,
And the best fethered for to fie,
And fairest eke, was cleped Beutie.

That othir arrowe, that hurteth lesse,
Was clepid (as I trowe) Simpleffe.

The thirde yclepid was Fraunchise,
That fethered was in noble wise
With valour and with curteisie.

The fowerth was clepid Companie,
That hevie for to shotin is,
But who so shotith right i-wis
Maie therwith doen grete harme and wo.

The fift of these, and laste also,
Faire Semblaunt men that arrowe call;
'Tis the lesse grevous of hem all,
Yet can it make a full grete wounde,
But he maie hope his foris founde
That hurte is with that arrowe i-wis:
His wo the bette bestowid is
For he maie soner have gladnesse;
His languor ought to be the lesse.

Five arrowes were of othir gife
That ben full soule for to devise,
For shaft and ende, sothe for to tell,
Were all so blacke as fende in hell.

The first of hem is callid Pride;
That othre arrowe next him beside
It was yclepid Vilanie;

That arrowe was with felonie
Envenimed, and with spitous blame:
The third of hem was clepid Shame;
The fowerth Wanhope yclepid is;
The fift the Newe Thought iwis.

These arrowes that I speke of here
Werin all five on one manere,
And all were thei resemblable;
To them was well fitting and able
The foulle crokid bowe hidous
That knottie was and all roinous:
That bowe yfemid well to shete
The arrowes five that ben unmete
And contrary to that othir five;
But though I tellin not as blive
Of ther powir ne of ther might,
Hereafter shall I tellin right
The sothe and eke signiffaunce,
As ferre as I have remembraunce
All shall be saied I undirtake
Er of this boke an ende I make.

Now come I to my tale againe;
But aldirfirst I woll you faine
The fashon and the countenaunces
Of alle the folke that on the daunce is.
The god of Love, jolife and light,
Ladde on his honde a ladie bright,

Of high prife and of grete degre,
This ladie callid was Beutie;
And an arrowe of whiche I tolde
Full well ythewid was she holde;
Ne she was derke ne broune, but bright.
And clere as is the mone light,
Again whom all the sterris semen
But small candelis as we demen;
Her fleshe was tendre as dewe of floure;
Her chere was simple as birde in bour;
As white as lillie or rose in rise;
Her face was gentill and tretise;
Fetis she was, and female to se;
No wintrid browis haddè she,
Ne popped here, for it nedid nought
To windir her or to paint ought;
Her trefles yelow, and long fraughten,
Unto her heles doune thei raughten;
Her nose, her mouthe, and eye, and cheke,
Well wrought, and all the remnaunte eke;
A full grete favour and a fote
Me thoughtin in mine herte rote,
As helpe me God, whan I remember
Of the fashon of every member:
In worlde is none so faire a wight,
For yong she was, and hewid bright
Sore plefant, and fetis with all,
And gent and in her middle small.

Beside Beute yede Richeffe,
And hight ladie of grete noblesse,
And grete of price in every place;
But who so durst to her trespace,
Or till her folke, in werke or dede,
He were ful hardie out of drede,
For bothe she helpe and hindir maie;
And that is not of yesterdaie
That riche folke havin full grete might
To helpe and eke to greve a wight.

The best and gettist of valour
Diddin Richeffe full grete honour,
And busie werin her to serve,
For that thei would her love deserve;
Thei cleped her Ladie grete and small;
This wide worlde her dredith all,
This worlde is all in her daungere;
Her court hath many a losingere,
And many a traitour envious,
That ben full busie and curious
For to discreifn and to blame
That best deservin love and name;
To forne the folke hem to begilen
These losengeours hem prife and smilen.

And thus the worlde with worde anointen,
Bot afterward thei prill and pointen
The folke right to the bare bone
Behinde ther backe whan thei ben gone,
And soule abatin folkis prife:
Full many a worthie man and wise
Han hindrid and idoen to die
These losengeours with ther flatt'erie,
And makith folke full straunge be
There as hem ought to ben prive;
Well evil mot thei thrive,
And evil arived mote thei be,

These lōungeours full of envie;
No gode man loveth ther companie.

Richeffe a robe of purple on had, has
Ne trowe not that I lie or mad,
For in this world is none it liche,
Ne by a thousand dele so riche,
Ne none so faire, for it full wele
With orfres laied was every dele,
And purtraied in the ribaninges
Of dukis stories and of kinges,
And with a bend of golde taffied,
And knoppis fine of golde amiled,
About her necke of gentle entaile
Was shet the richē chevesaile,
In whiche there was full grete plente
Of stonis clere and faire to se.

Richeffe a girdle had upon,
The bokill of it was of ston
Of vertue grete and mokil might,
For who so bare the stone so bright,
Of venim durst him nothing doubt,
While he the stone had him about;
That stone was gretely for to love,
And till a riche mann'is behove,
Worth all the golde in Rome; and Frise;
The mourdaunt, wrought in noble gise,
Was of a stone full precious,
That was so fine and vertuous,
That whole a man it couth ymake
Of pallie and of the tothe ake,
And yet the stone had soche a grace
That he was sikre' in every place
All thilkē daie not blinde to ben,
That fasting might that stone sene;
The barris were of gold full fine,
Upon a tisseu of satin;
Full hevie, grete, and nothing light,
In everiche was a befaunt wight.

Upon the tressis of Richeffe
Was set a circle of nobleffe
Of brende golde, that ful light yhone,
So faire trowe I was never none;
But he were konning for the nones
That could devisin all the stones
That in that circle shewin clere;
It is a wondir thing to here,
For no man could or preise or gesse
Of hem the value or richeffe;
Rubies there were, saphirs, ragounces,
And emeraudes, more than two unces,
But all before full subtilly
A fine carbuncle set sawe I,
The stone so clere was and so bright,
That all so sone as it was night
Men mightin sene to go for nede
A mile or two in length and brede;
Soche light ysprang out of the stone
That Richeffe wondir bright yhone
Bothe on her hedde and all her face,
And eke about her all the place.

Dame Richeffe on her honde gan lede
A yong man fust of semelyhede
That the best loved of any thing;
His lust was moche in housholding;

In clothing was he full fetise,
And loved well to have hors of pris;e;
He wende to have reprovied be
Of theft or murder if that he
Had in his stable an hackenaie,
And therfore he desirid aie
To ben aqueintid with Richeffe,
For all his purpose, as I gesse,
Was for to makin grete dispenche
Withoutin warning or defence.
And Richeffe might it well sustain,
And her dispenches wele maintain,
And him alwaie soche plentie sende
Of golde and silvir for to spende
Withoutin lacking or daungere
As it were poure in a garnere.

And aftir on the daunce went
Largeffe, that set all her entent
For to ben honourable' and fre;
Of Alexander's kinne was she;
Her moste joie it was i-wis
Whan that she yafe, and saied, Have this:
Not Avarice, the foule caufise,
Was halfe to gripe so ententise
As Largeffe is to yeve and spende,
And God alwaie inowe her sende!
So that the more she yave awaie
The more i-wis she had alwaie.
Grete loos hath Largeffe, and grete pris,
For bothe the wife folke and unwise
Were wholly to her bandon brought,
So well with yestis hath she wrought.

And if she had an enemy
I trowe that she couth craftily
Make him full sone her frende to be,
So large of yestes and wise was she;
Therfore she stode in love and grace
Of riche and pore in every place.

A full grete sole is he i-wis
That riche, and pore, and nigarid is.
A lorde maie have no manir vice
That grevith more than avarice;
For nigarde ner with strenght of hande
Maie winne him grete lordshipe or lande,
For frendis all to fewe hath he
To doen his will performid be;
And whofo woll have frendis here
He maie not holde his tresfour dere;
For by ensample tell I this,
Right as an adamant i-wis
Can drawin to him subtilly
The iron that is laied therby,
So drawith folkis hertes i-wis
Silvir and golde that yevin is.

Largeffe had on a robē freshe
Of richē purpise farlinishe;
Well formid was her face and clere,
And opened had she her colere,
For the right there had in present
Unto a lady made present
Of a gold broche ful wel ywrought,
And certis it mislaie her nought,
For through her smocke ywrought with silke
The fleshe was sene as white as milke.

Largeffe, that worthy was and wife,
Helde by the honde a knight of prife
Was sibbe to Arthour of Breteigne,
And that was he that bare the enfeigne
Of worship and the gonfannoun;
And yet he is of fuche renown
That menne of him fay faire thinges
Before barons, and erles, and kinges.

This knight was comin al newly
Fro tourneying there faste by,
Where he had done grete chivalry
Through his vertue and his maistrise,
And for the love of his lemman

He caste doune many a doughty man,

And next him dauncid Dame Franchise,
Arayid in ful noble gise:

She n'as not broune ne donne of hewe,
But white as snowe fallin newe;
Her nose was wrought at point devise,
For it was gentill and trefise;
With cyn glad, and browis bent;
Her here doune to her helis went;
And she was simple as dove on tre;
Ful debonaire of hert was she.

She durste neither fay ne do
But that that hir belong to;
And if a manne were in distresse,
And for her love in heviness,
Her hert woulde have full grete pite,
She was so amiable and fre;
For were a manne for her bestadde
She woulde ben right fore a dradde
That she did ovir gret outrage;
But she him holpe his harme t'aswage
Her thought it all a villanie:

And she had on a suckiny
That not of hempe herdis was,
So faire was non in all Arras;
Lorde! it was riddede fetisly;
There ne was not a point truly
That it n'as in his right assise:
Ful wel iclothid was Fraupchise,
For there n'is no clothe sitteth bette
On damofell than doth rokette;
A woman wel more fetise is
In rokette than in cote i-wis;
The white rokette riddilid faire
Betokenith that full debonaire
And swete was she that it ybere.

By her dauncid a bachelere,
I can not tell you what he hight,
But faire he was and of gode hight,
Al had he ben, I saie no more,
The lord is sonne of Windesore.

And next that dauncid Curtisy,
That preised was of lowe and hie,
For nethir proude ne sole was she;
She for to daunce callid me;
I prais God give to her gode grace!
For whan I come first to the place
She n'as not nice ne outrageous,
But wise and ware, and virtuous,
Of faire speche, and of faire answer;
Was nevir wight mislaide of here;

She bare no rancour to no wight;
Clere broune she was, and therto bright
Of face, and body avenaunt;
I wotte no lady so plesant:
She werin worthy for to bene
An empereffe or crounid queene.

And by her went a knight dauncing
That worthy was and wel speking,
And ful wel coude he don honour;
The knight was faire and stiffe in flour,
And in armure a femely man,
And wel beloved of his lemman,

Faire Idlinese than nexte saugh I,
That alway was me faste by:

Of her have I withoutin faile
Tolde you the shape and appareille,
For, (as I said) lo! that was she
That did to me so grete bounte;
She me the gate of that gardin
Undid, and let me passin in,
And aftir dauncid, as I gesse,

And she fulfilled of lustinesse
That n'as not yet twelve yere of age,
With herte wilde and thought volage:
Nice she ywas, but she ne mente
None harme ne sleight in her entente,
But only luste and jolite,

(For yonge folke, wel wetin ye,
Have litill thought but on ther play:)
Her lemman was beside alway
In fuche a gise that he her kiste
At alle timis that him list,

That al the daunce might it se;
They make no force of privite,
For who spake of hem ill or welc
They were asfamid nere a dele,
But men might sene hem kisse there;
As though it two yonge doves were;
For yonge was thilke bachilere,
Of beute wot I non his pere,
And he was right of fuche an age
As youthe his lefe, and fuche corage.

The lusty folke that dauncid there,
And also othir that with hem were,
That werin all of ther meine,
Ful hendé folke, both wife and fre,
And folke of faire porte truly,
There werin alle cominly.

Whan I had sene the countenaunces
Of them that laddin thus these daunces,
Than had I will to go and se
The gardin that so likid me,
And lokin on these faire laureres,
On pine trees, cedres, oliveres,
The dauncis than endid ywere,
For many' of hem that dauncid there
Were with ther lovis went away,
Undir the trees to have ther play.

A lorde thei livid lustily!
A grete fole were he sikirly
That n'olde his thankes fuche life to lede,
For this dare I saie out of drede,

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That who so might so well yfare
For bettir life durst him not care;
For there n'is so gode paradise
As to have a love at his devise.
Out of that place went I tho,
And in that gardin gan I go,
Playing along full merily.

The god of Love full hastily
Unto him Swete Loking yelept;
No lengir would he that the kept
His bowe of gold that shone so bright;
He haddin him bent anon right,
And he full sone set an ende,
And at a braide he gan it bende,
And toke him of his arrowes five
Ful sharpe and redy for to drive.

Now God that sitteth in majeste
Fro dedly woundis he kepe me
If so be that he had me shete,
For if I with his arrowe mete
It had me grevid fore i-wis;
But I, that nothing wist of this,
Went up and doune ful many a waie,
And he me folowed fast alwaie;
But no where would I resse me
Til I had in all the gardin be.

The gardin was by mesuring
Right even and square in compassing;
It as longe was as it was large;
Of fruite had every tre his charge
But it were any hidous tre,
Of whiche there werin two or thre.

There were (and that wote I full wele)
Of pomgranetts a full grete dele,
That is a frute ful wel to like,
Namely to folke whan thei ben fike;
And trees there werin grete soison
That berin nuttes in ther seson,
Suche as menne Nutemiggis ycall,
That fote of favour ben withall,
And of almandris grete plente,
Figgis, and many a date tre,
There werin, if that menne had nede,
Through the gardin in length and brede.

There was eke waxing many a spice,
As clowe, gilofre, and licorice,
Gingiber, and grein de Paris,
Canell, and fetewale of pris,
And many a spice delitable
To etin whan men rise fro table.

And many homely trees there were
That peches, coines, and apples, bere,
Medlers, plommis, peris, chesteinis,
Cherise, of whiche many one faine is,
Notis, and aleis, and bolas,
That for to sene it was folas,
With many high laurer and pine,
Was rengid clene all that gardine
With cipris, and with oliveris,
Of which that nigh no plenty here is,
Ther werin elmis grete and strong,
Maplis, asie, oke, aspe, planis long.

Fine ewe, popler, and lindis fair,
And other trees full many a pair.

What should I tell you more of it?
There werin so many trees yet
That I should al encombrid be
Er I had rekenid every tre.

These trees were set, that I devise,
One from an othir in assise,
Five sadome or sixe, I trowe so;
But they were hie and gret also,
And for to kepe out wel the sunne
The croppis were so thicke ironne,
And every braunche in othir knitt
And ful of grenè levis fitte,
That sunne might there none discende
Lest that the tendir grassis shende,
There might men does and fowes isen,
And of squieris ful grete plente
From bow to bow alwaie leping;
Connis there were also playing,
That comin out of ther elapens,
Of sondry colours and maners,
And madin many a tourneying
Upon the freshe grassie springing.

In placis sawe I wellis there
In whiche there no froggis were,
And faire in shadowe was eche wel;
But I ne can the nombre tel
Of stremis final that by devise
Mirth had done come thorough condile,
Of whiche the watir in renning
Can makin a noise ful liking.

About the brinkis of these wellis,
And by the stremes ovir al ellis,
Sprange up the grassie, as thicke jette
And soft eke as any velvet,
On which men might his lemman lay,
As on a fethirbed to pley,
For the erth was ful softe and swete,
Thorough the moisture of the wel-wete
Sprong up the fote grenè gras
As faire, as thicke, as mistler was;
But moche amended it the place
That the erth was of suche a grace
That it of flouris hath plente
That both in sòmre and wintir be.

There sprange the violet al newe,
And freshe pervinkè riche of hewe,
And flouris yelowè, white, and rede;
Suche plente grewe there ner in mede,
Ful gaie was al the grounde and queint,
And poudrid as men had it peint,
With many a freshe and sondry floure,
That casin up ful gode favour.

I wol not longe hold you in fable
Of al this gardin dilectable;
I mote my tonge stinten nede,
For I ne maie withoutin drede,
Naught tellin you the beutie all,
Ne halfe the bounte, there withall.

I went on right honde and on leste
About the place; it was not leste
Till I had all the gardin bene
In the cstris that men might sene.

And thus while I went in my playe,
The god of Love me folowed aye,
Right as an hunter can abide
The beste till he seith his tide
To shote at godenesse to the dere;
Whan that him nedith go no nere.

And so besif I restid me
Besides a wel undir a tre,
Whiche tre in Fraunce men cal a Pine,
But since the time of King Pepine
Ne grew there tre in mann's sight
So faire, ne so wel woxe in hight;
In all that yarde so high was none;
And springing in a marble stone
Had nature set, the sothe to tell,
Under that pine tre a well,
And on the bordir al without
Was written in the stone about
Letteris final, that saidin thus,
Here whilome starfe faire, Narcissus.

Narcissus was a bachilere
That Love had caught in his daungere,
And in his nette gan him so fraigne,
And did him so to wepe and plaïne,
That nede him must his life forgo,
For a fair lady hight Echo
Him loved ower any creature,
And gan for him fache paine endure;
That on a time she him tolde
That if he her ne lovyn wolde
That her behovid nedis die;
There laie none othis remedie.
But nathelesse for his beaute
So feirs and dangerous was he,
That he n'olde grauntin hir asking
For weping ne for faire praying.

And when she herde him werne her so
She had in hert so grette wo,
And toke it in so grete dispite,
That she withoutin more respite
Was dede anon; but ere she diede
Ful piteously to God she preide
That the proude hertid Narcissus,
That was in love so dangerous,
Might on a day ben hampered
For love, and bene so hote for wo,
That ner he might to joie attaine,
Than should he sele in every vaine
What sorow true loveris maken
That ben villainously forsaken.

This prayir was but resonable,
Therefore God helde it ferme and stable,
For Narcissus, shortly to tell,
By aventure came to that well
To rest him in the shadowing
O day when he came from hunting.

This Narcissus had suffrid paines,
For renning all day in the plaines,
And was for thirst in grete distresse
Of herte, and of his werineffe,
That had his brethe almost benomen.
Whan he was to that wel comen,

That shadowed was with brannchis grene;
He thought of thilke watir thene
To drinke, and freshe him wele withall,
And doune on knees he gan to fall,
And forth his necke and hed outfraught;
To drinkin of that well a draught;
And in the watre anon was sene
His nose, his mouthe, his eyin, thene,
And he therof was all abashed,
His owne shadowe had him betrafhed,
For wel wende he the forme to se
Of a child of full grete beaute:
Full wel couth Love him wreke tho
Of daungir and of pride also.
That Narcissus somtime him bere;
He quite him well his guerdon there,
For he musid fo in the well
That shortly, the sothe to tell,
He lovid his owne shadowe fo
That at the last he starfe for wo;
For whan he sawe that he his will
Might in no manir way fulfill,
And that he was so faste caught
That he him couthe comfort naught,
He lost his witte right in that place,
And deide within a litill space;
And thus his warifon he toke
For the lady that he forfoke.

Ladies, I praie ensample taketh,
Ye that ayenst your love mistaketh;
If of ther deth you be to wite
Good can ful wel your wile quite.

Whan this letter, of whiche I tell,
Had taught me that it was the well
Of Narcissus in his beaute,
I gan anon withdrawe me
When it fell in my remembrance
That him betide fuche a mischaunce;
But at the laste than thoughtin I
That seathelless full sickirly
I might unto the well go,
Wherof shull I abashin fo?
Unto the well than went I me,
And doune I loutid for to se
The clere watir in the stone,
And eke the gravel, whiche that shone
Doune in th' botom as silvir fine,
For of the well this is the fine,
In world is none so elere of hewe,
The watre is ever fresh and newe,
That welmith up with wavis bright
The mountenaunce of two fingir hight;
About it is the grasse springing
For moiste so thicke and wel liking
That it ne may in wintir die
No more than may the see be drie.

Doune at the botome set sawe I
Two cristal stonis craftily,
In thilke freshe and faire well;
But o things sothly dare I tell
That ye well holde a grete mervaille
Whan it is tolde withoutin faille,

For when the sunne clere in sight
 Cast in that welles his bemis bright,
 And that the hete descendid is,
 Than taketh the cristall stone i-wis.
 Againe the sunne an hundrid hewis,
 Blewe, yelow, red, that fresh and new is,
 Yet hath the mervailous cristall
 Suche strength that the place ovir all,
 Both foule and tre, and levis grene,
 And all the yerde, in it is sene:
 And for to don you to undirfonde,
 To make ensample wol I fonde;
 Right as a mirroure opynly
 Shewith al thing that stondeth thereby,
 As well the colour as figure,
 Withoutin any covinture,
 Right so the cristall stone shining,
 Withoutin any difceving,
 The entrees of the yerde accuseth
 To him that in the watir museth,
 For evir in whiche halfe ye be,
 Ye may wele halfe the gardine se,
 And if ye turne ye may right wele
 Sene the remenaunt every dele,
 For there is none so litil thing
 So hid ne closin with shing,
 That it n'is sene, as though it were
 Ypainted in the cristall there.
 This is the mirroure perillous
 In whiche the proude Narcissus
 Sey al his faire face so bright,
 That made him sith to lie upright,
 For who so loke in that mirroure
 There may nothing ben his scour,
 That he ne shal there fe somthing
 That shal him lede into laughing
 Ful many a worthy man hath in
 Yblent, for solke of gretit wit
 Ben sone ycaught here and ywaited;
 Withouten respite ben they baited:
 Here comith to folke of newe rage,
 Here chaungith many wight corage,
 Here lithe no rede ne witte therto,
 For Venus sonne, Dan Cupido,
 Hath sown there of love the fede,
 That helpe ne lithe there non ne rede,
 So cerclith it the welles about,
 His ginnis hath he set without,
 Right for to cathe in his panter
 These damosels and bachilers;
 Love will none othir birdis cathe,
 Though he set eithir nette or lache;
 And for the fede that here was sown
 This welles is cleped, as well is known,
 The Welles of Love of very right,
 Of whiche there heth ful many wight
 Spokin in bokis diversely;
 But thei shul per so verily
 Discripcion of the welles here,
 Ne eke the sothe of this matere,
 As ye shul when I have undo
 The crafte that here belongeth to.

Always me likid for to dwell
 To sene the cristall in the well,
 That shewid me ful opynly
 A thousande thingis faste by;
 But I may saie in fory houre
 Stode I to lokin or to poure,
 For sithin I fore have ysikid
 That mirroure hath me now entrikid;
 But had I first knowen in my wit
 The vertu and strengthis of it,
 I n'oldé not have musid there;
 Me had bettir ben ellis-where,
 For in the snare I fell anone
 That had bitreshid many one.

In thilké mirroure sawe I tho,
 Among a thousande thingis mo,
 A rosir chargid ful of rois,
 That with an hedge aboute enclosed is;
 Tho had I suche lust and envie,
 That for Paris ne for Pavie
 N'olde I have left to gone and fe
 There gretit hepe of rois be.
 Whan I was with this rage yhent,
 That caught hath many a man and sient,
 Towarde the rosir gan I go,
 And whan I was not ferre there fro
 The favour of the rois fote
 Me smote right to the herte rote,
 As I had all enhaumid me;
 And if I n'ad endoutid me
 To have ben hatid or assailed,
 My thankis wol I not have failed.
 To pull a Rose of al that route,
 To berin in mine honde aboute,
 And smellin to it where I went;
 But er I dredde me to repent,
 And leste it greyid or forthought
 The lorde that thilké gardin wrought.
 Of rois there werin grete wone,
 So faire werin nevir in Rone;
 Of knoppis close some sawe I there,
 And some wel bettir woxin were,
 And some there ben of othir moison,
 That drowé nigh to ther seson,
 And spedde hem faste for to spredde;
 I lovè wel suche rois redde,
 For brode rois and open' also
 Ben passid in a daie or two,
 But knoppis wollin freshe be
 Two daies at lest or ellis thre.
 The knoppis gretely likid me,
 For fairir maie there no man fe;
 Who so might havin one of all
 It ought him ben ful lese withall:
 Might I garlonde of hem getten
 For no richeffe I wolde it letten.
 Amonges the knoppis I chefe one
 So faire, that of the remenaunt none
 Ne preise I halfe so wel as it
 Whan I avisin in my wit;
 It so wel was enluminid
 With colour red, as well singid

As Nature couth it makin faire,
And it hath levis wel fourre paire,
That Kind hath set through his knowing;
Aboute the redde rofis springing
The stalke ywas as risse right,
And theron stode the knoppe upright,
That it ne bowed upon no side;
The sote smell yspring so wide
That it died al the place aboute:
Whan I had smelled the favour sote
No will had I fro thence yet go,
But somdele nere it went I tho
To take it, but mine honde for drede
Ne durst I to the Rose bede
For thistles sharpe of many maners;
Netlis, thornis, and hokid briers,
For muche they distourblid me,
For fore I dradde to harmid be.

The god of Love, with bowe ybent,
That al daie fet had his talent
To pursue and to spyin me,
Was stondin by a figge tre,
And whan he sawe how that I
Had chosin so ententifely
The bothum more unto my pay
Than any othir that I say,
He toke an arowe sharply whette,
And in his bowe when it was sette
He streight up to his ere ydrough
The stronge bowe that was so tough,
And shotte at me so wondir tinerte
That through mine eye unto mine herte
The takil smote, and depe it wente,
And therewith al such colde me hente
That undir clothis warme and softe
Sin that day I have chivered ofte.

Whan I was hurte thus in stounde
I fell doune plat unto the grounde,
Mine herte failid and faintid aie,
And longé time in swouné I laie;
But whan I came out of swooning,
And hadde my witte and my feling,
I was all mate, and wende full wele
Of blode t' have lorne a full grete dele,
But certes th' arowe that in me stode
Of me ne drewe no droppe of blode;
For why? I founde my woundes all drie.

Than toke I with mine hondis twice
The arowe, and full fast it out plight,
And in the pulling fore I fight;
So at the last the shaft of tre
I drough out with the fethirs thre,
But yet the hokid hedde i-wis,
The whiche Beaute ycallid is,
Gan so depe in mine herte pace
That I it ne might not arace,
But in mine herte still it stode,
All bledde I not a droppe of blode:
I was bothe anguissous and trouble
For the perill that I sawe double;
I ne wist what to saie or doe,
Ne get a leche my woundis to,

For neither thorough graffe né rote
Ne had I helpe of hope ne bote,
But to the bothum evir mo
Mine herte drewe, for all my wo
My thought was in none othir thing,
For had it ben in my koping
It would have brought my life again,
For certis evenly, I dare sain,
The sight onely and the favour
Aleggid moche of my languor.

Than gan I for to drawe me
Toward the bothum faire to se,
And Love had gette him in this throwe
An othir arowe into his bowe;
And for to shotin gan him dresse;
The arowes name was Simplenesse:
And whan that Love gan nigh me nere
He drowe it up withoutin were,
And shotte at me with all his might,
So that this arowe anone right
Throughouth mine eigh, as it was founde,
Into mine herte hath made a wounde;
Than I anone did all my craft
For to ydrawin out the shaft,
And therewithall I sighid eft;
But in mine hert the hedde was left,
Whiche aie encresid my desire;
Unto the bothum drewe I nere;
And evirmo that me was wo
The more desire had I to go
Unto the rofir, where that grewe
The freshe bothom so bright of hewe:
Bettir me were to have lettin be,
But it behovidnedis me
To doen right as mine herte hadde,
For er the body must be ladde
Aftir the herte in wele and wo,
Of force togethir thei must go;
But nevir this archir would fine
To shotte at me with all his pine,
And for to make me to him niere.

The thirde arowe he gan to shete,
Whan best his time he might espie,
The whiche was namid Curtise,
Into mine herte he did arole;
A swonne I fell borhe dedde and pale;
Long time I laie, and stirid nought,
Till I abraied out of my thought,
And faste than I aviid me
To drawin out the shaft of tre;
But aye the hedde was lesse behinde
For ought I couthe pull or winde;
So fore it sticked whan I was hit
That by no craft I might it sit,
But anguissous and full of thought
I felt soche wo my wounde aie wrought,
That fomoned me alwaie to go
Toward the Rose that plesed me so;
But I ne durst in no manere,
Because the archir was so nere.

For evirmore gladly, as I rede,
Brent child of fire bath mochiil drede;
And certis yet for all my pein
Though that I sigh, yet arowis rein,

And ground quartelis, sharpe of fete,
Ne for no pain that I might fele;
Yet might I not my self with hold
The faire rofir to behold,
For Love me yave soche hardiment
For to fulfill his commaundement;
Upon my fete I rose up than,
Feble as a forwounded man;
And forthe to goh my might I set,
And for the archir n'olde I let;
Toward the rofir fast I drowe;
But thornis sharpe mo than inow
There were, and also thiftles thicke,
And breris brimmè for to pricke,
That I ne might ygettin grace,
Through the rough thornis for to pace;
To sene the rofis freshe of hewe;
I must abide though it me rewe;
The hedge about so thicke was,
That clofed the rofis in compas.

But o thing likid me right wele,
I was so nigh that I might fele
Of the bothom the fore odour,
And also se the freshe coloure;
And that right gretely likid me
That I so nere mightin it se;
Soche joie anon thereof had I,
That I forgate my malady;
To sene it I had soche delite
Of woe and angre' I was all quite;
And of my woundis that I had thore,
For nothing likin me might more;
Than dwellin by the rofir aie,
And thenis nevir to passe awaie;
But whan a while I had be there
The god of Love, whiche all to share
Mine herte with his arowis kene,
Calseth him to yeve me woundis grene;
He shote at me full hastily
An arowe namid Companie,
The whiche takil is full able
To make these ladies merciable;
Than I anon gan chaungin hewe
For grevaunce of my wounde newe;
That I again fell in frowning;
And sighid sore in complaining.

Sore I complained that my fore
On me gan grevin more and more;
I had none hope of allegiance,
So nigh I drowe to disperaunce;
I ne nought of deth ne of life,
Whethir that Love ywould me drife;
If me a martir wold he make
I might his powir not forsake;
And while for angir thus I woke
The god of Love and arowe toke;
Full sharp it was and full poinaunt,
And it was callid Faire Semblaunt;
The whiche in no wise wold consent
That any lover Him repent
To serve his love with herte and all;
For any perill that maie fall;
But though this arowe was kene grounde
As any rasor that is founde.

VOL. I.

To cutte and kervin at the point;
The god of Love it had anoint
With a full precious ointment,
Some dele to yeve elegement
Upon the woundis that he hade;
Thorough the eye in my herte made;
To helpe her foris and to cure,
And that thei maie the bette indure;
But yet this arowe without more
Made in mine herte a large fore;
That in full grette pain I abode,
But aie the ointment went abroad;
Throughout my woundis large and wide,
It sprede about in every side;
Thorough whose vertue and whose might
Mine herte joifull was and light;
I had ben dedde and all to shent
But for the precious ointment.
The shaft I drowe out of the arowe;
Roking for wo right wondir narowe;
But the hedde, whiche that made me inerte,
I left behind in mine herte;
With othir fower, I dare well saie,
That nevir wold be toke awaie;
But the ointment halpe me wele,
And yet soche forowe did I fele;
That alle daie I chaungid hewe
Of my woundis so freshe and newe;
As men might fe in my vilage;
The arowes were so full of rage,
So variaunt of diversite,
That men in everiche might fe
Both grette anoie and eke swetnesse;
And joie ymeint with bittirnesse;
Now were thei cly and now wode;
In them I felt bothe harme and gode;
Now fore without alleggement,
Now softning with the ointment;
It softenid here and prickid there;
Thus cke and angir were yfere.

The god of Love deliverly
Came lepende to me hastily,
And sayid to me in grette jape,
Yelde the, for thou maie not escape;
Maie no defence availe the here,
Therefore I rede make no daungere;
If thou wolt yelde the hastily
Thou shalt the rathir have mercie;
He is a sole in fikerneffe
That with daungir or with froutnesse
Rebellith there that he should plesse;
In soche folie is little ese;
Be meke where thou must nedis bowe;
To strive ayen is not thy prow;
Come at onis, and have idoe;
For I wollè that, it be so;
Than yelde the here debonairly.
And I answerid full humbly,
All gladly, Sir, at your bidding;
I woll me yelde in alle thing
To your service I woll me take,
For God defende that I should make

Ayen your bidding resistance; I wold not doen so grete offence,
 For if I did it were no skill; Ye maie do with me what ye will,
 Or save or spill, and also slo; Fro you in no wise may I go;
 My life, my deth, is in your honde; I maie not laste out of your bonde;
 Plaine at your liste I yelde me, Hoping in hert that sometime ye
 Comforte and ese shuld to me sende, Or els shortly, this is the ende,
 Withoutin helth I mote aie dure; But if ye take me to your cure;
 Comforte or helth how shuld I have, Sithe ye me hurte, but ye may save;
 The helth of Love mote be yfounde, Where as thei tokin first the wounde;
 And if ye liste of me to make Your prisoner, I woll it take;
 Of herte and will fully at grete Wholy and plaine I yelde me;
 Withoutin feining or feintise, To be governed by you emprise;
 Of you I here so mochil prise, I wol ben whole at your devise;
 For to fulfill all your liking, And to repentin for nothing;
 Hoping to have yet in some tide Mercy of that that I abide;
 And with that covenaut yelde I me, Anon doune kneling on my kne,
 Profiring for to kisse his fete, But for nothing he wold me lete;
 And said, I love the both and preise, Sens that thine answerd doth me ese;
 For thou answered so curtilly, For nowe I wote well uttirly;
 That thou art gentil by thy speche, For though a man ferre woude fече,
 He should not findin in certaine No fuche answer of no vilaine;
 For such a worde ne mighte nought Issue out of a vilaines thought;
 Thou shalt not lesur of thy speche, For thy helping willin I eche;
 And eke encrefin that I maie, But first I woll that thou obaie;
 Fully for thine own avauntage, Anone to do me here homage;
 And fithin kisse thou shalt my mouthe, Whiche to no vilaine was ner couthe;
 For to aproche it ne for to touche, For fause of cherlis I ne vouche;
 That thei shal never neigh it nere, For curteis and of faire manere;
 Wel taught and ful of gentilnesse, He must yben that shall me kisse;
 And also of ful highe fraunchise, That shal atteine to that emprise;
 And first of o thing warne I the, That paine and gret adversite;
 He mote endure, and eke travaile, That shal me serve withoutin faille;

But there against the to comforte, And with thy servise to disporte,
 Thou maist ful glad and joyfull be, So gode a maister to have as me,
 And lord of so high renoun; I bere of Love the gonfencoun;
 And of Curtisie the banere, For I am of selfe the manere,
 Gentill and curteis, meke and fre, That who evir ententife be,
 Me to honour, re-doute, and serve, And also that he him observe;
 Fro trespace and fro villanie, And him governe in curtilie;
 With will and with entencion; For when he first in my prison
 Is caught, than maist be uttirly Fro thennis-forth ful besily;
 Ycast him gentill for to be, Yf he desire helpe of me;
 Anone withoutin more delaie, Withoutin daungir or asfraie,
 I become his vassal anone, And gave him thanks many a one;
 And knelid doune with hondis joint, And made it in my porte full quicnt;
 The joye went to my hert's rote, When I had kissid his mouthe so sote;
 I had fuche mirth and such liking, It curid me of languishing;
 He asked of me than hostages, I have takin fele homages;
 Of one and othir where I have bene, Disfreinid ofte withoutin wene;
 These felons ful of falsite, Have many sithes begilid me,
 And through falsheid ther lust achieved, Wherof I repent and am greved;
 And I hem gettee in my daungere, Ther falsheid shul thei bie ful dere;
 But for I love the I saie the plaine I woll of the be more certaine;
 For the fore I will now ybinde, That thou away ne shalt not winde;
 For to denien thy covenant, Or done that is not avenaunt;
 That thou were false it wer grete ruth, Sithe thou semist so ful of truth;
 Sir, if the liste to understaunde I merveile the asking this demaunde;
 For why or wherfore shoulde ye Hostage or borowes aske of me,
 Or any othir fikirnesse, Sithin ye wote in sothfastnesse;
 That ye me have surprisid so, And whole mine herte takin me fro,
 That it woll doe for me nothing, But if it be at your bidding;
 Mine hert is yours, and mine right nought, As it behoveth, in dede and thought,
 Redy in all to worche your will, Whether so tourne to gode or ill;
 So fore it lustith you to plesse, No man therof maie you disesse;

Ye have theron set soche justice
That it is werried in many wise;
And if ye doubt in n'olde obaie
Ye maie therof do make a kaie
And hold it with you for hostage.

Now, certis, this is none outrage;
(Quod Love) and fully I acorde,
For of the body he is full lorde
That hath the herte in his tresore;
Outrage it were to askin more.

Than of his aumener he drough
A little keie fetise inough,
Whiche was of gold polished clere,
And faied to me, With this keie here
Thine herte to me now woll I shet;
For all thy joifull lōke and knet
I binde undir this little keie,
That no wight maie cary awaie.

This keie is full of grete postē,
With whiche anone he touchid me
Undir the side full softly;
That he mine herte sodainly
Without any doute hath so spered
That yet right nought it hath me dēred.

When he had doin his will all out,
And I had put him out of dout,
Sir, I faied, I have right grete will
Your lust and plesure to fulfill,
Lōke ye my service take at gre
By thilkē faith ye owe to me;
I faie nought for recreaundise,
For I nought doubt of your service.

But this servaunt travaileth in vain
That for the servin doeth his pain
Unto that lorde which in no wise
Conne him no thanke for his service.

Love sayid tho, Dismaie the nought;
Sith thou for succour hast me fought
In thanke thy service woll I take,
And high of degre woll the mak
If Wickednesse ne hindir the;
But (as I hope) it shall nought be;
To worship no wight by aventure
Maie come but that he pain endure.

Abide and suffre thy distresse
That hurthith now; it shall be lesse;
I wote my self what maie the save,
What medicine thou wouldest have.

And if thy trūth to me thou kepe
I shall unto thine helping eke;
To cure thy woundes and make hem clene,
Where so that thi be old or grene;
Thou shalt be holpen, at wordis few,
For certainly thou shalt well shewe
Where that thou servist with gode will,
For to acomplishe and fulfill
My commaundementis daie and night,
Whiche I to lovirs yeve of right.

Ah Sir! for Gode's love (saied I)
Er ye passe hens ententifely
Your commaundementis to me faie,
And I shall kepe hem if I maie,
For them to kepen is all my thought;
And if so be I wote hem nought
Than maie I erre unwittingly;
Wherefor I praie you entirly
With all mine herte me for to lere;
That I trespase in no manere.

The god of Love than chargid me
Anon, as ye shall here and se
Wordē by wordē, by right emprise;
So as The Romaunt shall devise.

The maistr lefith time to lere
When the disciple woll not here;
It is but vain on him to twinke
That on his lerning woll not thinke;
Who so lust love let him intende,
For now The Romance ginneth to amende.

Now is gode to herin in faie,
If any be that can it faie,
And point it as the reson is
Yfet, for othir gate i-wis
It shall nat well in alle thing
Be brought to gode understanding;
For a rede that pointith ill
A gode sentence maie o'tin fill.
The boke is gode at the ending,
Ymade of newe and lustie thing,
For who so woll the ending here
The craft of Love he shall now lere;
If that he woll so long abide
Till I this Romance maie unhide,
And undoe the signifaunce
Of this dremē into Romance;
The sothfastnesse that now is hid
Without coverture shall be kid
Whan I undoen have this dreming,
Wherin no wordē is of lesing.

Villanie at the beginning
I woll, saied Love, ovr all thing
Thou leve, if that thou wolt ybe
Falso, and trespase ayenist me;
I curse and blame generally
All them that lovin villanie;
For villanie makith villaine,
And by his dedes a chorle is seine.

These villains arne without pite,
Frendship and love, and all bounte;
I n'll receive to my service
Them that ben vilains of emprise.

But undirfonde in thine entent
That this is not mine entendement
To clepin no wight in no age
Ouely gentill for his linage,
But who so that is vertuous,
And in his port not outragious;
Whan soche one thou seest the beforre,
Though he be not gentill ybornes,

Thou mayist well seine this in foth
 That he is gentill, bicause he doth
 As longith to a gentil man;
 Of them none othir deme I can,
 For certainly withouten drede
 A chorle is demid by his dede
 Or hie or lowe, as ye maie se,
 Or of what kinrid that he be;
 Ne saie nought for non evill will
 Thing which that is to holdin still:
 It is no worship to misseie,
 Thou maiest ensample take of Keie,
 That was somtime for missaying
 Yhatid bothe of old and yong:
 As ferre as Gawein the worthie
 Was praifid for his curtise
 Kaic was hatid, for he was fell,
 Of wordes dispitous and cruell;
 Wherefore be wise and aqueintable,
 Godelie of wordes, and resonable,
 Bothe to lesse and eke to mare:
 And when thou comist there men are
 Loke that thou have in custome aie
 First to salue 'hem if thou maie;
 And if it fall that of 'hem somme
 Salue the first, be thou not domme,
 But quite him curtisly anon,
 Without abiding, er thei gon.

For nothing eke thy tong applie
 To spekin wordes of ribaudrie:
 To vilaine speche in no degre
 Late not thy lippe unboundin be,
 For I nought holde him in gode faith
 Curteis that foule wordis saith
 And allè women serve and preise,
 And to thy power thete honour reise;
 And if that any missayrre
 Dispise women that thou maist here,
 Blame him, and bidde him holde him still;
 And sette thy might and al thy will
 Women and ladies for to plesse,
 And to do thing that may 'hem esse,
 That thei evir speke gode of the,
 For so thou maist best praifid be.

Loke that fro pride thou kepe the welc,
 For thou maist both perceive and fele
 That pride is both foly and sinne;
 And he that pride hath him within
 Ne may his herte in no wise
 Mekin, ne souplin to service,
 For pride is founde in every parte,
 Contrarie unto Lov's arte;
 And he that lovith truely
 Should him containe jolily
 Withouten pride in sondry wise,
 And him disguifin in quaintice;
 For quainte aray, withoutin drede,
 Is nothin proude, who takith hede,
 For freshe aray, as men may se,
 Withouten pride may oftin be.

Maintaine thy selfe after thy rent
 Of rob: and eke of garment,
 For many a fitte faire clothing
 A man amendith in muche thinge,

And loke alway that thei be shapen
 (What garment that thou shalt the make)
 Of him that can the best ydo,
 With al that parteineth therto,
 Pointis and sleeves be wel sittande
 Ful right and streight upon the hande:
 Of shone and botis newe and faire,
 Loke at the lest thou have a paire,
 And that thei fitte so fetously
 That these rude men may uttirly
 Mervaille, sith that thei fitte so plaine,
 How thei come on or of againe:
 Were streightè glovis, with aumere
 Of filke: and alway with gode chere
 Thou yeve, if that thou have richesse,
 And if thou have nought spende thelesse:
 Alway be mery if thou maie,
 But wastè not thy god alwaie;
 Have hatte of flouris freshe as May,
 Chapelet of rosis of Whitsondaie.
 For soche araic costnith but lite;
 Thine hondis washe, thy tethe make white,
 And let no filthe upon the be:
 Thy nails blacke if thou maiest se
 Voide it awaie delivry;
 And kembe thine hedde right jolily:
 Farce not thy visage in no wise,
 For that of Love is nat th' emprise,
 For Love doeth hatin, as I finde,
 A beauteie that cometh nat of kinde:
 Alwaie in herte I redè the
 Ful glad and mery for to be,
 And be as joyfull as thou can;
 Love hath no joie of forowfull man,
 That ill is full of curtise,
 That knowith in his maladie
 For evir of love the sicknesse
 Is meint with swete and bittirnesse.
 The fore of love is mervailous,
 For now the lovir is joious,
 Now can he plain, now can he grone,
 Now can he singe, now makin mone;
 To daie he plaineth for hevinesse,
 To morue' he plaineth for jolinesse.
 The life of love is full contrarie,
 Whiche stounde mele can oftin varie;
 But if thou canist mirthis make
 That men in gre woll gladly take
 Do it godely, I commaunde the;
 For men shuld, where so er thei be,
 Doe thing that 'hem besitting is,
 For thesif cometh gode loos and pris;
 Whereof that thou be vertuous
 Ne be nat straunge, ne daungerous;
 For if that thou gode ridir be
 Prickle gladly that men maie the se:
 In armis also if thou conne
 Pursue till thou a name hast wonne:
 And if thy voice be faire and clere
 Thou shalt makin no grete daungere;
 When the to sing thei godely praie
 It is thy worship for to obaie:
 Also to you it longith aie
 To harpe and giterne, daunce and plaie;

For if he can well fote and daunce
 He maie him gretely doe avaunce,
 Emong eke for thy ladie sake
 Songis and complaintes that thou make,
 For that wolle mevin in her herte
 Whan that thei redin of thy smerte:
 Loke that no man for scarce thei holde,
 For that maie greve the manifolde;
 Reson woll that a lovur be
 In his yestis more large and fre
 Than charles that ben not of loving;
 For who therof can any thing
 He shall be lese aie for to yeve,
 In londis lore who so would leve,
 For he that through a foudain sight
 Or for a kissing anon right,
 Yave whole his herte in will and thought,
 And to himself kepith right nought,
 Aftir this swift gift 'tis but reason
 He give his gode too in a bandon.

Now woll I shortly here reherce
 Of that I have ysaid in verce
 Alle the sentence by and by
 In wordis fewe compendiously,
 That thou the bet maieft on 'hem think
 Wher so it be thou wake or winke,
 For the wordis do little greve
 A man to kepe whan thei be breve.

Who so with Love woll gon or ride
 He mote be curteis, voide of pride,
 Merie, and full of jolite,
 And of largesse a losid be.

Firft I joigne the here in penaunce
 That evir without repentaunce
 Thou fet thy thought in thy loving
 To last withoutin repenting,
 And think upon thy mirthis swete
 That shall solue' aftir 'whan ye mete.

And for thou true to Love shalt be
 I will and eke commaund the
 That in one place thou set all whole
 Thine herte, withoutin halfin dolo,
 For trecherie and sikirnesse,
 For I loved never doublenesse.
 To many' his herte that woll depart
 Everiche shall have but little part,
 But of him drede I me right nought
 That in one place settith his thought;
 Therefore in o place thou it set,
 And let it never thennis flet,
 For if thou yevest it in leneing
 I holde it but a wretchid thing;
 Therefore yevith it whole and quite,
 And thou shalt have the more merite:
 If it be lent than aftir soen
 The bounte and the thanke is doen;
 But in love a fre yevin thing
 Requirit a grete guerdoning.
 Yeve it in yest all quite fully,
 And make thy gift debonairly,
 For men that yest holdin more dere
 That yevin is with gladsonie chere.

That gift nought to praisin is
 That a man gevith mal gre his.
 Whan thou hast yeven thine hert (as I
 Have said the here all opynly)
 Than aventuris shull the fall
 Whiche hard and hevye ben with all;
 For ofte whan thou bethinkeft the
 Of thy loving, where so thou be,
 Fro folke thou must depart in hie,
 That none perceive thy maladie,
 But hide thine harme thou must alone
 And go forth sole and make thy mone.
 Thou shalt no while be in o state,
 But whilom colde and whilom hate,
 Now red as rose, now yelow' and fade:
 Such forow I trow thou ner had;
 Cotidien ne the quartene
 It is not half so full of peine;
 For oftin timis it shal fal
 In love, among thy painis al,
 That thou thy selfin all wholly
 Foryetthin shalt so utirly
 That many timis thou shalt be
 Still as an image made of tre,
 Domme as a stone, without ftering
 Of fote or honde, without speking.

And than sone aftir al thy paine
 To memo'rie shalt thou come againe,
 A man abashtid wondir fore,
 And aftir fighin more and more;
 For wit thou wele withoutin wene
 In suche a state ful ofte have bene
 That have the' cvill of love affaide,
 Where thorough thou art so dismaide.

Aftir a thought shal take the so
 That thy love is to feire the fro,
 Thou shalt sa (God) what may this be
 That I ne may my lady fe?
 Mine hert alone is to her go,
 And I abide al sole in wo,
 Departid fro mine owne thought,
 And with mine eyin se right nought.

Alas! mine cien sene I ne may
 My carefull herte to convey;
 Mine hert is guide but thei be
 I praise nothing what er thei fe;
 Shul thei abidin than? why, nay,
 But gone and se without delay
 That whiche mine hert desirith so,
 For certainly but if thei go
 I sole my selfe I may well holde
 Whan I ne se what mine hert wolde
 Wherfore I wol gone her to sene,
 Or esid shall I never bene
 But that I have some tokning.

Than goft thou forth without dwelling
 But ofte thou failest of thy desire
 Er thou maieft come her any nere,
 And waistif in vaine thy passage;
 Than faist thou in a newe rage;
 For want of sight thou ginnist murne,
 And homwarde pensife dost returne.

In grete mischefe than shalt thou be,
For than againe shal come to the
Sighis and plaintis, with newe wo,
That no itching prickith the so;
Who wote it nought he maie go lere
Of them that buyis love so dere.

No thing thine hert appeyn maie,
That oft thou wolt gone and affaie
If thou maist sene by aventure
Thy liv'is joye, thine hert'is cure;
So that by grace if that thou might
Attaine of her to have a sight
Than shalt thou done non othir dede
But with that sight thine eyen fede.
That faire freshe whan thou maist se
Thine hert shal so ravishid be
That ner thou woldest thy thankis lete,
Ne remove for to se that swete:
The more thou seest, in sothfastnesse,
The more thou covitest that swetenesse;
The more thine herte brennith in fire
The more thine herte is in desire,
For who confidrit every dele,
It may be likened wondir wele
The paine of love unto a fere,
For evirmore thou neighist nere
In thought, or how so that it be,
(For very sothe I tel it the)

The hotter evir shalt thou brenne,
As experience shall the kenne;
Where so comist in any cosse
Who is next fire he brennith moste:
And yet forsothe for al thine herte,
Though thou for love swelte and swete,
Ne for no thing thou felin may,
Thou shalt not wille to passe away;
And though thou go, yet must the nede
Thinkin al day on her faire hede
Whom thou behelde with so gode will,
And holde thy selfe begilid ill
That thou ne haddest none hardiment
To shewe her aught of thine entent;
Thine hert ful fore thou wolt dispise,
And eke repreve of cowardise,
That thou so dull in every thing
Were domme for drede without speaking.

Thou shalt eke thinke thou diddest foly
That thou were her so faste bie
And durst not venture the to say
Some thing er that thou came away,
For thou haddist no more wonne
To speke of her whan thou begonne;
But yet if she would for thy sake
In armis godely the have take,
It should have be more worthe to the
Than of tresour a grete plente.

Thus shalt thou morne and eke complaine,
And get encheson t'o gon againe
Unto thy walke or to thy place
Where thou behelde her fleshy face;
And n'ere for false suspection
Thou woldist finde occasion
For to gone in unto her house;
Thou art than so desirous

A sight of her but for to have,
If thou thine honour mightist save,
Or any crande mightist make,
Thidir for thy lov'is sake,
Ful faine thou woldist, but for drede
Thou goest not, lest that men take hede;
Wherefore I rede in thy going,
And also' in thine againe coming,
Thou be wel ware that men ne wit;
Feine the othir cause than it
To go that waie, or faste bie;
To helin wel is no folie;
And if so be it happed the
That thou thy love there maistie yse,
In sikir wise thou her fawere,
Wherwith thy coloure wolt tranfnewe,
And eke thy bloud shal al to quake,
Thy hewe eke chaungin for her sake,
But worde and wit, with chere ful pale,
Shul want for to tellin thy tale;
And if thou maist so ferforth winne
That thou to reson durst beginne,
And woldist faine three things or mo,
Thou shalt ful scarcely faine the two;
Though thou bethinke the ner so wele
Thou shalt foryetin yet fomdele.

But if thou dele with trechery,
For false loxirs mowe all fully
Sain what 'hem lust withoutin dred,
Thei be so double' in ther falsheid,
For thei in hert can thinke o thing
And faine an othre' in ther speaking;
And whan thy speche is endid all
Right thus to the it shal befall;
If any worde than come to minde
That thou to say hast left behinde,
Than thou shalt brenne in erete martire,
For thou shalt brenne as ally fire:
This is the strife and eke the' affraie,
And the batill, that lastith aie:
This bargaine ende may never take
But if that she thy pece wil make.

And whan the night is come anon
A thousande angles shal come on:
To bed as fast thou wolte the sight,
Where thou shalt have but smal delight,
For whan thou wenist for to slepe
So ful of paine shalt thou crepe,
Sterte in thy bed about ful wide,
And turne ful ofte on every side,
Now downward grouse, and now upright,
And walow in wo the long night:
Thine armis shalt thou sprede a brede
As man in warre were forwerde;
Than shal the come a remembrance,
Of her shape and of her semblance,
Wherto none othir may be pece:
And wete thou wel withoutin were
That the shal se somtime that night
That thou hast her that is so bright
Nakid bitwene thine armis there,
Al sothfastnesse as though it were;

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE

Thou shalt make castels than in Spaine,
And dreme of joy al but in vaine;
And the delitin of right nought
While thou so slombriest in that thought
That is so swete and delitable,
The whiche in sothe n'is but a fable,
For it ne shall no while last:
Than shalt thou sighe and wepe fast,
And say, Dere God! what thing is this?
My dreme is turnid al amis.
Whiche was ful swete and apparent,
But now I wake it is al sheent;
Now yede this mery thought away;
Twenty timis upon a day
I wold this thought wold come againe,
For it alegith wel my paine;
It maketh me ful of joyfull thought;
It sleeth me that it lastith nought:
Ah Lorde! whi n'il ye me socoure?
The joye I trowe that I languore,
The deth I wold me shoulde slo-
While I lie in her armis two:
Mine harme is harde withoutin wene,
My gret unese ful ofte I mene.

But woulde Love do so I might
Have fully joye of her so bright
My paine were quitte me richily.
Alas! to gret a thing aske I;
It is but foly and wrong wening
To aske so outrageous a thing,
And who so askith folily
He mote be warnid hastily.
And I ne wote what I may say,
I am so ferre out of the way,
For I wold have ful grette liking
And ful grette joy of lasse thing;
For wold she of her gentilnesse
Withoutin more me ois kelesse
It were to me a grette guerdon,
Relese of all my passion:
But it is harde to come therto;
Al is but foly that I do;
So highe I have mine herte sette
Where that I may no comfort gette:
I n'ote wher I say well or nought,
That it were bette of her alone
For to stintin my wo and more;
A luke on her I cast godely
Than for to have al utterly
Of an othir al whole the play.
Ah Lorde! wher I shal bide the day
That ere she shal my lady be?
He is ful cured that may her se-
Ah God! whan shal the dauning springe?
To liggin thus is angry thing;
I have no joy thus here to lie
Whan that my love is not me bie:
A man to lien hath grette difese
Which maie not slepe ne rest in ese;
I wold it dawed and were now day,
And that the night were went away,

For were it daye I wold up rise
Ah slowe sonne! shewe thine enpryse
Spede the to sprede thy bemis bright,
And chace the derkenesse of the night,
To put away the skoundis strong
Whiche in me lastin al to long.

The night shalt thou continue so
Withoutin rest, in paine and wo;
If er thou knew of love distresse
Thou mowe lerne it in that sikenesse;
And thus enduring shalt thou lie,
And rise on morow up cry
Out of thy bed, and harnais thee
Er evir dawning thou maist se
Al privily than shalt thou gone,
What wethre' it be, thy selfe alone,
For reine or haile, for snowe for flete,
Thidir she dwelleth that is so swete,
The whiche maie sal a slepe be,
And thinkith but lite upon the
Than shalt thou go, ful soule aserde,
Loke if the gate be unsporde,
And waite withoutin woe and paine,
Full ill a colde in winde and raine:

Than shalt thou go the dore before,
If thou maist finde any fure,
Or hole, or reste; what ere it were;
Than shalt thou sloupe and lay to ere
If they within a slepe be,
I mene al fave thy lady fre,
Whom waking if thou maist aspie
Go put thy selfe in jupardie,
To askin grace and the bime,ne,
That she maie wete withoutin wene,
That thou all night no rest hast had,
So fore for her thou were bestad.

Women wel ought pite to take
Of them that forwen for ther sake;
And loke for love of that relike
That thou thinkd none othir like,
For whan thou hast to gret anney
Shall kisse the er thou go away,
And hold that in ful grette deinte;
And for that no man shal the se-
Before the house ne in the way,
Loke thou be gon againe er day:
Suche comming and suche going,
Suche hevynesse and suche walking,
Makith lovirs withoutin wene
Undir ther clothis pale and lene.
Love ne levethe coloure ne clerenesse;
Who lovith trewe hath no fatnesse.
Thou shalt wel by thy selfe se
That thou must nedes assauid be,
For men that shapen hem othir way
Falsely ther ladies to betray
No wondir is though they be fatte,
With false othis ther loves ther gatte,
For ofte I se suche lofingours
Fattir than abbotes or priours.

Yit with a thing I wolle the charge,
That is to say, that thou be large
Unto the maide that her doth serve;
So best her thanke thou shalke deserve;

Yeve her geftis, and get her grace,
 For fo thou may thanke purchace,
 That the the worthy holde and fre,
 The lady' and al that may the fe;
 Also her fervauntes worfhip aie,
 And plesin as muche as thou maie;
 Grete gode through them may come to the,
 Bicaufe with her thei ben prive;
 Thei fhal her tell how thei the fande
 Curteis and wife, and wel doande,
 And she fhal preife the wel the more;
 Loke out of londe thou be not fore,
 And if fuche caufe thou have that the
 Behoveth to gone out of countre,
 Leave wholly thine hert in poftage;
 Til thou againe make thy paffage;
 Thinke longe to fe the swete thing
 That hath thine hert in her keeping.

Now have I told the in what wife
 A lovir fhal do me fervice;
 Do it than if that thou wolt have
 The mede that thou doft afir crave.

Whan Love al this had bodin aie
 I fald him, Sir, how may it be
 That lovirs may in fuche manere
 Endure the paine ye have fald here?
 I marvaillin me wondir fafte
 How any man may live or lafte
 In fuche paine and in fuch brenning,
 In forte' and thought, and fuche fighing,
 Aie unrelid wo, to make
 Wher fo it be thei fleep or wake,
 In fuche any continually;
 As helpe me God this mervail I
 How man, but he were made of ftele,
 Might live a monthe fuch paines to fele.

The god of Love than fald to me,
 Frende, by the feith, I owe to the;
 May no man have gode but he' it bie;
 A man lovith more tendirly
 The thing that he hath bought moft dere;
 For wete thou well withouthin were
 In thanke that thing is takin more
 For which a man hath fuffrid fore;
 Certis no wo ne may attaine
 Unto the fore of lov's paine,
 None evil therto may amounte,
 No more than a man may counte
 The dropes that of the watir be,
 For drie as wel the grette fe
 Thou mightift as the harmis tell
 Of all them that with Love ydwell
 In fervice, for peine them flecth,
 And that eché wouldé fe the deeth,
 And trewe thei fould nevér efcape;
 Ne were that hope yowth 'hem make
 Glad as a man in prifon fete
 And maie not gettin for to ete
 But barlie bred and watir pure,
 And lieth in vermin and ordure;

With allé this yet can he live.
 Gode hope fuche comfort hath him yeve,
 Whiche makith wene that he fhal be
 Relefed and come to liberte;
 In Fortune is fully his truff,
 Although he lie in ftrawe or duft;
 In hope is al his fustaining;
 So fare lovirs in ther wenning;
 Whiche Love hath fhitte in his prifoun,
 Gode hope is ther falvacioun;
 Gode hope (how fore that thei fmerte)
 Yevith 'hem bothé will and herte
 T' offre ther body to martyre,
 For hope fo fore doth 'hem defire.
 To fuffre' eché harme that men devise
 For joye that afterwarde fhal rife.

Hope in defire cathe victory,
 In hope of Love' is al the glory,
 For hope is all that Love maie yeve;
 N'ere hope there fould no lengir live;
 Blefid be hope! whiche with defire
 Avaunceth lovirs in fuch manire,
 Gode hope is curteife for to pefe,
 To kepe lovirs from all difefe;
 Hope kepeth his londe, and wolt abide
 For any peril maise betide,
 For hope to lovirs, as moft chefe,
 Doth 'hem endurin all mifcheffe;
 Hope is ther helpe whan miftr is;
 And I fhal yeve the eke i-wis
 Thre othir things that gret folace
 Doth to them that be in my lace.

The first gode that may be yfounde
 To them that in my lace be bounde
 Is swete thought, for to recorde
 Thingé wherwith thou canft accorde
 Best in thine herte, whethir fhe be
 Thinking in abfence gode to the;
 Whan any lovir doth complaine,
 And livith in diftreffe and paine,
 Than swete thought fhal come as blive
 Awaie his angre for to drive;
 It makith lovirs have remembraunce
 Of comforte and of highe plesaunce;
 That hope hath hight him for to winne
 For thought anone than fhal beginne,
 As ferre God wote as he can finde,
 To make a mirrour of his minde,
 For to beholde he wolt not let,
 Her perfon he fhal force him fet,
 Her laughing eyen perfaunt and clere,
 Her fhape, her forme, her godely chere,
 Her mouthe, that is fo gracious,
 So fwete, and eke fo favirous,
 Of al her fetirs fhal take hede,
 His eyen with all her limmis fede.

Thus fwete thinking fhal fawage
 The paine of lovirs and ther rage;
 Thy joye fhal double without gefle
 Whan thou thinkift on her femelineffe,
 Or of her laughing or her chere,
 That to the made thy lady dere;

This comfort wol I that thou take,
And if the nexte thou wolst forsake,
Whiche is not lesse favirous;
Thou shouldest not ben to daungirous.

The second shal be swete speche,
That hath to many one be leche,
To bring 'hem out of wo and were,
And helpe many a bachilere,
And many a lady sent forour,
That had ylovid paramoure,
Thorough speking (whan thei might here)
Of their lovirs to them so dere,
To me it voidith al ther smerte,
The whiche is clofid in ther herte;
In hert it maketh 'hem glad and light,
Speche, whan thei mowe not havin sight;
And therfore nowe it cometh to minde
In oldé dawis, as I finde,
That clerkis written that her knewe
There was a lady freshe of hewe
Whiche of her love madin a song,
On him for to remembre among,
In whiche he said, Whan that I here
Spekin of him that is so dere
To me it voidith alle smerte;
Iwis he sittith so nere myn herte,
To speke of him at eve or morowe,
It curith me of al my sorowe;
To me is none so high plessaunce,
As of his person daliaunce.
She wil ful wele that swete speking
Comfortith in ful moche thing;
Her love she had full well assaide,
Of him she was ful wel apaide;
To speke of him her joye was set;
Therefore I rede the that thou get
A felowe that can wel concele
And kepe thy counsaile, and welle hele,
To whom go shewe wholly thine herte,
Both wele and woe, and joye and smerte;
To get comforte to him thou go,
And privily bitwene you two
Ye shal speke of that godely thing,
That hath thine hert in her keeping;
Of her beaute and her semblaunce,
And of her godely continuance;
Of al thy state thou shalt him saie,
And aske him counsaile how thou maie
Do any thing that maie her plesse,
For it to the shal do gret esse,
That he maie wete thou trust him for;
Both of thy wele and of thy wo;
And if his herte to love be sette,
His companie is moche the better;
For refon wol he shewe to the,
Al uttirly his private,
And what she is he lovith so
To the plainly he shal undo,
Withoutin drede of any shame;
Both tell her renome and her name;
Than shall he forthir ferre and nere,
And namely to thy lady dere

In sikir wise ye every other
Shal helpin as his owne brother,
In trouthe withoutin doublecesse,
And kepin close in sikirnesse;
For it is noble thing in fay,
To have a man thou dardest say
Thy privy counsaile every dele,
For that well comforte the right wele;
And thou shalt holde the wel apaid,
Whan such a frende thou hast assaid.

The thirde gode of grette comfort,
That yevith lovirs most disport,
Comith of sight and beholding,
That is yclepid Swete Loking,
The whiche may none else ydo
Whan thou art ferre thy lady fro,
Wherefore thou plede alway to be
In place where thou maist her se,
For it is thing most amirous,
Moste delitable and favirous,
For to asswage a mann is sorow,
To sene his lady by the morow;
For it is a ful noble thing
Whan that thine eyen have meting
With that relike so precious,
Whereof thei be so desirous.

But al daie aftir sothe it is,
Thei have no drede to faren amys;
Thei dredin neither winde ne rain;
Ne non othir manir of paine;
For whan thine eyen were thus in blisse,
Yet of ther curtisie iwile,
Alone thei can not have ther joye,
But to the herte thei convoie,
Parte of ther blisse, to him thou sende
Of all this harme to make amende.

The eye is a gode mellangere,
Which can to the hert in such manere
Tidingis sende, that be hath sene
To voide him of his painis clene,
Wherof the hert rejoyfith so,
That a grette partie of his wo
Is voided, and put away to flight;
Right as the derkenesse of the night
Is chased with clerenesse of the mone,
Right so is al his wo ful sone
Devoidid clene whan that the light
Beholdin may that freshe wight,
Whiche that the hert desirith so,
That al his derkenesse is ago,
For than the herte is all at ele.

Now have I declared the al out
Of that thou were in drede and doute,
For I have tolde the faithfully
What the may curin uttirly,
And all lovirs that wollin be
Faithful and of stabile;
Gode Hope alway kepe by thy side,
And Swete Thought make eke abide,
Swete Loking and Swete Speche,
Of al thine harmes thei shal be leche.

Of bale thou shalt have grete plesaunce
Yf thou canst bide in suffraunce;
And servin wele without feintise;
Thou shalt be quite of thine emprise;
With more guerdoun if that thou live;
But al this time this I the yeve.

The god of Love, whan al the day
He had taught me as ye have herd say,
And enformid compendiously,
He vanished al sodainly,
And I alone ylesse al sole,
So full of complaint and of dole,
For I sawe no man there me by;
My woundes me grevid wonderly;
Me for to cure nothing I knewe
Save the bothum to bright of hewe;
Wheron was sette wholly my thought;
Of othir comforte knewe I nought;
But it were through the god of Love;
I knew nat else to my behove
That might me ese or comfort gette.
But if he would him entermette.

The rosi was withoutin doute
Yclofid with an hedge without;
As ye to forne have herde me faine;
And fast I besied and would faine
Have passid the hay, if I might;
Have gettin in by any sleight;
To the bothum so faire to se,
But evir I dradde blamed to be
Yf men would have suspencion
That I would of entencion
Have stole the rosis that there were;
Therefore to entre I was in fere;
But at the laste, as I bethought
Whethir I shulde passe or nought,
I sawe come, with a gladdere chere,
To me a lusty bachilere
Of gode stature and of gode height;
And Bialacoil forsoth he height;
Sonne he was to Curteisie,
And he me grauntid ful gladdie
The passage of the uttir hay;
And saidé, Sir, how that ye may
Passe, if that it your wille ybe,
The freshe rosi for to se,
And ye the swete favour sele,
Your warrant I may be right wele;
So thou the kepyn fro folie
Shal no man do the vilanie;
Yf I mai helpin you in ought
I shall not faile, dredich right nought.
For I am bounde to your service
Fully devoide of all feintise.
Than unto Bialacoil saide I,
I thank you, Sir, ful hertily,
And your behest I take at grete
That ye so godely profir me;
To you it cometh of grete franchis
That ye me profir your service.
Than astir ful deliverly
Through the breis anene went I

Wherof encombrid was the hale;
I was well plofed, the sothe to saie,
To se the bothum faire and sote
So freshe ysprung oute of the rote.

And Bialacoil me servid wele
Whan I fo nigh me mightin seleam of distad
Of the bothum the swete odoure;
And so lusty hewed of colour;
But than a chorle, foule him betide!
Beside the rosis gan him hide,
To kepe the rosis of that rolere,
Of whom the name was Daungere.
This chorle was hid there in the greves,
Ycovirid with grasse and leves,
To spie and take whom that he fonde
Unto that rosi put an honde.

He was not sole, for there was mo,
For with him werin othir two
Of wickid mannis and ill fame;
That one was clepid by his name
Wickid Tonge, God yeve him forowe;
For neither at eve ne at morowe
He can of no man gode yspeke;
On many a juste man doth he wreke.

There was a woman that eke high
Shame, that who can rekin right
Trespase ywas her fathir's name;
Her mothir Reson; thus was Shame
Ybrought forth of these ilke two;
And yet had Trespase nere adoe
With Reson, he nere leie her by;
He was hidous and so ugly;
I mene this, that Trespase might;
But Reson conceveth of a sight
That Shame of which I spake asorne;
And whan that Shame was thus yborne
It was ordained that Chastite
Should of the rosi lady be;
Whiche of the bothums more and las;
With sendrie folke assailid was,
That she ne wiste what to doe;
For Venus her assailith so
That night and day fro her she stal
Bothoms and rosis ovir all;
To Reson than praieth Chastite,
Whom Venus hath slemmed ore the se,
That she her daughter would her long
To kepe the rosi freshe and grene.

Anon Reson to Chastite
Is fully assentid that it be;
And grauntid her at her request
That Shame, because she is honest,
Shall kepir of the rosi be;
And thus to kepe it there were thre,
That none should hardie be me bolde
(Were he yonge or were he olde)
Again her will awaie to here
Bothoms ne rosis that there were;
I had well sped had I nat ben
Awaitid with these thre and sene,
For Bialacoil, that was so faire,
So gracious and debonaire,

Quitte him to me ful curtilly,
 And me to plesin badde that I
 Should drawe to the bothom nere;
 Frese in to touchin the rofere
 Whiche bare the rose he yafe me leve;
 This graunt he might but litill greve;
 And for he sawe it likid me
 Right nigh the bothom pulld he
 A lefe all grene, and yave me that,
 The whiche full nigh the bothom fat:
 I madin of that lefe full queint,
 And whan I felt I was aqueinte
 With Bialacoil, and so prive,
 I wende all my will had ybe,
 Than wext I hardie for to tell
 To Bialacoil how me befell
 Of Love that toke and woundid me,
 And sayid, Sir, so mote I the,
 I maie no joie have in no wise
 Upon no fide, but it arise
 For sith (if I shall not faine)
 In herte I have had so grete paine,
 So grete anioe, and soche affraie,
 That I ne wotte what I shall saie;
 I drede you wrothe to deserve;
 Levir me were that knivis kerve
 My bodie should in pecis smalle
 Than in any wise it should fall
 That ye wrothid should ben with me.
 Saie boldly thy will, (quod he)
 I nill be wrothe, if that I maie,
 For nought that thou shalt to me saie.

Than saied I, Sir, not you displese
 To knowin of my grete misese.
 In which only Love bath me brought,
 For painis grete, disese, and thought,
 Fro daie to daie it doeth me drie;
 Supposith not, Sir, that I lie;
 In me five woundis did he make,
 The fore of whiche shall never flake
 But ye the bothom graunte me
 Whiche is most painfaunt of beaute,
 My life, my dech, and my martyre,
 And tresoun that I moste desire.
 Than Bialacoil, affrayd all,
 Sayid, Sir, it maie not befall
 That ye desire; if maie not rise,
 What! would ye shende me in this wise?
 A mokill sole than I were
 If I suffrid you' awaie to bere
 The freshe bothom to faire of sight,
 For it were neither skill ne right.
 Of the rofere ye broke the rinde,
 Or take the Rose aforne his kinde:
 Ye are not curteis to aske it;
 Let it fill on the rofere sit;
 Let it growe till it amendid be,
 And perfetly come to beaute;
 In'olde not that it pulld were
 Fro the rofere that doth it bere,
 To me it is so lese and dere.
 With that anon stert out Daungere

Out of the place where he was hidde;
 His malice in his chere was kidde:
 Full grete he was, and blacke of hewe,
 Sturdie and hidous, who so him knewe;
 Like sharpe urchons his here was growe,
 His eyes red-sparching as fire glowe,
 His nose frouncid full kirkid stode,
 He come criande as he were wode,
 And saied, Bialacoil, tel me why
 Thou bringist hidir so boldly
 Him that so nigh to the rofere?
 Thou worchist in a wrong manere;
 He thinkith to dishonour the;
 Thou art well worthy to have malere
 To let him of the rofere witte:
 Who servith Fellone is ill quitte.

Thou woldist have doen grete bounte,
 And he with shame would quite the.
 Flie hens, felowe; I rede the go;
 It wantith lite he wol the slo,
 For Bialacoil ne knewe the nought
 Whan the to serve he set his thought,
 For thou wolt shame him if thou might
 Bothe again reson and gainst right;
 I woll no more in the affie
 That comest so lightly for t' chie,
 For it provith wonderly welle
 Thy sleight and tresoun every dele.

I durst no more make there abode
 For the chorle, he was so wode
 So gan he threttin and matance,
 And through the hase he did me chase,
 For fere of him I trembled and quoke,
 So chorlishly his herte he shoke,
 And saied, If est he might me take
 I should nat from his hondis scape,
 Than Bialacoil is fled and mate,
 And I all sole difconolate
 Was left alone in pain and thought;
 Fro shame to deth I was nigh brought;
 Than thought I on my high folie,
 How that my bodie uttirliche
 Was yeve to paine and to martire,
 And therto had I so grete ire,
 That I ne durst the hayis passe;
 There was no hope, there was no grace;
 I trowe never man wille of pain
 But he were laced in Lov's chain,
 Ne no man wille, (and soth it is)
 But if he love, what angir is,
 Love holdeth his herte to me right welle,
 Whan pain (he sayid) I should fele
 No herte maie thinke no tonge saie
 A quartir of my wo and pain;
 I might not with the angir lally,
 Mine herte in point was for to bratt
 Whan I thought on the Rose, that so
 Was thorough Daungir cast me fro.
 A long while stode I in that state,
 Till that me sawe so madde and mate
 The ladies of the hight ward,
 Whiche from her toure lokid thirward,
 Reson men clepin that fady,
 Whiche from her toure deliverly

Came doun to me withoutin more;
 But she was neither yong ne hore,
 Ne high ne lowe, ne fatte ne lene,
 But best, as it were in a mene;
 Her eyin two were clere and light
 As a candill that brennith bright;
 And on her hedde she had a croune;
 Her semid well an high perforce,
 For round environ her crounet
 Was full of riche stonis afret;
 Her godely semblaunt by devise
 I trowe was made in Paradise,
 For Nature had never soche grace
 To forge a worke of soche compage;
 For certain, but if the' lettir lie,
 Grete God himself, that is fo hie,
 Formid her aftir his image,
 And yafe her sithe soche avauntage
 That the hath might and feignorie
 To kepe men from all folie;
 Who so woll trowe wele her lore
 Ne maie offendin nevirmore.

And while I stode thus derke and pale
 Reson began to me her tale;
 She saied, Al haille, my swete frende!
 Folie and childhod woll the shende,
 Whiche the have put in grete afaire;
 Thou hast bought dere the time of Maie,
 That made thin herte merie to be;
 In evill time thou wentest to se,
 The gardin whereof Idilnesse
 Ybare the keie and was maistrisse,
 Whan that thou yedist in the daunce
 With her, and haddin acquaintaunce;
 Her acquaintaunce is perillous,
 First soft, and aftir full noious;
 She hath the trashid without wene;
 The god of Love had the nat sene,
 Ne had Idilnesse the conveide
 Within the verge where Mirthe himpleide;
 If Folie have surprisid the
 Doe so that it recovered be,
 And be well ware to take no more,
 Counsaile that grevith aftir fore:
 He' is wise that woll himself chastise.

Though a yong man in any wise
 Trespasse emong end doe folie,
 Let him nat dwelle, but hastilie
 Let him amende what so be mis;
 And eke I counsaile the i-wis
 The god of Love wholly foryete,
 That hath the in soche pain ysete,
 And the in herte tourmentid so;
 I can not sene how thou maiest go
 Othir waies the to garifoun,
 For Daungere, that is so feloun,
 Fellie purposeth the to werreie,
 Whiche is fulle cruill, sothe to seie.

And yet of Daungere cometh no blame;
 In reward of my daughtir Shame,
 Whiche hath the rois in her warde,
 As she that maie be no musarde,

And Wickid Tong is with these two,
 That suffrith no man thidir go,
 For er a thing be do he shall,
 Where that he comith ovir all,
 In fourtie placis, if it be fought,
 Saie thing that nere was don ne wrought,
 So moche traifon is in his male,
 Of falsnesse for to faine a tale.
 Thou delest with angrie folke i-wis,
 Wherefore to the bettir is
 From these folkis awaie to fare,
 For thei woll make the live in care;
 This is the ill that Love thei call,
 Wherein there is but folie all,
 For love is folie every dell;
 Who loveth in no wise maie doc well,
 Ne set his thought on no gode werke;
 His schole he leseth if he be clerke,
 Or othir craft if that he be
 He shall not thrive therein, for he
 In love shal have more passioun
 Than monke, or hermite, or chanoun.
 This pain is herd out of mesure;
 The joie maie no while endure;
 And eke in the possession
 Is mochil tribulacioun;
 The joie it is so short lasting,
 And but in hape is the getting;
 I se there many in travaile
 That at the last shall foully faile;
 I was nothing thy counsaile,
 Whan thou wele made the homager
 Of god of Love to hastily,
 Where was no wisdom but folie;
 Thine harte was jolie but not sage
 Whan thou were brought in soche a rage
 To yelde the up so redily
 To Love of his grete maistriry.

I rede the Love awaie to drive,
 That maketh the roche not of thy live;
 The folie more fro dai to daie
 Shall growe but thou it put awaie;
 Take with thy tethe the bridill faste
 To daunt thy herte, and eke thec aste,
 If that thou maiest, to get defence
 For to redresse thy first offence;
 Who so his herte alwaie woll leve
 Shall finde emong that shall him greve.

Whan I her herd thus me chastise
 I answerde in full angrie wise,
 I prayid her cesse of her speche
 Eithir to chastise me or teche,
 To biddé me my thought refrein,
 Whiche Love hath caught in his demein;
 What wenin ye Love woll consent
 (That me alleiyth with bowe bent)
 To drawe mine herte out of his honde,
 Whiche is so quickly in his bonde?
 That ye counsaile maie never be,
 For whan he first aretid me
 He toke mine herte so fore him till
 That it is nothing at my will;

He taught it so him for to obeie
 That he it sparrid with a keie,
 I praeie you let me be all fill,
 For ye maie well, if that ye will,
 Your wordis waste in idilnesse,
 For uttirly, withoutin gesse,
 All that ye saine is but in vain;
 Me were levir die in the pain
 Than Love to meward should arette,
 Falshe or trefon on me sette:
 I woll me gettin pris or blame,
 And love true for to save my name:
 Who me chastifith I him hate,
 With that worde Refon went her gate,
 Whan the sawe for no sermoning
 She might me fro my folie bring:
 Than dismayid I left all sole,
 For-werie, for-wandred, as a fole,
 For I ne knewe no cherisauce:
 Than fell into my remembraunce
 How Love ybadde me to purvie
 A felawe to whom I might feie
 My counsaile and my privite,
 For that shoulde moche availin me.
 With that be thought I me that I
 Yhad a felaw faste by
 True and sikir, curteis and hende,
 And he called was by name a Frende;
 A truer Felawe was no where none.
 In haste to him I went anone,
 And to him all my wo I told,
 Fro him right nought I would withold,
 I tolde him all withoutin were,
 And made my complaint on Daungere,
 How for to seie he was hidous,
 And to meward contrarious,
 The whiche through his cruilte
 Was in poin& to have meimide me,
 With Bialacoil whan he me seie
 Within the gardin walke and pleie
 Fro me he made him for to go,
 And I be left alone in wo;
 I durst no lengir with him speke,
 For Daungir faied he would be wreke
 Whan that he sawe how that I went
 The freshe bothom for to hent,
 If I were hardie to come nere
 Bitwene the haie and the rofere.

This frende, whan he wist of my thought,
 He difcomfortid me right nought!
 But faied, Felawe, be nat so madde,
 Ne so abashid nor bestadde;
 My selfe I knowe full well Daungere,
 And how that he is fiers of chere,
 At prime temps, Love to manace;
 Full oft I have ben in his case;
 A felon first though that he be,
 Afir thou shalt him souple se:
 Of long passid I knewe him wele;
 Ungodelie first though men him sele,
 He woll meke afre' in his bering
 Ben for service and obeising:
 I shall the tell what thou shalt doo;
 Mekely I rede thou go him to,

Of herte praeie him specially
 Of thy trespae to have mercie,
 And hotin him well here to plesse,
 That thou shalt ner more him displese:
 Who can best serve of flattery
 Shall plesse Daungir most uttirly.

My frende hath saied to me so welc
 That he me esid hath somecele,
 And eke allegged of my tourment,
 For through him had I hardiment
 Again to Daungir for to go,
 To preve if I might make him so.

To Daungir cam I all ashamed,
 The whiche aforne me had yblamed,
 Desiring for t' apese my wo,
 But over hedge durst I nat go,
 For he forbode me the passage:
 I founde him cruill in his rage,
 And in his honde a grete bourdoun
 To him I knelid lowe adoun,
 Full meke of port and simple of chere,
 And saied, Sir, I am comin here
 Only to ask of you mercie;
 It grevith me full gretly
 That evir I have wrathid you,
 But for to amende I am come now,
 With all my might bothe loude and still
 To doin right at your own will,
 For Love madin me for to do
 That I have trespasid hidirto,
 Fro whome I ne maie drawe mine herte,
 Yet shall I nere for joie ne smerte
 (What so befall me, gode or ill)
 Offendin more again your will;
 Levir I have endure difese
 Than doe that whiche shoulde you displese.

I you require and praeie that ye
 Of me have mercie and pite,
 To stint your ire that grevith so,
 That I woll fwere for evirmore
 To be redressed at your liking
 If I trespae in any thing,
 Save that (I praeie the) graunt me
 A thing that maie nat warnid be,
 That I maie love all onily,
 None othir thing of you aske I;
 I shall doin all wele i-wis,
 If of your grace you graunt me this,
 And that ye maie nat lettin me
 For well wote ye that love is fre,
 And I shall loven soche that I will,
 Who evir like it well or ill,
 And yet ne would I for all France
 Doe thing to doe you displefaunce.

Than Daungir fill in his entente
 For to foryeve his male talent,
 But all his wrathe yet at the last
 He hath relefed, I praid to fast,
 Shortly, (he sayid) thy request
 Is nat to mokill dishonour,

Ne I woll nat wernin it the,
 For yet nothing engreth me;
 For though thou love thus evmore
 To me is neithir soft ne fore
 Love where the list, what rechith me?
 So ferre thou fro my rois be;
 Trust not on me for none affaie
 In any time to passe the haie.

Thus hath he grauntid my priere
 Than went I forth withoutin were
 Unto my frende, and told him all
 Whiche was right joifull of my tale.
 (He said) Now goeth well thine affaire,
 He shall to the be debonaire;
 Though he aforne was dispitous
 He shall hereafter be gracious;
 If he were touched on some gode vein
 He should yet rewin on thy pein:
 Sufir, I rede, and no beste make
 Till thou at gode mes maieff him take.

By suffraunce and by wordis soft
 A man maie ovircomin oft
 Him that aforne he had in drede,
 In bokis sothly as I rede.
 Thus hath my frende with grete comfort
 Avauncid me with high disport,
 Whiche would me gode as moche as I;
 And than anon full sodainly
 I toke my leve, and freight I went
 Unto the haie, for grete talent
 I had to fene the freshe bothon
 Wherein laie my salvation,
 And Daungir toke kepe if that I
 Kepe him covinaunt truilly:
 So fore I drede his manasing
 I durst not brekin his bidding,
 For lest that I were of him shent
 I brake not his commaundment,
 For to purchasin his gode will
 It was for to comin there till;
 His mercie was to ferre behinde
 Ykept, for I ne might it finde:
 I complainid and sighid fore,
 And languishid evir the more,
 For I ne durst nat ovir go
 Unto the Rose I lovid so,
 Throughout my deming uttirly
 That he had knowledge certainly:
 Than Love me ladd in soche wise
 That in me there was no feintise
 Ne falschedde, ne no trecherie,
 And yet he full of villanie,
 And of disdaie and cruilte,
 On me ne would have no pite
 His cruill will for to refrain,
 Tho I wept aie and me complain.

And while I was in this turment
 Were come of grace, by God ysent,
 Dame Fraunchise, and with her Pite,
 Fulfilde the bothom of bounte:
 Thei go to Daungir anon right,
 To fether me with all ther might,

And helpe me in worde and in dede;
 For well thei sawe that it was nede.
 First of her grace Dame Fraunchise
 Ytaken hath of this emprise;
 She said Daungir, grete wrong ye doe
 To worch this man to mochil woe;
 Or pinin him so angirlic,
 It is to you grete vilanie;
 I can not se ne why ne how
 That he hath trespassed again you;
 Save that he loveth, wherefore ye shold
 The more in charite of him hold
 The force of Love maketh him do this;
 Who would him blame he did amis;
 He levith more than he maie doc;
 His pain is harde ye maie se lo!
 And Love in no wise would consent
 That he have powir to repent,
 For though that quicke ye would him flo
 Fro Love his herte ne maie nat go.

Now, swete Sir, it is your ese
 Him for to angir or disese.
 Alas! what may it you avaunce
 To doen to him so grete grevaunce?
 What worship is it again him take,
 Or on your man a werre make,
 Sithe he so lowlie every wise
 Is redy as ye luste devise?
 If Love have caught him in his lace,
 You for t' obaic in every cace,
 And ben your subiect at your will;
 Should ye therefore willin him ill?
 Ye should him spar more all oute
 Than him that is bothe proude and flour;
 Curtesie would that ye succoure
 Them that ben meke undir your cure:
 His herte is hard that wold not meke
 Whan men of unkenesse him beske.

This is certain, sayid Pite,
 We se oft that humilte
 Bothe ire and also felonie
 Venquish'eth, and also melancolie;
 To stondin forthe in soche duresse
 This cruilte and wickednesse;
 Wherefore I praie you, Sir Daungere,
 For to maintein no lengir here
 Soche cruill werre again your man,
 As wholly your's as er he can,
 Nor that ye worchin no more woe
 On this caitife languishin for
 Whiche wold no more to you trespass;
 But put him wholly in your grace:
 And his offence ne was but lite;
 The god of Love it was to wite
 That he your thrall so gretely is;
 If ye him harme ye doen amis,
 For he hath had full hard penaunce
 Sith that ye rest him th' acquaintance
 Of Bialacoil, his moste joie,
 Whiche all his pains might acolie;
 He was before anoyid fore,
 But than ye doubld him well more,

For he of blisse hath ben ful bare,
 Sith Bialacoil was fro him fare,
 Love hath to him done grete distresse,
 He hath no nede of more duresse,
 Voidith from him your ire I rede,
 Ye maie not winnin in this dede,
 Maketh Bialacoil repaire again,
 And havith pite on his pain,
 For Fraunchise wolle, and I Pite,
 That mercifull to him ye be,
 And sithe that she and I accorde,
 Have upon him misericorde,
 For I you praie, and eke moneste,
 Nought to refusin our requeste,
 For he is hard and fell of thought,
 That for us two wolle doe right nought,
 Daungir ne might no more endure,
 He mekid him unto mesure,
 I wolle in no wise, saith Daungere,

Denie that ye have askid here,
 It were to grete uncurtisie,
 I wolle ye have the companie,
 Of Bialacoil, as ye devise,
 I wolle him lettin in no wise,
 To Bialacoil than went in his,
 Fraunchise, and saied full curtisie,
 Ye have to long yben deignous,
 Unto this lovur and daungere,
 Fro him to withdrawe your presence,
 Whiche hath doe to him grete offence,
 That ye not wolle upon him se,
 Wherefore a sorowfull man is he,
 Shape ye to paie him and to plesse,
 Of my love if ye wolle have esse,
 Fulfill his will: sith that ye knowe,
 Daungir is dauntid and brought lowe,
 Through helpe of me and of Pite,
 You dare no more aserde to be,
 I shall doin right as ye will,
 Saith Bialacoil, for it is skill,
 Sith Daungir wolle that it be,
 Than Fraunchise hath him sent to me.

Bialacoil at the beginning
 Saluid me in his comming;
 No straungenesse was in him sene,
 No more than he ne had writhid ben;
 As faire semblaunt than shewed he me,
 And godely, as aforne did he,
 And by the honde withoutin doute
 Within the haie right all aboute
 He lad me with a right gode chere,
 All environ on the vergere,
 That Daungere had me chafid fro,
 Now have I leve ovre all to go,
 Now am I raised at my devious,
 Fro hell up unto paradisid til,
 Thus Bialacoil of gentilnesse
 With all his pain and businesse
 Hath shewid me onely of grace,
 The eftirs of the fore place,
 I sawe the Rose, when I was nigh,
 Was gretir woxin and more high,

Freshe and roddy, and faire of hewe,
 Of colour evir illiche newe,
 And when I had it longe sene,
 I sawe that through the levis grene
 The Rose spred to spannisting,
 To sene it was a godely thing,
 But it ne was so spred on brede,
 That men within might knowe the fede,
 For it covert ywas and close,
 Bothe with the leves and with the Rose,
 The stalks was even and grene upright,
 It was theron a godely sight,
 And well the bettir without wene,
 For that the fede was not yfene,
 Full faire it spred, the god of Blesyd,
 For soche an othis as I gesseid,
 Aforne ne was, ne more vermaile,
 I was abawed for marveille,
 For er the fairir that it was,
 The more I am boundin in Love's laas,
 Long I abode there, sothe to saie,
 Til Bialacoil I gan to praie,
 Whan that I sawe him in no wise,
 To me to warnin his service,
 That he to me wolle graunt a thing,
 Whiche to remembre is well sitting,
 This is to faine, that of his grace,
 He wolle me yve leisir and space,
 To me that was so desirous,
 To have a kissing precious,
 Of the so godely freshe Rose,
 That so swetely smelleth in my nose,
 For if it you displeid nought,
 I wolle gladly, as I have sought,
 Havin a kisse therof frely,
 Of your yeste, for certainly,
 I wolle none have but by your leve,
 So lothe me werre you for to greve,

He sayid, Frende, so God me spede,
 Of Chastite I have soche drede,
 Thou shouldest not waraid be for me,
 But I dare not for Chastite,
 Again her dare I not misdoce,
 For alwaie biddith the meson,
 To yve no lovur leve to kisse,
 For who thereto may winnen, I wisse,
 He of the furplus of the praisid,
 May live in hope to get some daie,
 For who so kissing mase attain,
 Of lov's pain hath (soth to saie)
 The best and the moste avigaunt,
 And ernest of the remaunt,
 Of his answeie I sighthid fore,
 I durste assaie him tho no more,
 I had such drede to greve him aie,
 A man should not to muche assaie,
 To chafe his frende out of mesure,
 Nor put his life in avinture,
 For no man at the first stroke,
 Ne may not fel adoun an oke,
 Nor of the remsins have the wine,
 Till grapes be ripe and well a-gine,

Be fore empressed, I you ensure,
 And drawin out of the pressure:
 But I, forpeind wondir strong,
 Thoughte that I abode right long
 Aftir the kisse in paine and wo,
 Sith I to kisse desirid so;
 Till that rewing on my distresse
 There comin Venus the goddesse,
 (Whiche aie weryith Chastite)
 Came of her grace to socour me,
 Whose might is knowin ferre and wide,
 For she is mothir of Cupide,
 The god of Love, as blinde as stone,
 That helpith lovirs many one.
 This lady brought in her right honde
 Of breunning fire a blasing bronde,
 Whereof the flame and hotte fire
 Hath many a lady in desire
 Of love ybrought, and fore yhette,
 And in her service her herte sette.
 This lady was of gode entaile,
 Right wondirful of appaile;
 By her aïre so bright and shene,
 Men might perceivin well and sene
 She was not of religioun;
 Nor I n'il makin raucionioun
 Nor of her robe nor of trefour,
 Of broche ne of her riche attour,
 Ne of her girdle about her side,
 For that I n'il not long abide;
 But knowith well that certainly
 She was arrayid richly;
 Devoide of pride certaine she was;
 To Bialacoil she went a paas,
 And to him shortly in a claude
 She sayid, Sir, what is the cause,
 Ye ben of porte so daungirous,
 Unto this lovir and dainous,
 To graunt him nothing but a kisse?
 To warne it him ye done amisse,
 Sithe well ye wotin how that he
 Is Love's servaunt, as ye may se,
 And hath beaute, wher through he is
 Worthy of love to have the blis.
 How he is felye beholde and se,
 How he is faire, how he is fre,
 How he is sote and debonaire,
 Of age yonge, lusty and faire:
 There is no lady so hauteine,
 Duchesse, countesse, ne chastelaine,
 That I n'olde her ungodely
 For to refuse him utterly.

His brethe is also gode and swete,
 And his lippes roddy; are thei mete
 Only to plaine and not to kisse?
 Graunt him a kisse of gentileesse.
 His teth arne also white and clete,
 Me thinkith wrong withoutin wene
 If ye now warne him, trustith me,
 To graunte that a kisse have he.
 The lasse ye helpe him that ye haste,
 And the more tyme shul ye waste.

When the flame of the very bronde
 That Venus brought in her right honde

Had Bialacoil with his herte smite,
 Anone he bade me without lete,
 And grauntid me the Rose to kisse,
 Than of my paine I ganne to lifte,
 And to the Rose anon went I,
 And kiffid it ful faithfully.
 Nede no man aske if I was blith,
 When the savour so sote and lich
 Stroke to mine hert withoutin more,
 And me alleggid of my fore,
 So was I ful of joye and blisse;
 It is faire fuche a floure to kisse,
 It was so sote and fairovour,
 I might not be so anguishous,
 That I mote gladi and joly be;
 When that I do remembre now
 Yet evre among (sothly to saïne)
 I suffre noie and mochil paine.

The se may never be so still
 But with a litill winde at will,
 May ovrwhelme and tourne also,
 As it were wode in wawis go;
 Aftir the calme the trouble fowen
 Mote folow, and chaunge as the mone.

Right so fareth Love, that selde in one
 Holdeth his ancre, for right anone
 When thei in eie were best to live
 They ben with tempest all fordriven.
 Who servith Love can tell of woe,
 The foundmele joye mote ovirgo;
 Now he hurtith and now he cureth,
 For selde in o pointe Love endureth.

Now it is right me to procede
 How Shame gan medle and take hede,
 Through whom fel angis I have hade,
 And how the stroage wall was made,
 And the castell of brede and length,
 That god of Love wan with his strength;
 Al this in Romaunce will I set,
 And for no thing ne will I let,
 So that it liking to her be
 That is the floure of all beaute,

For the may best my labour quite
 That I for her love shal endite.

Wickid Tonge, whiche that the covise
 Of every lovir can devine
 Worste, and aie addith more somdele,
 (For wickid tonge saith never wele),
 To meward bare he right grete hate,
 Espying me erly and late,
 Til he hath sene the grete chere
 Of Bialacoil and me ifere;
 He ne might not his tonge withstonde
 Worste to reportin than he fonde,
 He was so ful of curid rage,
 It sat him wele of his linage,
 For him an Irihe woman bare
 His tonge was filid sharpe and square,
 And right poignaunt, and right kerving,
 And wondir bittir in speking;
 For whan that he me gan espie,
 He swore (affirming shrilly)

Bitwene Bialacoil and me
Was ill aquitaunce and prive:
He spake therof so follie
That he awakid Jelousie,
Whiche all afraied in his rising,
Whan that he herde the jangling,
He ran anon as he were wode
To Bialacoil there that he rode,
Whiche had levin in this cas
Have ben at Keins or Amias
For fete-hote in his lelonie
To him thus saide Jelousie:

"Why hast thou ben so negligent
To kepin, whan I was absent,
This vergir here leste in thy warde?
To me thou haddist no regarde
To trust (to thy confusion)
Him thus, to whom suspencion
I have right grete, for it is nede,
It is well shewid by the dede:
Grete faute in the now have I founde;
By God anon thou shalt be bounde,
And faste lockin in a toure,
Withouthin respite or focoure.

"For Shame to long hath be the fro:
Ovir soné she was ago:
Whan thou hast lost both drede and fere
It semid well she was not here,
For she was bey in no wise
To kepin the and to chastise,
And for to helpin Chastite
To kepe the rois, as thinketh me,
For than this boie knave so boldly
Ne shoulde nat have be hardy,
Ne in this vergir had such game,
Which now me tournith to grete shame."

Bialacoil n'is what to saie,
Ful faine he would have fled awaie,
For fere have hyid, ne ere that he
All sodainly toke him with me;
And whan I sawe that he had to
This Jelousie takin us two,
I was astoned, and knewe no rede,
But fledde away for very drede.

Than Shame came forth ful simply;
She wende have trespassed ful gretely,
Humble of her porte, and made it simple,
Wering a vaille in stede of wimple,
As nonnis done in ther abbey,
Bicause her hert was in affray
She gan to speke within a throwe
To Jelousie right wondir lowe.

Firsh of his grace she him besought,
And sayid, Sir, ne lewth nought
Wickid Tonge, that falsc eipie,
Which is so glad to faine and lie;
He hath you made through flatering
On Bialacoil a falsc leing;
His falsnesse is not now a newe,
It is so longe that he him knewe;

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This ne is not the firste daie,
For Wickid Tonge hath customé aie
The yonge folkis to bewrie,
And falsc leingis on hem lie.

Yet nere-thelesse I lie among
That the soigné it is so long
Of Bialacoil, hertis to lure
In Lov's service for to endure,
Ydrawing such folkis him to
That he hath nothing with to do,
But in sothnesse I trowe nought
That Bialacoil had er in thought

To do trespáce or vilanie,
But for his mothir Ourtise
Hath taught him evir for to be
Gode of aquitaunce and prive,
For he lovith none hevynelle,
But mirth and play, and all gladnesse;
He hatith eke alle trechours,
And soleine folke and envious

For ye wele wetin how that he
Wol evir glad and joyful be
Honestly with folkis to play;
I have be negligent in ley,
To chastise him, therefore now I
Of herte yerie you here mercy,
That I have ben so rechilic
To tamin him withouthen leas;
Of my foly I me repent;
Now wol I whole let mine entent
To kepin both the low and still
Bialacoil to do your will.

O Shame! o Shame! saide Jelousie,
To be bitrashed grete dede have I;
Lecherie hath yclombe to his,
That almost blerid is mine eie;
No wondir is if drede have I,
Ovir all reignith Lechery,
Whose might ygrowith night and dey
But in cloistre and in abbey,
Chastite' is werried ovir all,

Therefore I woll with sikir wall
Close both the rois and roisere;
I have to long in this manere
Leste hem unclosid wilfully,
Wherfore I am right inwardly
Sorrowfull, and repente me;
But now thei shall no lengir be
Unclosid; and yet I drede fore
I shall repente fersithmore,

For the game goith all amis;
Counsaile I muste newe i-wis:
I have to long ytrufled the,
But now it shal no lengir be,
For he may best in every colie
Decevin that men trustin moste;
I se well that I am nigh shent
But if I fet my full entent

Some remedie for to purveie,
Wherfore closin I shall the wey
From them that woll the Rose espie;
And come to waite me vilonic;
For now in gode faith and in trouth
I wol not lettin for no flouth.

To live the more in sikernesse,
 Do make anon a fortresse,
 Than close the rosis of gode favour;
 In middis shal I make a tour
 To put Bialacoil in prison,
 For evir I drede me of trefon:
 I trow I shal him kepè so
 That he shal have no might to go
 About to makin companie
 To them that thinke of vilanie,
 Ne to no sūche as hath ben here
 Aforne, and found in him gode chere,
 Whiche han assailid him to shende,
 And with ther towandise to blende:
 A solè is eith to begile;
 But may I live a litil while
 He shal forthinke his faire semblaunt;
 And with that worde came Drede Avaunt,
 Which was abashed, and in grete fere
 When he wist Jelousie was there;
 He was for drede in sūche affray
 That not a worde durste he say,
 But quaking stode ful still alone,
 (Til Jelousie his way was gone)
 Save Shame, that him not forsoke;
 Both Drede and the ful forè quoke,
 That at the last Drede abraide,
 And to his cosin Shame faide:
 Shame, (he said) in forthsadnesse
 To me it is gret hevinesse
 That the noise is so ferre ygo,
 And eke the sclaudir, of us two;
 But sithin that it is besall,
 We maie it not againe call
 When onis sprongin is a fame;
 For many a yere withoutin blame
 We have ben, and many a day,
 For many an Aprill, many a May,
 We han ypassid nothing shamed,
 Til Jelousie hath us yblamed
 Of mistrust and suspencion
 Causelesse, without encheson:
 Go we to Daungir hastily,
 And let us shewe him opynly
 That he hath not aright ywrought
 When that he settè not his thought
 To kepin bettir the parprisse;
 In his doing he is not wise;
 He hath to us do gretè wrong,
 That hath suffrid now so long
 Bialacoil to have his will
 Allè his lustis to fulfill:
 He must amende it uttirly,
 Or els shal he villainously
 Exilid be out of this londe;
 For he the werre maie not withstonde
 Of Jelousie, nor bere the grese,
 Sithe Bialacoile is at mischese.

To Daungir, Shame and Drede anon
 The righte way ben both ygon;
 The chorle thi foundin hem aforne
 Ligging undir an hawethorne;

Undir his hede no pilowe was
 But in the stede a trusse of gras;
 He slombrid, and a knappe he toke,
 Til Shamè pitously him shoke,
 And grete manace on him gan make.
 Why slepest thou when thou should wake?
 (Quod Shame) thou doest us vilanie
 Who trustith the he doth folie
 To kepè rosis or bothom;
 When thei ben faire in ther selson:
 Thou arte woxe to familiere
 Wher thou should be straunge of chere
 Stoute of thy porte, redy to greve:
 Thou doest gret folie for to leve
 Bialacoil here inne to call
 The yongir man to shenden us all:
 Though that thou slepe we mowin here
 Of Jelousie grete noise here:
 Art thou now late? rise up an hic,
 And stoppe sone and delivirly
 Allè the gappis of the hay;
 Do no favour I do the pray:
 It fallith nothing to thy name
 To make fayre semblaunt wherethou mayste blame.

If Bialacoil be swete and fre,
 Doggid and sel thou shouldist be,
 Forward and outrageous i-wis;
 A chorle chaungith that curteis is:
 This have I herde oft in saying,
 That man ne maie for no daunting
 Make a sperhauke of a bosarde:
 Al men wol hold the for musarde
 That debonaire have foundin the:
 It sitteth the nought curteis to be:
 To do men plesaunce or servise
 In the it is recreaundise:
 Let thy werkis ferr: and nere
 Be like thy name, whiche is Daungere.
 Than als abashid in shewing
 Anon spake Drede, right thus saying,
 And sayid, Daungir, I drede me
 That thou ne woltè bely be
 To kepin that thou hast to kepe:
 Whan thou shouldest wake thou art a-slepe
 Thou shalt be grevid certainly
 If the aspyin Jelousie,
 Or if he finde the in blame;
 He hath to day assailid Shame,
 And chased away with grete manace
 Bialacoil out of this place,
 And swerith shortly that he shall
 Enclose him in a sturly wall;
 And al is for thy wickidnesse,
 For that the failith straungenesse;
 Thine hert I trowe be failid all;
 Thou shalt repent in speciall,
 If Jelousie the sothè knewe,
 Thou shalt forthinke and fore rewe.
 With that the chorle his clubbe gon shoke,
 Frowning his eyin gan to make,
 And hidous chere, as man in rage;
 For yre he brent in his visage:

Whan that he herde him blamid for
 He said, Out of my wit I go;
 To be discoufite I have grete wrong;
 Certis I have now lived to longe
 Sith I may not this clofir kepe;
 Al quicke I would de dolvin depe
 Yf any man shall more repayre
 This gardin for foule or fayre;
 Mine hert for ire goith a fere
 That I let any entre here
 I have do foly now I fey;
 But now it shal amended be
 Who fetith fote here any more
 Truly he shall repent it fore;
 For no man more into this place
 Of me to entre shall have grace
 Leve I had with frendis twaine
 Throughout mine hert in every vaine;
 Percid to be with many a wounde
 Than fouthē should in me be founde;
 From hennisforth by night or day
 I shall defende it if I may;
 Withoutin any excepcion
 Of eche manir condicion;
 And if I it any man graunte
 There holdith me for recreaunte;

Than Daungir on his fete gan stonde
 And hent a burdon in his honde;
 Wroth in his ire ne left he nought;
 But through the vergir he hath fought;
 If he might findin hole or trace
 Where through that memote forth by pace;
 Or any gappe, he did it clofe;
 That no man might touchin a Rose
 Of the rofir all about;
 He shittith every man without;

Thus day by day Daungir is werte
 More wonderfull and more divers;
 And fellir eke than evre he was;
 For him ful oft I finge alas!
 For I ne may nought through his ire
 Recovir that I moſte deſire;
 Mine hert, alas! wol breſt a-two;
 For Bialacoil I wrathid fo;
 For certainly in every membre
 I quake whan that I me remembre
 Of the bothom whiche that I wolde
 Ful oft a day ſene and beholde;
 And when I thinke upon the kiſſe,
 And how much joie and how much bliſſe;
 I hadde through the favour ſwete,
 For want of it I grone and grette;
 Me thinketh I ſele yet in my noſe
 The ſote favour of the Roſe;
 And now I wote that I mote go
 So ferre the freſhe flouris fro;
 To me ful welcome were the deth;
 Abſence therof (alas! me ſlethe);
 For whilom with this Roſe, alas!
 I touchid noſe, and mouthe, and face;
 But now the deth I muſt abide;
 But Love conſent an othir tide

That onis I touche male and kiſſe
 I trow my paine ſhal never liſe;
 Theron is all my covetliſe;
 Whiche brent my hart in any wiſe;
 Now ſhal repaire againe ſighing
 Long watche on nightes, and no ſleeping;
 Thought in wiſhing, turment, and wo;
 With many a tounring to and fro;
 That halfe my paine I cannot tell;
 For I am fallin into hell
 From paradife and welthe; the more
 My turment grevith, more and more
 Anoyith now the bittirneſſe;
 That I to ſorne have ſelte ſwetneſſe;
 And Wickid Tonge through his falſhed
 Ycauſith all my wo and dred;
 On me he lieth a pious charge;
 Bicauſe his tonge was to large;

Now is it time ſhortly that I ſhould
 Tel you ſomthing of Jeſouſy;
 That was in grete ſuſpection
 About him leſte he no miſon
 That ſtone could him ne no quierrope
 He hirid hem to make a tour
 And firſt the roſis for to keep
 About hem mede he a diſle depe;
 Right wondir large, and alſo brode;
 Upon the whiche alſe ſtode
 Of ſquarid ſtone a ſurdy wall;
 Whiche on a crigge was foundin all;
 And right grete thickneſſe eke it bare;
 About it was yfoundid ſquare
 An hundrid fadome on every ſide;
 It was al liche hoth long and wide;
 Left any time it were aſſailid
 Ful wel about it was battailid;
 And rounde environ eke were ſet
 Ful many a riche and faire tounet
 At every cornir of this wall;
 Was ſet a tour full principally;
 And evêriche had without ſable
 A portcolife defenſable;
 To kepe of en'emies, and to greve
 That there ther force would yprave.

And eke amidde this purpriſe
 Was made a tour of grete maiſte;
 A fairir ſaugh no man with ſight
 Large and wide, and of grate might;
 Thei draddē nought none aſſaunt;
 Of ginn or gonn, nor of ſtrauſt;
 The temperature of the more
 Was made of lycoure wondir dere;
 Of quicklime perſaunt and egre;
 Which temprid was with vinegrat;
 The ſtone was harde of adame;
 Wherof thei made the foundement;
 The tour was rounde made in compas;
 In al this world no richer was;
 Ne bettir ordained therewithal;
 About the tour was made a wall;
 So that betwix that ind the tour
 Roſis were ſet of ſwete favour;
 With many roſis that thei bere;
 And eke within the caſtil were

Springoldis, gones, bowes, and archers,
 And eke about at the corners
 Men seinin ovir the wall stonde
 Gret engins, which ywere nere honde,
 And in the kernils here and there
 Of arblais grete plantie were;
 None armour mighte ther stroke with stonde,
 It were foly to prefe so honde;
 Without the diche were liste made
 With wal bataillid large and brade,
 For men and horse shoulde not attaine
 To nigh the diche ovir the plaine.
 Thus Jelosie hath envilon
 Yfett about his garrison
 With wallis rounde and diche dape,
 Onely the rofir for to kepe.
 And Daungir bothe erly and late
 The keys kepe of the uttir gate,
 The whiche opened towarde the est,
 And he had with him at the lest midnigh
 Thurdy servautes echone by name.

That othir gate was kept by Shame,
 Whiche opinid, as it was conde,
 Towardis the parte of the southe,
 Sergeautes assignid were here to
 Full many, her will for to do
 Than Drede had in her baillie
 The keping of the constable
 Towarde the north, under stonde,
 That opened upon the leste honde,
 The whiche for nothing may be surt
 But if she do her besy cure,
 Erly on mor'we, and also late,
 Strongly to shette and barre the gate,
 Of every thing that she may see
 Drede is aferde where so she be,
 For with a puffle of litill winde
 Drede is astonid in her minde,
 Therefore for steling of the Rose,
 I rede her nat the yate unclose:
 A foul's flight woulde make her fle,
 And eke a shadowe, if she it see.

Than Wickid Tonge, full of envy,
 With soudiers of Normandy,
 As he that causith all debate,
 Was kepir of the fourthe gate,
 And also to the tothir thre
 He went ful oft for to seke,
 Whan his lotte was to walke a night,
 His instrumentis woulde be dight
 For to blowin and makin sounce
 Of for that he hath enchesounce,
 And walkin oft upon the wall,
 Cornis and wickittes ovir all,
 Ful narowe, serchin and espie,
 Though he nought fonde yet woulde he lie,
 Difcordaunt er fro armonie,
 And dissonid fro melodie,
 Controve he woulde, and fould saide
 With hornpipis of Cornwaille;

In floitis made he difcordaunce,
 And in his musike, with mischaunce,
 He woulde seine with notis newe
 That he ne fonde no woman trewe,
 Ne that he sawe nere in his life
 Unto her husbonde a trewe wife,
 Ne none so ful of honeste
 That she n'il laugh and mery be,
 Whan that she hereth or may espie
 A man spekin of fetherie,
 Everiche of hem hath some vice;
 One is difhonest, t'other nice;
 Yf one be ful of vilanie,
 An othir hath a lico'rous eie;
 If one be ful of wantonesse,
 Anothir is a chidresse.

Thus Wickid Tonge, God yewe him shame,
 Can put hem everichone in blame,
 Without desert, and causiflesse;
 He lieth though thei ben giltlesse:
 I have pity to fene the sorow,
 That wakith bothe evin and morow,
 To innocentes doth such grevaunce,
 I pray God yewe him evil chauce,
 That he evir so besy is
 Of any woman to seine amis.
 Eke Jelosie may God confounde!

That hath makid a toure so rounde,
 And made about a garison,
 To sette Bialacoil in prison,
 The whiche is shette there in the tour,
 Ful long to holde thes fojour,
 There for to livin in penaunce;
 And for to do him more grevaunce,
 Whiche hath ordainid Jelosie,
 An olde vecke for to espie
 The manir of his gouvernaunce,
 The whiche devil in her insaunce
 Had lernid all of Lov's arte,
 And of his pleyis take her parte,
 She was expert in his servise;
 She knewe eche wrenche and every gise
 Of Love, and every secret wile;
 It was right harde her to begile.

Of Bialacoil she toke aic hede,
 That er he liveth in wo and drede,
 He kepte him coye and eke prive,
 Left that in him she haddé se,
 Any lite foly countinaunce,
 For he knewe all the olde dounce.

And after this whan Jelosie
 Had Bialacoil in his baillie,
 And shette him up that was so fre,
 For sure of him he woulde ybe,
 He trustith fore in his castell,
 The stronge werke him likith well;
 He dradde nat that no glotonis
 Should stele his rofis or bothoms;
 The rofis weren affrid alle,
 Defencid with the stronge wall;
 Now Jelosie full well may ben
 Of drede devoide in liberte.

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

Whether that he or slepe or wake
Of his rois may none be take.

But I (alas!) now morne shall
Bicause I was without the wall
Ful mochil dole and mone I made;
Who so had wist what wo I had
I trowe he would have had pite;
Love all to dere had solde me;
The gode that of his love had I
I went about it al queintly,
But nowe through dubling of my paine
I se he wold it sell again,
And me a newe bargain lere,
The whiche all out the more is dere
For the solace that I have lorne
Than I had it never esorie:
Certain I am full like in dede
To him that caste in yerth his fede
And hath jole of the newe springing
Whan it greith in the ginning,
And is so faire and freshe of floure,
Lustie to sene, fote of odoure,
But er he it in shevis shere
Maie fall wethir that shall it dere,
And makin it to fade and fall
The stalke, the greine, and flours all,
That to the tiller is fordoon,
The hope he had conceved to fone.
I drede certaine that so fare I,
For hope and travaile sikirly
Ben me birafte all with a storme:
The floure n'ill sedin of my corne,
For Love hath so avauncid me,
Whan I began my privite
To Bialacoil all for to tell,
Whom I ne founde froward ne fell,
But oke agre all whole my plaic;
But Love is of so harde affaie,
That all at ones he revid me
Whan I wened best above to have be.
It is of Love as of Fortune,
That chaungith oft, and n'ill contune,
Whiche whilom will on folke smile,
And glombe on 'hem an othir while;
Now frende now foe thou shalt her fele,
For a twineling tournith her whele.
She can writhin her hedde awaie;
This is the concourse of her plaie,
She can areise that doith mournes
And whirle adoun and ovirtourne
Who sittith hieft but as her lust:
A sole is he that wold her trust,
For it is I that am come doun
Through charge and revolucioun;
Sith Bialacoil mote fro me twin,
Shette in her prison yonde within,
His absence at mine herte I fele,
For all my joie and all mine hele
Twis in him and in the Rose,
That but you wold, whiche him doeth close,
Opin, that so I maie him se,
Love wold not that I curid be

Of the painis that I endure,
Nor of my cruill avinture.

Ah, Bialacoil, mine own dere!
Though thou be now a prisoner,
Kepith at lest thine herte to me,
Suffir not that it dauntid be,
Ne let not Jalousie in his rage
Puttin thine herte in no servage,
Although he chastice the without,
And make thy bodie to him lout,
Have herte as harde as diamant,
Stedfast and stout, and naught pliant:
In prison though thy bodie be,
At large kepeth the herte fre:
A trewe herte will not plie
For no manace that it may drie:
If Jalousie doith the pain of
Quite him his wile thus again,
To venge the at lest in thought,
If othir wile thou mayst nought,
And in this wise be subtille
Worchin and winne the maistrie.
But yet I am in grete affraie
Lest thou sholdest nat doe as I saie;
I drede thou canst me grete maugre
That thou enprisoned art for me,
But yet right nought for my trespas,
For through me nere discovered was
Yet thing that ought to be secrete:
Well more annoie is in me
Than is in the of this mischaunce,
For I endure more hard penance
Than any man can saine or thinke,
That for the sorowe almoste I sinke:
Whan I remember me of my wo
Full nigh out of my witte I go.
Inward mine herte I fele blede,
For comfortlesse the deeth I drede:
Owe I nat well to have distresse
Whan false through ther wickednesse
And traitours, that mine envious
To noien me be so coragious?
Ah, Bialacoil! full well I se
That thei 'hem shap to deceve the,
To make the buxum to ther lawe,
And with ther corder the to drawe
Where so 'hem lust, right at ther will;
I drede thei have the brought there till:
Withoutin comfort thought me slach;
This game wold bring me to my deth,
For if that I your gode will lese
I mote be dedde, I maie not chese,
And if that thou forgett me
Mine herte shall nere in liking be,
Nor ellifwhere findin solace:
If I be put out of your grace,
As it shall never ben I hope,
Than shuldin I fall in wanhope.
Alas, in wanhope! naie, parde,
For I wold nere dispeirid be:
If Hope me faile, than alle am I
Ungracious and unworthy:

In Hope I woll comfortid be,
For Love, when he betaugeth her me,
Sayid that Hope where so I go
Should aie be relse to my wo.

But what and she my baie bete,
And be to me curteis and swete?
She is in nothing full certain;
Lovirs the put in full grete pain,
And makith 'hem with wo to dele;
Her faire behestes deceiveth fele,
For the woll behote sikirly
And failin aftir uttirly.

Ah! that is a full noious thing,
For mony a lovir in loving
Hangeth upon her, and trustith fast,
Whiche lese ther travaile at the last.

Of thing to comme she wote right nought,
Therefore if it be wisely taught,
Her counsaile folie is to take;
For many times when the woll make
A full gode syllogisme, I drede
That aftirwarde there shall in dede
Folowe an ill conclusion:
This put me in confusion,
For many times I have it sene
That many have begilid bene
For trust that thei have set in Hope,
Whiche fell 'hem aftirward a-slope.

But nath'les yet gladly she wold
That he that woll him with her hold
Had all timis her purpose clere;
Withoutin deceipt any where;
That she desirith sikirly;
When I her blamed I did foly.
But what availith her gode will
When she ne maie staunche my found ill?
That helpith lite that she maie doe,
Out take behestes unto my wo;
And heste certain in no wise
Without ifete is not to preise.

Whan heste and dede a fondir vary
Thei doin a grete contrary;
Thus am I possid up and doune
With dole, thought, and confusioun:
Of my difese there is no nombre,
Daungir and Shame me encomber,
Drede also and Jelosie,
And Wickid Tong, full of envie,
Of whiche the sharpe and cruill ire
Full oft me put in grete martire;
Thei have my joid fully let,
Sith Bialacoi thei have beset
Frome in prison wickidly,
Whom I love so entirely,
That it wollin my bande be,
But it the sonir maie him fene.

And yet moreovir, worst of all,
There is set to kepe, foule her befall!
A rimpid vecke ferre ronnie in age,
Frouning and yel'we in her visage.

Whiche in awaite lieth date and night,
That none of him maie have a fight.

Now more my sorowe enforced be,
Ful sothe it is that Love yafe me;
Thre wondir yestis of his grace,
Whiche I have lorne now in this place;
Sith thei ne maie withoutin drede
Helpin but lite who takith hede,
For here availith no Swete Thought,
And Swete speche helpith right nought.

The thirde was callid Swete Loking,
That now is lorne without lefing;
Yestis were faire, but nat for thy,
Thei helpin me but simplly.

But Bialacoi lofid be
To gone at large and to be fre;
For him my life lieth all in dout,
But if he come the rathir out.

Alas! I trowe it woll nat ben,
For how should I ere more him sene?
He maie nat out, and that is wrong,
Bicause the tour is so strong.

How should he' out, or by whose prowesse,
Out of so strong a fortresse?
By me certain it n'll be doo,
God wotte I have no witte thereto.

But well I wote I was in rage
Whan I to Love did my homage;
Who was the cause (in sothfastnesse)
But her self Dame Idilnesse.

Whiche me conveide through faire priere
To' entir into that faire vergere;
She was to blame, me to leve,
The whiche now doeth me fore greve;
A fol's worde is nought to trowe,
Ne worthe an apple for to lowe;
Men should him snibbe bittirly
At prime temps of his folie;
I was a sole, and she me leved,
Through whom I am right nought releved;
She accomplishid all my will,
That now me grevith wondir ill.

Refon me sayid, What should fall
A sole my self I maie well call,
That Love afide I had not laied,
And trowid that Dame Refon saied;
Refon had both skill and right,
Whan she me blamed with all her might;
To medle' of Love, that hath me flent,
But certain now I woll repent.

And should I repent? naie, parde,
A false traitour than should I be;
The devil's engins would me take,
If evir I Love would forsake;
Or Bialacoi fallly betraie,
Should I at mischief hate him? naie.

And should I hate him? naie, parde,
A false traitour than should I be;
The devil's engins would me take,
If evir I Love would forsake;
Or Bialacoi fallly betraie,
Should I at mischief hate him? naie.

Sithe he now for his curtisie
 Is in prison of Jelousie;
 Curtisie certain did he me
 So moche it maie not yoldin be:
 Whan he the haie passin me lete
 To kisse the Rose faire and swete
 Should I therefore conne him maugre?
 Naie, certainly, it shall nat be,
 For Love shall nevyr, fave gode will,
 Here of me ne through worde or will
 Offence or complaint more or lesse
 Neithir of Hope nor Idleness;
 For certis it were wrong that I
 Hatid hem for ther curtisie.
 There is not els but suffre' and thinke,
 And wakin whan I shoulde winke,
 Abide in hope till Love through chaunce
 Sende me foccour or allegaunce,
 Expectaunt aie till I maie mete
 To gettin mercie of that swete.

Whilom I thinke how Love to me
 Sayd that he would take at gre
 My service if unpacience
 Ycauld me to doen offence;
 He saied, In thanke I shall it take,
 And high maistr eke they make,
 If Wickidnesse ne reve it the;
 But, sone, I trowe that shall nat be.
 These were his wordis by and by,
 It semed he lovud me truly.

Now is there not but serve him welc
 If that I thinke his thanke to fele:
 My gode, mine harme, lithe whole in me,
 In Love maie no defaute ybe,
 For true Love ne failed nevyr man;
 Sothly the faute mote nedis than,
 As God forbide, be founde in me,
 And how it cometh I can not se.
 Now let it gone as it maie go,
 Wer Love woll foccour me or flo,
 He maie do wholly on me his will;
 I am so fore ybounde him till
 From his service I maie not flene,
 For life and deth withoutin wene
 Is in his hande; I maie nat chese;
 He maie me doe bothe winne and lese:
 And sithe so fore he doeth me greve,
 Yet if my lust he would acheve,
 To Bialacoil godely to be,
 I yve no force what fell on me;
 For though I die, as I mote nede,
 I praie Love of his godelihe
 To Bialacoil doe gentilnesse,
 For whom I live in soche distresse
 That I mote dyin for penaunce:
 But first withoutin repentaunce
 I will me confesse in gode entent,
 And make in haste my testament,
 As lovirs doin that selen smerte,
 To Bialacoil leve I mine herte
 All whole, withoutin departing
 Or doublenesse or repenting.

Comment Raïson vient a L'amanant.

Thus as I madin my passage
 In compleint and in cruill rage,
 And I n'ot where to find a leche
 That couthe maie mine helping eche,
 Sodainly again comin donn
 Out of her toure I sawe Refoun,
 Discrete and wise, and full plesant,
 And of her porre full avenaunt:
 The right waie she toke unto me,
 Whiche stode in grete perplexite,
 That was poshid in every side,
 That I n'ist where I might abide,
 Till she, demurely sadde of chere,
 Sayid to me as she came nere;
 Mine owne frende, art thou agreved?
 How is this quarell yet achieved?

Of Lov's side? anon me tell
 Hast thou not yet of love thy fill?
 Art thou nat werie of thy service
 That the hath grevid in soche wise?
 What joie haste thou in thy loving?
 Is it a swete or bittir thing?
 Canst thou yet chesin, let me se,
 What best thy succour mightin be?
 Thou servist a full noble lorde,
 That maketh the thrall for thy rewarde,
 Whiche aie reneweth thy tourment,
 With folie so he hath the blent:
 Thou fell in mischief thilke daie
 Whan thou diddist, the sothe to saie,
 To him obeisaunce and homage:
 Thou wroughtist nothing as the sage
 Whan thou became his liege man;
 Thou diddist a grete folie than:
 Thou wistist nat what fell therto,
 With what lorde thou haddist to doe:
 If that thou haddist him well knowe
 Thou haddist nought be brought so lowe,
 For if that thou wiste what it were
 Thou n'oldist serve him halfe a yere,
 No, nat a weke nor halfe a daie,
 Ne yet an houre without delaie:
 Ne nevyr I lovud paramours,
 His lordship is so full of shours:
 Knowist him ought?—

L'amanant. Ye, Dame, parde.—

Raïson. Naie, naie.—*L'amanant.* Yes I.—

Raïson. Wherefore, let se.—

L'amanant. Of that he sayid I should be
 Glad to have soche a lorde as he,
 And maistr of soche seignorie.—

Raïson. Knowist him no more?—

L'amanant. Naie, certis, I,
 Save that he yase me rulis there,
 And went his waie I ne wist where,
 And I abode bounde in balace:—

Lo, there a noble cognisaunce!
Raïson.
 But I woll that thou knowe him now
 Ginning and ende, sithin that thou

Art so anguissous and so mate,
Disfigurid out of astate,
There maie no wreche have more of wo,
Ne catife non endurin so;
It were to every man fittir
Of his lorde to have knowlegging,
For if thou knewe him out of dout
Lightly thou shouldist scapin out
Of thy prison that marrith the.

L'amant.

Ye, Dame, sithin my lorde is he,
And I his man made with mine honde
I woulde right faine undirfonde
To knowin of what kinde he be,
If any would enforme me.

Raison.

I would (sayid Rason) the lere,
Sithe thou to lerne hast soche desire,
And shewin the withoutin fable
A thing that is not demonstrable.
Thou shalt knowe withoutin science
And withoutin experience
The thing that maie not knowin be,
Ne wist ne shewed in no degre,
Thou maiest the soche of it not witten
Although in the it were ywritten;
Thou shalt not knowin therof more
While thou art ruld by his lore,
But unto him that Love will fle
The knottè maie uncloude be
Whiche hath to the, as it is founde,
So longe to knitte and not unbounde:
Now set well thine entencion
To here of love the description.

Love it is an hateful pese,
A fre' acquaintance without relesse,
And through the fret full of falschede
A sikernesse all fet in drede;
In herte is a dispering hope,
And full of hope it is wanhope;
A wise wodnesse, and void reson,
A swete perill in to droun,
And hevie burthin light to bere,
A wickid' wawe awaie to were;
It is Charybdis perilous,
Disagreable and gracions;
It' is discordaunce that can acorde,
And accordaunce unto discorde;
It is conning without science,
And wisdom without sapience,
Witte withoutin discrecion,
Havoire without possession;
It is like hele and whole sicknesse,
A trust drounid and dronkinesse,
And helth all full of maladie,
And charite full of envie,
And angre full of aboudaunce,
And a full gredie suffaunce,
Delite right full of hevinesse,
And dreriness full of gladnesse,
Bittir swetenesse and swete errour,
Right evill favoured gode favour,

A sin that pardone hath withinne,
And pardone spottid without sinne,
A paine also it is joious,
And felonie right pitous,
Also a plaie that selde is stable,
And steadfastnes right mevable,
A strenght weikid to stonde upright,
And a febleness full of might,
Witte unavifid, sage folie,
And joie full of tourmentrie,
A laughtir it is weping aie,
Rest that travaillith night and daie,
Also a swete hell it is,
And a sorowfull paradis,
A pleisant gaile and chic prison,
And full of frostis somir seison,
Primè temps full of frostis white,
And Maie devoide of all delite,
With fere branchis blossoms ungrene,
And newe frucht filled with wintir tene;
It is a slowe maie not forbere,
Raggis ribanid with gold to were,
For all so well woll Love be sette
Undir raggis as riche rotchetie,
And eke as well by amorettes
In mourning blacke as bright burnettes,
For none is of so mokill prife,
Ne no man foundin is so wise,
Ne no man so high of parage,
Ne no man founde of witte so sage,
No man so hardie ne so wight,
Ne no man of so mokill might,
None so fullfillid of bounte,
That he with love maie dauntid be;
All the worlde holdith this waie,
Love makith all to gone miswaie
But if it be thei of evil life,
Whom Genius curlid, man and wife,
That wrongly werke again Nature;
None soche I love, ne have no cure
Of soche as Lov' is servauntea ben,
And woll nat by my counsaile fleen,
For I ne preisin that loving
Where through man at the last ending
Shall call 'hem wretchis full of wo,
Love grevith 'hem and shendith so;
But if thou wolt well Love eschewe
For to escape out of his mewe,
And make all whole the sorowe flake,
No bettir counsaile maiest thou take
Than thinke to slein wel i-wis,
Maie nought helpe els, for wit thou this,
If thou fle it shall fle the,
Folowe' it and folowen shall it the.

L'amant.

Whan I had herid Rason sain,
Whiche had ysplit her speche in vain,
Dame, (sayid I) I dare well saie
Of this avaut me well I maie,
That from your scole so deviaunt
I am, that nere the more avaut
Right nought I am through your dooctine,
I dulle undir your discipline;

I wot no more than I wiste ever,
To me so contrarie and so fer
Is every thing that ye me lere,
And yet I can it all by partivere;
Mine herte foryeteth thereof right nought;
It is so writtin in my thought,
And depe grayn it is so tender,
That all mine herte I can it render,
And rede it ovir communely,
But to my self lewdist am I.

But sithe ye love discrivin fo,
And lacke and preise it bothe two,
Definith it into this letter,
That I maie thinke on it the better,
For I herd never defined here,
And wilfully I would it lere.

Raison. If love be serchid well and sought,
It is a sicknesse of the thought,
Annexid and knedde betwixt twaine,
Which male and female with a cheine,
So frele bindeth, that thei nill rymme
Wedir thereof thei lese or winne:

The rote springith through hote brenning
In to difordinate desiring
For to kisin and to embrace,
And at ther lust them to solace;
Of othir thing Love retchith nought,
But setteth ther herte and all ther thought
More for ther delectacioun
Than any procreacioun
Of othir fruiet by engendrure,
Whiche love to God is nat plesure,
For of ther bodie fruiete to get
Thei yeve no force, thei are so set
Upon delite to plaie in lere;
And some have also this manere
To fainn 'hem for love seke;
Soche love I prese not at a leke,
For paramours thei do but faine,
To lovin truly thei disdaine;
Thei falsin ladies traitourly,
And swerne 'hem othis uttirly,
With many' a lesing, many' a fable,
And all thei findin disceivable.

And whan thei han ther lust ygetten
The hote ernes thei all foryetten;
Women the harme byn full fore;
But men this thinkin evirmore,
The lasse harme is, so mote I the,
Disceive them than disceivid be,
And namly where thei no maie
Findin none othir mene ne waie,
For I wote well in sothfastnesse,
That who doeth now his businesse
With any woman for to dele
For any lust that he maie fele,
But if it be for engendrure
He doeth trespasse I you ensue,
For he shoulde settin all his will
To getten a likely thing him till,
And to sustain, if that he might,
And kepin forth by kind is right

His owne likeneße and semblable;
For bicause all is corripable,
And failin shoulde succelloun,
Ne were the generacioun,
Our sect is strenge for to live,
Whan fadre' or mothir arne in grave,
Ther childrin shulde whan they ben dede
Full diligent ben in ther stode
To use that worke on soche a wife
That one maie through an othir rise;
Therefore set kinde therein delite,
For men therein shoulde hem delite,
And of that dede be not erke,
But oft sithis haunt that werke,
For none woulde drawe thereof a draught;
Ne were delite whiche hath him caught;
This had subtil Dame Nature,
For none goeth right I the ensue,
Ne hath enten whole ne parsite,
For ther desire is for delite,
The whiche fortendid erke, and eke
The plaie of love, for oft thei seke
And thrall 'hem sell, thei be so nice,
Unto the prince of every vice,
For of eche sinne it is the rote
Unlefull lust, though it be sote,
And of all evill the racine,
As Tullius can determine,
Whiche in his time was full sage,
In a boke whiche he made of age,
Where that more he yprailith Elde,
Though he be cokid and unwelde,
And more of commendacioun
Than youth in his discrepcioun;
For youth set bothe man and wif
In all perill of soule and life,
And perill is, but men have grace,
The perill of youth for to pace
Without any deth or distresse,
It is so full of wildenesse,
So oft it doeth shame and damage
To him or unto his linage,
It ledith man now up now down,
In mokill dissolucioun,
And maketh him love ill companie,
And lede his life dissuillie,
And halte him paied with none estate;
Within himself is soche debate
He chaungith purpole and entent,
And yalte into some covenent,
To livin astir ther embriße,
And lesith fredome and fraunchite
That Nature in him had yfet,
The whiche again he maie not get,
If there he make his mansion,
For to abide profession;
Though for a time his herte absent
It maie not faile he shall repent,
And eke abidin thilke daie
To leve' his abite and gon his waie,
And leseth his worship and his name,
And dare not come again for shame,
But all his life he doeth to mourne,
Bicause he dare not home retourne,

Fredome of kinde so lost hath he
That nevir maie recurid be,
But that if God him grauntin grace
That he maie, er he hennis pace,
Contein undir obedience,
Through the vertue of pience;
For youth set man in all folie,
In unthrift and in ribaudrie,
In lecherie and in outrage,
So oft it chaungith of corage:
Youth ginnith oft soche a bargain
That maie not end withoutin pain;
In grete perill is Youth-hede,
Delite so doeth his bridill lede;
Delite this hangith, drede the nought,
Bothe mann's bodie and his thought;
Onily through youth's chambrere,
That to doen ill is customere,
And of naught ellis takith hede
But onely folkis for to lede
Into disport and wildenesse
So froward is it from sadnesse,
But elde ydrawith 'hem therfro;
Who wore it not he maie well go,
And mo of 'hem that now arne old,
That whilom youth yhad in hold,
Whiche yet remembre' of tendir age
How it 'hem brought in many' a rage,
And many' a folie therin wrought,
But now that elde hath 'hem through fought
Thei repent 'hem of ther folie
That youth 'hem put in jeopardie,
In perill and in mokill woe,
And made 'hem oft amisse to doe,
And sewin evill companie
And riot and advouterie.

But Eldè gan againe restraine
From suchè folie and refraine,
And set men by her ordinaunce
In gode rule and in governaunce;
But ill she spendith her servise,
For no man wol her love ne preise;
She is hatid, this wot I wele,
Her acquaintance would no man fele,
Ne han of Eldè companie,
Men hate to be of her alie,
For no man wold becomin olde,
Ne die whan he is yonge and bolde;
And Eldè mervailith right gretely
Whan thei remembre 'hem inwardly
Of many' a perillous emprise
Whiche that thei wrought in sondry wise,
How evir thei might without blame
Escape awaie withoutin shame,
In youth without any damage,
Without represe of ther linage,
Lesse of membre, sheding of blode,
Perill of deth, or losse of gode.
Wotist thou nat where Youth abit,
That men so preisin in ther wit?
With Delite the yhalte sojour,
For both thei dwellin in o tour:

As longe as Youthe is in feson
Thei dwellin in one mansion:
Delite of Youth wolle have servise
To do what so he wolle devise,
And youth is redy evirmore
For to obey for smerte or fore
Unto Delite, and him to yeve
Her servise while that she maie live.

Where Eldè abitte I wol the tell
Shortly, and no while ydwelle,
For thidir behoveth the to go,
Yf Deth in youthe the not slo;
Of this journey thou maiste not faile,
With her Labour and eke Travaile
Lodgid ben, with Sorow and Wo,
That nevir out of her court go,
Paine and Distresse, Sickenesse and Ire,
And Melan'coly, that angry fire,
Ben of her paleis fenatours,
Groning and grutching her herbegeours:
The day and night her to tourment
With cruill Deth thei her present,
And tellin her erliche and late
That Death stondeth armid at her gate;
Than bring thei to her remembraunce
The folie dedes of her enfaunce,
Whiche causin her to mourne in wo
That youth hath her begild so,
Whiche sodainly awaie is hasted;
She weped the time that she hath wasted,
Complainin of the preterite
And the present, that nat abitte,
And of her oldè vanite,
That but asorne her she maie se
In the future some smale focoure
To leggin her of her doloure,
To graunt her time of repentaunce,
For her finnis to do penaunce,
And at the last so her governe,
To winne the joye that is eterne,
Fro whiche go backwarde youth her made,
In vanite to drowne and wade;
For present time abidith nought,
It is more swifte than any thought;
So litill while it doth endure
That there is ne compte ne mesure.

But how that evir the game go,
Who list love joye and mirth also
Of love, be it he or she,
Or hie or lowe, who so it be,
In frute thei shouldin 'hem delite,
Ther parte thei maie not ellis quite,
To save 'hem self in honeste;
And yet full many one I se
Of women, sothly for to faine,
That desirin and woldin faine
The plaie of love, thei be so wilde,
And not coveite to go with childe;
And if with childe thei be perchaunce,
Thei wol it holde a grete mischaunce;
But what so evir wo thei fele
Thei wol not plainin, but concele;
But it be any fole or nice,
In whome that shame hath no justice;

For to delite echone thei drawen quicly in to
 That haunt this worke, both hie and lawe,
 Save fuche that arne worth right nought,
 That for money wol be ybought;
 Suche love I preisin in no wise,
 When it is given for covetise;
 I preise no woman, though she is wode,
 That yeveth her selfe for any gode,
 For litill shoulde a man ytelles,
 Of her that wil her body sellen,
 Be she a maide or be the wyfe,
 That quicke wol selle her by her life,
 How faire chere that ever she make,
 He is a wretche I undirake,
 That love fuche one, for swete or soure,
 Though he him called her paramoure,
 And laugheth on him, and maketh him fest,
 For certainly no fuche best,
 To be lovid is nat worthy,
 Or berin the name of Drury;
 None shoulde her plesse, but he wer wode,
 That wol dispoile him of his gode,
 Yet nathelless I wol not faies,
 That she for solace and for plaie,
 Maie a jewil or othir thing,
 Take of her lov'is fre yeving,
 But that she aske it in no wise,
 For drede of shame or covetise;
 And she of hers maie him certayne,
 Without sclaudir yevin againe,
 And joyne ther hertes togidris
 In love, and take and yeve also;
 Trowe nat that I wollin' hem twinne,
 When in ther love there is no finne;
 I wol that thei togidris go,
 And done al that thei han ado,
 As curtis shoulde and debonaire,
 And in ther love berin' hem faire,
 Withoutin vice, both he and she,
 So that alwaie in honeste,
 For foly Love to kepe' hem clere,
 That brennith hertis with his fere,
 And that ther love in any wise,
 Be devoide of all covetise;
 Gode love shoulde engendrid be,
 Of trewe hert, juste and fecere,
 And not of fuche as set ther thought,
 To have their lust and ellis nought;
 So are thei caught in Lov'is lace,
 Trewly for bodilly solace;
 Fleshly delite is so present prisur,
 With the, that set al thing entent,
 Withoutin more, what shoulde I glose?
 For to gettin and have the Rose,
 Whiche makith the so mate and wode;
 That thou desirest none other gode;
 But thou art not an inche the nerre,
 But ewre' abidest in forroure' and werre,
 As in thy face it is ylene;
 It makith the bothe pale and lene;
 Thy might, thy vertue, gothe awaie,
 A sory gett in gode faie;
 Thou harporist than in thine inne,
 The god of Love when thou let inne;

Wherefore I rede thou shette him out,
 Or he shal greve the out of doute,
 For to thy profite it wol turne,
 If he no more with the sojournen.
 In grete mischese and forow sonken,
 Ben hertis that of love arne dronken,
 As thou peraventure knowen shall,
 When thou hast lost thy time all,
 And spent thy thought in idilnesse,
 In waste, and woful lustinesse,
 Yf thou maist live the time to se,
 Of love for to delivered be,
 Thy time thou shalt bewepre fore,
 The whiche never thou maist restore,
 For time ylost, as men may se,
 For nothing may recovered be;
 And if thou scape yet at the last,
 Fro Love that hath the so faste,
 Yknitte and boundin in his lace,
 Certaine I holde it but a grace;
 For many one, as it is seint,
 Have loste and spent also in veine,
 In his service without focour,
 Body and soule, gode and trefour,
 And witte and strength, and eke richesse,
 Of whiche thei had never redresse.

L'amant.

Thus taught and prechid hath Refon,
 But Love yspilte hath her sermon,
 That was so impid in my thought,
 That her doctrine I set at nought,
 And yet ne faide she never a dele,
 That I ne understode it wel;
 Word by worde the matir all;
 But unto Love I was so thrall,
 Whiche callith ovir all his prairie,
 He chastis so my thoughtis aie,
 And holdeth min herte undir his seles;
 As trusty and trewe as any stele,
 So that I no devocion
 Ne haddē in the wise sermon
 Of Dame Refon, ne of her rede;
 I toke no sojour in mine hede,
 For allē yede out at one ere,
 That in that othir she did lere;
 Fully on me she lost her lore;
 Her spechē me grevid wondir fore,

That unto her for ire I faide,
 For angir as I did abraide,
 Dame, and as it your will algate,
 That I not love but that I hate;
 All men, as ye me now do techē,
 For if I do afor your speche,
 Sith that you seine love is not gode,
 Than must I nedis say with mode,
 Yf I it love, in hatrid aie
 Livin, and voidin love awaie;
 Ferrē from me a sinful wretche,
 Yhatid of allē that tettehe,
 I may not go none othir gate,
 For either must I love, or hate,
 And if I hatin men of newe,
 More than love it wol me rewe,

As by your preching semith me, that I shold
 For Love nothing ne praiseth the; yett lest ad-
 Ye yeve gode counsaile flikirly; that I shold
 That prechith me al day that I shold
 Ne should not Lov's lore allowe; that I shold
 He were a sole woulde you not trowe; that I shold
 In speche also ye han me taught; that I shold
 Another love that knowen is naught; that I shold
 Whiche I have herd you not repreve; that I shold
 To love eche othir, by your leve; that I shold
 If ye would definis it me; that I shold
 I woulde gladly here, to se; that I shold
 At the left if I mowin here; that I shold
 Of sondry lovis the manere; that I shold

Raïson.

Certis, frende, a grete sole art thou, that I shold
 Whan that thou nothing wolt allowe; that I shold
 Whiche that I for thy profice saie; that I shold
 Yet wol I saie the more in saie; that I shold
 For I am redy at the left; that I shold
 To accomplyshin thy request; that I shold
 But I n'ot where it wol avейle; that I shold
 In vaine perav'enture I travaile; that I shold
 Lov'e there is in sondrie wise; that I shold
 Right as I shall the here devise; that I shold

For some love lesith is and gode, that I shold
 I mene not that whiche maketh the wode, that I shold
 And bringith the in many' a fitt; that I shold
 And ravisheth fro the al thy witte; that I shold
 It is so marveilous and queint; that I shold
 With such love be no more aquint; that I shold

Comment Raïson distyngh Angere.

Love of frendshippe also there is
 Whiche makith no man don amis,
 Of will ykните between two,
 That wol not breke for wele ne wo,
 Whiche longe is likely to contune,
 Whan wil and god's ben in commune,
 Groundid by God's ordinance,
 All whole withoutin discordaunce,
 With them yholding commaunde,
 Of al ther gode in charite,
 That there be none exception,
 Through chaunging of ententioun,
 That eche helpe othir at ther nede,
 And wisely hele both worde and dede,
 Trewe of mening, devoide of flouthe,
 For wit is nought withoutin trouthe,
 So that the t'one dare all his thought
 Saine to his frende, and sparin nought,
 As to him selfe, without dreading,
 To be discovered by wryeing,
 For glad is that conjunccioun,
 Whan there is none suspicioun,
 Betwixin 'hem whome thei wold prove,
 That trewe and parfite weren in love;
 For no man may be amiable
 But if he be so ferme and stable
 That Fortune chaunge him not ne blinde,
 But that his frende alway him finde
 Bothe pore and riche in one estate,
 For if his frende through any gate
 Wol complaine of his poverte,
 He should not bide so long til he

Of his helping doth him require,
 For gode dede done thorough prayre
 Is folde and bought to dere i-wis;
 To hert that of grete valure is,
 He hath grete thought, and dredith aie
 Can evil demene his distresse;
 And man, that worthy is of name,
 To askin oftyn hath grete shame.

A gode man brennith in his thought
 For shame whan that he alkith ought;
 He hath grete thought, and dredith aie
 For his disce whan he shal prais
 His frende lest that he warnid be
 Till he preve his stabillite;

But whan that he hath foundin one
 That trusty is and trewe as stonc,
 And hath assayid him at all,
 And founde him stedfast as a wall,
 And of his frendshippe be certaine,
 He shal him shewe bothe joie and paine,
 And all that he dare think or saie,
 Withoutin shame, as he well maie,
 For how should he ahamid be
 Of such an one as I tolde the?
 For whan he wot his secret thought
 The third shal know therof right nought,
 For twey in nombre' is bet than thre
 In every counsaile and fere:
 Repreve he dredith nev're a dele
 Who that bese his wordis wele,
 For every wise man out of drede
 Can kepe his tong till he se nede.

And folis can not holde ther tonge;
 A fol's belle is sone yronge;
 Yett shal a trewe frende doin more
 To helpe his felowe of his fore,
 And socour him whan he hath nede
 In all that he may done in dede,
 And gladdir that he him plestith
 Than his felowe that he estith:
 And if he do nat his request
 He shal as mochil him molest
 As his felowe, bicause that he
 Maie not fulfill his volunte
 All fully as he hath required.
 If both the hertis Love hath fired
 Bothe joie and wo thei shal departe,
 And take evinly eche his parte,
 Halfe his anoye he shal have aie,
 And comforte him what that he maie,
 And of his blisse parte shal he,
 If love wollin departid be.

And whilom of this unite
 Spake Tullius in a dite,
 A man should makin this request
 Unto his frende that is honest,
 And he godely should it fulfill,
 But it the more were out of skill,
 And otherwise not graunt therto,
 Except only in causis two.

Yf men his frende to deth wold drive
 Let him be hely to save his live.

Also if men wollen him assaile,
Of his worship to make him faile,
And hindrin him of his renown,
Let him with ful entencious
His devir done in eche degre,
That his frende se thamid be.

In these two casis with his might,
Taking no kepe to skill nor right,
As ferre as love may him excuse,
This ought no man for to refuse.

This love that I have told to the
Is nothing contrarie to me;
This wel I that thou folowe wel,
And leve the t'other every dele:
This love to vertue al entendeth,
The t'other folis blent and thendeth.

An othir love also there is
That is contrary unto this,
Which desire is so contrainid
That it ne is but will fainid;
Away fro trouth it doth so varie
That to gode love it is contrarie.

For it maymish in many wise
Sike hertis with coverise;
All in winning and in profite
Suche love ysettith his delite:

This love so haungith in balauce,
That if it lese his hope perchaunce
Of lure that he' is set upon
It wolle failin and quench anon.

For no man maie be amorous,
Ne in his living vertuous,
But if he lovin more in mode
Men for 'hem selte than for 'ther gode;

For love that profite doth abide
Is false, and bidith not to tide:
Soche love comith of Dame Fortune,

That litil wolle contune,
For it shall chaungin wondir sone,
And take eclips as doth the mone.

Whan that she is from us ylet
Through erth, that betwixin is fet
The soune and her, as it may fall,
Be it in partie or in all:

The shadowe makith her bemes merke,
And her hornis to shewin derke
That part where she hath lost her light
Of Phebus fully and the sight,

Till whan the shadowe' is ovir passe
She' is enlumined aguin as false
Through the brightnes of the soune bemes,

That yevith to 'her again her lemes;
That love is right of such nature,
Now it is faire and now obscure,

Now bright, now cliply of manere,
And whilom dimme and whilom clere,
As sone as poverte ginnith take,

With mantil and with wedis blake
Hidith of love the light away,
That into night it tournith day,

It may not sein Richesse shine,
Till that the blacke shadowis fine,
For whan that Richesse shinith bright

Love recovereth ayen his light,
And whan it failith he wol sit,
And as she grevith so grevith it.

Of this love herith what I saie:
The riche men are ylovid aie,
And namely tho that sparende bene,
That wol not walthe thier hertis clene

Of the filthe nor of the vice
Of greedy brenning avarice.
The riche man ful fond is i-wis

That wenith that he lovid is;
If that his hert is undirfode
It is not he; it is his gode:

He may wel wetin in his thought
His gode is loved and he right nought;
For if he be a nigarde eke

Men wol not set by him a leke,
But hatin him, this is the sothe,
Lo what profite his catil dothe!

Of every man that may him se
It getteth him nought but enmite,
But he amende him of that vice,

And know himselfe he is not wile.
Certis he shold aie frendly be
To get him love, also ben fre,

Or els he is not wise ne sage,
No more than is a gote ramage.
That he not lovith his dede praveth,

Whan he his richesse so well loveth
That he wol hide it aie and spare,
His pore frendis sene forfare,

To kepin aie his ill purpose,
Till that for drede his eyin close,
And til a wickid deth him take

Him had levir a sondre shake,
And let al' his limmes a sondre rive,
Than leve his richesse in his live;

He thinketh to part it with no aie,
Certain no love is in him thar,
For how should love within him be

Whan in his hert is no pite?
That he trespassith well I wate,
For eche man knowith his estate,

For wel him ought to be reproved
That lovith thought ne is not loved.
But sithe we arne to Fortune comen

And hath our fermen of her nomen,
A wondir will I tell the now;
Thou herdith nere suche one I trow;

I n'ot where thou me levir shall,
Although fothfastnesse it be all,
As it is writtin, and is sothe,

That unto men more profite dothe
The frowarde fortune and contraire
Than doth the sote and debonaire;

And if the thinkte it is doutable,
It is through argument provable,
For Fortune debonaire and sotte

Yfalfith and begilith ofte,
For liche a mothir she can cherithe,
And milkin as doth a norice,

And of her gode to him ydeles,
And yeveth 'hem parte of her jewels,
With grete richis and dignite,

And 'hem she hoteth stabillite

In a state that is nothing stable,
 But chaunging aie and variable,
 And fedith him with glory veine,
 And worldly blisse nothing certeine:
 When she 'hem settith on her whele
 Than wenin thei to be right wele,
 And in so stable state withall
 That nevir thei wene for to fall;
 And whan thei sette so high to be
 Thei wene to have in certainte
 Of hertly frendis to grette nombre,
 That nothing might their state encombre;
 Thei trust 'hem so on every side,
 Wening with 'hem thei would abide
 In every perill and mischaunce
 Withoutin chaunce or variaunce
 Bothe of catil and of gode,
 And also for to spende ther blode;
 And al ther membris for to spill,
 Onily to fulfill ther will:
 Thei maken it whole in many wile,
 And hotin 'hem their full service,
 How fore so that it do 'hem smerte
 Into ther very nakid sherte;
 Herte and hande also whole thei give,
 For al the time that thei may live,
 So that with this ther flatiry
 Thei makin follis glorie
 Onely of ther wordis speking,
 And han chere of a rejoyfing,
 And trow 'hem as the Evangile;
 And it is al falshe and gile,
 As thei shal afterwardis se;
 Whan thei arne fal in poverté,
 And ben of gode and catil bare,
 Than shoud thei fene who frendis wate,
 For of an hundrid certainly,
 Nor of a thousande full fearfully,
 Ne shall thei finde unnethis one
 Whan poverté is comen upon.

For thus Fortune that I of tell,
 With men whan that her lust to dwell,
 Maketh 'hem to lese ther conifaunce,
 And noriseth 'hem in ignorance.

But frowarde Fortune and perverfe,
 Whan high estates the doth reverfe,
 And makith 'hem to toubleme doune
 Of her whele with a sodaine tourne,
 And from ther richeffe dothe 'hem fle,
 And plongeth 'hem in poverté,
 As a stepmothir envious,
 And laiech a plaistir dolorous
 Unto ther hertis woundid egre,
 Whiche is not tempered with vinegre,
 But with poverté and indigence,
 For to shewe by experience
 That she is Fortune verille,
 In whom no man ne shoud affie,
 Nor in her yettis have fiance,
 She is so ful of variaunce.

Thus can she makin lie and lowe,
 Whan thei from richeffe arne throwe,
 Fully to knowin without were
 Frende of affecte and frende of chere,

And whiche in love weren trew and stable,
 And whiche also weren variable,
 Aftr Fortune ther goddesse,
 In poverté; either in richeffe,
 For all that yeveth here out of drede
 Unhappy yberith it in dede,
 For Infortune lette not one
 Of frendis whan Fortune is gone,
 I mene tho frendis that wolle fle
 Anone as entrich poverté
 And yet thei wol not leve 'hem so,
 But in eche place where that thei go
 Thei callin 'hem wretche, fcorne, and blame,
 And of ther mishappe 'hem diffame,
 And namely fuche as in richeffe
 Pretendith moke of stableneffe,
 Whan that they sawe 'hem set on lofte,
 And werin of hem fucoured ofte,
 And most iholpe in al ther nede,
 But now thei take no maner hede,
 But seine in voice of flatirie
 That now appereth ther lofte
 Ovir al wher so that thei fare,
 And singe, Go, farewell, Feldefare.

All fuche frendis I befrewe,
 For of trewe frendis ther be to fewe,
 But sothfast frendes, what to beide,
 In every fortune wollen abide;
 Thei han ther hertes in such noblesse
 That thei n'il love for no richeffe,
 Nor for that Fortune may 'hem fende
 Thei wollen 'hem socour and defende,
 And chaungin for softe ne for fore;
 For who has frende loveth evirmore,
 Though men drawe fwerdis him to flo,
 Thei may not hewe ther love a two;
 But if in case that I shall say,
 For pride and ire lese it he may,
 And for reprove by nicete,
 And discoveting of privite
 With tonge wounding, as felon,
 Through venomous detraction.

Frende in this case wol gon his way,
 For nothing greve him more ne may,
 And for nought ellis wol he fle
 If he love in stablite;
 And certaine he is well begone
 Among a thousande that findeth one,
 For there ne may be no richeffe,
 Ayenst frendship of worthinelle,
 For it ne may to high attaine
 As may the valoure, sothe to faine;
 Of him that lovith trewe and well
 Frendship is more than is catell,
 For frende in courte aie bettir is
 Than peny is in purse certis,
 And than is Fortune mishaping,
 Whan upon men she is fabling
 Thorough misturning of her chaunce,
 And castith 'hem out of balance.

She maketh through her adversite
 Men ful and clerly for to se
 Him that is frende in existence
 From him that is by apparence,

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

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For infortune makith anone
To know thy frendis fro thy fone
By experience right as it is,
The whiche is more to praise i-wis
Than in muche richesse and tresour,
For more depe profite and valour
Poverté, and fuche adverfite
Before, than doeth prosperite,
For that one yeveth confaunce,
And t'othir gevith ignoraunce.

And thus in poverté is in dede
Trouthe declarid fro falshede,
For faint frendis it wol declare,
And trewe also, what way they fare;
For whan he was in his richesse
These frendis ful of doublenesse
Offrid him in many wise
Ther herte and body, and service,
What would he then have you to 'have brought
To knowin opynly ther thought,
That he now hath so clerely fene?
The lasse begiled he should have bene
And he had than percevid it,
But Richesse n'olde not let him wit;
Wel more avauntage doeth him than,
Sith that it makith him a wise man,
The grete mischese that he perceveth
Than doeth richesse, that him deceveth:
Richesse riche ne ymakith nought
Him that on tresour fet his thought,
For richesse stonte in suffisaunce,
And nothing stonte in haboundaunce,
For suffisaunce all onily
Makith menne to live richily.

For he that hath but mitchis twaine,
Ne value in his whole demeine,
Liveth more at ese, and more is riche,
Than doith he whiche that is chiche,
And in his barne hath, soth to faine,
An hundrid mavis of whete graine,
Though he be chapman or marchaunt,
And have of golde many befaunt,
For in the getting he 'hath fuche wo,
And in the keping drede also,
And sette ere more his befinesse
For to encrese and pat to lesse,
For to augment and multiply;
And though on hepes that lie him by,
Yet never shall make his richesse
Asseth unto his gredinesse;
But the pore man that retchith nought
Save of his livelode in his thought,
Whiche that he getteth with his travaile,
He dredith nought that it shall faile,
Though he have little world's gode,
Meté and drinke, and ese fode,
Upon his travaile and living,
And also suffisaunt clothing,
Or if in sickenesse that he fall,
And loe he mete and drinke withall,
Though he have not his mete to buie,
He shall bethinke him hastily

To put him out of all daungere,
That he of mete hath no misere,
Or that he maie with little eke
Be foundin while that he is seke,
Or that men shall him berne in haste
To live till his sicknesse be pafte
Unto some maisondewe beside:
He caste nought what shall him betide;
He thinkith nought that evre he shall
Into any sickenesse yfall.

And though it fall, as it maie be,
That all betime sparin shall he
As mokill as shall to him suffice
While he is sick in any wise,
He doith for that he woll be
Contentid with his poverté
Withoutein nede of any man:
So moche in little have he can
He is apaide with his fortune,
And for he n'll be importune
Unto no wight ne onerous,
Nor of ther godefse covetous,
Therefore he spireth, it mai well ben,
His pore estate for to sustene.

Or if him luste not for to spare,
But suffrith forthe as nat yet ware,
At laste it happeneth, as it maie,
All right unto his haste daie,
And take the world as it would be:
For evir in herte thinkith he
The sonir that Deth him yslo
To paradise the sonir go
He shall, there for to live in blisse
Where that he shall no godis misse:
Thidir he hopeth God shall him sende
Aftir this wretchid liv' is ended
Pythagoras himself reherces,
In a boke that The Goldin Verbes
Is cleped, for the nobilité
Of the honorable dite.

Than whan thou goest thy body fro
Fre in the ayre thou shalt up go,
And levin all humanite,
And purely live in diete.
He is a sole withoutin were
That trowth have his cuntry here.

In yerth is not our countere,
That maie these clerkis seine and fe
In Boece of Consolacion,
Where it is makid mencion
Of our contre plaine at the eye
By teching of philosophie,
Where leude men mightin serin wit,
Who so that would translatin it.
If he be fuche that can well live
Aftir his renté maie him yeve,
And not desirith more to have
Than maie for poverté him fave.
A wisdomer saied, as we maie fene,
Is no man wretched but he it wene.

Be he a king, knight, or ribaude :
 Many a ribaude is merie and baude
 That swinketh and berith daie and night
 Many a burthin of grete might
 The whiche doith him lasse offence
 For he that suffrith in pacience :
 Thei laugh and daunce, thei trippe and flag,
 And laie nought up for ther living,
 But in the taverne all dispendeth
 The winning whiche that God hem sendeth :
 Than goeth he fardils for to bere
 With as gode chere as he did ere :
 To fwinke and travaile he not fainth,
 For to robbin he disdainth,
 But right anon after his fwinke
 He goeth to taverne for to drinke.
 All these are riche in haboundaunce
 That can thus havin sustenance
 Well more than can an usere,
 As God well knowith, without were,
 For 'an usurere, so God me se,
 Shall never for richesse riche be,
 But er more pore and indigent,
 Scarce, and greedy in his entent.
 For sothe it is, whom it displese,
 There maie no marchaunt live at ease,
 His herte in soche a where is set
 That it quicke brennith for to get,
 Ne never shall though he hath gotten,
 Though he have golde in garnis yeten,
 For to be nedy he dredeth fore,
 Wherefore to gettin more and more
 He set his herte and his desire :
 So hote he brennith in the fire
 Of covetise, that maketh him wode
 To purchase othir mennis gode.
 He undirfongith a grete pain
 That undertaketh to drinke up Sain,
 For the more that he drinkith aie
 The more he levith, sothe to saie.
 Thus is the thrust of false getting,
 That laste evir in coveting,
 And the anguisse and the distresse,
 With the fire of gredinesse ;
 She fightith with him aie and striveth,
 So that his herte a fonder riveth :
 Soche gredinesse him assaileth
 That whan he moste hath moste he faileth.
 Phisiciens and advocates
 Goin right by the same yates ;
 Thei sell ther science for winning,
 And haunte ther crasie for grete getting :
 Ther winning is of soche swetenesse
 That if a man fall in sickenesse
 Thei are full glad for ther encrece,
 For by ther will withoutin lese
 Everiche man shouldin be seke ;
 Though thei die thei set not a leke ;
 Astir whan thei the golde have take
 Full little care for him thei make :
 Thei would fowertie were sicke at ones,
 Ye, two hundrid, in fleshe and bones,
 And yet two thousande, as I gesse,
 For to encresein ther richesse :

Thei woll not worchin in no vude
 But for lucre and covetise,
 For physicke ginnith first by (phi)
 The phisicien also sothly ;
 And sitten it goeth fro sie to sie
 To trust on hem it is folie,
 For thei n'il in no manir gre
 Doin right nought for charite.
 Eke in the same secte are set
 All tho that prechin for to get
 Workships, and honour, and richesse ;
 Ther hertis arme in grete distresse
 That folke livin not holily,
 But abovin all specially
 Soche as yprechin veinglorie,
 And towarde God have no mem'orie,
 But forthe as ipocritis trace,
 And to ther souls deth purchase,
 And outward shewing holinesse,
 Though thei be full of curdisnesse :
 Natliche to the apostlis twelve,
 Thei deceive othir and hem selve :
 Beglid is the gilir than
 For preching of a curdis man :
 Though it to othir maie profite
 Himself it availeth not a mite,
 For oft gode predicacioun
 Cometh of evill entencioun :
 To him nat availeth his preching,
 All helpe he othir with his teching,
 For where thei gode example take
 There is he with veinglorie shake.
 But let us leven these prechours,
 And speke of hem that in their tours
 Hepe up ther golde and fast yshet,
 And fore theoreon ther hertis set :
 Thei neither lovin God ne drede ;
 Thei kepin more than it is nede,
 And in ther baggis fore it binde
 Out of the funne and of the winde ;
 Thei puttin up more than nede ware
 Whan thei sene povir folk forfare,
 For hungre die, and for cold quake ;
 God can well vengeance theoreof take :
 The grete mischivis hem assaileth,
 And thus in gadring aie travaileth ;
 With mochil pain thei winne richesse,
 And drede hem holdith in distresse
 To kepin that thei gathir fast :
 With sorowe thei leve it at last,
 With sorowe thei bothe die and live
 That unto richesse ther hertes yeve.
 And in defeate of love it is,
 As it shewith full well i-wis,
 For if these greedy, sothe to saine,
 Lovidin and were loved againe,
 And gode love reignid ovir all,
 Soche wickidnesse ne should yfall,
 But he should yeve that moste gode had
 To hem that weren in nede bestad,
 And live withoutin false usure,
 For charite ful clene and pure ;
 If thei hem yeve unto godenesse,
 Defending hem from idlinesse.

In all this worlde than povir none
 We shoulidin finde I trowe not one,
 But chaungid is this worlde unstable,
 For love is ovir all vendable:
 We se that no man lovith now
 But for his winning and for prow;
 And love is thrallid in servage
 When it is sold for avauntage;
 Yet women wol ther bodies sell;
 Soche soules goith to the devill of hell,
 When Love had tolde hem his entent

The baronage to counsaile went,
 In many sentencis thei fill,
 And diversly thei saied ther will;
 But aftir discorde thei accorded,
 And ther accorde to Love recorded:
 Sir, saidin thei, we ben at one,
 By even accorde of everichone,
 Out take Richeffe all only,
 That sworne hath full hauteinly
 That she the castill n'll assaile,
 Ne smite a stroke in this bataille
 With darte ne mace, ne speere, ne knife,
 For man that speketh or bereth life,
 And blamith your emprise iwis,
 And from our hoste departid is,
 At lest waic, as in this plite,
 So hath she this man in dispite;
 For the saith he ne loved her never,
 And therefore she woll hate him ever;
 For he woll gathir no tresore
 He hath her wrathe for evirmore;
 He' agite her nere in othir case,
 Lo here all wholly his trespass!
 She saith well that this othir daie
 He asked her leve to gon the waie
 That is clepid to moche yeving,
 And spake full faire in his praying,
 But when he praied her poore was he,
 Therefore he warned him the entre,
 Ne yet is he not thrivin so
 That he hath gettin a penic or two
 That quietly' is his owne in holde:
 Thus hath Richeffe us all ytolde,
 And when Richeffe this recorded
 Withoutin her we ben accorded.

And we finde in our accordaunce
 That Falsc Semblant and Abstinence,
 With all the folke of ther bataille,
 Sholl at the hindir gate assaile
 That Wickid Tong hath in keping,
 With his Normans full of jangling,
 And with him Curtesie and Largesse,
 That shullin shewe ther hardinesse
 To the old wif that kept so hard
 Faire Welcoming within her ward,
 Than shall Delite and Well-Heling
 Yfordin Shame adoun to bring
 With all her hoste cry and late,
 Thei shull assailin that ilke gate;
 Ayeenist Drede shall Hardinesse
 Assaile and also Sikirnesse,
 With all the folke of ther leding,
 That never wiffe what was slaying.

Fraunchise shall fight and eke Pitt,
 With Daungir ful of cruilte,
 Thus is your hoste ordainid wel;
 Doune shall the castill every del,
 If everiche doe his entent,
 So that Venus ybe present,
 Your mothir, full of vesselage,
 That can inough of soche usage;
 Withoutin her maie no wight spede
 This werke neither for worde ne dede,
 Therefore is gode ye for her sende,
 For through her maie this worke amende.

Lordinges, my mothir the goddes,
 That is my ladie and maistres,
 Ne is nat all at my willing,
 Ne doeth nat all my desiring;
 Yet can she sometime doen labour
 When that her luste in my focour,
 As my nede is for to atcheve,
 But now I thinke her nat to greve
 My mothir is she, and of childhede
 I both worship her and eke drede,
 For who that dredeth sire ne dame
 Shall it abie in bodie' or name;
 And nathelesse yet conné we
 Sende aftir her if nede ybe,
 And were she nigh the commin wold;
 I trowe that nothing might her hold.

My mothir is of grete prowesse,
 She hath tane many a fortresse
 That cost hath many a pound er this
 There I n'as not present iwis,
 And yet men saied it was my dede;
 But I come never in that stede,
 Ne me ne liketh, so mote I the,
 That soche tours ben ytake with me;
 For why? me thinkith that in no wise
 It maie be cleped but Marchaundise.

Go baie a courfyr blacke or white,
 And paie therefore, than art thou quite;
 The marchaunt owith the right nought,
 Ne thou him when thou hast it bought.
 I woll not selling clepe Yeving,
 For selling asketh no guerdoning;
 Here lithe no thanke ne no merite,
 That one goth from that othre all quite,
 But this selling is not semlable;

For when his horse is in the stable
 He maie it sell again parde,
 And winnen on it, soche happe maie be,
 All maie the manne nat lese iwis,
 For at the lest the skinne is his;

O ellis, if it so betide
 That he woll kepe his horse to ride,
 Yet is he lorde aie of his horse;
 But thilke chafare is well worse
 There Venus entremetith ought,
 For who so soche chaffare hath bought
 He shall not worchin so wisely
 That he ne shall lese uttily

Bothe his money and his chaffare;
 But the seller of thilke ware
 The prife and profite havin shall;
 Certaine the buier shall lese all;
 For he ne can so dere it buie
 To have lordship and full maistrie,
 Ne havin power to make letting
 Neither for yeste ne for preching,
 That of his chaffare maugre his
 An other shall have as moche iwis,
 If he wolle yeve as moche as he,
 Of what cuntrye so that he be,
 Or for right nought, to happe ymaie,
 If he can flatter her to' her paie.

And ben than soche marchauntis wife?

No, but folis in every wife:
 Whan thei buie soche thing wilfully
 There thei lese ther gode folly;
 But nathelesse this dare I saie,
 My mothr is not wont to paie,
 For she' is neither so sole ne nice
 To entremete her of soche vice;
 But trustith well he shall paie all
 That repente of his bargaine shall,
 Whan Poverte' put him in distresse,
 All were he scholir to Richeffe,
 That is for me in grete yerning
 Whan she assenteth to my willing.

But by my mothr Saint Venus,
 And by her fathir Saturnus,
 That her engendrid by his life,
 But nat upon his weddid wife,
 Yet wolle I more unto you swere,
 To makin this thing the surer.

Now by that faith and that beaute
 That I owe to' all my brethrin fre,
 Of whiche ther n'is wight undir heven
 That cant her fadir's namis neven,
 So divers and many there be
 That with my mothre' have be prive,
 Yet wolle I swere for sikirnesse
 The pole of helle to my witnesse,
 Now drink I not this yere clarre
 If that I lie or forsworne be,
 For of the goddes the usage is
 That who so him forswerith amis
 Shall that yere drinkin no clerre.

Now have I sworne inough parde;
 If I forswere than am I lorne;
 But I wolle never be forsworne,
 Sithe Richeffe hath me failed here
 She shall abide that trespas dere
 At leste waie but I her harme
 With swerde, or sparth, or with gifarme.

For certis sithe she loveth not me,
 Fro thilke tyme that she maie se
 The castill and the toure to shake,
 In sorie time she shall awake;
 If I maie gripe a riche man
 I shall so pulle him if I can,
 That he shall in a few stoundis
 Lese all his markes and his poundis.

I shall him make his pens out fying
 But that thei in his garnis spring
 Our maidins shall eke plucke him fro
 That him shall nedin fecthis mo,
 And make him sell his londe to spende
 But he the bet come him defende.

Pore men han made ther lorde of me
 Although thei nat so mightie be
 That thei maie fede me in delite
 I wolle not have 'hem in dispite:
 No gode man hateth 'hem as I gese,
 For chinche and feloun is Richeffe,
 That so can chafe 'hem and despise,
 And 'hem defoule in londrie wise:
 Thei loven full bette, to God me spede,
 Than doith the riche chinchy grede,
 And ben (in gode faith) more stable,
 And truir and more serviable,
 And therefore it sumith me
 Ther gode herbis and ther beaute:
 Thei han on me set all ther thought,
 And therefore I foryete 'hem nought.

I wolle 'hem bring in grete noblesse
 If that I were god of Richeffe,
 As I am god of Love forhely,
 Soche ruthe upon ther plaint have I;
 Therefore I must his succour be
 That painith him to servin me,
 For if he deied for love of this
 Than semith in me no love there is.

Sir, saied thei, sothe is every dele
 That ye reherce, and we wote wel
 Thilke othe to holde is resonable,
 For it is gode and covenable
 That ye on riche men han yworne;
 For, Sir, this wote we well before,
 If riche men doin you homage
 That is as folis doen outrage;
 But ye shull not forsworne ybe,
 Ne let therefore to drinke clarrie,
 Or piment makid freshe and newe:
 Ladies shull 'hem soche pepir brewe
 If that thei fall into ther laas
 That thei for wo mowe saie Alas!
 Ladies shullen ere to curteis be
 That thei shall quite your othe all fre;
 Ne seketh never othir vicarie,
 For thei shall speke with 'hem so faire
 That ye shall holde you paid full wel,
 Though ye you medle nere a dele.
 Let ladies worchin with ther thinges,
 Thei shall 'hem tell so fele tidinges,
 And move so many requestis,
 By flatterie, that not honest is,
 And thereto yeve 'hem soche thankinges,
 What with kising and with talkinges,
 That certis if thei trowid be
 Shall never leve 'hem londe ne fe
 That it n'll as the moeble fare,
 Of whiche thei first delivered are.
 Now maie you tell us all your wil,
 And we your bestis shall fulfill.

But False Semblant dare not for drede
Of you, Sir, medle him of this dede,
For he saith that ye ben his fo,
He n'ot if ye woll worche him wo;
Wherefore we prais you all, beau Sire,
That ye foryeve him now your ire,
And that he maie dwell as your man
With abstinence his dere lemman
'This our accorde and our will now.

Parfei, saied Love, I graunt it you
I woll well holde him for my man;
Now let him come: and he forth the ran.

False Semblant, (quod Love) in this wise
I take the here to my service,
That thou our frendis helpe alwaie,
And hindre hem neither night ne daie,
But doe thy might hem to relieve;
And eke our enmies that thou greve:
Thine be this might; I graunt it the;
My king of Harlotes shalt thou be:
We woll that thou have soche honour:
Certain thou art a false traitour,
And eke a thief; sith thou were borne
A thousande times thou art forsworne:
But nathelesse in our hering,
To put our folke out of doubting,
I bidde the teche hem, wost thou how?
By some generall signe now.
In what place thou shalt foundin be
If that men had mistir of the,
And how men shall the best espie,
For the to knowe is grete maistre:
Tell in what place is thine haunting.

Sir, I have fully divers wanning
That I kepe not roberid be,
So that ye would respit me,
For if that I tell you the sothe
I maie have harme and shame bothe?
If that my selawes with in it
My talis shoulidin me be quit,
For certaine thei would hate me
If er I knewe ther cruelte,
For thei would ore all hold hem still
Of trothe that is again ther will:
Soche talis kepin thei not here,
I might eftsoone bulie it full dere
If I saied of hem any thing
That displeith to ther heming,
For what word that hem pricketh or biteth
In that worde non of hem deliteth,
All were it gospel the' Evangile;
That would reprove hem of ther gile,
For thei are cruill and hautain;
And this thing wote I well certain,
If I speke ought to paire or leos
Your courte shall not so well be cloos
That thei ne shall wite is at last:
Of gode mech am I nought agast,
For thei well taken on hem nothing
Whan that thei knowe all my mening,
But he that woll it on him take
He woll himself suspiciouse make
That he his life let covirtly
In Gile and in Ypocrisie.

That me' engendrid and yave sooring,
Thei made a full gode engendring,
(Quod Love) for who so sothly tell
Thei engendrid the divell of hell.

But nedely, howfore it be,
(Quod Love) I will and charge the
To tell anon thy wanning placis
Hering eche wight that in this place is,
And what life thou livist also,
Hide it no lengir now; wherto?
Thou must discovre all thy working,
How thou servist, and of what thing,
Though that thou shouldest for thy sothlaw
Ben all to-betin and to-drawe;
And yet art thou not wost parde;
But nathelesse though thou betin be
Thou shalt not be the first that so
Hath for sothlawe yulfrid wo.

Sir, sith that it maie likin you,
Though that I should be flais right now,
I shall doen your commendement,
For thereto have I grete talent.

Withoutin wordis no, right than
False Semblant his sermon began,
And saied hem thus in audience:

Barons, take hede of my sentence,
That wight that list to have knowing
Of False Semblant, full of flatt'ring,
He must in worldly folke him seke,
And certis in the cloistis eke;
I won no where but in hem twaie,
But not like evin, sothe to saie:
Shortly, I woll herberowe me
There I hope best to hultrid be;
And certainly likereft hiding
Is undirneith humblis clothing.

Religious folke ben full covert,
Seeuler folke hem more appert;
But nathelesse I woll not blame
Religious folke, ne hem disame,
In what habite that er thei go;
Religion humble and true also
Woll I not blamin ne dispise,
But I n'll love it in no wise;
I mene of false religious,
That stout ben and malicious,
That wollin in an habite go
And settin not ther herte thereto.

Religious folke ben all pitous,
Thou shalt not sene one dispitous;
Thei lovin no pride ne no strife,
But humbly thei woll lede ther life,
With whiche folke woll I nevir be,
And if I dwell I saine me
I maie well their habite go;
But me were lever my necke a twp
Then let a purpose that I take,
What covenant that er I make.

I dwell with hem that proude ybe,
And full of wiles and subtilite,
That worship of this worlde coveiten,
And gretè nede conuin expleies,

And gon and gadrin grete pitaunces,
 And purchafe hem the acquitaunces
 Of men that mightie life maie leden,
 And faine hem pore, and hem self feden
 With gode morcils delicious,
 And drinkin gode wine precious,
 And preche us povert and distresse,
 And fithin hem self grete richeffe
 With wily nettis that thei cast :
 It wold come foule out at the last.

Thei be fro clene religion went ;
 Thei make the worlde an argument
 That hath a foul conclusion :
 I have a robe of religion,
 Than am I all religious :
 This argument is all roignous ;
 It is not worth a crokid brete :
 Habite ne makith monke ne frere,
 But clene life and devocion
 Makith gode men of religion.

Nathelless there can none answer,
 How high that er his hedde he there
 With rasour whettid nere so kene,
 That gile in braunchis cutte thurtene,
 There can no wight distind it so
 That he dare saie a word therto.

But whar herb'row that ere I take,
 Or what semblaunt that er I make,
 I mene but gile, and folowe that,
 For right no more than Gibbe our cat
 (That awaiteth mice and rattes to killen)
 Ne entende I but to begilen :
 Ne no wight maie by my clothing
 Wete with what folke is my dwelling,
 Ne by my wordis yet parde,
 So soft and so plefaunt thei be.

Beholde the dedis that I doe,
 But thou be blinde thou oughtist so,
 For varie ther wordes fro ther dede
 Thei thinke on gile withoutin drede,
 What manir clothing that thei were,
 Or what estate that ere thei bere,
 Lerid or leude, lorde or ladie,
 Knight, squier, burgeis, or bailie.

Right thus while Falso Semblant fermoneth
 Est sonis Love him arefoneth,
 And brake his tale in his speking
 As though he had him tolde lesing,
 And said, What devill is that I here ?
 What folke hast thou us nempnid here ?
 Maie men findin religioun
 In worldly habitacioun ?
 Ye, Sir, it foloweth nat that thei
 Should lede a wickid life parfey,
 Ne not therefore ther foulis lese
 That hem to worldly clothis chese,
 For certis it were grete pite ;
 Men maie in seculer clothes se
 Florisshin holy religioun
 Ful many' a sainct in selde and toun,
 With many' a virgine glorious,
 Devoute and full religious,
 Han died thar commin clothe aie beren,
 Yet sainctis nerthelesse thei weren :

I could reckon you many a ten,
 Ye, welnigh all these holy women
 That men in churchis herry' and seke,
 Bothe maidins and these wivis eke,
 That bareful many' a faire childe here,
 Werid alway clothis seculere,
 And in the same clothes didin they
 That saintis weren and ben alway.

The ix thousande maidinis dere,
 That beren in heven ther ciergis clere,
 Of whiche men redein churchis and singe,
 Were take in seculer clothing,
 Whan thei recevid martirdome,
 And wonnin heven unto ther home.
 Gode her ymakith the gode thought,
 The clothing yeveth ne revith nought :
 The gode thought and the gode worching
 That maketh the religion flouring ;
 There lieth the gode religioun
 Aftir the righte entencioun,

Who so ytoke a wethir's skinne,
 And wrapped a gredy woulfe therinn,
 For he shold go with lambis white,
 Wenist thou not he wold hem bite ?
 Yes ; nerthelesse as he were wode
 He wold hem wirry, and drinke the blode
 And wel the rathir hem disceve,
 For fithin thei coude nat perceve
 His tregette and his cruilete
 Thei wold him folow tho he fle.

If there be wolvis of fuche hewe
 Amongis these apostlis newe,
 Thou, holy churchis, thou maiste be wailed ;
 Sithe that thy cite is assailed
 Through knightis of thine ownè table
 God wot thy lordship is doutable :
 If thei enforcin it to win
 That shold defend it fro within
 Who might defence ayenst hem make ?
 Withoutin stroke it mote be take
 Of trepeget or manгонell,
 Without displaying of pensell ;
 And if God n'il done it socour,
 But let remain in this colour,
 Thou must thy hestis lettin be ;
 Than is there nought but yelde the,
 Or yeve hem tribute douteles,
 And holde it of hem to have pees :
 But gretir harme betidith the
 That thei all maistir of it be :
 Wel con thei scornin the withall,
 By day ystuffin thei the wall,
 And al the night thei minin there :
 Nay, thou plantin must ellis where
 Thine impis if thou wolt frute have ;
 Abide not there thyself to save.

But now pece ; here I turne againe ;
 I wol no more of this thing saie,
 Yf I may passin me hereby,
 For I might makin you wery ;

But I wol hetin you alway
To helpe your frendis what I may,
So thei wollin my company,
For thei be shent all utterly;
But if so fallin that I be
Ofin with 'hem and thei with me,
And eke my lemman mote thei serve,
Or thei shul not thy love deserve;
Forsoth I am a false traitour;
God judged me for a thefe trechour:
Forworne I am, but wel nigh none
Wote of my gile til it be done.

Through me hath many' one deth receved
That my treget ner aperceved,
And yet receveth, and shal receive,
That my falsnesse shal nere perceive;
But who so doth, if he wise be,
Him is right gode beware of me;
But so fliche is the perceiving,
That al to late comith knowing,
For Proteus, that coude him change,
In evry shappe homely and straunge,
Coude never fuche gile ne trefoune
As I, for I come nere in toun;
There as I might ylmowin be,
Though men me both might here and see;
Ful wel I can my clothis change,
Take one and make an othir straunge;
Now am I knight, now chastelaine,
Now prelate, and now chapelaine,
Now priest, now clerke, and now fostere,
Now am I maistir, now scholere,
Now monke, now chanon, now bailey,
Whatevir mistir manne am I.

Now am I prince, now am I page,
And can by hert evry language;
Sometis am I hore and olde,
Now I am yong, and stout, and bolde,
Now am I Robert, now Robin,
Now Frere Minor, now Jacobin;
And with me foloweth my lobytey
To done me solace and comp'any,
That hight Dame Abstinence, and raigned
In many a queint arraie fained;
Right as it commeth to her liking
I fulfill all her desiring.

Somtime a woman's clothe take I,
Now am I maide, now lady;
Somtime I am religious,
Now like an ankir in an hous;
Somtime am I a priorese,
And now a nonne, and now abbess,
And go thorough all regiones
Yeking all religiones.

But to what ordir that I am sworne
I take the strawe and bete the corne;
To jolic folke I enhabite,
I aske no more but ther habite.

What wol ye more? in every wife
Right as me list I me disguise.

Wel can I bere me undir wede,
Unlike is my worde to my dede.
Thus make I into my trappes fall
The folke through my priv'ilegis all.

That ben in Christendome a live,
I may affoile and I may thrive,
That no prelate may lettin me,
All folke where evir thei found be;
I n'ot no prelate maie don so,
But it the Pope be, and no mo.
That madin thilke establisshing;
Now is not this a propre thing;
But were by sightis aperceved

As I was wont, and wost thou why?
For I did 'hem a tregetry;
But therof yeve I, a bitale tale,
I have the silvir and the male.
So have I prechid and ake shiriven,
So have I take, so have I yeven;
Through ther foly husbonde and wif,
That I lede right a joly life;
Through simplese of the prelacie,
Thei know not all my tregetrie.

But for us moche as man and wif,
Shuld shew ther parish priest ther life;
Onis a yere, as saith the boke,
Er any wight his housli toke,
Then have I privilegis large
That maie of mochil thing discharge,
For he may say right this parde;
Sir Priest, in shrift I tel it the;

That he to whom that I am shriften
Hath me affoild, and me yeven
Penaunce sothly for alle my syn;
Whiche that I founde me gilty in;
Ne I ne' have newir entencion
To make double confession,
Ne reherce este my shrift to the;
O shrifte is right enough to me;
This ought the so suffin wel,
Ne be not rebell nere a dele,
For certis though thou haddest it sworne,
I wote no priest ne prelate borne

That maie to shrift est me constraine,
And if thei done I wol me plaine,
For I wote where to plainen wel;
Thou shalt not strein me a dele,
Ne enforce me ne not me trouble;
To makin my confession double;
Ne I have none affection
To have double absolucion;

The first is right inough to me;
This lettre' affoiling quite I the;
I am unbounde; what maist thounde
More of my synnes me to unbinde;
For he that might hath in his honde
Of all my synnis me unbounde;
And if thou wolt me thus constraine,
That me mote nedis on the plaine,
There shall no juge imperiall,
Ne bishop ne officiall,
Done judgement on me, for I
Shal gone and plaine me opinly.

Anon to my shriftefathir newe,
Whiche that hight frere Wolfe entrece,
And he shal chusin him for me,
For I trowe he can humpir the;
But Lord! he would be wrothe withall
Yf men would him frere Wolfe yeall.
For he would have no patience,
But done all crull vengeance;
He would his might done at the left,
Than nothing spare for Godd's helte:

And God to wise be my socour
But thou yewe me my Saviour

At Esfir, whan it likith they
Withoutin presing more on the;
I wol forth and to him ygone,
And he shal housil me anon;
For I am out of thy grutching;
I kepe not dele with the nothing.

Thus may he have him that forsaketh
His parish priest and to me taketh,
And if the priest wol him refuse,
I am full redy him to accuse,
And him punish and hampir so
That he his church shal forgo.

But who so hath in his feling
The consequence of such striving
Shal sene that priest made nere have might;
To know the conscience right
Of him that is undir his cure;
And this is eyenli Holy scripture,
That biddith every herde honest
Have yver knowing of his best;
But povir folke, that gon by frere,
That have no golde ne summis grete,
Them would I let to their prelates
Or let their priestis know their states,
For to me right nought yevin shal,
And why it is, for that me may.

Thei ben so bare I take no kepe,
But I woll havin the faste;
Let parish priestis have the lewe,
I yewe not of ther harme a beue;
And if that prelatis grache it,
That oughtin wroth be in ther wit,
To lesin ther faste be so;
I shal yewe hem a stroke or two;
So that thei shal lesin with force
Ye, both ther mure and ther croce.

Thus jape I hem, and have do longe,
My privilegis ben so stronge.

Falke Semblant would have him here,
But Love ne made him no suchere;
That he was wery of this lawe,
But for to make him glad and lawe
He said, Tell on more specially
How that thou servist untruly:

Tel forth, and shame the nere a dele,
For as thine habit shewith wel,
Thou servest an holy heremite.

Sothe is but I am but an poerite,
Thou goest and preachist povertie.

Ye, Sir, but Richesse hath posse,
Thou prechist abstynence also.

Sir, I woll fillen, so mote I go,

My paunche of gode mete and gode wine,
As should a marchant of divine;
For how that I me povir faine
Yet al povir folke I diffaine.

I love bettir the acquaintance
Ten timis of the King of Fraunce;
Than of a pore man, of wilde mode
Though that his soule be all of gode;

For whan I se begging quaking,
Nakid on mixins alstinking,

For hongre and eke for care,
I entremet not of ther fare;

Thei ben so pore and ful of pine,
Thei might not ony yewe me a dine;

For thei have nothing but ther life;
What shold be yewe that liketh his life?

It is but foly to entremet
To seke in hounde's nest fat mete red;

Let bere him to the spittell anone,
But for me comfort get the non;

But a full riche sickle usure
Would I visitin and drawe nere;

Him would I comforte and relete,
For I hope of his golde to gete;

And if that wicked Deith him have,
I woll go with him in his grave;

And if there any depowe me,
Why that I let the povir be;

Wost thou how I know how to scape?
I say and swerin this full rape:

That richemen han more vechis
Of finne than han thes poore wretchis;

And han of toornis more mistere,
And therfore I would have hem nere;

But as grete hurt, it maie be,
Hath soule in right grete povertie;

As soule in grete richesse forsothe,
Al be it that thei hurth in sothe;

For richesse and mendicitees
Bene clepid two excommitees;

The mene is clepid Consilance,
There lieth of vertue the aboundaunce;

For Salomon, full wel I wote,
In his wise Parablis us wrote;

As it is knowen of many a wight,
In his thirtieth chapitir right;

God thou me kepe for thy poste
Fro richesse and mendicitee;

For if a riche man him dresse
To thinkin to moche on richesse;

His hert on that so fere is sette
That he his Creatour doth foryette;

And him that beggith woll aie greve;
How should I by his worde him leve?

Unneth that he n'is a micher
Forfworne, or els Godd's lier?

Thus sayith Salomon his lawes,
Ne we find writtin in no lawes;

And nameli in our Chriftin laie,
Who so faith ye I dare say naie;

That Chrift ne his apostils dere
While that thei walkid in erth here;

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE

27

Were nevir sene herbrid begging,
For they n'olde beggin for nothing.
And right thus were men wont to teche
And in this wise woldin it preche
The maistirs of divinite
Somtime in Paris the cite.

And if men would there gaine appose
The nakid texte and let the glose
It mightin sone affoild be,
For men may wel the sothe yse
That pardie thei might ake a thing
Plainly forth withoutin begging.
For they weren Godd's herdis dere,
And cure of soulis haddin here.
Thei ne wolde nothing begge ther fode,
For after Christ was done on rode
With ther propir bondis thei wrought,
And with travel, and ellis nought.
Thei wonnin al their sustenance,
And lividin forth in ther penance,
And the remenaunt yaf awaie
To othir pore folkis alwaie.

Thei neithir bildin toure ne hall,
But thei in housis smal with alle.

A mighty man, that can and maie,
Should with his honde and body alwaie,
Winne him his fode in labouring.
Yf he ne' have rent or such a thing,
Although he be religious,
And God to servin curious,
Thus mote he done or do trespas,
But if it be in certayne cas,
That I can telle if mistir be
Right wel when that the time is.

Seke the boke of Saincte Augustine,
Be it in papir or perchemene.
There as he writte of ther wordinges,
Thou shalt sene that none exculenges
A perfitte man ne should yfke
By wordis ne by dedis eke,
Although he be religious,
And God to servin curious.
That he ne shal so mote I go,
With propir bondes and body' also
Yget his fode in laboring.
Yf he ne' have proprete of thing,
Yet should hefel all his sustenance,
And with his swinke have sustenance,
If he be parfitte in bounte:
Thus han the bokis tolde me:
For he that wol gone idilly,
And withit it aie beily
To hauntin othir menn's table,
He is a trechour full of fable,
Ne he ne maie by gode reton
Excuse him by his orison.
For men behovith in some gile
Ben somtime out of God's servise.
To gon and purchasin ther neede.
Men mote etin, that is no drede
And slepe, and eke do othir thing,
And so long may thei leve praying.

So may they eke ther priere blinne
While that thei werke ther mete to winne:
Seint Austen wol therro accorde
In chulke boke that I recorde.

Justinian eke, that made lawes,
Hath thus forbodin by olde lawes
No man, up paine for to be ded,
Mighty' of body, to begge his bred
Yf he may swinke it for to gete:
Men should him rather maime or bete,
Or done of him aperte justice,
Than suffrin him in such malice.

Thei done not wel, so mote I go,
Whiche that takin such almele to
But if thei have some privilege
That of the paine hem wolle aleve.

But how that is can I not se
But if the prince discevid be
Ne I ne wene not firkly
That thei maie have it rightfully.

But yet I wol not determine
Of princis powir ne define,
Ne by my worde compre hende iwis,
Yf it so ferre may streche in this:
I wol nat entremete a dele

But I trowe that the boke saith wel,
Who that taketh almshous that he
Dewe to folke that men may yse
Lame and feble, wery and bare,
Povir, or in such maner care,
That con winnin hem nevir mo
For thei havin no power therro
He etith his owne dampning,
But if he lie that made al thing:
And if ye such a gnaunt finde
Chastise him wel if ye be kinde,
But thei wold hatin you parcas
If that ye fillin in ther kas.

Thei wold effronis do you sath,
If that thei mightin, late or rath,
For thei be not suf patient
That han the worldis thus foule ylent:
And weith wel that God ybad
The gode man fell al that he had
And solowe' him, and to pore it yve:
He would not therfore that he live
To servin him in mendience,
For it was nevir his sentence,
But he bad werke whan that nece is,
And solowe him in gode dedis.

Saint Poul, that loved a holy church,
He bade th' apostils for to wurch,
An' winne ther livelode in that wise,
An' hem defendid triandis.
And sayid, Werken with your hondis:
Thus should the thing be understonden.

He n'olde iwis have bid hem beggine,
Ne sellin gossell ne preching,
Lest thei berafte with ther asking
Folke of ther cattle or of ther thing.
For in this world is many a man
That yeveth his gode, for he ne can
Werne it for shame, or ellis he
Would of the' after delivered be.

And for he him encombrith so
He yeveth him gode to let him go:
But it can him nothing profite;
Thei lese the yefte and the merite.

The gode folke that St. Poule to preched
Profrid him ofte, whan he hem teched,
Some of ther gode in charite,
But therof right nothing toke he,
But of his hondis would he gette
Clothis to wrine him, and his mete.

Tel me than how a man may liven
That al his gode to pore hath yeven,
And wol but onely bidde his bedes,
And ner with hondes labour his nedes,
May he do so? Ye, Sir. And how?
Sir, I woll gladly tellen you.
Saint Austyn saith, a man may be
In housis that han propre,
As Templers and Hospitallers,
And as theise Chanons Regulars,
Or theise White Monks, or theise Blake,
I wol no mo ensamplis make,
And take thereof his susteinung,
For therin lyth no begging.
But othirwayis not iwis,
Yet Austyn gabbieth not of this;
And yet ful many a monke labourereth
That God in holy church honoureth,
For whan ther fwinking is agon
Thei rede and sing in church anon.

And for there hath ben grete discorde
As many a wight may bere recorde,
Upon the estate of mendicence,
I wol shortly in your presence
Tel how a man maie begge at nede,
That hath not wherwith him to fede,
Maugre his felows janglinges,
For sothfastnes wol none hidinges,
And yet percale I may obey,
That I to you sothly sey.

Lo, here the case especial:
If a man be so beggial
That he of no craffe hath science,
And nought desirith ignorance,
Than may he go a begging yerne
Till he some othir craffe can lerne,
Through whiche withoutin traundering
He may in trouthe have his living:

Or if he may done no labour
For elde, or sickentise, or langour
Or for his tendir age also,
Than may he yet a begging go:

Or if he have peraventure
Through usage of his noriture
Livid ovir deliciouly,

Than oughtin gode folke cominly
Han of his mischese some pite,
And suffrin him also that he
May gon about and begge his bred
That he be not for hongir ded:

Or if he have of craffe conning,
And strength also and desiring
For to worchin, as he had what,
But he finde neiithir this ne that,
Than may he beggin til that he
Have gettin his necessite:

Or if his winning be so lite
That his labour will not quite
Sufficiantly al his living,
Yet may he go his brede begging,
Fro dore to dore he may go trace
Till he the remnaunt may purchace:

Or if a man would undirtake
Any emprise for to ymake
In the rescous of our lay,
And it defendin as he may,
Be it with armis or lettrure,
Or othir convenable cure,
If it be so that he pore be,
Than may he beggin til that he
Maie findin in trouthe for to fwinke,
And get him clothis, mete, and drinke,
Swinke he with his hondes corporel,
And not with hondes eipirituel.

In all this case, and in semblable,
If that there ben mo resonables,
He maie begge as I tellen you here,
And ellis not in no manere,
As William Saint Amour would preche,
And oftin would dispute and teche
Of this matir al opinly
At Paris fully and solemly;
And all to God my soule blefse
As he had in this stedfastnesse
The acorde of the Univerfite,
And of the peple, as femith me.

No gode man ought it to refuse,
Ne ought him thereof to excuse,
Be wrothe or blithe, who so thou be,
For I wol speke and tell it the
All shoulde die and be put down,
As was Saint Poule, in derke prisoun,
Or be exilid in this caas
With wrong, as Maistir William was,
That my mothir Hypocrisie
Banished for her gret envie.

My mothir flemed him Saint Amour:
This noble man did suche labour
To susteine er the loialte,
That he to muche aglite me:
He made a boke and let it write,
Wherin his life he did all dire,
And would that eche renied begging,
And livin by my travelling,
If I ne had rent ne othir gode:
What! wenith he that I were wode?
For labour might me nevir plesse,
I have more will to ben at ese,
And have well levir, sothe to saie,
Before the peple patre and praisie,
And wrie me in my foxerie
Undir a cope of papelardie

(Quod Love) What diuel is this I here?
 What wordis tellist thou me here?
 What, Sir, Why falsenesse that apert is
 Than dredifst thou not God? No, certis;
 For selde in grete thing shal he speide
 In this world that God wol ydrede,
 For falke that 'hem to vertue yeven,
 And truely on ther owne liven,
 And 'hem in godenesse aie contente,
 On 'hem is lital thriste ifente:
 Suche folke ydrinkin grete misse,
 That life ne may me nevir plesse.
 But se what golde han usurers,
 And silvir eke, in ther garners;
 Tailagiers, and thesse moniours,
 Bailiffes, bedils, provostes, contours,
 These livin well nigh by raving;
 The smale peple 'hem mote encline,
 And thei as wolvis wol 'hem eten;
 Upon the povir folke ther geten
 Ful muche of that thei spende or kepe;
 N'is none of 'hem that thei nill strepe,
 And wrine 'hem selvin well at full;
 Withoutin scalding thei 'hem pull:
 The strong the fable ovirgothe,
 But I that were my simple clothe
 Robbe bothe the robbid and robbours,
 And gile the gilid and gilours;
 By my treget I gathre and threite
 The grete tresour into my cheste,
 That lieth with me to take yobande;
 Thus myn high paleis do I founde
 And by my delitis I fulfill
 With wine at festis at my will,
 And tablis full of extremite;
 I wol no life but ese and plesse,
 And winnin golde to spende and lese;
 For whan the grete bagge is go,
 It comith full right with my jape;
 Make I not wel toombe mine apes?
 To winnen is alwaie mine entee;
 My purchase is bettir than my rent;
 For though that I should bein be
 Ovir al I entremer me;
 Withoutin me maie no wight dure;
 I walkin foulis for to cure;
 Of all the world the cure have I,
 In brede and eke in length; boldly
 I wol bothe preche and eke counsaillen;
 With hondis wol I not trawailen,
 For of the Pope I have the bull;
 I ne holde not my wittis dull;
 I wol not stintin in my live;
 These emperours for to strive,
 Or kingis, dukes, and lordis grete,
 But povir folke al quite Ilete;
 I love no suche firsing pards;
 But it for othir cause I take;
 I recke not of thesse povir men;
 Ther estate is not worthe an hen.
 Wher findest thou a twinkil of labour
 Have me to be his confessor?
 But emprellis and duchessis,
 These quenis and eke countessis,

These abbeffis and eke bigins,
 And thesse grete ladies palatins,
 These joly knightis and bailives,
 These nonnis and thesse burgeis wyves,
 That riche yben and eke plesing,
 And thesse maidinis wellaring,
 Where so thei clad or naked be,
 Uncounsaillid goon ther none fro me;
 And for ther soulis favite
 At lordes and lady, and ther meipe,
 I alke, whan thei 'hem to me litive,
 The propertie of al ther live,
 And make 'hem trowe, both moite and le,
 Ther parish priest is but a best,
 Ayens me and my company,
 That shrewis ben as grete as I,
 Fro whiche I wol not hide in holde
 No privite that me is tolde,
 That I by worde or signe wyl
 Ne wol make 'hem know what it is,
 And thei wollen also tellin me
 Thei hele fro me no privite;
 And for to make you them perciven
 That usin folke thus to deceiven
 I wol you faine withoutin drede
 What men maie in the Gospell rede
 Of saint Mathewe the gospellere,
 That saith as I shal you saie here.

Upon the chaire of Moyses
 Thus it is glouid doutleis;
 (That is, The Olde Testament,
 For thereby is the chaire meit)
 Sittin Scribis and Phariseis,
 That is to faine, the curid men,
 Whiche that we Ipoeritis call;
 Doeth that thei preche I rede you all;
 But doeth not as thei doen a dele
 That ben not werie to saie welle,
 But thei doe welle no will have thei,
 And thei would binde on folke alwaie,
 That ben to be begilid able
 Burdons that ben importable;
 On folkis shouldis thingis thei couchen,
 That thei nill with ther fingis couchen;
 And why wolle thei not touch it? why?
 For them ne life nat sikirly,
 For the fadde burdons that men taken
 Ymakin folkis shouldis aken.

And if thei doe ought that gode be
 That is for folke it shouldin be,
 Ther burdons largir makin thei,
 And makin ther hemmes wide alwaie,
 And lovin setis at the table;
 The first and the moite honourable;
 And for to han the first chauris
 In sinagogges to 'hem full dere is,
 And wullen that folke 'hem loure and gress
 Whan that thei passin through the strette;
 And wullen be deped Maistir also;
 But thei ne should not willin so,
 The Gospell is there ayent I gesse,
 That shewith well ther wickidnesse.

An othir custome usen we
 Of hem that well avent us be
 We hate him dedly everichone
 And we woll werye him of his honoure
 Him that othir hatith hate we all
 And coniecte how to doen him fall
 And if we fene him wynnyn honoure
 Richesse or preise, through his valoure
 Provende or rent, or dignite
 Full faste iwis compassiun we
 By what laddre he is clombin so
 And for to make him doun to go
 With traiton we woll him defame
 And doen him lein his gode name
 Thus from his laddre we him take
 And thus his frendis does we make
 But worde ne weyn shall he none
 Till al his frendis ben his fone
 For if we did it openly
 We mightin have blame pedily
 For had he wite of our malice
 He had him kept but he were nice
 An othir, is this that is to fall
 That there be one among us all
 That doeth a gode tourne, out of drede
 We faine it is, and gladly drede
 Ye, sikirly though he is faine
 Or that him like or that him daime
 A man through him avauncid be
 Thereof all partinere be we,
 And tellin folke where so we go
 That man through us is brought to
 And for to have of men praising
 We purchase through our flattereing
 Of rich men of grete pite
 Lettirs to witnesse our bonite
 So that man wenech that maie us be
 That alle verue in us be
 And alwaie paye we to him
 But how so that we begre or plain
 We ben the folke without charyte
 That all thing we do without envye
 Thus be dradde of the people iwis
 And gladly my purpose to this
 I delin, with no might, but he
 Have gold and wifour grete pite
 Ther acquaintance well lovin
 This moche is my desire shortly
 I entremete me of brocages
 I makin pece and mangers
 I am gladly greteour
 And many times a procurator
 I am sometime a misfingers
 That fallith not to my misere
 And many times I make conquest
 For me that office is nat honest
 To dele with othir mennis thing
 That is to me a grete liking
 And if that ye have ought to do
 In place that I repaire to
 I shall it speid through my writte
 As sone as ye have told me it
 So that ye servin me to paie
 My service shall be yours alwaie

But who so wol chastise me
 Anone my love yowis hath be
 For I love no man in no gite
 That woll me reprove or chastise
 But I woll all folke undertake
 And of no wight no teching take
 For I that othir folke chastise
 Woll not be taught fro my folie
 I ne love none hermitage more
 Al desertis and holis bore
 And grete wodeis everichone
 I let hem to the Baptist John
 I queth him quite, and him self
 Of Egypt all the wildernesse
 To ferre were all my manious
 Fro alle citees and gode touns
 My paleis and mine housle make I
 There men maie renne in openly
 And saie that I the world forsake
 But all amide I bulde and make
 My housle, and swimme and place theren
 Bette than a fine doth with his finne
 Of Antichrist is men am I
 Of whiche that Christ saith openly
 Thei have habite of holinesse
 And livin soche wickednesse
 Al outward lambin sein we
 Full of godenesse and of pite
 And inward we withoutin fable
 Ben grede wolvis available
 We envroun bothe londe and see
 With all the world we weryn we
 We woll ordain of alle thing
 Of folkis gode and ther living
 If there be a fall or a crie
 Within that any houserous be
 Although that thei of Millaine were
 For therof han thei blamid there
 Or if a wight out of mesure
 Would lene ther gold and take usure
 For that he is so covetous
 Or if he be to lechirous
 Or these that hauntyn simonie
 Or provost full of trechirie
 Or prelate living jollie
 Or priest that halt his quein him
 Or olde whoris hostilers
 Or othir baudes or bordillers
 Or ellis blamed of any vice
 Of whiche men shoulidin doen justice
 By all the faundis that we preie
 But thei defende them with lampreie
 With luce, with elie, with samons
 With tendir gees and with capons
 With tartis or with cheffis fat
 With deinte flaume brode and flat
 With caleweis or with pullaile
 With coninges or with fine vitaille
 That we undir our clothis wide
 Ymakin through our golet glide

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE

49

Or but he wold doe come in haste
Rae venison ybake in paste,
Whether to that he loure or groine
He shall have of a corde a soigne,
With whiche men shall him binde and lede
To brenne him for his sinfull dede,
That men shall here him crye and rore
A mil is waie about and more,
Or els he shall in prison die,
But if he wold his frendship buie,
Or smertin that that he hath doe
More than his gilt amountith to.

But and he couthe thorough his sleight
Doe makin up a toure of height,
Nought rought I wher of fone or tree,
Or yerth or turvis, though it be,
Though it were of no vounde fone
Ywrought with square and scantilone,
So that the toure were stufid well
With alle richis temporell;

And than that he would him up dresse
Engins bothe more and lesse,
To caste at us by every side,
To berin his gode name wide.

Soche sleightis I shallin you yeven
Bareles of wine by fixe or seven,
Or golde in fackis greie pience,
He shoud though fone delivered be;
And if he have no fuche pitences,
Let him studie in equipolences,
And lerin lies and fallaces,

If that he would deserve our graces,
Or we shall bere him soche witness
Of sinne and of his wretchednesse,
And doen his lofe so wide renne,
That all quicke we shoudin him brenne,
Or ellis yeve hem soche penaunce
That is well worse than the pitaunce.

For thou shalt nevyr for nothing
Con knowne aught by ther clothing
The traitours full of trecherie
But thou ther werkis can espie.

And ne had the gode keping be
Whilom of the Universte,
That kepeth the kei of Christendome,
We had ben tourmentid all and some.

Soche ben the flinking Prophetis;
Nis none of hem that gods prophete is,
For thei through wicked entencion,
The yere of the incarnation
A thousande and two hundred yere
Five-and-fifte, ferther ne nere,
Broughtin a boke with forie grace,
To yeven ensample in common place,
That sayid thus, though it were fable,
This the Gospell pardurable
That fro the Holie Ghoft is sent:

Well were it worthy to be ybrent,
Entitlid was in soche manere

This boke of whiche Itell here,
There n'as no wight in al Paris
Before our Ladie at parvis
That thei ne might the boke by;
The sentence plesid hem well trusly.

To the copie if him that tok
Of the Evangelistis boke
There might he fe by grete traistoun
Full many a false comparisoun

As moche as thorough his grete might,
Be it of hete be it of light,
The sunne ysurmountith the moon;
That trouble is, and chaungith noon
And the nutte kernell dothe the shell
I skorne nat that I you it tell

Right so withoutin any gile
Surmountith this noble Evangeile
The worde of any evangelist,
And to other ricle thei toke Christ
And many soche comparisoun
Of whiche I make no mencion
Mightin men in that boke finde
Who fo coud of hem havin mind

The Universte that was a slep
Can for to braint, and wakin slep
And at the noon the hedde up cast
Ne nevyr sithen slept it fast
But up it stert, and armis toke
Ayenst this false horrible boke

All redy battail for to fight
And to the judge the boke to bryght

But thei that broughtin the boke there
Hent it anon awaie for here
Thei n'old shewe it no more a dele
But than it kept, and kepyn wel
Till soche a time that thei maid so

That thei so stronge wordis be
That no wight mite hem well withonde
For by that boke thei durst not fonde
Awaie thei gonse it for to bere
For thei ne durstin not answer
By expocion we shote

To that that clerik wold ppe
Ayenst the curiouse world
That in that boke ywritin is

Now worte I nat ne can nat
What manir ende that there shall be
Of all this whiche that thei yhide,
But yet algate thei shall abide

Till that thei maid it bette defende
This trowe I best wold be ther ende

This Antichrist abidun we
For we ben all of his meine,
And what man that well not be to
Right fone he shall his life forgo
We wold a peple on him creffe,
And through our gile doin him creffe
And him on sherep speris rive,
Or othir waies bring him fro live
But if that he wold folowe Iwis
That in our boke ywritin is

Thus moche wold our boke signifie,
That while Peter had maistrie
Maie nevyr John shewe well his might
Now have I you declarid right
The mening of the barke and rinde
That makith the entencions blinde

But now at erst I woll begin
 To expoun you the pishe within,
 And the feculer comprehend
 That Christ's lawe wolle defende,
 And shoulde be kepten and maintene
 Aycust them that all sustene,
 And fally to the peple techen
 That John betokeneth 'hem to prechen
 That there, n'is lawe covenable
 But thilke Gospell pardurable
 That fro the Holy Ghost was sent
 To tournin folke that ben miswent.

The strength of John the undirfonde,
 The grace in which he saie thei fonde,
 That doeth the infull folke convert,
 And 'hem to Jesu Christ revert
 Full many' an othere horribleste
 Mowin men in that boke se,
 That ben commaundid doutheles
 Aycust the lawe of Rome expresse,
 And all with Antichrist thei holden,
 As men maie in the boke beholden.

And than commaundin thei to fleen
 All tho that with Peter yben;
 But thei shall never have that might,
 And God to save, for strif to fight,
 That thei ne shall yough yfnde
 That Peter's lawe shall have in minde,
 And evir holde and so maintene
 That at the last it shall be sene
 That thei shall all comin thesto
 For aught that thei can speke or do.

And thilke lawe ne shall not fonde
 That thei by John have undirfonde,
 But maugre them it shall adoun,
 And ben brought to confusoun,
 But I woll stint of this matere,
 For it is wondir long to here;
 But had that ilke boke endured
 Of bettere estate I were enured,
 And frendis have I yet parde
 That han me set in grete degre.

Of all this worlde is emperour
 Gile my fathir, the false trechour,
 And emperesse my mothir is,
 Maugre the Holie Ghoste iwis.
 Our mightie linage and our rout
 Reignith in every reigne about,
 And well' is worthy we mini'sters be,
 For all this worlde governe we,
 And can the folke so well deceve
 That none our gilis can perceive,
 And though thei doen thei dare not saie;
 The sothe dare no wight bewraie.

But he in Christ's wrathe him ledeth
 That more than Christ my brethrin dredeth;
 He n'is no full gode champion
 That dredeth soche similation,
 Nor that for pain woll refusin
 Us to correcte and accusin
 He woll not entremete by right,
 Ne havin God in his eyen sight,

And therefore God shall him punice;
 But me ne rekith of no vice
 Sithen men us loven communicable,
 And holdin us for so worthie,
 That we maie folke repreve echone,
 And we n'll have repreve of none;
 Whom shoulidin folke worshipin so
 But us that stantin nevir mo
 To patrin while that folke maie us se
 Though it not so behinde 'hem be?

And where is there more wode folie
 Than to enhauncin chivalrie,
 And lovin noble men and gais,
 That jolic clothis weren alwaie?
 If thei be soche folke as thei semen,
 So clene as men ther clothis demen,
 And that ther wordes folowe ther dede,
 It is grete pite out of drede
 For thei woll be none hypocritis;
 Of 'hem me thinkith grete spite is:
 I can not love 'hem on no side.

But beggirs with these hodie wide,
 With sleigh and pale facis lene,
 And with graie clothis nat full clene,
 But frettid full of tatar wagger,
 And high shewis knoppid with daggers,
 That frouncin like a quale pipe,
 Or botis riving as a gipe;

To soche folke, as I you devise,
 Should princis and thes lordis wise
 Take all ther landis and ther thinges,
 Bothe warre and pece in goviringes,
 To soche folke shoulde a prince him yve
 That wold his life in honour live.

And if thei be nat as the seme,
 That servin thus the worlde to queme,
 There wold I dwellin to deceve
 The folke, for thei shall nat perceive.

But I ne speke in no soche wise
 That men shoulde humble habite dispise;
 So that no pride there undir be
 No man shoulde hate, as thinkith me,
 The povir man in soche clothing;
 But God ne prefith him nothing
 That saith he hath the worlde forsake,
 And hath to worldly glory 'him take,
 And woll of soche delicis use;
 Who maie that beggir well excuse?

That papelarde that him yeldith so,
 And woll to worldly ese ygo,
 And saith that he the worlde hath lost,
 And greedily it gripith eft,
 He is the hounde, shame is to fain,
 That to his casting goeth again.

But unto you dare I not lie,
 But might I felin or espie
 That ye perceived it nothing
 Ye shoulidin have a starke leing:
 Right in your honde thus to begiune,
 I ne wolde it let for no finne.

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

The god lough at the wondir tho,
And every wight gan laugh also,
And sayid, Lo, here a man right,
For to be truikie to every wight!

Falſe Semblant, (quod Love) ſaie to me,
Sith I thus have avauaid the,
That in my court is thy dwelling,
And of Ribaudes ſhalt be my king,
Wolt thou well holdin my forwardes?
Ye, Sir, quod he, from hens forwardes
Had ner your fathir here before
Serruant ſo true ſithe be was borne.
That is ayeaiſt all nature.

Sir, put you in that avinture,
For though ye borowes take of me,
The ſikerer ſhall ye nevir be
For hoſtagis ne ſikirneſſe
Or chartris for to here witneſſe:
I take your ſelf to recorde here
That men ne maie in no manere
Terin the wolfe out of his hide
Till he be ſlain bothe backe and ſide,
Though men him bete and all deſile:
What! wene ye that I woll begile?

For I am clothid mekily,
There undre' is all my trechiry;
Mine herte chaungith nevir the more
For none habite in which I go:
Though I have chere of ſimpleneſſe,
I am not werie of ſhreudneſſe:
My lemman, ſtrainid Abſtenaunce,
Hath miſtir of my purveiaunce,
She had full long ago be dedde
N'ere for my counſaile and my redde
Let her alone, and you and me.

And Love anſwerid, I truſt the
Without borowe, for I woll none.
And Falſe Semblant theſe anon
Right in that ike ſame place,
That had of trefon all his face
Right blacke within and white without,
Thanking him gan on his knees lout.

Than was ther nought but every man
Now to affaute that ſailin cany
(Quod Love) and that full hardily
Than armid thei hem cominly
Of ſoche armour as to hem fell
When thei were armid ſiers and fell,
Thei went 'hem forthe all in a rout
And ſet the caſtill all about;
Thei will not awaie for no drede
Till it ſo be that thei ben dede,
Or till thei have the caſtill take
And four battellis gan thei make,
And partid 'hem in four anon,
And toke there waie, and forthe thei gone
The four gatis for to aſſaile,
Of whiche the kepis woll not faille,
For thei ben neithir ſicke ne dede,
But hardie folke, and ſtrong in dede.

Now woll I ſaine the countenance
Of Falſe Semblant and Abſtenaunce,

That ben to Wickid Tong went
But firſt thei helde ther parliament
Whether it to be doin were
To makin 'hem be knowin there
Or ellis walkin forthe diſgiſed;
But at the laſte thei deviſed
That thei wold gone in tapinage,
As it were in a pilgrimage,
Like gode and holie folke unſeined;
And anon Dame Abſtenence ſtreined
Toke on a robe of cameline
And gan her gratche as a bigine.

A large coverchief of threded
She wrappid all about her hede;
But ſhe forgate not her pſaltere

A paire of bedis eke the bere
Upon a lace all of white threde;
On whiche that ſhe her bedis bede;
But ſhe ne bought 'hem nevre a dele,
For thei were given her, I wote wele,
God wote of a full holie frere,
That ſaied he was her fathir dere,
To whom ſhe had oftiner went
Than any frere of his covenant;

And he viſitid her alſo,
And many a ſermone ſaied her to;

He n'olde let for no man on live
That he ne wold her oftin ſhrive,
And with ſo grete devocion
Thei madin her confeſſion
That thei had oftin for the nones
Two heddis in one hode at ones.

Of faire ſhape I deviſed her the,
But pale of face ſometime was ſhe;
That falſe traitoureſſe untrew
Was like that ſalowe horſe of hewe
That in the' Apocalypis is ſhewed,
That ſignifieth tho folke beſhrewed
That ben all full of trecherie,
And pale thorough hypocriſie;
For on that horſe no colour is
But onely dedde and pale iwis;
Of ſoche a colour enlangoured
Was Abſtenence iwis coloured
Of her eſtate ſhe her repented
Right as her viſage repreſented.

She had a burdoune all of theſt
That Gile had yewe her of his yeſt;
And a ſkrippe of faint diſtreſſe,
That full was of elengeneſſe,
And forthe ſhe walkid ſobirlye,
And Falſe Semblant ſaint, *Je vous die*,
And as it were for ſoche miſtere
Doin on the cope of a frere,
With chere ſimple and full piteuſ
His lokin was not diſſeidouns
Ne proude, but meke and ful peſible.

About his necke he bare a Bible,
And ſquyirly forthe gan he gon,
And for to reſt his limmes upon
He had of trefon a potent;
As he were ſeble' his waie he went,

But in his ſleve he gan to thring
A rafour ſharpe and well biding.

That was yforgid in a forged bishop of ned and
 Whiche that men clepin Goupe Gorge. it is said
 So long forth ther-waie thei nomina i rilled W.
 Till thei to Wickid Tong comis, men' midern of
 That at his gate ywas sitting, not ridley alle y
 And sawe folke in the waie passing, and out ysaie.

The pilgrimis sawe he fast by hisow inde red
 That berin 'hem full mekily, and a strow ysaie.
 And humbly thei with him ymote; as aboy told
 Dams Abstinence first him ygette, and coas ysaie.
 And sithe him False Semblant salved, as no ysaie
 And he 'hem, but he not remeined, as no ysaie
 For he ne drede him not a dele, as no ysaie
 For whan he sawe, ther facis welcliche ysaie
 Alwaie in herte him thought to be a ysaie
 He should knowin 'hem bothe two, as no ysaie
 For well he knewe Dame Abstinence, as no ysaie
 But he knewe not Conscience, as no ysaie
 He knewe nat that she was constrained, as no ysaie
 Ne of her thei is life yfained, as no ysaie
 But wende she come of will all fre, as no ysaie
 But she come in othir degree, as no ysaie
 And if of gode will she began, as no ysaie
 That will ywas failid her than, as no ysaie

And False Semblant had he faire alle, as no ysaie
 But he knewe nat that he was false, as no ysaie
 Yet false was he, but his falsnesse, as no ysaie
 Ne coude he nat espie nor gess, as no ysaie
 For Semblant was so die ywrought, as no ysaie
 That falsnesse he ne espied nought, as no ysaie
 But haddest thou knowin him before, as no ysaie
 Thou woldist on a boke have sworn, as no ysaie
 Whan thou him sawe in thilke arais, as no ysaie
 That he that whilom was so gaie, as no ysaie
 And of the daunce Jolie Robin, as no ysaie
 Was tho become a Jacobin, as no ysaie
 But sothly what so men him call, as no ysaie
 Frere prechouris ben gode men all, as no ysaie
 Ther odir wickidly thei beren, as no ysaie
 Soche minstrellis if that thei weren, as no ysaie

So ben Augustinis and Cordileres, as no ysaie
 And Carmis, and eke sackid freres, as no ysaie
 And all the freris shode and bare, as no ysaie
 Though some of 'hem ben grette and square, as no ysaie
 Full holy men as I 'hem deme, as no ysaie
 Everiche of 'hem would gode man seme, as no ysaie
 But shalt thou nevir of apparence, as no ysaie
 Sein conclude gode consequence, as no ysaie

In any argument icwis, as no ysaie
 If existens all failid is, as no ysaie
 For men maie finde alwaie sophem, as no ysaie
 The consequence to envenemie, as no ysaie
 Who fe hath had the subtilite, as no ysaie
 The double sentence for to se, as no ysaie

Whan the pilgrimis comin were, as no ysaie
 To Wickid Tong that dwelled there, as no ysaie
 Ther harnies nigh 'hem was algate, as no ysaie
 By Wickid Tong adounne thei fate, as no ysaie
 That badde 'hem nere him for to come, as no ysaie
 And of tidings tell him some, as no ysaie
 And saied 'hem, What ease makith you, as no ysaie
 To comin into this place now? as no ysaie

Sir, sayid Strained Abstinence, as no ysaie
 We for to dryin our penances, as no ysaie
 With hertis pitous and devout, as no ysaie
 Are comen as pilgrimes gon about, as no ysaie
 Well nigh on fote alwaie we go, as no ysaie
 Full doughtie ben our helis two, as no ysaie

And thus bethe we ben ysent, as no ysaie
 Throughout the worldis that is miswent, as no ysaie
 To yeve ensample and preche also, as no ysaie
 To fithin sinfull men we go, as no ysaie
 For othir fithing ne fithis we, as no ysaie
 And, leve Sir, for that charite, as no ysaie
 As we be wont, erbo'rowe we crave, as no ysaie
 Your life to amende Christ it save, as no ysaie
 And so it should you not dispise, as no ysaie
 We woldin, if it were your ese, as no ysaie
 A short sermon unto you saie, as no ysaie
 And Wickid Tong answered again, as no ysaie

The house (quod he) soche as ye se, as no ysaie
 Shall nat be warnid you for me, as no ysaie
 Saie what you list and I wold here, as no ysaie
 Graunt mercie! the sweete Sir dere, as no ysaie
 Quod aldirfirst Dame Abstinence, as no ysaie
 And thus began she her sentence, as no ysaie

Sir, the first vertue for certaine, as no ysaie
 The gretist and most soveraine, as no ysaie
 That maie be founde in any man, as no ysaie
 For having or for wit he can, as no ysaie
 That is his tong for to refrain, as no ysaie
 Therto ought every wight him pain, as no ysaie
 For it is bettir still to be, as no ysaie
 Than for to spekin harme parde, as no ysaie
 And he that harkeneth it gladly, as no ysaie
 He is no gode man sikirly, as no ysaie

And, Sir, abovin all othir sinne, as no ysaie
 In that art thou most giltie inne, as no ysaie
 Thou spake a jape not long ago, as no ysaie

And, Sir, that was right evil doc, as no ysaie
 Of a yong man that here repaired, as no ysaie
 And nevir yet this place apaired, as no ysaie
 Thou saidest he awaitid nothing, as no ysaie
 But to disceve Faire Welcoming, as no ysaie
 Ye saidin nothing sothe of that, as no ysaie
 But, Sir, ye lie, I tell you plat, as no ysaie
 He cometh no more ne goeth parde, as no ysaie

I trowe ye shal him nevir se, as no ysaie
 Faire Welcoming in prison is, as no ysaie
 That ofte hath plaid with you er this, as no ysaie
 The fairist gamis that he coude, as no ysaie
 Withoutin filth, or fil or loude, as no ysaie
 Now dare he not himselfe solace, as no ysaie
 Ye han also the man do chace, as no ysaie
 That he dare neither come ne go, as no ysaie
 What mevith you, to hate him so, as no ysaie
 But propirly your wickid thought, as no ysaie
 That many a false lesing hath thought, as no ysaie
 That mevith your foule eloquence, as no ysaie
 That jangleth evere in audience, as no ysaie
 And on the folke arifith blame, as no ysaie
 And doeth 'hem dishonour and shame, as no ysaie
 For thing that maie have no proving, as no ysaie
 But likeliness and contreving, as no ysaie

For I dare saine that Reson demeth, as no ysaie
 It is not al soth thing that semeth, as no ysaie

And it is sinne for to controuerse
 Any thing that is to reprove;
 This wote ye wele, and Sir, therefore
 Ye arne to blame mochi the more;
 And nathelesse he recketh lite
 He yeveth not now thereof a mite,
 For if he thoughtin harme, pursue
 He would ycome and gone all daie;
 He ne coude not himself abtente;
 Now cometh he not, and that is sene,
 For he ne taketh of it no cure,
 But if it be through avinture,
 And lasse than othir folke algate,
 And though here watchist at the gate
 With spere in thine apest alwaie,
 There muse musarde all the longe daie;
 Thou wakist night and daie for thought;
 Iwis thy traveile is for nought,
 And Jelousie withoutin faile
 Shall never quite the thy traveile;
 And skathe is that Faire Welcoming,
 Withoutin any trespassing,
 Shal wrongfully in prizon be,
 There wepith and languishith he;
 And though thou never yet iwis
 Agilitist man no more but this
 Take not a grefe, it were worthy
 To put the out of this bailey,
 And altirwarde in prizon lie,
 And fettrid the till that thou die;
 For thou shalt for this sinne dwellle
 Right in the devils arse of helle
 But if that thou repentè the.
 Maifaie thou list falsely (quod he.)

What, welcome with mischaunce now!
 Have I therefore herberid you
 To faie me shame and eke reprove,
 With forie happe to your behove?
 And I to day your herbegere?
 Go herbir you els where than here
 That han a lier callid me.
 Two tregetours arte thou and he,
 That in mine hous dome this shame,
 And for my sothesawe ye me blame.
 Is this the sermon that ye me make?
 To all the devils I me take,
 Or ellis God thou me confounde,
 But er men diddin this castill founde
 It passith not ten daies or twelve
 But it was tolde right to my selve,
 And as thei faide right so tolde I;
 He kiste the Rose privily;
 Thus faide I now, and have said yore
 I n'ot where he did any more;
 Why should men faie me suche a thing
 If that it had yben gabbing?
 Right so faide I, and woll faie yet,
 I trowe I lyid not of it;
 And with my bemis I woll blowe
 To alle neighbours arowe
 How he hath bothe comin and gone.
 Tho spake Fals Semblant right anon,
 All is nat gossell out of doute
 That men faie in the tounne aboute:

Lay no defe tre to my speaking,
 I swere you, Sir, it is gabbing
 I trow ye wote well certainly
 That no man lovith him tendirly;
 That faith him harme, if he wote it;
 All be he ner so pore of wit;
 And sothe is also sikirly, now as obisw as god list
 This know ye, Sir, as well as I, I blowe and list
 That lovirs gladly wol wiften given had such list
 The placis there ther loves habiten so
 This man you loveth and eke honorith;
 This man to servin you labourith,
 And clepith you his frende so dere,
 And this man makith you gode chere,
 And every where that he you meteth
 He you saloweth and he you greteth;
 He presth not so ofte that ye
 Oughte of his coming encombrid be;
 There presin othir folke on you
 Ful oftir than he doith now;
 And if his hert him strainid so
 Unto the Rose for to go,
 Ye should him fene so oftir nede
 That ye should take him with the dede;
 He coude his comming not forbere,
 Though ye him thrillid with a spere;
 It n'ere not than as it is now;
 But trustith well, I swere it you,
 That it is cleue out of his thought.

Sir, certis he ne thinkith it nought,
 No more ne doth Faire Welcoming,
 That fore abyith al this thing.
 And if thei were of one assent,
 Full sone ywere the Rose ybent,
 Tho the malgre your's would ybe.

And, Sir, of o thing herkeneth me;
 Sithe ye this man that loveth you
 Han faide such harme and shame now,
 Wittith well if he gessid it
 Ye maie well demin in your wit
 He ne wolde nothing love you so,
 Ne callin you his frende also,
 But night and daie he wollin wake
 The castill to distroie and take,
 Yf it were sothe as ye devise;
 Or some man in some manir wise
 Might it warnin him every dele,
 Or by himselfe percevin wele,
 For sithe he might not come and gone,
 As he was whilom wonte to done,
 He might it sonè wite and se,
 But now all othirwise wote he.

Than have we, Sir, all uttirly
 Deservid hell, and jolily
 The deth of helle doutilese,
 That thrallin folke so gitlese.

Fals Semblant so provith this thing
 That he ne can none answering,
 And feeth alwaie soche apparence
 That nigh he fel in repentaunce,
 And said him; Sir, it maie well be;
 Semblant, a gode man semin ye,
 And Abstinence, ful wise ye seme;
 Of o talent you bothe I deme:

What counsaile wol ye to me yeven? ^{what ad coun}
 Right here anon thou shalt be shryven ^{shryven}
 And say thy sinne withoutin more; ^{showe thy woul}
 Of this shalt thou repent the fore; ^{of this ad rep}
 For I am prickt; and have poste ^{and this dinal}
 To shrive folk of most dignite ^{of shon ad d}
 That ben as wide as world maie dure; ^{of shon ad d}
 Ofal this world I have the cure; ^{of shon ad d}
 And that had never yet perfour ^{of shon ad d}
 Ne vicarie of no manir toun; ^{of shon ad d}
 And God it wol I have of the ^{of shon ad d}
 A thousande tymis more pite ^{of shon ad d}

Than hath thy priest parochiall,
 Though he thy frende be speciall.
 I have avantage in a wife,
 That your prelates be not so wise
 Ne halfe so lettred as am I;
 I am licensid boldly
 In divinite for to rede,
 And to confession out of drede.
 Yf that ye wol your now confess
 And leve your finnis more and less
 Without abode knele doune anon
 And you shall have absolution.

[illegible]

Heidegger, with his eyes fixed on
 To Tione's words and the long
 train with a thousand figures went
 It is well how that the Greeks sang
 Of Tione in joining of Greeks
 in which he may the noblest form
 Now how well I go forth to my
 Now banished with a noble
 Although I were that were being
 .. And let to have of their company

*TROILUS & CRESEIDE**

IN FIVE BOOKS.

B O K E I.

Tux double sorow of Troilus to telle,
 That was the King Priamus sonne of Troy,
 In loving how his aventuris felle
 From wo to wele, and aftir out of joy,
 My purpose is er that I partd froly,
 Thou Theſephone I thou helpe me t'endite
 This woful verſe, that wepin as I write.
 To the I clepe, thou goddeſſe of tourment,
 Thou cruil wight, forowing ay in paine
 Help me, that am the wofull instrument
 That helpith lovers as I can complaines
 For wel ſit it, the ſothe for to ſaie,
 A wofull wight to have a dreery ſere,
 And to a ſorowfull tale a ſory chere.
 For I, that god of Lov's ſervantes ſerve,
 No dare to love for mine unlikeliheſſe
 Prayn for ſpede, al ſhould I therefore ſerve,
 So ferre am I fro his helpe in derkenſſe
 But natheleſſe if this may done gladneſſe
 To any lovir, and his cauſe avide
 Have he the thanke and mine be the travails

But ye louers that bathin in gladnesse,
 Yf any droppe of pite in you be,
 Remembreth you of paffid hovineffe
 That ye have felte, and on the aduerfite
 Of other folke, and thinkeith how that ye
 Han felte that Love duftt you to difpleffe
 Or ye han won him with to gret an effe
 And prayeth for hem that ben in the cates
 Of Troilus, as ye may aftir here
 That Love hem bring in hevyn to folow
 And eke for me prayeth to God to dere,
 That I have might to fiew in fomer manere
 Suche paine and wo as Lovs folke endure
 In Troilus nofely avingure
 And biddeith eke for them that ben diffidit
 In love, that never will recovered be
 And eke for them that fately ben fpoied
 Through wicked tonght, be it he or they
 And biddeith God for his benigunce
 So graunt hem fote out of this world
 That ben diffidit out of Love and ben out of

* In this book is mirrored the fervent love of Troilus to Cressida, whom he enjoyed for a time, and her great untruth to him again in giving her self to Diomedes, who in the end did to cast her off that came to great misery. In which discourse Chaucer liberally treateth of the divine purveiance. *Urry.*

And biddeth eke for them that ben at life
That God hem graunte in love perseveraunce,
And sende them grace ther to love for to please,
That it to love be worship and plesaunce,
For so hope I my selfe best to avaunce
To pray for them that Lowd servaunt be,
And write ther wo, and live in charite;

And for to have of them compassioun,
As though I were ther owne brothir dere.
Now herkenith with a gode entencion,
For now wol I go streight to my matere,
In whiche ye may the double sorowes here
Of Troilus in loving of Creseide,
And how she forsoke him er that she deide.

It is wel wist how that the Grekis strong
In armis with a thousand shippis went
To Troie wardis, and the cite long
Besegedin, nigh ten yeres ere thei stent,
And how in divers wise and one entent,
The ravishing to wreke of Queine Heleine,
By Paris don, thei wroughtin all their peine.

Now tell it so that in the toun there was
Dwelling a lord of gret authorite,
A gret divine, that clepid was Calcas,
That in that sciense so' experte was that he
Knew wel that Troie should destroyd be,
By answer of his god, that hight was this
Dan Phebus, or Apollo Delphicus.

So whan this Calcas knew by calculating,
And eke by the' answer of this god Apollo,
That Grekis shoulidin suche a peple bring
Thorow the whiche that Troy must be fordo,
He caste anone out of the toun to go,
For wel he wist by forte that Troie shoulde
Destroyd be, ye, would who so or n'olde;

Wherefor for to departin softly
Toke purpose ful this wight, forknowing, wise,
And to the Grekis host ful privily
He stode anone, and thei in curteis wise
Didin to him both worship and service,
In trust that he hath conning 'hem to rede
In every peril which that was to drede.

Grete rumour rose whan it was first espied
In al the toun, and opynly was spoken
That Calcas traitour fled was, and alied
To them of Grece; and caste was to be wroken
On him that falsly bath his faith to broken,
And said that he and al his kinne atones
Were worthy to be brent both fell and bones.

Now had this Calcas leste in this mischaunce,
Unknowing of this false and wicked dede,
A doughtir whiche that was in grete penance,
And of her life she was full fore in drede,
And ne wist never what best was to rede;
And as a widowe was she and alone,
And n'ist to whom she might ymake her mone.

Creseide ywas this ladies name aright;
As to my dome in al Troy's cite she dwelt
Most fairist lady, passing every wight;
So angelike shone her natife beaute
That like a thing immortal semid she,
And therwith was she to parfit a creature
As she had be made in scorning of Nature.

This lady, whiche that alday herde at cre
Her fathir's fame, his falshed, and traifoun;
Ful nigh out of her wit for sorow and fere,
In widowe's habit large, of samite broun,
Before Hector on knees she fill adoun,
His mercy bad, her selfin excusing
With pitous voice, and tenderly weping.

Now was this Hector pitous of nature,
And saw that she was sorowful begone,
And that she was so faire a creature,
Of his godenesse he gladdid her anone,
And saide, Let your fathir's traifoun gone
Forth with mischaunce; and ye your self in joye
Dwellith with us whillis you list in Troye,

And al the honour men may do you have,
As ferforth as though your fathir dwelt here,
Ye shul have, and your body shul men save,
As fer as I may ought enquire and here.
And she him thankid with ful humble chere,
And oftir wolde and it had been his will,
And toke her leve, went home, and helde her still.
And in her house she' abode, with such meine
As til her honour nede was for to holde;
And while she was dwelling in that cite
She kepte her estate, and of yong and olde
Ful wel beloved, and wel men of her tolde;
But whether that she childrin had or none
I rede it nat, therefore I let it gone.

The thingis fellin as thei done of werre
Betwixin 'hem of Troie and Grekis ofte,
For some day boughtin thei of Troie it derre,
And est the Grekis foundin nothing seft
The folk of Troie: and thus fortune aloft
And undir este gan 'hem to whelmin bothe,
Aftir her course, aie while that thei wer wrothe,

But how this toun came to distruction
Ne fallith not to purpose me to tel;
For why? it were a long digression
Fro my matir, and you to long to dwel;
But the Troyan jettis, all as thei fel
In Omer, or in Dares, or in Dite,
Who so that can may rede 'hem as thei write.

But though the Grekis them of Troie in shetren
And ther cite besegid al aboute,
Ther olde usagis n'oldin thei not letten,
As to honouren ther goddis ful devoute,
But aldrimst in honour out of doute
Thei had a relicke hight Palladion,
That was ther trust abovin everichon.

And so besel, whan comin was the time
Of Apprilis, whan clothid is the mede
With newe grene, of lusty Ver the prime,
And with swete smelling flours white and rede
In sondrie wise shewid, as I you rede,
The folke of Troie ther observances olde,
Palladion 'is fest, went for to holde.

Unto the temple in all ther best wise
In general went every manir wight
To herkin of Palladion's service,
And namily many a lusty knight,
And many a lady freth and maidin bright
Ful well beseyn the most meyn and lest
Both for the feson and for the bie fest.

Among these othir folke was Creseida,
In widowe's habite blake; but natheles
Right as our first lettir is now an A,
In beaute first so rode she makelles;
Her godely looking gladdid all the pres;
N'as never sene thing to be praised so derre
Nor undir cloud biake so bright a sterre.

As was Creseide, thei saidin everichone
That her beheldin in her blakè wede;
And yet the stode ful lowe and still alone,
Behinde all othir folke, in litil brede,
And nie the dore, aye undir sham's drede,
Simple of atire, and debonaire of chere,
With full assurid lokeng and manere.

Dan Troilus, as he was wont to gide
His yongè knightis, ledde 'hem up and doun
In thilke large temple on every side,
Beholding aie the ladies of the toun
Now here now there, for no devocioune
Had he to none to revin him his rest,
But gan to praise and lackin whom he lest.

And in his walk ful faste he gan to waiten
If knight or squyr of his company
Can for to sike, or let his eyin baiten
On any woman that he could espie,
Then he would smile, and hold it a folie,
And say him thus; O Lord! she slepith softe.
For love of the, whan thou turnist ful ofte.

I have herde tel pardieux of your living,
Ye lovirs, and of your leude observaunce,
And whiche a labour folke have in winning
Of love, and in the keeping whiche dountaunce,
And whan your pray is lost w/o and penaunce.
O very folis! blinde and nice be ye,
Ther is not one can ware by othir be.

And with that worde he gan cast up his browe
Alsaunce, lo! is this not wisely ispoken?
At whiche the god of Love gan lokin rowe
Right for dispite, and shope him to be wroken;
He kidde anon his bowe was not to broken,
For sodainly he hitte him at the full,
And yet as proude a peccoche can be pul.

O blinde world! o blinde entencioun!
How oftin fallith al th' effecte contraire
Of surquedrie and soule presumption?
For caught is proude and caught is debonaire;
This Troilus is clombin on the staire,
And litil wenith that he mote discende;
But al day failith thing that solis wende.

As proude Bayard beginnith for to skippe
Out of the way (so prickith him his corne)
Till he a lashe have of the longè whippe,
Than thinkith he though I prounce all beforen
First in the traile, full fatte and newe ishorne,
Yet am I but an horse, and hors' is lawe
I must endure, and with my feris drawe:

So fared it by this fiers and proude knight;
Though he a worthy king's sonnè were,
And wenid that nothing had had such might
Ayenst his wil that should his hertè stere,
Yet with a loke his hert ywoxe on fire,
That he that now was most in pride above
Woxe sodainly moste subject unto love.

Forthy ensample takith of this man
Ye wise, proude, and worthy folkis all,
To skornin Love, whiche that so sonè can
The fredome of your hertis to him thral;
For evir was and evir shall besal
That Love is he that al thingis may binde,
For no man maie fordo the law of kinde

That this be sothe hath previed and doth yet,
For this (trowe I) ye knowin al and some,
Men redin nat that folke han gretir wit
Than thei that han ben most with love inome,
And strengist folke ben therwith ovrcome,
The worthyist and gretist of degre;
This was and is, and yet man shal it se.

And truiliche it sitte well to be so,
For aldirwist han therwith ben plesed,
And thei that han ben aldirmoste in wo
With love han ben comfortid most and esed,
And oft it hath the cruill herte apesed,
And worthy folke made worthyir of name,
And causith most to dredin vice and shame.

Now sith it may nat godely be withstonde,
And is a thing so vertuous in kinde,
Ne grudgith nought to Love for to ben bonde,
Sithe as him selvin list he may you binde;
The yarde is bette that bowin wyl and winde
Than that that breist; and therefore I you rede
Folowith him that so well can you lede.

But for to tellin forth in speciall
As of this king 'is sonne of whiche I tolde,
And levin othir thing collaterall,
Of him thinke I my tale forth to holde,
Bothe of his joye and of his casis colde,
And all his werke as touching this matere,
For I it gan, I wol theerto referre.

Within the temple wente him forth playing
This Troilus with every wight about,
On this lady and now on that lokeng,
Wherefo the were of toun or of without;
And upon case besith that through a rout
His eye ypercid, and so depe it went
Til on Creseide it smote, and there it stent.

And sodainly for wondir wext astoned,
And gan her bet beholde in thrifty wife;
Omercy, God! thought he, where hast thou woned,
That arte so faire and godely to devise?
Therwith his hert began to sprede and rise,
And softe he sighid, lest men might him here,
And caught ayen his formir playing chere.

She n'as nat with the leste of her stature,
But al her limmis so wel answering
Werin to womanhode, that creature
Was nevir lassè mannish in seming,
And eke the pure wife of her mening
She shewid wel, that men might in her gessio
Honour, estate, and womanly noblesse.

The Troilus right wondir wel withall
Gan for to like her menin and her chere,
Whiche somdele deignous was, for she let fal
Her loke a lite a side, in siche manere
Alsauncis, what may I nat stondein here?
And aftir that her lokeng gan she light,
That never thought him sene so gode a sight.

And of her loke in him there gan to quicken
So grete desire and siche affectioun,
That in his hert 'is bottom gan to stikken
Of her his fixe and depe impressioun;
And though he erst had porid up and doun
Than was he glade his hornis in to shrinken,
Unnethis wist he how to loke or winke.

Lo! he that lete him selvin so conzing,
And scornid 'hem that lov's painis drien,
Was ful unaware that Love had his dwelling
Within the subtil stremis of her eyen,
That sodainly him thought that he felte dien
Right with her loke the spirite in his herte;
Blessid be Love, that thus can folke convertel.

She thus in blake loking to Troilus
Ovir al thing he stode for to beholde,
But his desire, ne wherefore he stode thus,
He neithir chere made ne worde thereof tolde,
But from aserre, his mapir for to holde,
On othir thing somtime his loke he cast,
And este on her, while that the service last.

And afir this, not fully all awhaped,
Out of the temple esliche he wente,
Repenting him that evir he had japed
Of Lov's folke, lest fully the discente
Of scorne fil on him self; but what he mente
Leste it were wise on any manir side
His wo he gan dissimulin and hide.

Whan he was fro this temple thus departed
He strenght anone unto his palais turneth;
Right with her loke thorough shottin and darterd,
Al fraintih he in luste that he sojourneth,
And all his chere and speche also' he abnormeth.
And aie of Lov's servauntes every while,
Himselfe to wrie, at 'hem he gan to smile,

And sayd, Ah, Lord! so ye live ali in lust,
Ye lovirs, for the conningist of you,
'That servith most ententiseliche and best,
Him tite as oftin harme therof as prowte;
Your hire is quite ayen, ye, God wote howe,
Not wel for wele, but skorne for gode servise;
In faithe your ordir is ruled in gode wise.

In no certaine ben your observaunces,
But it in a few sely pointis be,
Ne nothing asketh so gret attendaunces
As doth your laie, and that knowin al ye;
But that is not the worst, as mote I the,
But tolde I which were the worst point, I leve,
Al saide I sothe, ye woldin at me greve.

But take this; that ye lovirs ofte eschewe,
Or ellisdone of gode etencion,
Ful ofte thy lady wol it misseconfrewe,
And deme it harme in her opinon,
And yet if she for othir encheson
Be wroth, then shalt thou have a groin anone:
Lorde! wel is him that may bene of you one!

But for al this, whan that he seeth his time,
He held his pees, non othir bote him gained,
For Love began his fethirs so to lime,
That wel unneth unto his folke he fained
That othir besy nedis him distrained:
So wo was him that what to done he n'ist,
But bad his folke to gone where as 'hem list.

And whan that he in chambre was alone
He doune upon his bedd'is fete him sette,
And first he gan to sike and este to grone,
And thought aie on her so withoutin lette,
That as he fatte and woke his spirite mette
'That he her saugh and temple', and all the wise
Right of her loke, and gan it newe avise.

Thus gan he make a mirroure of his minde,
In whiche he saugh all wholly her figure,
And that he wel coude in his hert yfinde
It was to him a right gode avinture
To love suche one, and if he did his cure
To servin her yet might he fal in grace,
Or els for one of her servauntes pace:

Imagining that ne travaille nor grame
Ne might for so godely an one be lorne,
As she ne him for his desire no shame,
Al were it wise, but in prife and upborne
Of alle lovirs, wel more than before.
Thus argumentid he in his ginning,
Ful unavisid of his wo conning.

Thus toke he purpose Lov's craft to sewe,
And thought that he would workin privily,
First for to hide all his desire in mewe,
From every wight iborne all uttirly,
But he might ought recovered ben therby,
Remembering him that *Loves to ride iblows*
Yett bittr frute, although swete fode be forwe.

And ore al this ful mokil more he thought
What for to speke and what to holdin inne,
And what to artin her to love he fought,
And on a songe anone right to beginne,
And gan loude on his sorowe for to winne;
For with gode hope he gan fully assente
Creseida for to love, and nought repente.

And of his songe not onely his sentence,
(As write mine auctour, callid Lolius)
But plainly, save our tong's difference,
I dare wel say in al that Troilus
Saied in his songe, lo! every word right thus
As I shal saine, and who so list it here
Lo! next this vershe he may it findin here.

The songe of Troilus out of Petrarche.

If no love is, o God, what fele I so!
And if love is, what thing and which is he?
If love be gode from whence comith my wo!
If it be wicke a wondir thinkih me,
Whan every turnment and adversite
That cometh of him may to me savery thinke,
For aye more thurst I the more that I drinke.

And if that at mine owne lust I brenne,
From whence comith my wailing and my pleinte
If harme agre me wherto plaine I thenne?
I n'ot nere why unwery that I seinte.
O quicketh deth! o swete harme so queinte!
How may I fe in me soche quantite
But if that I consente that it so be?

And if that I consente I wrongfully
Complaine iwis. Thus possid to and fro,
As sterileless wight is in a bote, am I,
Amidde the se atwixin windis two
That in contrarie stondin evirmo.
Alas! what is this wondir maladie?
For hete of colde, for colde of hete, I die.

And to the god of Love thus sayid he
With pitous voice; O Lorde! now your'is is
My spirite, whiche that oughtin your'is be;
You thonke I, Lord, that han me brought to this;
But whethir goddesse or woman iwis
She be I n'ot whiche, that ye do me serve,
But as her man I wol aie live and sterve.

Ye stondin in her eyin mightily,
As in a place unto your vertue digne,
Wherfore o Lord! if my service or I
May likin you, so bethe me to ben,
For mine estate royal here I resign
Into her honde, and with ful humble chere
Become her man; as to my lady dere.

Endeth the song.

In him ne deigned to spar in blode royall
The fire of love, wherfro may God me blesse!
Ne him forbore in no degre for all
His virtue or his excellent prowesse,
But helde him as his thrall lowe in distresse,
And brende him so in sondrie wise aie newe,
That sixty times a day he losfe his hewe.

So muchill daie fro daie his owne thought
For luste to her gan quickin and encrese,
That everiche othir charge he sette at nought:
Forthy ful oftin, his hote fire to cese,
To sene her godely loke he gan to prese,
For therby to ben esid wel he wende,
And aie the nere he was the more he brende;

For aie the nere the fire the hottir is,
This (trowe I) knowith al this company;
But were he ferre or nere I dare saie this,
By night or daie, for wisdom or folie,
His herte, whiche that is his brest is eye,
Was aie on her, that fairir was to sene
Than evir was Helein or Polyxene.

Eke of the daie there passid nat an houre
But to himself a thousande times he saide;
God godely, to whom I serve and laboure
As best I can, now would to God, Creseide,
Ye wouldin on me rue er that I diede;
My dere herte, alas! mine hele, and my hewe,
And life, is losfe but ye woll on me rewe.

All othir dredis werin from him fledde
Bothe of th' assiege and his salvacion,
Ne' in his desire non othir fancy breade
But argumentes to this conclusion,
That she on him would han compassion,
And he to ben her man while he maie dure;
Lo here his life, and from his deth his cure.

The sharpe shouris fell of armis preve
That Hector or his othir brethrin didden
Ne made him onely therefore onis meve,
And yet was he, wher so men went or ridden,
Found one the best, and lengist time abiden
There peril was, and eke did suche travail
In armis that to thinke it was mervaille.

But for none hate he to the Grekis had,
Ne also for the rescous of the toun,
Ne made him thus in armis for to mad,
But onely lo! for this conclusion,
To likin her the bet for his renoun:
Fro daie to daie in armis fo he spedde
That all the Grekis as the deth him dredde.

And fro this forthe tho rest him love his slepe,
And made his mete his foe, and eke his sorow
Can multiplie, that who so tokè kepe
It shewid in his hewe both even and morow
Therefore a tite he gan him to borowe
Of othir sickenesse, lest men of him wende
That the hottesire of cruill love him brende;

And saied he by a fevir fared amis:

But how it was certain I cannot say,
If that his ladie understode nat this,
Or fainid her the n'ist, one of the tweie;
But well rede I that by no manir weie
Ne semid it as if she on him rought,
Or of his paine, what so evir he thought.

But than yfelt this Troilus soche wo
That he was wel nigh wode; for aie his drede
Was this, that she some wight had lovid so
That ner of him she would han takin hede;
For whiche him thought he felt his herte blode;
Ne of his wo ne durst he nought begin
To tellin her for all this worlde to win.

But whan he had a space left from his care,
Thus to himself full oft he gan to plain;
He saied, O sole! now art thou in the snare
That whilom japedist at lov's pain;
Now art thou hent, now gnaw thin owne chain:
Thou wert aie woned eche lov'ir reprehende
Of thing fro which thou canst nat the defende.

What woll now every lov'ir saie of the
If this be wist? but er in thine absence
Laughin in scorne, and sain, Lo! there goth he;
That is the mari of so grete sapience,
That helde us lov'irs lest in reverence:
Now thanked be God he maie gon on the daunce
Of hem that Loveliste feblly to avaunce.

But o thou woful Troilus! God would
(Sithe thou must lovin through thy destine)
That thou beset wer of soche one that should
Know all thy wo, all lackid her pite!
But all so colde in love towardis the
Thy ladie is as frost in wintir mone,
And thou fordon as snowe in fire is sone.

God would I were arivid in the port
Of deth, to which my forowe woll me lede!
Ah, Lorde! to me it were a grete comfort,
Than were I quite of languishing in drede,
For by my hidde forowe iblowe in brede
I shall bejapid ben a thousande time
More than that sole of whose foly men rime.

But now helpe God, and yemy swete, for whom
I plaine; icought ye never wight so fast:
O mercie, my dere herte! and helpe me from
The deth, for I while that my life maie last
More than my life woll love you to my last;
And with some frendly loke gladith me, swete!
Though never nothing more ye me behete.

These wordis and full many' an othir mo
He spake, and callid evir in his pleinte
Her name, to tellin unto her his wo,
Till nigh that he in false teris was dreinte:
All was for nought; she herd nat his compleinte;
And whan that he bethought on that folie
A thousand folde his wo gan multiplie.

Bewailing in his chambir thus alone
A frende of his, that callid was Pandare,
Came onis in unware, and herd him grone,
And saw his frend in soche distresse and care;
Alas! (quod he) who causith all this fare?
O mercie God! what unhap maie this mene?
Han now thus sone the Grekis made you lenet

Or hast thou some remorse of conscience?
And art now fall in some devocioun,
And waitest for thy sinne and thine offence,
And hast for ferde yought contricioun?
God save hem that besiegid han our toun,
That so can laie our jolite on presse,
And bring our lustie folke to holinesse!

These wordis saied he for the nonis all,
That with such thing he might him angry maken,
And with his angrer doen his sorowe fall
As for a time, and his corage awaken;
But well wist he, as ferre as tongis speken;
There n'as a man of gretir hardinesse
Than he, ne more desirid worthinesse.

What cas (quod Troilus) or what avinture
Hath gidid the to sene me languishing,
That am refuse of every cature?

But for the love of God, at my praying,
Go hence awaie, for certis my dying
Woll the difese, and I mote nedis deie,
Therefore go waic; there n'is no more to seie.

But if thou wene I be thus sicke for drede,
It is nat so, and therefore scorne me nought;
There is an othir thing I take of hede
Wel more than ought the Grekis han yet wrought,
Which cause is of my deth for sorow and thought,
But though that I now tell it the ne leste
Be thou nat wrothe; I hide it for the beste.

This Pandare, that nigh malt for wo and routh
Ful oftin saied, Alas! what maie this be?
Now frende, (quod he) if evir love or trouth
Hath ben er this betwixin the and me
Ne do thou nevir soche a cruikete
To hidin fro thy frende so grete a care;
Woll thou nat well that it am I Pandare?

I woll partake with the of all thy paine;
If it so be I doe the no comfort,
As it is frend'is right, so the for to saine,
To epterpartin wo as glad disport
I have and shall; for true or false report,
In wrong and right, iloved the all my live;
Hide not thy wo from me, but tell it blive.

Than gan this sorowfull Troilus to fike,
And saied him thus; God leve it be my best
To tellin the, for sithe it maie the like
Yet woll I tell it the though my herte brest,
And well wote I thou maiest do me no rest,
But lest thou deme that I trust nat to the:
Now herkin frende, for thus it stant with me.

Love, ayenst the whiche who so defendith
Him selvin moste him aldirlest availeth,
With dispeire so forely me offendith
That streight unto the deth mine hert yfaileth,
Therto desire so brenningly me affaileth
That to ben slain it were a gretir joie
To me than king of Grece to be and Troie.

Suffisith this, my fully frende Pandare,
That I have saied, for now wotest thou my wo,
And for the love of God my cold care
So hide it well, I tolde it ner to mo,
For harmis mightin folowen mo than two
If it were wist; but be thou in gladnesse,
And let me sterve unknowe of my distresse.

How hast thou thus unkindely and long
Hid this fro me, thou sole? (quod Pandarus)
Paraventure thou maiest for soche one long
That mine avise anone maie helpin us.
This were a wondir thing, (quod Troilus)
Thou couldist ner in love thy selfin wisse,
How devill maiest thou bringin me to blisse?

Ye, Troilus, now herkin, (quod Pandare.)
Though I be nice, it happith oftin so,
That one that of axis doeth full ill fare
By gode counsaile can kepe his frend therfro;
I have my self yseine a blinde man go
There as he fell which that could lokin wide:
A sole maie eke a wise man oftin gide.

A whetstone is no kerving instrument,
But yet it makith sharpe kerving tolis;
And if thou wost that I have aught miswent
Eschae thou that, for soche thing to schole is,
Thus oftin wise men ben warin by folis:
If thou so do thy wit is well bewared;

By his contrary' is every thing declared.

For how might evir swetnesse have be know
To him that nevir tastid bittirnesse?
No man ne wot what gladnesse is I trowe
That nevir was in sorowe or some distresse;
Eke white by black, by shame eke worthines;
Eche set by othir more for othir semeth,
As men maie sene, and so the wise it demeth.

Sithe thus of two contraries is a lore,
I that in love so oftin have assayed
Grevaucis ought to connin well the more
Counsailein the of that thou art dismaied,
And eke the ne ought not ben ill apaied,
Though I desirin with the for to bere
Thine hevie charge; it shall the lasse the dere.

I wote well that it farid thus by me
As to my brothir Paris an heirdesse
Whiche that yclepid was Oenone
Wrote in a complaint of her heviness;
Ye saw the lettir that she wrote I gesse.
Naie, nevir yet iwis (quod Troilus.)
Now (quod Pandare) herkinith, it was thus.

Phœbus, that first found art of medicine,
(Quod she) and coud in every wight'is care
Remedy' and rede by herbis he knew fine,
Yet to himself his conning was full bare,
For love had him so boundin in a snare,
All for the daughter of the King Admete,
That all his craft ne coud his sorowe bete.

Right so fare I; unhappily for me
I love one best, and that me smertith sore,
And yet paraventure I can rede the
And nat my self; reprove thou me no more,
I have no cause I wote well for to fore
As doeth an hauke that listith for to plaie,
But to thine helpe yet somwhat can I saie.

And of o thing right sikir maiest thou be,
That certain for to dyin in the pain
That I shall nevir mo discovir the,
Ne by my trouth I kepe nat to restrain
The fro thy love, although it were Helein,
That is thy brothir's wife, if I it wist,
Be what she be, and love her as the list.

Therefore as frendfulliche in me assure,
And tell me platte what is thine encheson
And finall cause of wo that ye endure,
For doubtith nothing mine entencion
N'as nat to you of reprehencion
To speke as now, for no wight maie bireve
A man to love till that him list to leve.

And therefore wetith wel that both ben viciis,
Mistrustin all or ellis all beleve;
But well I wote the mene of if no vice is,
As for to trustin some wight is a preve
Of trouth, and forthy would I fain remove
Thy wrong conceit, and do the some wight trust
Thy wo to tell, and tell me if the lust.

The wife saith, Wo is him that is alone,
For and he fall he hath none helpe to rise;
And sithe thou hast a felowe tell thy mone,
For this ne is nought certain the next wife
To winnin love, as techin us the wife,
To waile and wepe as Niobe the quene,
Whose teris yet in marble ben ifene.

Let be thy weping and thy drierinesse,
And let us lessin wo with othir speche,
So maie thy wofull time femin the lesse;
Delitith nought in wo thy wo to seche,
As doen these folis that ther sorowes eche
With sorowe whan thei han misaventure,
And lustin nought to sechin othir cure.

Men saine, *To wretche is consolacion*
To have an othir felowe in his paine;
That ought well to ben our opinion,
For we bothe thou and I of loye do plain;
So full of sorowe am I, sothe to saine,
That certainly as now no more hard grace
Maie sit on me; for why? there is no space.

Yf God wol thou art nought agast of me
Lest I would of thy lady the begile;
Thou wost thy self whom that I love parde,
As I best can, gon sithin longe while,
And sithe thou wost I do it for no wile,
And sithe I am he that thou trustith most,
Tel me somewhat, fens al my wo thou wost.

Yet Troilus for al this no worde saide,
But long he saie as still as he ded were,
And affir this with siking he abraide,
And to Pandarus voice he lent his ere,
And up his cien cast he; and than in fere
Was Pandarus leste that in a frenseye
He should yfal, or ellis sone deye;

And said, Awake, full wonderliche and sharpe
What slombriest thou as in a lethargy?
Or art thou like an asse unto the harpe,
That herith soun, whan men the stringis ply;
But in his mind of that no melodie
Maie sinkin him to gladin, for that he
So dull is in his bestialite?

And with this Pandare of his wordis stent,
But Troilus to him no thing answerde;
For why? to tellin was nought his entent
Ner to no man for whom that he so ferde,
For it is said, *Men makin ofte a yerde*
With wiche the makir is himselfe ibetin
In sondrie manir, as these wise men treten.

And nameliche in his counsaile telling
That touchith love, that ought to ben secre,
For of himselfe it woll inough out spring,
But if that it the bet governid be;
Eke somtime it is crafte to seme to fle
Fro thing which in effecte men huntin faste:
Al this gan Troilus in his herte caste.

But nathelless whan he had herde him crie
Awake, he gan to sike wondir fore,
And sayd, My frende, although that still I lie
I n'am not defe; now pece, and crie no more,
For I have herde thy wordis and thy lore,
But suffir me my fortune to bewailen,
For thy proverbis may nought me availen;

Nor othir cure ne canst thou none for me,
Eke I n'il not ben curid; I woll die:
What knowin I of the Quene Niobe?
Let be thine olde ensampis, I the prey.
No, frende, (quod Pandarus) therfore I sey
Suche is delite of folis to bewepe.
Ther wo, but to sekin bote, thei ne kepe.

Now know I that there reson in the failthe;
But tellith me, if I wiste what she were
For whome that the al misaventure aileth
Durste thou trust that I tolde it in her ere
Thy wo, sith thou darst not thy selfe for fere,
And her besought on the to han some routh?
Why nay, (quod he) by God and by my trouthe?

What! not as besily (quod Pandarus)
As though mine owne life lay in this nede?
Why no, parde, Sir, (quod this Troilus)
And why? For that thou shoudist nevyr spede,
Wost thou that well? Ye, that is out of drede,
(Quod Troilus) for all that er ye conne
She wol to no suche wretche as I be wonne.

(Quod Pandarus) Alas! what may this be
That thou dispaird art thus causilless?
What! liveth nat thy lady? *Benedicite!*
How wost thou so that thou art gracilless?
Suche evil is not alwaie hoteless;
Why put not thus impossible thy cure,
Sithe thing to come is ofte in avinture?

I grauntith well that thou endurist wo
As sharpe as both he Tityus in hell,
Whose stomake foulis tirin evyr mo
That hightin Vulturis, as bokis tell;
But I may not endurin that thou dwell
In so unskilful an opinion
That of thy wo n'is no curacion;

But onis n'ilt thou for thy cowerde herte,
And for thine ire and folish wilfulnesse,
For wantrust tellin of thy sorowe smerte,
Ne to thine owne helpe do besinesse
As moche as speke a worde ye more or lesse,
But liest as he that of life nothing retche:
What woman living coude love suche a wretche?

What may the demin othir of thy dethe,
Yf thou thus die, and she n'ot why it is,
But that for fere is yoldin up thy brethe
For Grekis han besiegid us rwis?
Lord! which a thanke shalt thou have than of this
Thus wol she saine, and al the tounne atones,
The wretch is ded, the divel have his bones.

Thou maiste alone her wepe, and crie, and knele,
And love a woman that she wote it nought,
And she wol quite it that thou shalt not fele,
Unknow unkist, and lest that is unfought.

What! many a man hath love ful dere about
Twenty wintir that his lady ne wiste,
That never yet his lady's mouthe he kiste.

What! should he therfore fallin in dispaire,
Or be recreaunte for his owne tene,
Or slain himself, all be his lady faire?
Naie, naie; but er in one be fresh and grene,
To serve and love ay his dere hert is quene,
And thinke it is a guerdone her to serve
A thousande folde more than he can deserve.

And of that word toke hede Troilus,
And thought anone what folle he was in,
And how that sothe him sayid Pandarus,
That for to slaen himself might he not win,
But bothe to doen unmanhode and a finne,
And of his deth his lady nought to wite,
For of his wo God wot she knewe full lite.

And with that thought he gan ful fore to like,
And saied, Alas! what is me best to doe?
To whom Pandare answerid, if the like
The best is that thou tell me all thy wo,
And have my trowth but if thou find it so
I be thy bote or that it ben full long
To pecis doe me drawe and sithin hong.

Ye, so saiest thou, (quod Troilus) alas!
But God wot it is naught, the rather so
Full harde it were to helpen in this caas,
For well finde I that Fortune is my fo,
Ne all the men that ridin con or go
Maie of her cruill whele the harme withstonde,
For as her list she plaiceth with fre and bond.

(Quod Pandarus) Than blamist thou Fortune
For thou art wroth ye now at erst I fe;
Wost thou not wel that Fortune is commune
To every manir wight in some degre?
And yet thou hast this comfort, lo! parde,
That as her joyis motin ovirgone
So mote her sorowes passin everichone.

For if her whele stint any thing to tourne
Than cessith she Fortune anone to be;
Now sith her whele by no waie maie sojourn
What wost thou of her mutabilite?
Right as thy self lust she woll done by the,
Or that she be nought ferre fro thine helping,
Paravinture thou hast cause for to sing.

And therfore wost thou what I the beseeche?
Let be thy wo and tourning to the grounde,
For who so liste have heling of his leche
To him bihovith first unwrie his wounde;
To Cerberus in hell aie be I bound,
Were it eke for my sustir all thy sorowe,
By my gode will the should be thine to morowe.

Loke up I saie, and tell me what she is
Anone, that I maie gone about thy nede.
Know I her aught? for my love tell me this,
Than would I hope the rather for to spede.
Tho gan the veine of Troilus to blede,
For he was hit, and woxe all redde for shame.
Aha! (quod Pandare) here begynnith game.

And with that worde he gan him for to shake,
And saied him thus; These, thou shalt her name tell:
But tho gan fely Troilus for to quake,
As though men should han had him into hel,
And saied, Alas! of all my wo the well
Than is my swete foe callid Creseide;
And well nigh with that word for fere he deide.

And whan that Pandare herd her name neven,
Lorde! he was glad, and sayid, Frend so dere,
Now fare a right, for Jov's name in heven
Love hath beset the well: be of gode chere,
For of gode name, and wisdom, and manere,
She hath inough, and eke of gentillnesse:
If she be faire thou wost thy self I gesse.

Ne nevyr seie I a more bounteous
Of her estate, ne gladdir, ne of speche
A frendlier, ne none more gracious
For to doe well, ne lasse had nede to seche
What for to doen, and all this bet to eche
In honour to as ferre as she may stretche:
A king's herte semeth by her's a wretche.

And forthy loke of gode comforte thou be,
For certainly the firste pointe is this
Of noble corage, and wele ordaine the
A man to have pece with himselfe iwis;
So oughtist thou, for nought but gode it is
To lovin wel and in a worthy place;
The ought not to clepin it happe but grace.

And also thinke, and therwith gladdin the,
That sith thy lady vertuous is all,
So soloweth it that there is some pite
Amongis all these othir in generall,
And for thei fe that thou in speciall
Requirist nought that is ayen her name;
For Vertue stretchith not himselfe to shame.

But wel is me that evir I was borne
That thou beset art in so gode a place,
For by my trowth in love I durst have sworne
The should nevyr have tidde so faire a grace;
And wost you why? for thou were wont to chace
At Love in scorn, and for dispite him call
Saint Idiot, lord of these folis all.

How oftin hast thou madin thy nice japes?
And saied that Lov's servautes everichone
Of nicete ben very godd's apes,
And some of them would monche ther mete alone
Ligging a bedde, and make 'hem for to grone,
And some thou saidist had a blaunche severe,
And praidist God thei should nevyr kevere:

And some of 'hem toke on 'hem for the cold
More than inough; so saidist thou full oft,
And some han fainid oftin time, and tolde
How that thei wakin whan thei slepin soft,
And thus thei would have fet 'hem self aloft,
And nathelesse were undir at the laste:
Thus saidist thou, and japidist full faste.

Yet saidist thou that for the more part
These loyirs wouldin speke in generall,
And thoughtin that it was a likir art
For failing for to assayn ovir all:
Now maie I jape of the if that I shall;
But nathelesse although that I should die
Thou art none of tho I dafe well seie.

Now bete thy brest, and saie to god of Love,
Thy grace, o Lord! for now I me repent
If I misspake, for now my self I love;
Thus saie with all thine hert in gode entent.
(Quod Troilus) Ah, Lorde! I me consent,
And praie to the my japis thou foryeve,
And I no more will jape while that I live.

Thou saiest well, (quod Pandare) and now I hope
That thou the godd'is wrath hast al apesed;
And sithin thou hast weptin many a drope,
And said such thing wherewith thy god is plesed,
Now would God nevir but that thou were esed,
And thinke well fne of whom rest all thy wo
Hereaftir maie thy comfort ben also.

For thilke ground that berith the wedis wicke
Bereth eke these wholfome herbis as full oft,
And nexte to the foule nettle rough and thicke
The rose ywexith sote, and smothe, and soft,
And next the valey is the hill aloft,
And next the derke night is the glad morowe,
And also joie is next the fne of sorowe.

Now loke that well attempte be thy bridell,
And for the best aie suffre to the tide,
Or ellis all our labour is on idell:
He bastith well that wisely can abide.
Be diligent and true, and aie well hide:
Be lustie, fre: persever in servise,
And all is well if thou werke in this wife:

But he that partid is in every place
Is no where whole, as writin clerkis wife;
What wondir is if soche one have no grace?
Eke wost thou how it fareth of some servise?
As plant a tre or herbe in fondrie wife,
And on the morowe pull it up as blive,
No wondir is though it maie nevir thrive.

And sith the god of Love hath the bestowed
In place digne unto thy worthinesse,
Stonde fast, for to a gode port hast thou rowed,
And of thy self for any hevinesse
Hope alwaie well; for but if drerinesse
Or ovirhaft doe our bothe labour shende
I hope of this to makin a gode ende.

And wost thou why? I am the lasse asered
Of this matter with my nece for to trete,
For this have I herd saie of wife and lered,
Was nevir man or woman yet beyete
That was unapt to suffre lov'is hete
Celestiall, or ellis love of kinde;
Forthy some grace I hope in her to finde.

And for to speke of her in speciall,
Her beaute to bethinkin and her youthe,
It fit her nought to ben celestiall
As yet, though that her bothe list and kouthe;
And truily it fit her well right nouthie
A worthie knight to lovin and cherice,
And but she doe I holde it for a vice.

Wherefore I am and will be aie redy
To painin me to do you this service,
For bothe of you to plesin; this hope I
Hereaftirwardis, for ye ben bothe wife,
And connin counsaile kepe in soche a wife
That no man shall the wisir of it be;
And so we maie ben gladdid alle thre.

And by my trouth I have right now of the
A gode conceit in my wit as I gesse.
And what it is I woll now that thou se;
I think that sithin Love of his godenesse
Hath the convertid out of wickidnesse
That thou shalt ben the beste post I leve
Of all his laie, and moste his soin greve.

Ensample why, se now these grete clerkes,
That errin aldirmoste ayen all lawe,
And ben convertid from ther wickid werkes
Through grace of God, that lest hem to him drawe,
Than arne thei folk that han most God in awe,
And strengist faithid ben I undirfonde,
And con an errour aldirbest withfonde.

Whan Troilus had herde Pandare assented
To ben his helpe in loving of Creseide
He wext of wo, as who saith unturmented,
But hottir wext his love; and than he saide
With sobre chere, as though his herte yplaide,
Now blisfull Venus! helpe er that I sterre.
Of the, Pandare, I now some thanke deserve.

But, deré frende, how shal my wo be lesse
Till this be done? and, gode now, tell me this,
How wolt thou saine of me and my distresse,
Lest she be wroth? this drede I most iwis,
Or woi not herin al how that it is:
Al this drede I, and eke for the manere
Of the her eme she n'il no suche thing here.

(Quod Pandarus) Thou hast a ful grete care
Lest that the chorde may fal out of the mone.
Why, Lorde! I hate of the the nice fare;
Why entremete of that thou hast to done?
For Godd'is love I bidde the a bone;
So let me' alone, and it shal be thy best.
Why, frende, (quod he) than done right as the lest:

But herke, Pandare, o worde, for I ne wolde
That thou in me wendist so grete folie
That to my lady I desirin sholde
That touchich harme or any vilanie,
For dredileffe me were levir to die
Than she of me aught ellis underfode
But that might yfownin into gode.

Tho lough Pandare, and anon answerde,
And I thy borow? sic! no wight doth but so;
I ne raught not although she stode and herde
How that thou saiest: but farewel, I wol go:
Adieu; be glad: God spede us bothé two!
Yeve me this labour and this businesse
And of my spede be thine al the swetnes.

Tho Troilus on knees gan doune to fall,
(And Pandare in his armis hente him fast)
And saide, Nowe sie upon the Grekis all!
Yet parde God shal helpin at the last,
And dredileffe if that my life may last,
And God toforne, lo! some of hem shal smerte;
And yet me athinketh that this avaut m'asterte.

And now, Pandare, I can no more say,
But thou wise, thou wost thou maist: thou art al;
My life, my deth, hole in thine honde I lay,
Helpe me (quod he.) Yes, by my trouth I shal.
God yelde the, frende, and this in speciall,
(Quod Troilus that thou me recommaunde
To her that may me to the deth commaunde.

This Pandarus, tho, desirous to serue
His ful frende, tho saide in this manere;
Farwel, and thinke I wol thy thanke deserve,
Have here my trowth, and that thou shalt well here:
And went his way thinking on this matere,
And how he best might her beseeche of grace,
And find a lesure therto and a place.

For every wight that hath a house to found
He rennith nat the werke for to beginne
With rakel honde, but he wol bide a ffound,
And sende his hert's line out fro within,
Thus aldirfirst his purpose for to winne,
As this Pandarus in his hert's thought
Did cast his werke full wifely er he wrought.

But Troilus lay tho no lengir down,
But up anon gat upon his stede baie,
And in the felde he playid the lion;
Wo was that Greke that with him met that daie:
And in the tounce his manir tho forthe aie

So godely was, and gat him so in grace,
That eche him loved that lokid in his face.

For he becamin the most frendly wight,
The gentilist, and eke the moste fre,
The trustyist, and one the beste knight,
That in his time was or ellis might be:
Ded were his japis and his cruilte,
Ded his high porte and all his manir straunge,
And eche of 'hem gan for a vertue chaunge.

Now let us stint of Troilus a stounde,
That ferith like a man that hurt is fore,
And is somdele of aking of his wounde
Ylefid wel, but helid no dele more,
And as an esy pacient the lore
Abite of him that goth about his cure,
And thus he drivith forth his avinture.

TROILUS & CRESEIDE.

PROCEMIUM LIBRI SECUNDI.

Out of these blackè wawis let us faile,
O winde, o winde! the wedir ginnith clere,
For in the se the hote hath suche travaille
Of my constring that usneth I it stere :
This se clepe I the tempestous matere
Of depe dispaire that Troilus was in ;
But now of hope the kalendis begin.

O lady mine, that callid art Clio !
Thou be my spede fro this forthe, and my Muse,
To rimè wel this Boke til I have do ;
Me nedith here none othir art to use ;
For why? to every lovir I me' excuse
That of no sentiment I this endite,
But out of Latin in my tonge it write.

Wherefore I n'il have neithir thanke ne blame
Of all this Worke, but praie you mekily
Disblamith me if any worde be lame,
For as mine auctour sayid so say I ;
Eke though I speke of love unfeelingly
No wondir is, for it nothinge of newe is :
A blinde man can not judgin wel in brevis.

I know eke that in forme of speche is chaunge
Within a thousande yere, and wordis tho
That haddin prife now wondir nice and straunge
Us thinkith 'hem, and yet thei spake 'hem so,
And spedde as wel in love as men now do ;

Eke for to winnin love in sondry ages
In sondry londis sondry ben usages.

And forthy if it happe in any wise
That here be any lovir in this place
That herkeneth, as the story wol devise,
How Troilus came to his ladie's grace,
And thinkith so n'olde I not love purchace,
Or wondrith on his speche or his doying,
I n'ot, but it is to me no wondring :

For every wight whiche that to Rome ywent
Halt nat o pathe ne alway o manere ;
Eke in some londe were al the game yshent
Yf that men farde in love as men don here,
As thus, in opin doying or in chere,
In visiting, in forme, or said our sawes ;
For thus men faine, *Eke countre bath his lawes,*

Eke scarcely ben there in this placè thre
That have in love said like and don in al,
For to this purpose this maie likin the,
And the right nought, yet al is done or shal ;
Eke some men grave in tre, some in stone wal,
As it betide : but sithe I have begonne,
Mine authour shall I folow as I konne.

LIBER SECUNDUS.

IN May, that mothir is of monethis glade,
That the freshe flouris all, blew, white, and rede,
Ben quicke ayen that wintir ded had made,
And full of baume is fletting every mede,
Whan that Phœbus doth his bright bennis spred
Right in the white Bole, right so it betidde,
As I shal singe, on May is day the thridde,
That Pandarus, for all his wif speche,
Felte eke his parte of Llov'is shot is kene,
That coude he ner so well of loving preche
It made his hewe al daie ful oftin grene;
So shope it that him fill that day a tene
In love for whiche in wo to bedde he went,
And made er it were day full many' a went.

The swalow Progne with a sorowful lay,
Whan morow come, gan make her waimenting
Why the forlhapin was; and ever lay
Pandare abed halfe in a slombering,
Til she so nigh him made her waimenting,
How Tereus gan forth her fastir take,
That with the noise of her he gan awake,

And to call, and dreslin him up to rise,
Remembring him his arande was to done
From Troilus, and eke his grete emprise,
And cast, and knew in gode plite was the mone
To done voiage, and toke his way full fone
Unto his nec'is paleis there beside:

Now Janus, god of Entre, thou him gide!

Whan he was come unto his nec'is place,
Where is my lady, to her folke (quod he?)
And thei him tolde, and he forthe in gan pace,
And founde two othir ladies sit and the
Within a pavid parlour, and thei thre
Herdin a maidin 'hem redin the geste
Of the siege of Thebis whilis 'hem leste.

Madame, quod Pandare, God you save and fe,
With al your boke and al the companie!

Eighe! uncle mine, welcome iwis, (quod she)
And up she rose, and by the honde in hic
She toke him fast, and sayid, This night thrye,
To gode mote it yturne, of you I mette;
And with that word she down on bench him fet.

Ye, nece, ye shullin farin wel the bet,
If God wol, al this yere, (quod Pandarus)
But I am fory that I have you let

To herkin of your boke ye praisin thus:
For Godd'is love what faith it? tell it us:
Is-it of love? some gode ye may me lere.

Uncle, (quod she) your maistresse is nat here.
With that thei gonnin laugh, and tho she seide,
This romaunce is of Thebis that we rede,
And we have herd how that King Lavis deide
Through Oedipus his sonne, and all the dede;
And here we stintin at these letters rede
How the bishop, as the boke can ytell,
Amphiorax, fill through the grounde to hell.

(Quod Pandarus) All this know I my selve,
And al th' assiege of Thebis and the care,
For herof ben there makid bokis twelve:
But let be this, and tell me how ye fare:
Do' way your barbe, and shew your faee bare;
Do' way your boke: rise up and let us daunce,
And let us done to May some observance.

Eighe! God-forbid! (quod she) What! be ye
mad?

Is that a widow's life, so God you save?
Parde you makin me right fore adrad;
Ye bene so wilde it semith as ye rave:
It fat me wel bettir aie in a cave
To bide, and rede on holy saintis lives:
Let maidins gon to daunce and yongè wives.

As evir thrive I (quod this Pandarus)
Yet coude I tel a thing to don you play.
Now uncle dere (quod she) tellith it us
For Godd'is love: is than th' alliege awie?
I am of Grekis ferde so that I deie.
Nay, nay, (quod he) as evir mote I thrive
It is a thing wel bettir than fuche five.

Ye, holy God! (quod she) what thing is that?
What! bettir than fuche five? Eighe! nay iwis
For al this world ne can I redin what
It shoud yben: some jape I trowe it is;
And but your selvin tell us what it is
My wit is for to arede it al to lene:

As helpe me God I n'ot what that ye mene.
And I your borow; ne ner shal (quod he)
This thing be tolde to you, as mote I thrive.
And why so, uncle mine, why so? (quod she.)
By God (quod he) that wol I tel as blive,
For proudir woman is there none on live,

And ye it wiste, in al the toune of Troie :
I ne jape nat, so evir have I joie.

Tho gan she to wondrin more than before
A thousande folde, and doun her eyin cast,
For nevyr sithe the time that she was bore
To knowin thing desirid she so fast,
And with a sike she said him at the last,
Now, uncle mine, I wil you not displese,
Nor askin that that may do you disese.

So aftir this with many wordis glade
And frendly talis, and with mery chere,
Of this and that thei speke, and gonnon wade
In many an unkouth, glad, and depe, matere,
As frendis done whan thei ben met isere,
Til she gan askin him how Hector ferde,
That was the toun's wall and Grekis yerde.

Ful wel, I thanke it God, saide Pandarus,
Save in his arme he hath a litle wounde;

And eke his freshe brothir Troilus,
To the wise worthy Hector the secunde,
In whom that every vertue liste habounde,
As alle trouthe and alle gentilnesse,
Wifedome, honour, fredome, and worthinesse.

In gode faith, erise, (quod she) that likith me
Thei farin wel; God save hem bothe two!
For trewliche I holde it a grete deinte
A king's sonne in armis wel to do,
And be of gode condicions therto,
For grete powir and moral vertue here
Is felde isene in one persone isere.

In gode faith that is sothe, (quod Pandarus)
But by my trouthe the king hath fonnis twey,
That is to mene Hector and Troilus,
That certainly though that I should ydey
Thei ben as voide of viciis, dare I sey,
As any men that livin undir sonne;
Thei might is wide iknow and what thei conne.

Of Hector nethith nething for to tel;
In all this world there n'is a bettir knight
Than he, that is of worthinesse the wel,
And he wel more of vertue hath than might,
This knowith many a wife and worthy knight;
And the same prife of Troilus I sey:
God helpe me so I knowe not such a twey.

Parde (quod she) of Hector that is sothe,
And of Troilus the same thing trowe I,
For dredifesse men tellith that he dothe
In armis day by day so worthily,
And berith him here at home gently
To every wight, that al prife hath he
Of them that me were levisit praisid be.

Ye say right sothe iwis, (quod Pandarus)
For yesterday, who so had with him ben
Mightin have wondrid upon Troilus,
For nevyr yet so thicke a swarme of been
Ne flewe as Grekis from him gannin seen,
And through the felde in every wight's ere
There was no erie but Troilus is there!

Now here now there he huntid hem so fast
There n'as but Grekis blode and Troilus;
Now him he hurt, and him al doun he cast;
Aye where he went it was arrayid thus:
He was ther deth, and shelde and life for us,

That as that day ther durst him none withstonde
While that he helde his bloody swerde in honde,

Therto he is the frendlyist man
Of gret estate that er I sawe my live,
And where him liste the best felowship can
To suche as him thinkith able to thrive,
And with that word tho Pandarus as blive
He toke his leve, and said I wol gon hen.
Nay, blame have I, myne uncle, (quod she) then.

What ellith you to be thus wery sone,
And namiliche of women wol ye so?
Naie, sittith doun; parde I have to done
With you to speke of wifdome er ye go;
And every wight that was about hem tho
That herde that gan ferre awaie to stonde.
While thei two had al that hem liste on honde.

Whan that her tale al brought was to an ende
Of her estate and of her governaunce,
(Quod Pandarus) Now time is that I wende,
But yet I say Arisith, let us dsaunce
And caste your widowe's habite to mischaunce;
What liste you thus your selfe to disfigure,
Sithe you is tidde so glad an aviture?

But wel berhought; for love of God (quod she)
Shal I nat wetin what ye mine of this?
No, this thing askith lesir tho quod he)
And eke it me would full muche greve iwis
If I it tolde and ye it toke amis;
Yet were it bette my tonge to holdin sil
Than say a sothe that were ayenst your wil.

For, nece myne, by the goddesse Minerve,
And Jupiter, that makith the thonde'ring,
And by the blisful Venus that I serve,
Ye ben the woman in this world living,
Withoutin paramours, to my weting,
That I best love, and lothist am to greve,
And that ye wetin wel your selfe I leve.

Iwis, mise uncle, (quod she) graunt mercy!
Your frendship have I foundin evir yet;
I am to no man beholdin trewly
So muche as you, and have so litil quit;
And with the grace of God emforth my wit
As in my gilte I shal you ner offende.
And if I have er this I wol amende,

But for the love of God I you besече,
As ye be he that I love most and trise,
Let be to me your fremid manir speche,
And saie to me your nece what so you list,
And with that wordes her uncle anon her list,
And sayid, Gladly, my leve nece so dere!
Take it for gode that I shal say you here.

With that she gan her eyin doun to caste,
And Pandarus to roughe began a lise,
And sayid, Nece, alway, lo! to the laste,
How so it be that some men hem delite
With subtil art ther talis for t'endite,
Yet for al that in ther entencion
Ther tale is all for some conclusion.

And sithe the end is every tal's strength,
And this matris so behovely,
What should I paint or drawin it on length?
To you that ben my frende so faithfully
And with that wordes he gan right inwardly

Beholdin her, and lokin in her face,
And saide, On suche a mirroure muche gode grace!

Than thought he thus, if I my tale endite
Ought harde or make a processe any while,
She shal no favour have therin but lite,
And trowe I would her in my wil begile,
For tendir wittis wenin al be wile
Wher as thei con nat plainliche undirfond;
Forthy her wit to founin wol I fonde;

And lokid on hir in a besy wife,
And she was ware that he behelde her so:
Ah, Lorde! (quod she) so faste ye me avise,
Sawe ye me ner er now? what, say ye no?
Yes, yes, (quod he) and bet wol er I go;
But by my trowth I thoughtin nowe if ye
Be fortunate, for now men shall it fe.

For every wight some godely avinture
Somtime is shape, if he it can receive,
But if that he n'il take of it no cure
When that it cometh, but wilfully it weive,
Lo, neither case nor Fortune him deceive,
But right his owne slouth and wretchidnesse;
And suche a wight is for to blame I gesse.

Gede avinture, o bellè nece! have ye
Full lightly foundin, and ye conne it take;
And for the love of God and eke of me
Catche it anone, lest avinture yslake:
What should I lengir processe of it make?
Yeve me your hond, for in this world is none,
If that you list, a wight so well begon.

And sithe I speke of gode entencioun,
As I to you have tolde wel here beforen,
And love as wel your honour and renoun
As any cature in the worlde iborne,
By al the othis that I have you fborne
And ye be wrothe therfore, or wene I lie,
Ne shal I never sene you este with eie.

Beth nat agaste, ne quakith nat; wherto?
Ne chaungith nat for fere so your hewe;
For hardily the worst of this is do;
And though my tale as now be to you newe,
Yet trust alwaie ye shal me findin trewe;
And were it thing that me thought unfitting
To you ne would I no such talis bring.

Nowe, my gode eme, for Godd'is love I pray
(Quod she) come of and tel me what it is,
For bothe I am agast what ye wol say,
And eke me longith it to wit iwis,
For whethir it be wel or be amis
Say on; let me not in this fere ydwel.
So wol I done: now herkenith I shal tel.

Now nece mine, the king'is owne dere sonne,
The gode, the wise, the worthy, fresh and fre,
Whiche alway for to done wel is his wonne,
The noble Troilus, so lovith the
That but ye helpe it wol his bane ybe.
Lo! here is al: what shouldin I more sey?
Doth what you list to make him live or dey.

But if ye let him dye I wol stervin,
Have here my trouthe, nece, I n'il not lien,
Al should I with this knive my throte kervin:
With that the teris burst out of his eyen,
And saide, If that ye done us both to dien

Thus guiltlesse, than have ye fithid faire;
What mendeth it you though that we both apaire?

Alas! he whiche that is my lorde so dere
That trewe man, that noble gentle knight,
That naught desirith but your frendly chere,
I se him dyin, there he goth upright,
And hastith him with al his fullè might
For to ben flaine, if his fortune assente:
Alas that God you suche a beaute sente!

If it be so that ye so cruil be
That of his deth you listith nought to retch,
That is so trewe and worthy as we se,
No more than of a japir or a wretch,
If ye be suche, your beaute may nat stretch
To make amendes of so cruill a dede:

Aviement is gode before the nede.

Wo worthe the faire gemme that is vertulesse!
Wo worthe that herbe also that dothe no bote!
Wo worth the beaute that is routhelèsse!
Wo worth that wight that trede eche undir fote!
And ye that ben of beaute crophe and rote,
If therewithal in you ne be no routh,
Than is it harme ye livin, by my trouthe.

And also thinke wel that this is no gaudie,
For me were levir thou, and I, and he,
Were hongid than that I should ben his baude,
As high as men might on us al life:
I am thine eme; the shame were unto me
As wel as the if that I should assent
Through mine abet that he thine honour shent.

Now undirfonde, for I you nought require
To binde you to him thorough no behest
Save one, that ye makin him bettir chere
Than ye kan don er this and more feste,
So that his life be favid at the leste
This al and some is plainly our entente:
God helpe me so I never othir mente.

Lo! this request is nought but skil iwis,
Ne doute of reson parde is there none:
I set the worst that ye dredin; this is,
Men would wondir to sene him come and gone:
Ther ayenist answer I thus anone,
That every wight, but he be sole of kinde,
Wol deme it love of frendship in his minde.

What! who wol demin though he se a man
To temple gon that he th' imagis eteth?
Thinke eke howe wel and wisely that he can
Governe himselfe that he nothing foryeteth,
That wher he cometh he pris and thonk him
And eke therto he shal come here so fælde [geteth];
What force were it though all the toun behelde?

Suche love of frendes reignith in al this toun:
And wrie you in that mantil evirmo;
And God so wis be my salvacioun
As I have saide your best is to do so.
But, gode nece, alway for to stint his wo
So let your daungir sugrid ben alite.
That of his deth ye be not al to wite.

Creseide, which that herde him in this wise,
Thought I shal fele what he menith iwis.
Now eme, (quod she) what wouldin ye devise?
What is youre rede that I should don of this?
That is wel said, quod he: certaine best is

That ye him love aken for his loving,
As love for love is skilful gearduoning.
Thinke eke how elde wasteth every hour
In eche of you a part of your beaute,
And therefore er that age doth the devour
Go love, for olde there wold no wight love the.
Let this proverbe a lore unto you be,
To late inuare, quod Beaute, when it passe,
And elde ydauntith daungir at the lasse.

The king's sole is wont to crie aloud,
Whan that he thinketh a woman bereth her hie,
So longè mote ye livin, and all proude,
Til crow's fete growin undir your eie,
And fende you than a mirrour in to prie
In which that ye may se your face a morrowe:
Neece, I bid him within you no more sorowe.

With this he stinte, and cast adoune the hed,
And he began to bress and wepe anone,
And faide, Alas for wo! why n'ere I ded?
For of this world the faith is al agone:
Alas! what shuldin straunge unto me done
When he that for my bestè frende I wende
Redith me love who shulde it me defende?

Alas! I would have trustid doutles
That if that I through my disaventure
Had lovid eithir him or Achilles,
Hector, or any othir manir creature,
Ye n'old have had no mercy ne mesure
On me, but alwaie had me in reprieve:
This false worlde, alas! who may it leve?

What! is this al the joy and al the fest?
Is this your rede? is this my blisful eas?
Is this the very mede of your behest?
Is this al paintid proceffe said (alas!)
Right for this fine? O lady mine Pallas,
Thou in this dredeful case for me purvey,
For so astonied am I that I dey.

With that the gan ful sorowfully to sike:
Ah! may it be no bet? (Quod Pandarus)
By God I shall no more come here this weke,
And God to-forne, that am mistrustid thus;
I se wel now ye settin lite of us
Or of our deth, alas! I, woful wretche,
Might he yet live of me were nought to retche.

O cruil god of Deth, dispitous Marte!
O Furies thre of hel! on you I crie,
So let me ner out of this house departe
Yf that I ment or harme or vilanie;
But sithe I se my lorde mote nedis die,
And I with him, here I me shrive, and fey,
That wickidly ye donè us bothe to dey.

But sithe it likith you that I be ded,
By Neptunus, that god is of the Se,
Fro this forthe shal I never etin bred
Til that I mine own hert's blode maie se,
For certaine I wol die as fone as he:
And up he sterte, and on his way he raught,
Til he againe him by the lappe ycaught.

Creseide, which that wel nigh starfe for fere,
So as she was aye the most ferefull wight
That mightin be, and herde eke with her ere,
And sawe the sorowful ernest of the knight,
And in his prayir sawe eke non unright,

And for the harme eke that might fallin more,
She gan to rewe, and dredde her wondir fore;

And thus she thought; unhappis fallin thick
Al day for love, and in fuche manir caas
As men ben cruill in 'hem selfe and wicke;
And if this man fle here hemselfe, alas!
In my presence, it n'il be no solas:
What men would of it deme I can nat say;
It nedith me full slyghly for to play.

And with a sorowful sighe she faide thrie,
Ah, Lorde! me is betidde a fory chaunce,
For mine estate lieth in a jeopardie,
And eke mine em's life lieth in balaunce;
But nathèlesse with Godd's govirnaunce
I shal so done mine honour shal I kepe,
And eke his life, and stintin for to wepe.

Of barmis two the lesse is for to chese;
Yet had I levir makin him gode chere
In honour than mine em's life to lese;
Ye saine ye nothing ellis me requere.
No, wis, (quod he) mine owne nece so dere!
Now wel, (quod she) and I wol don my paine;
I shal mine herte aye my lust constraine.

But that I n'il nat holdin him honde,
Ne love a man, that can I naught ne may,
Ayenst my wil, but ellis wol I soude,
Mine honour save, plesse him fro day to day;
Therto n'olde I not onis have faide nay
But that I dredde as in my fantasie;
But *Cesse cause and ale cessith maladie.*

But here I make a protestacion
That in this proceffe if ye depir go
That certainly for no salvacion
Of you, though that ye stervin bothè two,
Though al the worlde on o day be my fo,
Ne shal I ner on him have othir routhe.

I graunt it wel (quod Pandare) by my trouthe.
But maie I trustin well to you (quod he)
That of this thing that ye han hight me here
Ye wold it holdin truly unto me?
Ye, doubtiles, quod she, myne uncle dere!
Ne that I shall have cause in this matere
(Quod he) to plain or astir you to prèche?

Why no, parde; what nedith more speche?
Tho fellin thei in othir talis glade,
Till at the last, O gode eme! (quod she tho)
For love of God, whiche that us bothe ymade,
Tell me how first ye wistin of his wo;
Wot non of it but ye? He sayid No.
Can he well speke of love, (quod she) I preie?

Tell me, for I the bet shall me purvie.
The Pandarus a litil gan to smile,
And sayid, By my trouth I shall now tell:
This othir daie, nat gon full longè while,
Within the paleis gardin by a well
Can he and I well halfe a daie to dwell,
Right for to spekin of an ordinaunce
How we the Grekis mightin disavaunce:

Sone after that begone we for to lepe
And castin with our dartis to and fro,
Till at the last he sayid he would slepe,
And on the grasse adoune he laied him tho;
And I astir gan romin to and fro,

Till that I herd, as I walkid alone,
How he began ful wofully to grone.

The gan I stalke him full softly behinde,
And sikirly, the sothe for to faine,
As I can clepe ayen now to my minde,
Right thus to Love he gan him for to plain :
He sayid, Lorde, have routh upon my pain;
All have I ben rebell in mine entent,
Now (*mea culpa*) Lorde, I me repent.

O God ! that at thy disposicion
Ledist forth the fine by iust purveiaunce
Of every wight, my lowe confession
Accept in gre, and sende me soche penaunce
As likith the; put from me disperaunce,
That maie my ghost departe alwaie fro the :
Thou be my shilde for thy benignite.

For certis, Lorde, so fore hath she me wounded
That stode in blacke with loking of her eyen,
That to mine hert'is botome it is founded,
Through which I wot that I must nedis dien ;
This is the worst, I dare me nought bewrien,
And well the hotir ben the gleidis rede
That men 'hem wrien with ashin pale and ded.

With that he smote his hedde adoune anone,
And gan to muttre I nat what truly,
And I with that gan fill awaie to gone,
And lete thereof as nathing wist had I,
And come again anon and stode him by,
And saied, Awake, ye slepin all to long ;
It semith me nought that Love doth you wrong

That slepin so that no man maie you wake ;
Who seie evir er this so dull a man ?
Ye, frende, (quod he) doe ye your hedd'is ake
For love, and let me livin as I can ;
But though that he for we was pale and wan
Yet made he tho as freshe a countenance
As though he shoulde have led the newe daunce.

This passid forth till now this othir daie
It self that I come roming all alone
Into his chambre, and founde how that he laie
Upon his bedde; but man so fore grone
Ne herd I nevir; and what was his mone
Ne wist I nought, for as I was comming
All sodainly he left his complaining,

Of whiche I toke somewhat suspicion,
And nere I come, and founde him wepe fore ;
And God so wise be my salvacion
As I had nevir routh of nothing more,
For neithir with engine ne with no lore
Unnethis might I fro the deth him kepe,
That yet seie I mine herte for him wepe,

And God wot nevir sith that I was borne
Was I so lasche no man for to preche,
Ne nevir was to wight so depe ysworne,
Er he me told who might yben his leche ;
But not to you reherfin al his speche,
Or all his wofull wordis for to sowne,
Ne bid me nought, but ye wolle se me swone ;

But for to save his life, and ellis nought,
And to non harm of you, thus am I driven ;
And for the love of God that us hath wrought
Soche chere him doth that he and I maie liven.
Now have I plat to you mine herte yhriven,

And sith ye wote that mine entent is clene
Take hede thereof, for none evill I mene.

And right gode thrif I pray to God have ye
That han soche one icaught withoutin net ;
And be ye wise, as ye be faire to fe ;
Well in the ring than is the rubie set :
There werin nevir two so well imet
Whan ye ben his all whole as he is your :
The mighty God us grant to se that hour !

Naie, thereof spake I nat. A ha ! (quod she)
As helpe me God ye shendin every dele,
A, mercie, dere nece ! anon (quod he)
What so I spake I ment it nought but wele,
By Mars the god that helmid is of stele :
Now beth not wroth, my blode, my nece dere !
Now well (quod she) foryevin be it here.

With this he toke his leve, and home he went ;
Ye, Lorde, how he was glad and well bigon !
Creseide arose, no lengir she ne stent,
But streight into her closet went anon,
And set her doune as still as any stone,
And every worde gan up and doune to winde
That he had saied as it came her to minde.

And woxe somedeled attonid in her thought
Right for the newe case ; but whan that she
Was full avifid, tho found she right nought
Of perill why that she oughte aserde be,
For man maie love of possibillite
A woman so that his herte maie to brest
And she nat love ayen but if her left.

But as the sat alone and thoughted thus,
In field arose a skirmish all without,
And men cried in the strete, Se ! Troilus
Hath right now put to flight the Grekis rout ;
With that gonne all her meire for to shout
A ! go we fe ; cast up the gatis wide,
For through this strete he mote to paleis ride,

For othir waie is fro the yatis none
Of Dardanus, there opin is the cheine ;
With that come he and all his folke anon,
And esie pace riding in routis twaine,
Right as his happie daie was (sothe to seine)
For whiche men saith maie not discourbid be
That shal betidin of necessite.

This Troilus sat on his baie stede
All armid save his hedde full richly,
And woundid was his horse, and gan to blede,
On whiche he rode a pace full softly ;
But soche a knightly fight, lo ! truly
As was on him was nat withoutin faile
To loke on Mars, that god is of Battailo,

So like a man of armis and a knight
He was to seue, fulfilled of high prowesse,
For bothe he had a bodie and a might
To doen that thing as well as hardinesse,
And eke to fene him in his gere dresse,
So freshe, so yong, so weldy, semid he,
It was an hevyn on him for to se him passe.

His helme to hewin was in twentic places,
That by a tiffue hong his backe behinde,
His shelde to dashed with swardis and with maces,
In whiche men might many an arowe finde
That thirld had both horne, and nerse, and riade,

And aie the peple cried, Here cometh our joie,
And next his brother holdir up of Troie!

For which he wote a litle redde for shame
When he to herd the peple on him crien,
That to beholde it was a noble game
Now sobirliche no cast adoune his eyen.
Creseide anon gan all his chere espie,
And let it in her herte so softly synke
That to her self she sayed, Ho! give me drinke.

For of her owne thought she wote al redde,
Remembring her right thus, lo! this is he
Whiche that mine uncle fwereth he mote be dedde
But I on him have mercie and pite:
And with that ilk thought for pure shame she
Gan in her hedde to pull, and that as fast,
While he and all the peple forth by past:

And gan to cast and rollin up and down
Within her thought his excellent prowesse,
And his estate, and also his renoun,
His witte, his shape, and eke his gentilnesse;
But mooste her favour was, for his distresse
Was all for her, and thought it were a routh
To slaen soche one, if that he mented trouth.

Now might some envious wight janglin thus,
This was a sodain love; how might it be
That she so lightly lov'd Troilus,
Right at the first sight of him? Yea, parde.
Now who so faied so mote he nevyr the,
For every thing a ginning hath it nede
Er all be wrought withoutin any drede.

For I saie nat that she so sodenly
Yafe him her love, but that she gan encline
To liken him tho, and I have told you why;
And afir that his manhode and his pine
Made love within her herte for to mine,
For whiche by proceesse and by gode service
He wanne her love, and in no sodain wile.

And also blisful Venus wele arayed
Satte in her fevinth house of hevyn tho
Disposid wele, and with aspectis payed,
To helpin fely Troilus of his wo;
And, sothe to sayne, she n'as nat all a foc
To Troilus in hys natyvyte,
God wote that wele the sonir spedin he.

Now let us finte of Troilus a throwe,
That ridith forth, and let us tourne fast
Unto Creseide, that heng her hedde full lowe
There as she satte alone, and gan to cast
Wheron she would apoinct her at the last,
If it so were her cme ne would ycesse
For Troilus upon her for to presse.

And, Lorde! so she gan in her thought argue
In this matter of whiche I have you told,
And what to doen best were, and what elchue,
That plaid she ful oft in many fold;
Now was her herte warme, now was it cold;
And what she thought of somewhat shal I write
As mine and hour listith to met' endite.

She thought wele first that Troilus person
She knewe by sight, and eke his gentilnesse,
And thus she said, All were it nought to doen
To graunt him love, yet for his worthinesse
It wer honor with plaie and with gladnesse

VOL. I.

In honeste with such a lorde to dele
For mine estate and also for his hele.

Eke well wote I my king's sonne is he,
And sith he hath to se me soche delite,
If I would utterliche his fight yllie,
Par'aventure he might have me in dispite,
Thorough whiche I might stondin in worke plite;
Now were I not wile me hate to purchase,
Withoutin nede, there I male stand in grace.

In every thing I wot there lieth measure;
For though a man forbidith dronkinesse,
He nought forbiddith that every creature
Be drinklesse for alwaie, as I gesse;
Eke sith I wot for me is his distresse
I ne ought not for that thing him dispise,
Sith it is so he menith in gode wile.

And eke I knowe of longe time agone
His thewis gode, and that he n'is not nice,
No vauntour faine men certain he is none,
To wile is he to doen so grette a vice,
Ne als I n'll him nevyr so cherice
That he shall make a vaunt by juste cause;
He shall me nevyr binde in soche a clause.

Now set a case, the hardist is iwis,
Men mightin demin that he lovith me;
What dishonour were it unto me this?
Maie I him let of that? why naie, parde;
I knowe also, and alwaie here and se,
Men lovin women al this tounie about;
Be thei the wers? why naie, withoutin doubt.

I thinke eke how he worthy is to have
Of all this noble tounie the thriftyist
That woman is, if she her honour save,
For out and out he is the worthyist
Save only Hector, whiche that is the best;
And yet his life lieth al now in my cure:
But soche is love, and eke mine avinture.

Ne me to love a wondir is it nought,
For well wote I my self, so God me spede,
All woll I that no man wist of this thought,
I am one of the fairist out of drede,
And godelyist, who so that takith hede,
And so men faine, in all the tounie of Troie;
What wondir is though he of me have joie?

I am mine owne woman, well at ese,
I thanke it God, as afir mine estate,
Right yong, and stond untied in lustie lese,
Withoutin jelousie, and soche debate;
Shall no husbonde faine unto me Checke mate,
For either thei ben full of jelousie,
Or maistrifull, or lovin novelrie.

What shall I doen? to what fine live I thus?
Shall I not love in case if that me lest?
What? pardieus I am not religious;
And though that I mine herte set at rest
Upon this knight, that is the worthyist,
And kepe alwaie mine honor and my name,
By all right it maie doe to me no shame.

But right as whan the sunne shinith bright
In March, that chaungith oftintime his face,
And that a cloud is put with winde to flight
Whiche ovirprat the sunne as for a space,
A cloudy thought gan through her soule pace

2

That ovispradde her brighte thoughtis all,
So that for fere a moſte ſhe gan to fall.

That thought was this; Alas! ſith I am fre
Should I now love and put in jeopardie
My ſikinneſſe, and thrallin libertie?
Alas! how durſt I thinke that folie?
Maie I not well in othir folke aſpie
Ther dreedfull joie, ther conſtreint and ther pain?
Ther lovith non that ne hath why to plain?

For love is yet the moſte ſtormie life
Right of himſelf that evir was begonne,
For ever ſome miſtruſt or ſome nice ſtriſe
There is in love, ſome cloud ovir the funne;
Thereto we wretchid women nothing conne
Whan us is wo but wepe, and ſit, and thinke:
Our wretche is this, our owne wo to drinke.

Alſo theſe wickid tonguis ben ſo preſt
To ſpeke us harme, eke men ben ſo untrue,
That right anon as ceſſid is ther leſt
So ceſſith love, and forth to love anewe:
But *Harme adde is doen, wbo ſo it ruſ;*
For though theſe men for love 'hem firſt to rende,
Full ſharp beginning brekith eſte at ende.

How oſtin time hath it yknowin ben
The treſon that to women hath be doe!
'To what ſine is ſoche love I can not ſene,
Or where becomith it whan it is go
There is no wight that wote I trowe ſo;
Wher it becometh lo no wight on it ſpurneth;
That criſt was nothing into nothing turneth.

How buſie (if I love) eke muſt I be
To pletin 'hem that jangle' of love and deme,
And coyen 'hem that thei ſaie no harm of me!
For though there be no cauſe yet 'hem may ſeme
Al be for harme that folke ther frendis queme;
And who maie ſtoppin every wickid tong
Or ſounne of bellis while that thei ben ſong?

And after that her thought gan for to clere,
And ſaied, *He wiche that nothing undirtaketh*
Nothing' achewith, be him loth or dere;
And with an othir thought her hert yquaketh;
Than ſlepth hope, and aſtir drede awaketh;
Now hote now cold: but thus betwixn twey
She riſt her up and went her for to play.

Adoune the ſtaire anon right tho ſhe went
Into her gardine, with her necis thre,
And up and down thei madin many a went
Flexippe' and ſhe, Tarbe' and Antigone,
To playin, that it joie was to ſe,
And othir of her women a grete rout
Her folowed in the gardine all about.

This yerde was large, and railed al the aleyes,
And ſhadowed wel with bloſ'omy bowis grene,
And benchid newe, and ſondid all the weyes,
In whiche ſhe walkith arme in arme betwene,
Till at the laſt Antigone the ſhene
Gan on a Trojan ſong to ſingin clere,
That it an hevin was her voice to here.

She ſaied, O Love! to whom I have and ſhal
Ben humble ſubject, true in mine entent,
As I beſt can to you, Lorde, yeve I all
For evirmore mine hert'is love to rent,
For nevir yet thy grace to no wight ſent

So bliſfull cauſe as me, my life to lede
In all joie and ſuretie out of drede.

The bliſful God hath me ſo well beſet
In love iwis, that all that berith life
Imagin in ne could how to be bet;
For, Lorde, withoutin jelouſie or ſtriſe
I love one whiche that moſte is ententiſe
To ſervin well, unwarily' or unfained,
That evir was, and leſt with harme diſtained,

As he that is the well of worthineſſe,
Of trouth the ground, mirroure of godelihedde,
Of wit Apollo, ſtone of ſikinneſſe,
Of virtue rote, of luſte findir and hedde,
Thorough whiche is all ſorowe for me dedde:
Iwis I love him beſt, ſo doeth he me;
Now gode thrift have he where ſo er he be;

Whom ſhould I thankin but you, god of Love,
Of all this bliſſe in whiche to bathe I ginne?
And thankid be ye, Lorde, for that I love:
This is the righte life that I am inne,
To ſlemin all manir of vice and ſinne;
This doeth me ſo to vertue for to' entende
That daie by daie I in my will amende.

And who that ſaith that for to love is vice
Or thralldome, though he ſele in it diſtreſſe,
He either is envious or right nice,
Or is unrightie for his ſhredeneſſe
To lovin; for ſoche manir folke I geſſe
Diſſamin Love as nothing of him knowe;
They ſpeke of Love, but nevir bent his bowe.

What is the funne worſe of his kinde right
Though that a man for ſebleſſe of his eyen
Maie not endure on it to ſe for bright?
Or love the worſe that wretchis on it crien?
No wele is worth that maie no ſorowe drien;
And forthy, *Wbo that hath an hedde of verre*
Fro caſt of ſtonis waſpe him in the verre.

But I with al mine herte and all my might,
As I have ſaied, woll love unto my laſt
My owne dere herte, and all mine owne knight,
In whiche mine herte ygrowin is ſo faſt,
And his in me, that it ſhall evir laſt:
All did I dred at firſt to love begin
Now wote I well there is no pain therein.

And of her ſong right with that worde ſhe ſtent,
And therewithall, Now nece (quod Creſeide)
Who made this ſong now with ſo gode entent?
Antigone anſwerde anon, and ſaide,
Madame, iwis it was the godelyſt maide,
Of grete eſtate, in all the toune of Troie,
Who led her life in moſte honour and joie.

Forſothe ſo it yſemith by her ſong,
Quod tho Creſeide, and gan therwith to ſike,
And ſayid, Lorde! is there ſoche bliſſe emong
Theſe lovers, as thei can ſo faire endite?
Ye, wiſſe, quod freſhe Antigone the white,
For all the folke that have or ben on live
Ne couldin well the bliſſe of love diſcrive.

But wenin ye that every wretche wote
The parſite bliſſe of love? why naie, iwis;
Thei wenin all be love if one be hot;
Do' waie, do' waie! thei wote nothing of this;
Men mote aſkin of ſainctis if it is

Ought faire in heven? and why? for thei can tell;
And askin' fendes if it be foule in hell?

Creseide unto the purpose nought answerde,
But saied, Iwis it woll be night as faste;
But every worde whiche that she of her herde
She gan to printin in her herte faste;
And aie gan love her lasse for to agaste
Than' it did erst, and sinkin in her herte;
That she wax fomwhat able to converte.

The day's honour and the heven's eye,
The night's foe, all this clepe I the sonne,
Can weltrin fast, and downward for to wrie;
As he that had his day's course ironne,
And white thingis woxin all dimme and donne
For lacke of light, and steris for to aperre,
That she and all her folke in went isere.

So whan it liced her to gon to reste,
And voidid, werin thei that voidin ought;
She sayid, shat to slepin well her leste;
Her women sone unto her bedde her brought:
Whan al was hush't, than laie she stil and thought
Of all this thing the manir and the wise;
Reherce it nedith not, for ye ben wise.

A nightingale upon a cedre grene
Undir the chambir wall there as she laie
Full loude ysong ayen the mone saine,
Par'aventure in his bird's wife a laie
Of love, that made her herte freshe and gaie;
That herkenid she so long in gode entent
Till at the last the dedde slepe her hent.

And as she slept anon right tho her met
How that an egle, fethered white as bone,
Undir her brest his longé clawis fet,
And out her herte he rent, and that anon,
And did his herte into her brest to gon,
Of which she nought agrofe ne nothing smert,
And forthe he flyith with herte left for hert.

Now let her slepe, and we our talis holde
Of Troilus; that is to paleis ridden
Fro the scarmishe of the whiche I have toldé;
And in his chambir fate and hath abidden
Til two or thre of his messangirs yeden
For Pandarus, and soughtin him full fast
Til thei him found, and brought him at the last.

This Pandarus came leping in at ones,
And sayid thus, Who hath ben well ibeté
To daie with swardis and with songé stones
But Troilus, that hath caught him an hete?
And gan to jape, and saied, Lorde how ye fwete!
But rise and let us soupe and go to reste:
And he answerde him, Doe we as the leste.

With all the hast godely as thei might
Thei sped 'hem fro the soupir and to bedde,
And every wight out at the dore him dight,
And wher' him list upon his waie he sped,
But Troilus thought that his herte bledde
For wo til that he herdé some tiding,
And sayid, Frende, shall I now wepe or sing?

(Quod Pandarus) Be still and let me slepe,
And doe' on thy hode, thine nedis spedde ybe,
And chese if thou wolt sing, or daunce, or lepe:
At short wordis, thou shalt trowe all by me,
For, Sir, my nece woll doin well by the,

And love the best, by God and by my trothe,
But lacke of pursute marre it in thy slothe.

For thus ferforth I have thy werke begon
Fro daie to daie, till this daie by the morowe
Her love of frendship have I to the won,
And therto hath she laid her faith to borow;
Algate o fote is hameled of thy sorowe:
What should I lengir sermon of it holde?
As ye have herd before all he him tolde.

But right as flouris through the cold of night
Iclosid stoupin in ther stalkis lowe,
Redressin 'hem ayen the sunné bright,
And spredin in ther kindé course by rowe,
Right so gan tho his eyin up to throwe
This Troilus, and saied, O Venus dere!
Thy might, thy grace, iheried be it here.

And to Pandare he held up both his hondes,
And sayid, Lorde, all thine be that I have,
For I am whole, and brostin ben my bondes:
A thousande Troyis who so that me yave
Eche astir othir, God so wis me save,
Ne might not me so gladin: lo! mine hert
It spredith so for joie it woll to sterre.

But, Lorde, how shall I doen? how shall I liven?
Whan shall I next my own dere herte yse?
How shall this longé time awaie be driven
Til that thou be ayen at her fro me?
Thou maiest answeré, Abide, abide; but *He*
That bangith by the necke, the sothe to saine,
In grete disese abidith for the paine.

All esly now, for the love of Marta,
(Quod Pandarus) for every thing hath time,
So long abide till that the night departe,
For all so sikir as thou liest here by' me,
And God toforné, I woll be there at prime,
And for thy werke somwhat as I shall saie,
Or on some othir wight this chargé laie.

For parde God wot I have evir yet
Ben redy the to serve, and to this night
Have I not fainid, but emsoithe my wit
Doen all thy lust, and shal with al my might;
Doe now as I shall saine, and fare aright;
And if thou n'lte, wite all thy selfe the care:
On me is nought along thine evill fare.

I wote well that thou wisir art than I
A thousande folde; but if I were as thou,
God helpe me so, as I would uttirly
Right of mine owné honde write to her now
A lettir, in whiche I would telle her how
I farde amisse, and her besече of routh:
Now helpe thy self, and leve it for no slouth.

And I my self shall therwith to her gon,
And whan thou wost that I am with her there
Worthe thou up on a coursir right anon,
Ye hardily, and that in thy best gere,
And ride forth by the place as naught ne were,
And thou shalt finde us (if I maie) sitting
At some windowe into the firete looking.

And if the list than maiest thou us save,
And upon me make thou thy countenance,
But by thy life beware, and fast eschue
To tarien ought; God shild us fro mischaunce!
Ride forth thy waie and hold thy govinaunce;

And we shall speke of the somewhat I trow,
Whan thou art gon, to doe thine eris glow.

Touching thy lettir, thou art wise enough;
I wot thou n'lt it deigne like endite
As make it with these argumentis tough,
Ne scriven-like, or craftily it write;
Beblotte it with thy teris eke alite,
And if thou write a godely worde all soft,
Though it be gode reherce it not to oft:

For though that the best harpoun upon live
Would on the beste sound jolly harpe
That evir was with all his fingirs five
Touche aie o string, or aie o warble harpe,
Were his nailis pointid nevir so sharpe,
It shuld makin every wight to dull
To here his gle and of his strokis full.

Ne jombre no discordaunt thing is ere,
As thus, to usin termis of phisike;
In lov's termis holde of thy matere
The forme alwaie, and doe that it be like;
For if a paintir would ypainte a pike
With all is fete, and heddid as an ape,
It cordith not, so were it but a jape.

This counsaile likid well to Troilus,
But as a dredfull lovir he saied this,
Alas! my dere brother Pandarus!
I am ashamed for to write iwis,
Lest of mine ignorance I saied amis,
Or that she n'olde it for dispite receve;
Than wer I ded, there might it nothing weve.

To that Pandare answerid, If the lest
Doe that I saie, and let me therewith gon,
For, by that Lorde that forniid est and west,
I hope of it to bring answer anon
Right of her hond, and if that thou n'lt non
Let be, and forie mote he ben his live
Ayenst thy lust that helpith the to thrive.

(Quod Troilus) Depardieux I assent;
Sith that the liste I well arise and write,
And blissfull God prais I with gode entent
The viage and lettir I shall endite
So spede it, and thou Minerva the White
Yeve thou me witte my lettir to devise;
And set him down, and wrote right in this wise.

First he gan her his right ladie to call,
His hert is life, his lust, his sorowe's leche,
His blisse, and eche these othir termis all
That in soche case ye lovirs alle feche,
And in full humble wise, as in his speche,
He gan him recommaunde unto her grace;
To tell all how it askith mokill space.

And aftir this full lowly he her praied
To be nought wrothe though he of his folie
So hardie was to her to write, and saied
That love it made, or ellis must he die,
And pitously gan mercie for to crie;
And aftir that he saied (and lied full soude)
Himself was litle worthe, and lasse he coude,

And that she would have his conning excused,
That lill was; and eke he dradde her so,
And his unworshinesse aie he accused;
And aftir that than gan he tel his wo;
But that was endlesse withoutin ho;

And saide, he would in trouth alway him holde,
And redde it ovre, and gan the lettir folde:

And with his falsé teris gan he bathe
The ruby in his signet, and it sette
Upon the wexe delivirliche and rathe,
Therwith a thousande timis er he letté
He kiste the lettir whan he had it shette,
And saide, Eetire, a blisful destine
The shapin is; my lady shal the se!

This Pandare toke the lettir, and betime
A morowe to his nec's paleis ferte,
And fast he swore that it was passid prime,
And gan to jape, and saide, Iwis mine herte
So freshe it is (although it fore smerte)
I maie nat slepe nevir a May's morowe,
I have a joly wo, a lusty sorowe.

Creseide, whan that she her uncle herde,
With dredeful herte, and desirous to here
The cause of his comming, right thus answerde;
Now by your faith, mine uncle (quod she) dere!
What manir windis gidith you now here?
Tell us your joly wo and your penaunce;
How serforth be ye put in lov's daunce?

By God (quod he) I hop alwaie behinde,
And she to laugh as though her herte to breste,
(Quod Pandarus) Loke alwaie that ye finde
Game in mine hode, but herkeneth if you lest;
Ther is right now come to the tounce a gest,
A Greke espie, and tellith newe thinges,
For whiche I come to tell you newe tidinges.

Into the gardin go we, and ye shal here
Al privily of this a long fermoun.
With that thei wentin arme in arme isere
Into the gardin fro the chambre down;
And what that he so ferre was that the foun
Of that which he spake no man herin might
He saide her thus, and out the lettir plight:

Lo! he that is al wholly your's fre
Him recommaundith lowly to your grace,
And sent to you this lettir here by me;
Avisith you on it whan ye han space,
And of some godely answer ye purchase,
Or helpe me God se, plainly for to saine,
He maie not longe livin for his paine.

Eul dredefully tho gan she stondin stil,
And toke it not, but all her humble chere
Gan for to chaungin, and saide, Scribe nor bil,
For love of God, that touchith such matere,
Ne bring me none; and also, uncle dere!
To mine estate have more regarde I pray
Than to his lust: what shouldin I more say?

And lokith now if this be reso'nable,
And lettith not for favour ne for slouth;
To saine a sothe, now is it convenable
To mine estate, by God and by my trouthe,
To take it, or to havin of him routh
In harming of my selfe or in reprove;
Beare it ayen for him that ye on leve!

This Pandarus gan on her for to flate,
And sayid, Now is this the gretist wonder
That evir I sawe; let be this nice fare:
To dethe mote I smittin be with thonder
Yf for the cite whiche that stondith yonder

Would I a lettir to you bring or take
To harme of you: what list you thus it make?

But thus ye farin well nigh all and some,
That he that most desirith you to serve
Of him ye retchyn lest where he become,
And whether that he live or ellis sterue;
But for al that, that er I maie deserve
Refuse it not, (quod he) and hente her fast,
And in her bosome doume the lettir thrast,

And said her, Now cast it awaie anon
That folke maie sene and gaurin on us twey.
(Quod she) I can abide till thei be gon;
And gan to smile, and said him, Eme, I pray
Suche answere as you list your selfe purvey,
For truly I wol no lettir write.
No, than wol I, (quod he) so ye endite.

Therwith she lough, and sayd, Go we dines,
And he gan at himselfe to japis faste,
And sayd, Nece, I have so gret a pine
For love, that everiche othir daie I faste;
And gan his bestē japis forth to caste,
And made her so to laugh at his folie
That she for laughir wenid for to die.

And whan that she was comen into the hall
Now eme, (quod she) we wol go dine anon;
And gan some of her women to her call,
And streight into her chambre gan she gone;
But of her besinesis this was one
Amongis othir thingis, out of drede
Ful privily this lettir for to rede.

Avysid word by word in every line,
And founde no lacke; she thought he coude his
And put it up, and went her in to dine; [gode,
And Pandarus, that in a studie stode,
Er he was ware she toke him by the hode,
And sayd, Ye were caught er that ye wiste,
I vouchsafe, (quod he) do whateve you liste.

Tho within thei, and set hem doume and etc;
And astir none ful slightly Pandarus
Can draw him to the window ne the strete,
And sayd, Nece, who hath arayid thus
The yondir house that stante aforēne us?
Which house? (quod she) and gan for to beholde,
And knewe it wel, and whose it was him tolde.

And fellin forth in speche of thingis smale,
And satin in the windowe bothe twey.
Whan Pandarus sawe time unto his tale,
And sawe well that her folke wer al away,
Now, neede mine, tel on (quod he) I prey;
How likith you the lettir that ye wot?
Can he theron? for by my trouth I n'ot.

Therwith al rosy hewid tho woxe she,
And gan to hum, and sayd, So I thowe,
Aquite him wel for Godd's love (quod he) and
My selfe tomedis woll the lettir sowe;
And helde his hondis up, and fell on knowe,
Nowe gode nece, be it never so lye,
Yeve me the labour it to sowe and plite.

Ye, for I can so writin (quod she) tho,
And eke I n'ot what I should to him say,
Naic, nece, quod Pandarus, saie you not so,
Yet at the lest ythonkith him I pray
Of his gode will. O doth him not to dey!

Now for the love of me, my nece dere?
Refusith not at this time my praier.

Depardieux! (quod she) God leve al be wale;
God helpe me so this is the first lettir
That er I wrote, ye al or any dele;
And into a clofet for to avise her better
She went alone, and gan her herte unfetter
Out of Disdain's prison but a lite,
And set her down and gan a lettere write,

Of whiche to tel in shorte is mine ement
Th' effeete as ferre as I can undirtonde;
She thonkid him of al that he wol ment
Towardis her, but holdin him in hende
She n'olde not, ne makin her felvin bonde
In love, but as his fustir him to plesse
She would aie faine to done his herte as fesse.

She shette it, and to Pandare in gan gon
There as he sat and lokid into strete,
And donn the fetter by him on a stone
Of jaspere, upon a quishen of golde ibete,
And said, As wisely helpe me God the grette
I never did arthing with more paine
Than write this, to the which ye me constrainde.

And toke it him: he thonkid her, and seide,
God wot of thing ful oft in losse begonne
Comith ende gode; and nece mine Creside,
That ye to him of harde now ben iwonne
Ought he be glad, by God and yondir sonne,
For why? men faine the pressuris light
Full lightly ben ale wile to be flight.

But ye han plaied the tiraunt al to longe,
And harde was it your herte for to grave;
Now stinte, that ye no longir on it hongre,
Al woldin ye the forme of daungir save,
But half, h you to done him joye to have,
For trustith wel, To long idone hardnesse
Gausith dispite ful oft in for distress.

And right as thei declarid this matere
Lo! Troilus right at the stret's ende
Came riding with his tenthe somme isere
Al softly, and thidirwarde gan bende
There as they stode, as was his waie to wende
To paleis warde, and Pandare him aspide,
And said, Nece, ise who comith here ride?

O fie not in! he sette us I suppose,
Lest he may thinkin that ye him eschue;
Nay, nay, (quod she) and wote as redde as rose;
With that he gan her humbly to salve
With dredful chere, and ofte his hewis moe,
And up his lode debonairely he cast,
And beckid on Pandare and forth by past.

God wot if he sat on his horse aright,
Or godely was belene that ilke day;
God wot where he were like a manly knight;
What should I dretche, or tel of his day?
Creside, which that al these thingis sey,
To tell in shorte, her likid al isere,
His person, his way, his lode, his chere.

His godely manir and his gentilesse,
So well, that never sith that she was borne
Ne haddin the fustir routhe of his differece,
And howe so she hath hard ben here before
To God hope I she hath now caught a thorne,

She shal nat pul it out this nexte wike;
 God sende her mo such thornis on to pike!
 Pandarus, whiche that stode her faste by,
 Felte iron hotte, and he began to smite,
 And seide, Nece, I praye you herilie
 Tel me that I shal askin you alite;
 A woman that were of his deth to wite,
 Withouten' his gilt, but for her lacke of routh,
 Were it wel done? (quod she) Naie, by my trouthe.

God help me so, (quod he) ye say me sothe,
 Ye felin wel your selfe that I nought lie.
 Lo! yonde he rideth, (quod she) ye, so he dothe.
 Wel, quod Pandare, as I have tolde you thrie,
 Let be your nicete and your solie,
 And speke with him in esing of his herte;
 Let nicete nat do you bothe smerte.

But theron was to hevin and to done,
 Confidiring al thing it maie nat be,
 And why? for shame; and it were eke to fone
 To grauntin him so gret a liberte,
 For plainly her entent (as sayd she)
 Was for to love him unwist if she might,
 And gerdon him with nothing but with sight.

But Pandarus thought it shal nat be so;
 If that I maie this nice opinion
 Shal nat ben holdin fully yeris two;
 What should I make of this a longe sermon?
 He must assent on that conclusion
 As for the time, and whan that it was eve,
 And al was wel, he rose and toke his leve.

And on his way full fast homewarde he spedde,
 And right for joy he felte his hert to daunce,
 And Troilus he founde alone abedde,
 That laie as done these lovers, in a traunce,
 Betwixin hope and derke desesperaunce;
 But Pandarus right at his in coming
 He song, as who saith, Lo! somewhat I bring;

And saide, Who is in his bedde so fone
 Yburied thus? It am I, frende, (quod he.)
 Who? Troilus! naie, helpe me so the mone,
 (Quod Pandarus.) Thou shalt up rise and se
 A charme that was ysent right now to the,
 The whiche can helin the of thine axesse,
 If thou do forthwith all thy besynesse.

Ye, through the might of God (quod Troilus.)
 And Pandarus gan him the lettir take,
 And saide, Parde God hath yholpin us;
 Have here a light, and loke on all these blake.
 But oftin gan the hert to glad and quake
 Of Troilus while he it gan to rede,
 So as the wordis yave him hope or drede.

But, finally, he toke al for the beste
 That she him wrote, for somewhat he behelde
 On which he thought he might his herte rest,
 Al covired she the wordis undir shelde;
 Thus to the more worthy part he him helde,
 That what for hope and Pandarus behest
 His gret wo foryede he at the leste.

But as we maie al daie ourselvin se
 Through more wode or cole kindlith the more fire,
 Right to encrese of hope, of what it be,
 Therewith ful oft encrelith eke desire,
 Or as an oke comith of a litil spire,

So through this lettir which that she him sent
 Eneresin gan desire, of whiche he brent.

Wherefore I say alway that day and night
 This Troilus gan to desirin more
 Then he did erst through hope, and did his might
 To prefin on, as by Pandarus lore,
 And writin to her of his sorowes fore
 Fro day to day: he let it nought refreide
 That by Pandare he somewhat wrot or seide;

And did also his othir observaunces
 That till a lowir longith in this caas,
 And affir that his dice turnid on chaunces
 So was he eithir glad, or faide Alas!
 And held affir his gestis aie his pans,
 And after suche answeris as he hadde
 So werin his daies fory othir gladdes.

But to Pandare alway was his recours,
 And pitouly gan aie to him to plaine,
 And him besought of rede and some socours;
 And Pandarus, that sawe his wode paine,
 West well pigh ded for routh, sothe for to saine,
 And besely with al his hert gan caste
 Some of his wo to fleen, and that as faste;

And saide, Lorde, and frende, and brothir dere!
 God wot that thy disese ydothe me wo,
 But wolt thou rintin al this woful chere,
 And by my trouthe er it be dayis two,
 And God toforne, yet shal I shape it so
 That thou shalt come into a certaine place
 There as thou maiest thy selfe praien her of grace,

And certainly I n'ot if thou it wofte,
 But thei that ben experte in love it say,
 It is one of these thingis fortherith most
 A man to have a leisir for to praie,
 And sikir place his wo for to bewraie,
 For in gode hert it mote some routh impress
 To here and se the gitleffe in distresse.

Par'aventure thinkist thou though it be so
 That Kinde would her ydone for to beginne
 To have a manir routh upon my wo,
 Saith Daungir Nay, thou shalt me nevir win;
 So rulith she her hert's goste within
 That though she bendin yet she stonte on rote;
 What in effect is this unto my bote?

Thinke here ayen whan that the sturdy oke,
 On which men hackith oftin for the nones,
 Recevid hath the happy falling stroke,
 The grete sweight makith it fall all at ones,
 As done these grete rockis or these milnestones;
 For swiftr course cometh thing that is of wight,
 Whan it discendith, than done thingis light.

But rede that howith doune for every blast
 Ful lightly cessith winde it wol arise,
 But so n'il not an oke whan it is cast,
 It nedith me nought longe the for to vife;
 Men shall rejoyfin of a grete emprise
 Atchevid wel, and stout withoutin dout,
 Al have men ben the lengir there about.

But, Troilus, now tel me if the left
 A thing whiche that I shal askin of the;
 Whiche is thy brothir that thou lovist best
 As in thy very hert's privite?
 Iwis my brothir Deiphobus, (quod he.)

Now, (quod Pandare) er hour's twife twelve
He ſhal the eſe unwiſt of it himſelſe.

Now let me alone, and workin as I may,
(Quod he) and to Deiphobus went he tho,
Which had his lord and grette frend ben aie;
Save Troilus no man he lovid ſo:
To tel in ſhorte, withoutin wordis mo,
(Quod Pandarus) I pray you that ye be
Frende to a cauſe whiche that ytouchith me.

Yes, parde, (quod Deiphobus) wel thou woſt
Al that evir I may, and God tofore;
Al n'ere it but for the man I love moſt,
My brothir Troilus; but ſay wherfore
It is, for ſithe the day that I was bore
I n'as, no nevir more to ben I thinke,
Ayeuſt a thing that mightin the forthinke.

Pandarus gan him thanke, and to him ſeide,
Lo! Sir, I have a lady in this toun
That is my nece, and callid is Creſeide,
To whiche ſome men would done oppreſſioun,
And wrongfully have her poſſeſſioun,
Wherfore I of your lordſhip you beſeche
To ben our frende withoutin more ſpeeche.

Deiphobus him anſwerde, O is nat this
That thou ſpekſt of to me thus ſtraungely
Creſeide, my frende? Pandarus ſaid him Yes.
Thin nedith (quod Deiphobus) hardly
No more of this, for truſtith wel that I
Wol be her champion with ſpere and yerde;
I ne rought nat though all her foes it herde.

But telle me, thou that woſt all this matere,
How might I beſt availin now? let ſe.
(Quod Pandarus) If ye, my lorde ſo dere,
Woldin as now do this honour to me
To prayin her to morowe, lo, that ſhe
Came unto you her plaintis to deviſe
Her adverſaries would of it agriſe.

And if I more durſt prayin you as now,
And chargin you to have fo grete travaile,
To have ſome of your brethrin here with you,
That mightin to her cauſe bettir avale;
Than wote I wel ſhe mightin nevir faile
For to ben holpin, what at your inſtaunce,
What with her othir frendis govinaunce.

Deiphobus, whiche that comin was of kinde
To al honour and bounte to conſente,
Anſwerde, It ſhal be done; and I can finde
Yet greater helpe to this in mine entente:
What woldeſt thou ſaine if for Helen I ſent
To ſpeke of this? I trowe it be the beſt,
For the may ledin Paris as her leſt.

Of Hector, which that is my lord my brother,
It nedith nat to praien him frende to be,
For I have herde him, o time and eke other,
Spekin of Creſeide ſuche honour that he
Maie ſaine no bet: ſuch hap to him hath ſhe
It nedith nat his helpis more to crave;
He ſhal be ſuche right as we wol him have.

Speke thou thy ſelfe alſo to Troilus
On my behalfe, and praien him with us dine.
Sir, al this ſhal be done, (quod Pandarus)
And toke his leve, and nevir gan to fine,
But to his nec'is houſe as ſtreight as line.

He came, and found her fro the mete ariſe,
And ſet him down, and ſpake right in this wiſe:

He ſaide, O very God ſo have I ronne,
Lo! nece mine, ſe ye nat how I ſwete?
I n'ot whethir ye the more thanke me conne;
Be ye not ware how that falſe Poliphete
Is now about eſſon for to plete,
And bringin on you advocacies newe?
I? no, (quod ſhe) and chaungid al her hewe.

What! is he more about me for to dretche,
And done me wrong? what ſhal I don? alas!
Yet of him ſelſin nothing would I retche,
N'ere it for Antenor and Eneas,
That ben his frendis in ſuch manir caas;
But for the love of God, mine uncle dere!
No force of that, let him have al here.

Withoutin that I have inough for us,
Nay, (quod Pandare) it ſhal nothing be ſo,
For I have ben right now at Deiphobus
At Hector, and mine othir lordis mo,
And ſhortly makid eche of 'hem his ſo,
That by my thriſte he ſhal it nevir winne
For aught he can, when ſo that he beginne.

And as thei caſtin what was beſt to done
Deiphobus, of his owne curtiſie,
Came her to praye in his propir perſone
To holde him on the morowe companie
At dinir, whiche ſhe ne wolde not denie,
But godely gan to his prayere obeie:
He thonkid her, and went upon his wey.

When this was don this Pandarus anon,
(To tellin in ſhorte) forth he gan to wende
To Troilus as ſil as any ſtone,
And al this thing he tolde him orde and ende,
And how that he Deiphobus gan to blende,
And ſaide him, Now is time of that ye come
To bere the belle to morow, and all is wonne.

Now ſpeke, now pray, now pitouſly complaine
Let nat for nice ſhame, for drede or ſlouth;
Somtime a man mote tel his owne paine;
Beleve it, and the wol have on the routh;
Thou ſhalt ben ſavid by thy faith and trouth:
But well wot I thou now art in a drede,
And what it is I lay I can arede:

Thou thinkiſt now how ſhould I don al this
For by my cheris moſtin ſolke eſpie
That for her love is that I fare amis,
Yet had I levre' unwiſt for ſorow die:
Nowe thinke nat ſo, for thou doſt gret folie,
For I right now have foundin a manere
Of ſleight for to coverin al thy chere.

Thou ſhalt gon ovirnight, and that as blive
Unto Deiphobus houſe as the to plaie,
Thy malady awaie the bette to drive;
For why? thou ſemiſt ſike, the ſothe to ſaie;
Sone after that doune in thy bedde the laie,
And ſaie thou maiſt no lengir up endure,
And lie right there and bide thine avinture.

Say that the fevir is wont the to take
The ſame time, and laſtin till a morowe;
And let ſe now how well thou canſt it make
For parde ſike is he that is in ſorowe:
Go now, farewel, and Venus here to borowe

I hope and thou this purpose hold'st ferme
Thy grace she shal the fully there conferme.

(Quod Troilus) I wis thou alle nedelesse
Consaillist me that sikeliche I me faine,
For I am sike in ernest doutel'lesse,
So that wel nigh I stervin for the paine.
(Quod Pandarus) Thou shalt the better plaine,
And hast the lesse nede for to counterfete,
For *Him men demin hate that men se swete.*

Lo! holde the at thy triffle close, and I
Shal wel the decre unto thy bowe ydrive:
Therwith he took his leve all softly,
And Troilus to his paleis went blive,
So glad ne was he ner in all his live,
And to Pandarus rede gan al assent,
And to Deiphobus house at night he went.

What nedith it to tellen all the chere
That Deiphobus unto his brothir made,
Or his axis, or his sikeliche manere
How men gon him with clothis for to lade
When he was laid, and how men would him glade?
But all for nought; he helde forth aie the wife
That ye han herde Pandare ere this devise.

But certaine is er Troilus him leide,
Deiphobus had praied him ovrnight
To ben a frende and helping to Creseide;
God wot that he that grauntid anon right
To ben her full'e frend with all his might:
But such a nede was it to praien him theune
As for to biddin a wode man to reune.

The morowe came, and nighin gan the time
Of mealtide, whan that the faire Queene Helen
Shope her to ben an hour aftir the prime
With Deiphobus, to whom the n'olde faine,
But as his sustir homely, sothe to faine,
She came to dinir in her plaine entent,
But God and Pandare wist al what this ment.

Came eke Creseide all innocent of this,
Antigone her nece and Tarbe' also;
But sife we now prolixite best is,
For love of God, and let us fast ygo
Right to the' effete withoutin talis mo,
Why al this folke assembli'd in this place,
And let us of ther saluingis pace.

Gret honour did 'hem Deiphobus certaine,
And fedde him wel with all that might 'hem like,
But evirmo, alas! was his refraine,
My gode' brothir, Troilus the sike,
Lithe yet; and therwithal he gan to sike,
And after that he painid him to glade
Hem as he might, and chere gode he made.

Complainid eke Helen of his sikenesse
So faithfully, that pity was to here,
And every wight gan waxin for axes
A leche anon, and saide, In this manere
Men curin folke, this charme I wol the lere:
But there sat one, al list her nat to teche,
That thought, yet best couldin I ben his leche.

Aftir complaint him gonin thei to preise,
As folke don yet whan some wight hath begon
To preise a man, and up with preise him reis'e
A thousande folde yet higher than the son;
He is, he can, that fewe othir lordes kon;

And Pandarus of that thei would asserme.

He nought forgate ther praing to conferme.

Herde all this thing seire Creseide wel inough,
And every worde gan for to notifie,
For whiche with sobre chere her herte lough,
For who is that ne would her glorifie
To mowin suche a knight done live or die?
But al passe I, lest ye to longe ydwell;
But for o fine is al that er I tell.

The time came fro dinir for to rise,
And as 'hem ought arisin everichone,
And gon a while of this and that devise;
But Pandarus brake al this speche anon,
And said to Deiphobus, Wol ye gon,
If it your will be, as I erst you prayde,
To spekin of the nedis of Creseide?

Helen, which that by the honde her helde,
Toke first the tale, and saide, Go we blive;
And godely on Creseide she behelde,
And sayid, Jovis, let him nevir thrive
That doth you harm, and reve him some of live,
And yeve me sorowe but he shal it rue
If that I may, and alle folke be true.

Tel thou thy nec's case, (quod Deiphobus
To Pandarus) for thou canst best it tell.
My Lordis and my, Ladies, it stant thus;
What shoud I lengir (quod he) do you dwell?
He ronge 'hem out a proces like a bell
Upon her fce, that hight was Polyphete,
So heinous that men nightin on it fete.

Answerde of this eche worde of 'hem than other,
And Polyphete thei gonin thus to warieu,
And honged be suche one were he my brother,
And so he shal, for it ne maie nought varien:
What shoud I lengir in this tale tarien?
Plainliche al at onis thei her highten
To ben her frende in all that er thei mighten.

Spake than Helen, and said to Pandarus,
Wot aught my lord my brothir of this matere,
I mene Hector, or wote it Troilus?
He saide her Ye; but wol ye me now here?
Me thinketh thus, sith that Troilus is here,
It were gode if that ye wouldin assent
She tolde him her selse al this er she went.

For he wol have the more her grete at herte,
Bicause lo, she a worthy lady is,
And by your wil I wol but in right sterte,
And do you wete, and that anon iwis,
If that he slepe or wol aught here of this:
And in he lepte, and said him in his ere,
God have thy soule! for brought have I thy bere.

To fraulin of this gan the Troilus;
And Pandarus withoutin rekining
Out went to Helen and Deiphobus,
And said 'hem, So there be no taryng,
Ne more prese, he wol well that ye bring
Creseide my lady that is now here
And as he maie endure he wol her here.

But wel ye wote the chambre is but lite,
And fewe folke may lightly make it warme;
Now lokith ye, for I wol have no wite
To bring in prese that might I ydon him harme,
Or him disein for my bettir arme;

Wher' it be bet she abide till eftsonis
Now lokith ye, that knowin what to don is.

I fay for me best is, as I can knowe,
That no wight in ne wende but ye twey,
But it were I, for I can in a throwe
Reherse her case unlike that she can sey,
And aftir this she may onis him prey
To ben gode lorde in short, and take her leve;
This may not mokill of his ese him reve.

And eke for she is straunge he woll forbere
His ese, whiche that him darin nat for you;
Eke othir thing that touchith nat to her
He wol it tel, I wote it well right now,
That secrete is, and for the town's prow:
And thei, that knew nothing of his entente,
Without more to Troilus in thei wente.

Heleine in all her godely softly wise
Gan him salue and womanly to plaie,
And saied, Iwis ye mote algate arise;
Now, faire brothir, be all whole I praie;
And her arme right over' his shuldir laie,
And him with all her wit to recomfort;
As she best could she gan him to disport.

So after this (quod she) We you beseeke,
My dere brothir! Deiphobus and I,
For love of God, and so dooth Pandare eke,
To ben gode lorde and frende right hertily
Unto Creseide, whiche that certainly
Receivid wrong, as wot well here Pandare,
That can her case well bet than I declare.

This Pandarus can newe his tong affile,
And all her case reherce, and that anone;
Whan it was saied, sone aftir in a while
(Quod Troilus) As sone as I maie gone
I woll right fain with all my might ben one,
Have God my trouthe, her cause for to susteine:
Now good thrift have ye (quod Helen the Quene.)

(Quod Pandarus) And if your will ybe
That she maie take her leve er that she go,
O, ellis God forbid it! (tho quod he)
If that she vouchsafin for to doe so.
And with that worde (quod Troilus) Ye two,
Deiphobus and my suster lese and dere,
To you have I to speke of a matere.

To ben avissd by your rede the better;
And found (as hap was) at his bedd's hedde
The copie of a trefise and a letter
That Hector had him sent to alkin redde
If soche a man was worthy to ben dedde?
Wote I naught who, but in a grisly wise
He prayid 'hem anone on it avise.

Deiphobus gan this letter for to unfold
In ernest grete, so did Helen the Quene,
And roming outwards fast it goone beholde,

Dounward a steire, into an herber grene;
This ilke thing thei reddin 'hem betwene,
And largely the mountenance of an houre
Thei gonne on it to redin and to poure.

Now let 'hem rede, and tourné we anone
To Pandarus, that gan full faste prie
That all was well, and out he gan to gone
Into the grete chambir, and that in hie,
And sayid, God save all this companie!
Come, nece mine, my ladie Quene Helen,
Abidith you, and eke my lordis twene.

Rise, take with you your nece Antigone,
Or whom you list, or no force hardily;
The lasse presse the bettir: come forth with me,
And lokith that ye thenkin humbily
Them all thre, and when ye maie godily
Your time isec takich of them your leve,
Lest we to long his restis him bireve.

All innocent of Pandarus entent,
Quod tho Creseide, Go we, uncle dere!
And arme in arme inward with him the went;
Avising well her wordis and her chere;
And Pandarus in earnestfull manere
Sayid, All folke, for Godd's love I praie,
Stintith right here, and softly you plaie.

Avisth you what folke ben here within,
And in what plite one is, God him amende!
And inward thus full softly begin;
Nece, I conjure and highly you defende,
On his behalfe whiche that soule us all sende,
And in the vertue of corounis twaine,
Slea nat this man that bath for you this paine.

Fie on the devill! thinke whiche one he is,
And in what plite he lieth: come of anone;
Thinke all soche taried tide but lost it n'is,
That woll ye bothe faine whan ye ben one;
And secondly, there yet devinith none
Upon you two, come of now if ye conne
While folke is blent, lo! all the time is wonne.

In titiring, and pursute, and delaics,
The folke devine at weggung of a stre,
And though ye would han aftir merie daies
Than dare ye nat; and why? for she and she
Spake soche a worde; thus lokid he and he;
Lest time be losse I dare nat with you dele,
Come of therfore, and bringith him to hele.

But now to you, ye lovirs that ben here,
Was Troilus nat in a cankedort,
That laie and might the whispring of 'hem here,
And thought, o Lorde! right now repaith my sort
Fully to die or have anone comfort,
And was the first time that he should her praie
Of love; o mightie God! what shall be saie?

TROILUS & CRESEIDE.

PROEMIUM LIBRI TERTII.

O BLISSFULL light ! of whiche the bemis cleere
Adornith allè the third hevin faire,
O sonn's life ! o Jov's doughtir dere !
Pleaunce of love ! o godely debonaire !
In gentle hertes aie redy to reparaire,
O very cause of hele and of gladnesse,
Iheried be thy might and thy godenesse !
In heven and hell, in yerth and the salt se,
Is felt thy might, if that I well discerne,
As man, brid, beste, fishe, herbe, and grenè tre,
Thei sele in timis with vapour eterne :
God lovith, and to love he woll naught werne ;
And in this worldè no liv'is creture
Withoutin love is wroucht or maie endure.

Ye, Jovis, first to thilke affectis glade,
Through whiche that thingis livin all and be,
Commendidin and amorous him made
On mortall thing, and as ye list aie ye
Yeve him in love ese or adversite,
And in a thousande formis doune him sent
For love in yerth, and whom you list he hent.

Ye fiers Mars, afein of his ire,
And as you list ye makin hertes digne,
Algatis them that ye woll set a fire
Thei dredin shame, and vicis thei resignè ;
Ye doen 'hem curteis be, freshe, and benigne,

And hiè or lowe asfir a wight entendeth
The joyis that he hath your might it fendeth.

Ye holdin reigne and house in unite,
Ye sothfast cause of frendship ben also ;
Ye knowin all thilke covered qualite
Of thingis whiche that folke on wondrin fo
Whan thei can nat construe how it maie go
She loveth him, or why he lovith here,
As why this fishe nat that comith to were.

Ye folke a lawe have set in univérse,
And this knowe I by them that lovirs be,
That who so strivith with you hath the werse :
Now ladic bright, for thy benignite,
At reverence of them that servin the,
Whose clerke I am, so techith me divise
Some joie of that is felt in thy service :

Ye in my nakid hert's sentiment
Inhilde, and doe me shewe of thy swetenesse,
Caliope ! thy voice be now present,
For now is nede ; seest thou nat my distresse
How I mote tell anon right the gladnesse
Of Troilus to Venus heryng ?
To whiche gladnesse who nede hath God him bring !

INCIPIT LIBER TERTIUS.

LAFE all this mene while this sad Troilus
Recording his lesson in this manere,
Mafeie, thought he, thus woll I faie and thus,
Thus woll I plain unto my ladie dere,
That word is gode, and this shall be my chere,
This n'ill I nat foryetin in no wise:
God leve him werkin as he can devise.

And, Lorde! so that his herte began to quappe
Hering her come, and short gan for to fike;
And Pandarus, that led her by the lappe,
Came nere, and gan in at the curtein pike,
And faied, God doe bothe on all that are like!
Se who is here you comin to visite;
Lo! here is she that is your deth to wite,

Therwith it semid as he wept almoste,
A! a! quod Troilus, so routhfully,
Where me be wo o mightie God! thou wofte:
Who is all there I se nat truilly.
Sir, (quod Creseide) it is Pandare and I.
Ye, swete herte, alas! I maie nat rife
To knele, and do your honour in some wise.

And dresfid him upward; and the right tho
Can both her hondis soft upon him leie.
O, for the love of God doe ye not fo
To me! (quod she.) Ey, what is this to sei!
Sir, comen' am I to you for causis tweie,
First you to thonke, and of your lordshipe eke
Continuance I wouldé you besেকে.

This Troilus, that herd his ladie praie
Of lordshipe, him vox neithir quick ne dedde,
Ne might o worde for shame unto it faie,
Although, men shoulidin smitin of his hedde,
But, Lorde! so he woxe sodainliche alle redde;
And, Sir, his lesson that he wende conne
To prayin her is through his wit ironne.

Creseide all this espyid well inough,
For she was wise, and loved him ner the lesse,
All n'ere he' in all aparte, or made it tough,
Or was to bolde to sing a fol's masse;
But whan his shame began somwhat to passe
His reasons, as I maie my rimis holde,
I woll you tell as techin bokis olde.

In chaungid voice, right for his very drede,
Whiche voice eke quoke, and therto his manere
Godelie abash't, and now his hewis rede
Now pale, unto Creseide his ladie dere,
With loke doune cast and humble yoldin chere,
Lo the aldirfirst worde that him asterte
Was twyis, Mercie, mercie, my dere herte!

And stint a while, and whan he might out bring
The nexte word, was, God wote for I have
As faithfully as I have had konning
Ben your's all, God so my soule save,
And shall, till that I wofull wight be grave,
And though I dare ne can unto you plain
Iwis I suffir not the lasse pain.

Thus moche, as now, ah womanliche wise!
I maie out bring, and if this you displeie
That shall I wreke upon mine owne life:
Right sone I trowe, and dee your herte an eie,
If with my leth your hert I maie apase,
But fens that ye han herd me somwhat fey
Now retche I nevir how sone that I deie.

Therwith his manly sorowe to beholde
It might have made an herte of stone to rew,
And Pandare wept as he to watir would,
And pokid ewir his nece newe and newe,
And sayid, Wo begon ben hertis true;
For love of God make of this thing an ende,
Or flea us bothe at ones er that ye wende.

I, what? (quod she,) By God and by my trouth
I n'ot nevir what ye wilne that I seie.
Eie! what? (quod he) that ye have on him routh
For God's love, and doeth him nat to deie.
Now than thus, (quod she) I wollin him preie
To tellin me the fine of his entente;
Yet wist I nevir well what that he mente.

What that I mene, o my swete herte dere!
(Quod Troilus) o godely freshe and fre!
That with the stremis of your eyin clere
Ye wouldin somtime frendly on me se,
And than agrein that I maie ben he
Withoutin braunche of vice on any wise
In trouthe alwaie to do you my servise,

As to my ladie right, and chese resort,
With all my witte and all my diligence,
And I to have right as you list comfort,
Under your yerde egall to mine offence,
As deth, if that I brekin your defence,
And that ye digne me so mochil honour
Me to commaundin aught in any hour,

And I to ben your very humble, true,
Secrete, and in my painis patient,
And ewir to desirin freshly newe
To servin, and ben se like diligent,
And with gode herte all wholly your talent
Recevin, in gre, how fore that me smerte:
Lo, this mene I, o mine owne swete herte!

(Quod Pandarus) Lo! here an hard request,
And reso'nable a ladie for to werne;
Now neede mine, by Natall Jov'is fest,
Were I a god ye shouldin serve as yerne,
That herin well this man wol nothing yerne
But your honor, and sene him almofte serve,
And ben so lothe to suffre him you to serve.

With that she gan her eyin on him cast
Full esily and full debonairly,
Avising her, and hied her not to fast
With ner a werde, but saied him softly,
Mine honour safe I woll well trustly,
And in soche forme as ye can now devise,
Recevin him fully to my service;

Beseching him, for Godd's love, that he
Would in honour of trouth and gentillnesse,
As I well mene, eke menie well to me,
And mine honour with wit and businesse
Aie kepe; and if I maie doen him gladnesse
From hennisforthe iwis I n'll not faie;
Now bethe all whole, no lengir ye ne plain.

But nathelesse this warne I you, (quod she)
A king's sonne although ye be iwis,
Yet ye shall no more have foverainte
Of me in love than right in that case is,
Ne n'll I forbere if ye doen amis
To wratthin you, and while that ye me serve
Cherishe you right astir that ye deserve.

And shortly, dere herte, and all my knight!
Beth glad, and drawth you to lustinesse,
And I shall truly, with all my full might,
Your bitir tourin all to swetinesse,
If I be she that maie do you gladnesse
For every wo ye shall recovir blisse.

And him in armis toke, and gan him kisse.
Fill Pandarus on knees, and up his eyen
To hevyn threwe, and helde his bondis aie;
Immortall god! (quod he) that maist not dien
Cupide, of this thou maist the glorifie,
And Venus, thou maist makin melodie;
Withouthin honde me semith that in tounce
For this miracle I here eche bell sounce.

But he! no more now of this ilke matere;
For why? this folke woll comin up anone.
That have the lettir redde: lo! I hem here;
But I conjure the Creseide anone,
And thou to Troilus, when thou maist gone,
That at mine housse ye ben at my warning,
For I full well shall shapin your comming;

And esith there your hertis right inough,
And let se whiche of you shall bere the bell
To speke of love, and right therewith he lough,
For there have ye a leisir for to tell.

(Quod Troilus) How long shall I here dwell
Er this be doen? Quod he, When thou maist rise
This thing shall be right as you list devise.

With that Helen and also Deiphobus
Tho comin upward, right at the faire's ende,
And, Lorde! so tho gan gronin Troilus,
His brothir and his sustir for to blende.
(Quod Pandarus) It time is that we wende;
Take, neede mine, your leve at them all thre,
And let hem speke, and comith forth with me.

She toke her leve at hem full thriftily,
As she well could, and thei her reverence
Unto the full ydiddin hertily,
And wondir well spekin in her absence
Of her, in praising of her excellence,
Her govirnaunce, her wit, and her manere
Commendidin, that it joie was to here.

Now let her wende unto her owne place,
And tournin we to Troilus againe,
That gan full lightly of the lettir pace
That Deiphobus had in the gardine faine,
And of Helen and of him he would seine
Delivirid ben, and saied that him left
To slepe, and astir talis have a rest.

Helen him kist, and toke her leve as blive,
Deiphobus eke, and home went every wight,
And Pandarus as faste as he maie drive,
To Troilus tho came as line right,
And on a paillet all that glade night,
By Troilus he laie with merie chere,
And well was them that thei werein yere.

When every wight was voided but thei two,
And all the doris werin fast ishet,
To tell in short, withoutin wordis mo,
This Pandarus withoutin any let
Up rose, and on his bedd's side him fer,
And gan to spekin in a sobir wise
To Troilus as I shall you devise.

Mine aldirlevist Lorde, and brothir dere!
God wot and thou that it fate me so fore
Whan I the sawe so languishing to yere
For love, of whiche thy wo woxe alwaie more,
That I with all my might and all my lore
Have ever sithin doen my businesse
To bringin to the joie out of distresse;

And have it brought to soche plite as thou wost,
So that through me thou stondist now in waie
To farin well, I saie it for no boff;
And wost thou why? but shame it is to saie,
For the have I begun a game to plaie
Whiche that I never doen shall eft for other,
Altho he were a thoulande fold my brother;

That is to saie, for the am I become,
Betwixin game and earnest, soche a mene
As makin women unto men to come,
All saie I nat, thou wost well what I mene,
For the have I my nece, of vices clene,
So fully made thy gentillnesse to trist
That all shall ben right as thy selfin list.

But God, that all wotteth, take I to witnesse
That never this for covetise I wrought,
But onely for to abredge that distresse
For whiche well nie I seydeydist, as me thought;
But, gode brothir, doith now as the ought
For Godd's love, and kepe her out of blame,
Sins thou art wife, and save alwaie her name:

For wel thou woste the name as yet of her
Emonges the peple as (who saith) halowed is,
For that man is unbo: I dare well swere,
That ever wilt that she yet did amis:
But wo is me that I that cause all this
Maie thinkin that she is my neede dere,
And I her eme, and traitour eke isere.

And wer it wist that I through mine engine
Had in my nece iput this fantasie
To doen thy lust, and wholly to be thine,
Why, all the worlde wouldeun upon it crie,
And sayin that I the worst trecherie
Did in this case that evir was begon,
And the fardon, and thou right nought iwon.

Wherefore er I woll ferthir gone or paas
Yet esse I the beseche and fully saie
That privity go with us in this caas,
That is to saine, that thou us never wraie;
And be not wrothe though I the oftin prais
To holdin seere soche an high matter,
For skilfull is, thou woste well, my prair.

And thinke what wo there hath betidder this
For making of avauntis, as men rede,
And what mishhaunce in this worlde yet there is
Fro daie to daie right for that wickid dede,
For whiche these wise clerkis that ben dede
Have evir this proverbid to us young,
That *The first vertue is to kepe the young.*

And n'ere it that I wime as now abredged
Diffusion of speche, I could almoeste
A thousande olde stories the aledge
Of women losse through false and fol is boste;
Proverbis canst thy self inow, and woste
Ayenist that vice for to ben a blabbe
All faied men fethre, as often as thei gabbe.

O tongue, alas! fo oftin here before
Hast thou made many a ladie bright of hewe
Saied, Welawaie the daie that I was bore
And many a maidins sorrowe for to newe;
And for the more parte all is but untrue:
That men of yelp and it wer brought to prove;
Of kinden none avaunteur is to leve.

Avaunteur and a lier all is one;
As thus; I suppose a woman graunt me
Her love, and saith that othir well she none,
And I am sworne to holdin it seere,
And aftir I goe tell it two or thre;
I wis I am a vaunteur at the lest,
And lier eke, for I breke my behest.

Now lokith than if thei be not to blame
Soche manir folk, what shal I clepe them, what?
That 'hem avaunt of women, and by name,
That yet behight 'hem nevir this ne thar,
Ne knowin 'hem no more than mine olde hat:
No wondir is, so God me fendin hele,
Though women dredin with us men to dele.

I saie nat this for no mistrust of you,
Ne for no wife men, but for felis nice,
And for the harme that in the worlde is now
As well for folie oft as for malice,
For well wote I that in wise folk that vice
Nowoman drat, if she be well avised,
For *Wise men ben by felis harme chastised.*

But now to purpose, leve brother dere!
Have all this thing that I have saied in minde,
And kepe the close, and be now of gode chere;
For all thy daies thou shalt me true yfnde;
I shall thy processe set in soche a kinde,
And God to forme, that it shall the fuffise,
For it shall be right as thou wolt devise.

For well I wote thou menist well parde,
Therefore I dare this fully undirtake;
Thou wost eke what thy ladie grauntid the,
And daic is set the charteris to make;
Have now gode night, I maie no lengir wake,
And bid for me, sith thou art now in blisse,
That God me fendē deth or souē liffe.

Who might ytellin halfe the joie or festa
Whiche that the soule of Troilus the felis
Hering the effect of Pandarus behest
His olde wo, that made his herte to swel,
Gan tho for joie to wastin and to melt,
And all the reheting of his likes fore
At onis sted, he felt of 'hem no more;

But right so as these holtes and these hayis
That han in wintir dedde yben and drio
Revestin 'hem in grene whan that Maie is,
Whan every lustie beste listith to plete,
Right in that selfin wise, sothe for to seie,
Woxe sodainly his herte full of joie,
That gladdit was there nevir man in Troie.

And gan his loke on Pandarus up cast
Full sobirly, and frendly on to se,
And sayid, Friends, in Aprilis the last,
As well thou wost, if it remember the,
How nigh the deth for wo thou founde me,
And how thou diddist all thy businesse
To knowe of me the cause of my distresse.

Thou wost how long I it forbore to thie
To the that art the man that I best trist
And perill none was to the to bewraie
That wist I well; but tell me if the list,
Sith I so lothe was that thy self it wist
How durst I mo tellin of this matere
That quake now the no wight maie us here?

But nathelless, by that God I the swere,
That as him list maie all this world governe,
And if I lie Achillis with his spere
Mine herte cleve, all were my life eterne,
As I am mortall, if I late or yerne
Would it bewraie, or durst, or should, or comye
For all the gode that God made undir sonne;

That rather die I would and determine
As thinkith me now, stockid in prison,
In wretchidnesse, in filthe, and in vermine,
Captive to cruill King Agamemnon;
And this in all the temple of this toun
Upon the goddis all, I woll the swere,
To morowe daie, if that the likith here!

And that thou hast so moche idden for me
That I no maie it nevirmore deserre
This knowe I well, all might I now for the
A thousande timis on a morowe serve;
I can no more but that I woll the serve
Right as thine own slave, whitthir so thou wende,
For evinmore unto my lyf is ende.

But here with al mint herte I the beseche
That nevir in me thou deme soche folie
As I shall saine, me thought by thy speches
That this whiche thou me doest for companie
I should wenin it were a bauderie;
I am not wode all if I leudo yber
It is nat so, that wote I well parde.

But he that goeth for gold or for richesse
On soche messagis, call him what ye list,
And this that thou doest, call it gentillesse,
Compassion, and felowship, and trift;
Departin it so, for widewhere is wift,
How that there is diversite requered:
Betwixin thingis like, as I have lered.

And that thou knowe I ne thinke not ne wene
That this service a shame be or a jape,
I have my faire sustir Polyxene,
Cassandra, Helen, or any of the frap;
Be she never so faire or well ishape,
Tell me whiche thou wilt of everichone;
To have for thine; and let me than alone.

But sith that thou hast doen me this service
My life to save, and for non hope of mede,
So for the love of God this grete emprise
Performe it out, for now is the moste nede;
For high and lowe, withoutin any drede,
I woll alwaie thine heftis alle kepe:
Have now gode night, and let us bothe slepe.

Thus held 'hem eche of othir well apaied,
That all the worlde ne might it bet amende;
And on the morowe, when they were araied
Eche to his owne nedis gan entende;
But Troilus, though as the fire he brende
For sharpe desire of hope and of plesaunce,
He not forgate his gode wife govinaunce;

But in himself with manhode gan restrain
Eche rakill dede and eche unbridlid chere,
That all tho that livin, sothe for to saine,
Ne should have wifte by worde or by manere
What that he ment as touching this matere,
From every wight as ferre as is the cloud,
He was so wise, and well diffimu'len coude.

And all the while whiche that I now devise
This was his life, with all his fullle might,
By daie he was in Mart's high service,
That is to sain, in armis as a knight,
And fore the more part all the longe night
He lay and thought how that he might yserve
His ladie beste, her thanke for to deserve.

N'll I not swerin, although he laie soft,
That in his thought he n'as somwhat disefed,
Ne that he tournid on his pillowes oft,
And would of that him misfid have ben esed;
But in soche case men be nat alwaie plesed
For aught I wote, no more than was he,
That can I deme of possibilitie.

But certain is, to purpose for to go,
That in this while, as written is in geste,
He sawe his ladie somtime, and also
She with him spake when that she durst and leste,
And by ther both avise, as was the beste,
Appointedin full warely in this nede,
So as thei durst, how they wouldin procede.

But it was spoken in so short a wile,
In soche awaite alwaie, and in soche fere,
Lest any wight divin or divise
Would of 'hem two, or to it laie an ere,
That all this worlde so lese to 'hem ne were
As that Cupido would 'hem his gracesfende
To makin of ther purpose right an ende,

But thilke little that thei spake or wrought
His wile ghoste toke aie of all soche hede,
It semid her he wile what she thought
Withoutin worde, so that it was no nede
To bid him aught to doen or aught forbede,
For which she thought that love, al come it late,
Of alle joie had openid her the yate.

And shortly to this proceffe for to pace,
So well his werke and wordis he beset
That he so full stode in his ladie's grace
That twentie thousande timis er she let
She thonkid God she evir with him met;
So could he him govern in soche service
That all the worlde ne might it bet devise:

For why? she founde him so discrete in all,
So secrete, and eke of such obeisaunce,
That well she felt he was to her a wall
Of stele, and shelde from every displeaunce,
That to yben in his gode govinaunce,
So wise he was, she was no more afered,
I mene as fere as it ought ben requered.

And Pandarus to quicke alwaie the fire
Was evir ilike prest and diligent;
To efe his frende was set al his desire;
He shoue aie on; he to and fro was sent,
He lettirs bare when Troilus was absent,
That never man as in his frend's nede
Ne bare him bet than he withoutin drede.

But now para'venture some man waitin wold
That every worde or sonde, or loke or chere,
Of Troilus that I rehcerin shold,
In al this while unto his lady dere,
I trowe it were a long thing for to here,
Or of what wight that stonte in fuche disointe
His wordis al or every loke to pointe.

Forsothe I have not herde it done er this
In storie none, ne no man here I wene,
And though I would yet I could not iwis,
For there was some epistel 'hem betwene
That would (as faith min auctor) wel contene
Nie halfe this boke, of which him list not write;
How should I than a line of it endite?

But to the gret effeete than saie I thus,
That stonding in comorde and in quiete
This ilke two, Creseide and Troilus,
As I have tolde, and in this timè swete,
Save onely ofte mightin thei not mete,
Ne leisir have ther spechis to fullfell,
That it besil right as I shal you tell,

That Pandarus, that evir did his might
Right for the fine that I shal speke of here,
As for to bringin to his housse some night
His faire nece and Troilus isere,
Where as at leisir al this high matere
Touching her love were at the ful up bounde,
Had out of doute a time to it yfounde;

For he with grete deliberacion,
Had every thing that therto might avail
Forne cast, and put in execution,
And neithir leste for coste ne for travaile;
Come if 'hem liste 'hem shoulde nothing faile
And for to ben in aught epyid there
That wile he wel an impossible were.

And dreddlesse it there was in the winde
Of every pie and every letgame,
Now al is wel, for al the world is blinde
In this matir bothe fremid and tame;
This timber is al redy up to frame;
Us lackith naught but that we yetin wold
A certaine houre in whiche she comin shold.

And Troilus, that al this purveiaunce
Knew at the ful, and waited on it aie,
And hereupon eke made gret ordinaunce,
And founde his cause and therewith his aray,
Yf that he were ymisfid night or day,
There while he was aboutin this service,
That he was gon to don his sacrifice,

And muste at fuche a temple alone wake,
Answerd of Apollo for to be,
And first to sene the holy laurir quake
Er that Apollo spake out of the tre,
To tellin him whan Grekis next should fle;
And forthy let him no man, God forbede!
But praie Apollo helpin in this nede.

Now is there litill more for to be done
But Pandare up, and, shortly for to faine,
Right sone upon the chaunging of the mone,
Whan lightlesse is the world a night or twaine,
And that the welkin shope him for to raine,
He streight amorowe unto his nece went,
Ye have wel herde the fine of his entente.

Whan he was comen he gan anon to plaic,
As he was wont, and of himselfe to jape,
And finally he swore, and gan her saie
By this and that, she should him not escape,
No lengir done him aftir her to cape,
But certainly that she must, by her leve,
Come soupin in his house with him at eve.

At which she lough, and gan her first excuse,
And said, It rainith, lo! how should I gone?
Let be, (quod he) ne stonde not thus to muse;
This mote be don, ye shal come there anone,
So at the last herof thei fel at one,
Or ellis folt he swore her in her ere
He n'olde nevir comin there she were.

Sone aftir this she unto him gan rowne,
And askid him if Troilus were there?
He swore her Nay, for he was out of towne,
And said, What, nece, I pofe that he were there,
You durst nevir thereof have the more fere?
For rather than men might him there aspice
Me levir were a thousande folde to die.

Naught list mine auctor fully to declare
What that she thought whan that he said her fo,
That Troilus was out of toune ifare,
And if he said the of soth or no,
But that without awaite with him to go
She grauntid him, sithe he her that besought,
And as his nece obeyid as her ought.

But nathelesse yet gan she him besече,
Although with him to gone it was no fere,
For to beware of gossipe peplis speche,
That dremin thingis whiche that nevir were,
And well avisin him whom he brought there;
And said him, Eme, sens I must on you trist
Loke al be wel; I do now as you list.

He swore her this by stockis and by bones,
And by the goddis that in hevyn dwell,
Or ellis were him levir soule and bones
With Pluto King as depe ben in hell
As Tantalus; what shouldin I more tell?
Whan al was wel he rose and toke his leve,
And she to soupir came whan it was eve,

With a certaine numbere of her owne men,
And with her fayir nece Antigone,
And othir of her women nine or ten;
But who was glad nowe, who, as trowyn ye?
But Troilus, that stode and might it se
Throughout a litil window in a stewe,
Ther he beseth till midnight was in mewe,

Unwilt of every wight but of Pandare.
But to the point. Now whan that she was come
With al joie, and all her frendis in fare,
Her eme anone in armis hath her nome,
And aftir to the soupir al and some,
Whan as time was, ful foste thei hem yfet,
God wot there was no deinte ferre to fet.

And aftir soupir gonnin thei to rise,
At ese wel, with hertis full fresh and glade,
And wel was him that coude best devise
To likin her, or that her laughin made:
He songe, she plaide; he tolde a tale of Wade;
But at the last, as every thing hath ende,
She toke her leve, and nedis would thens wende.

But, o Fortune! executrice of wicdes,
O influencis of these hevins hie!
Soth is that undir God ye ben our hierdes;
Though to us bestis ben the causis wrie;
This mene I now, for she gan homward hie;
But execute was al beside her leve
The goddis wil, for whiche she must bileve.

The benté mone with her hornis all pale,
Saturn and Jove, in Cancro joynid were,
That fuche a raine from hevyn gan availle
That every manir woman that was there
Had of that smoky raine a very fere,
At the which Pandare tho lough, and said thenne,
Now were it time a lady to gone henne?

But, gode nece, if that I might evir plesse
You any thing, than pray I you (quod he)
To don mine hert as now so gret an ese
As for to dwell here al this night with me;
For why? this is your owne house parde,
For by my trouthe, I say it nat in game,
To wende as nowe it were to me a shame.

Creseidé, which that could as mokil gode
As halfe a world, toke hede of his prayere,
And sens it rained, and al was in a stode,
She thought as gode chepe may I dwellin here,
And graunt it gladly with a frend's chere,
And have a thonke, as grutche and than abide,
For home to gon it may nat well betide.

I wol, (quod she) mine uncle lese and dere!
Sens that you list; it skil is to be fo;
I am right glad with you to dwellin here;
I seide but in game that I wolde goe.
Iwis graunt mercy! nece, (quod he) tho;
Were it a game or no, the sothe to tell,
Now am I glad sens that you list to dwell.

Thus al is wel; but tho began aright
The newe joy, and al the fest againe;
But Pandarus, if godely had he might,
He would have hyd her to bedde full faine;
And said, O Lorde! this is an huge raine,
This were a wethir for to slepin in,
And that I rede us sone to begin:

And, neede, wot ye where I wol you laie?
For that we shul nat liggin ferre asonder,
And for ye neithir shulkin, dare I saie,
Herin the noyse of rainis ne of thonder,
By God right in my litil clofset yonder,
And I wol in that uttir house alone
Ben wardain of your women everichone;

And in this middle chambre that ye se
Shal all your women slepin wel and softe;
And there I sayid that your felvin be.
And if ye liggin wel to night come ofte,
And carith not what wethir is alofte,
Goth in anone; and whan so that ye left
Go we to slepe, I trowe it be the best.

There n'is no more; but here afir sone
Thei drank, voidid, and curtins drew anone;
Can every wight that hadde nought to done
More in the place out of the chambre gone;
And evir more so sterneliche it rone,
And blew therewith so wonderliche loude,
That wel nigh no man herin othir coude,

Tho Pandarus her eme, right as him ought,
With women suche as were her most aboute,
Ful glad unto her bedd'is side her brought,
And toke his leve, and gan ful lowe to loute;
And said, Here at this clofset dore withoute
Right ovirthwart your women liggin all,
That whom ye list of 'hem ye maie sone call.

So whan that she was in the clofset laide,
And al her women forth by ordinaunce
A bedde werin, there as I have ysaide,
There n'as no more to skippin nor to prauce
But bodin go to bedde with mischaunce,
If any wight stering were any where,
And let 'hem slepin that abedde ywere.

But Pandarus, that wel couthe eche adele
The olde daunce, and every point therin,
Whan that he wiste that all thing was wele,
He thought he wolde upon his werke begin,
And gan the stewe dore all soft unpin
As stil as ston, withoutin lengir lette;
By Troilus adoun right he him sette.

And, shortly to the pointe right for to gone,
Of al this werke he told him orde and ende,
And sayid, Make the redy right anone,
For thou shalt into hevin blisse ywende.
Now blisful Venus! thou me grace yfende,
(Quod Troilus) for never yet no neede
Had I er now, ne halfindele the drede.

(Quod Pandarus) Ne drede the ner a dele,
For it shal be right as thou wolt desire;
So thrive I this night shal I make it wele,
Or castin all the gruff in the fire.
Yet, blisful Venus! this night thou me' enspire,
(Quod Troilus) as wis as I the serve,
And evir bet and bet shal til I serve,

And if I had, o Venus ful of mirthe!
Aspectis badde of Mars or of Saturne,
Or thou Combulste, or let were in my birth,
Thy father pray I al thikke harme disturne
Of grace, and that I glad aien maie turne
For love of him thou lovidest in the shawe,
I mene Adon, that with the bore was slawe;

O Jove! eke for the love of faire Europe,
The which in form of bulle awaie thou set;
Now helpe, o Mars! that with thy bloody cope,
For love of Cypria, thou me nought ne let;
O Phœbus! thinke when Daphne her selve shet
Undir the barke, and laurir woxe for drede,
Yet for her love o helpe me at this neede!

O Mercurie! for the love of her eke
For which Pallas was with Aglauros wrothe
Now helpe; and eke Diane! I the beske
That this viage ne be nat to the sothe;
O Fatal Sustrin! whiche or any clothe
Me shapin was my destine me sponne,
So helpith to this werke that is begonne!

(Quod Pandarus) Thou wrothid moud' is here,
Art thou agast so that she wol the bite?
Why, do on this furred cloke upon thy flighte,
And solowe me, for I wol have the wite;
But bide, and let the gon before alite;
And with that words he gan undone a trappe,
And Troilus he brought in by the lappe.

The sterné winde so loude began to rouse
That no wight other'is noise might yhere,
And thei that layin at the dore without
Full sikirly thei slepin all isere;
And Pandarus with a ful sobre chere
Goth to the dore anon withoutin lette
There as thei lay, and softly it shotte;

And as he came ayenwarde privily
His nece awoke, and askith, Who gooth there?
Mine owne dere nece! (quod he) it am I,
Ne wondrith not, ne have of it no fere;
And nere he came, and said her in her ere,
No worde for love of God I you besече,
Let no wight rise and herin of out speche.

What! whiche waie be ye comen? *Benedicite!*
(Quod she) and how thus unwilte of 'hem all?
Here at this secret trappè dore (quod he.)
(Quod the Creseide) Let me some wight call.
Eigh! God forbid that it should so befall
(Quod Pandarus) that ye suche foly wrought!
Thei might demin thing that thei never thought.

It is not gods a sleping bounde to wake.
Ne yeve a wight a cause for to divine;
Your women slepin al I undirtake,
So that for them the house men mightin mine,
And slepin wollen till the sunne shine,
And when my tale ybrought is to an ende
Unwilt right as I came so wol I wende.

Now, neede mine, ye shal well undirfonde,
(Quod he) so as ye women demin all,
That for to holde in love a man in honde,
And him her lese and her dere hert to call,
And makin him an how above a call,
I mene, as love an othir in mene while,
She doth her selfe a shame and him a gile.

Now wherby that I tellin you al this
Ye wote your selfe as wel as any wight,
How that your love al fully grauntid is
To Troilus, that is the worthiest wight
One of the world, and therto trouth iplight,
That but it were on him alonge ye n'olde
Him nevir falsin while ye levin sholde.

Now fionte it thus, that sith I fro you went
This Troilus, right platly for to seine,
Is through a guttir by a privy went
Into my chambre come in al this reine,
Unwilt of every manir wight certaine
Save of my selfe, as wisely have I joie,
And by the faith I owe Priam of Troie :

And he is come in fuche paine and distresse
That but he be all fully wode by this
He sodainly mote fall into wodenesse
But if God helpe : and the cause why is this,
He saith him told is of a frende of his
How that ye shoulde love one that might Horast,
For sorow of which this night shal be his last.

Creseide, whiche that al this wondir herde,
Can sodainly aboute her hert to colde,
And with a sigh she sorowfully answered,
Alas ! I wehde whofoere talis tolde,
My dere hert, certis, eme, would me nat holde
So lightly faulfe : alas ! conceitis wrong
What harme thei done ! for now live I to long.

Horaste, alas ! and falsin Troilus !
I knowe him not, God helpe me so ! (quod she.)
Alas ! what wickid spirite tolde him thus ?
Now certis, eme, to morow' and I him se
I shal therof as full excusin mie
As evir did woman, if that him like,
And with that worde she gan full fore to fike.

O God ! (quod she) so worldly felinesse,
Whiche clerkis callin false felicite,
Ymedlid is with many' a bitternesse
Ful anguifous, that is, God wote, (quod she)
Condicion of veine prosperite,
For eithir joyis comin nat ifere,
Or ellis no wight hath 'hem alwaie here,

O brotil wele of mann's joie unstable !
With what wight so thou be, or how thou playe,
Eithir he wote that thou joie art mutable,
Or wote it nate, it mote been one of twaie :
Now if he wote it nat how male he saie
That he hath very joie and silinesse
That is of ignoraunce aie in darkenesse ?

Now if he wote that joy is transitory,
(As every joie of worldly thing mote sie)
Than every time he that hath in memory
The drede of lesing makith him that he
May in no parsite liker nesse ybe,
And if to lese his joie he set a mite
Than semith it that joy is worth ful lite.

Wherfore I wol define in this matere,
That truly for aught I can espie
There is no very wele in this world here ;
But o thou wickid serpent Jealousie !
Thou misbelevid, envious folie,
Why hast thou Troilus made me to untrist,
That nevir yet agilte him that I wiste ?

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(Quod Pandarus) Thus fallin is this cras.
Why, uncle mine, (quod she) who tolde him this ?
And why doth my dere herte thus alas !
Ye wote, ye, nece min, (quod he) what it is ?
I hope al shal be wel that is amis,
For ye maie quenche al this if that you lest ;
And doeth right so ; I holde it for the best.

So shal I do to morow' I wis, (quod she)
And God toforne, so that it shal suffice.
To morow, alas ! that were faire (quod he.)
Nay, nay, it maie nat stonidin in this wise,
For, nece mine, thus writin clerkis wise,
That *Peril is with dretching in yarrowe* ;
Nay, fuche abodis ben nat worthe an hawe.

Nece, alle thing hath time, I dare avowe,
For whan a chambre' a fire is or an hall,
Wel more nede is it sodainly restowe
Than to dispute and aske amongis all
How is this candil in the strawe yfall ?
Ah, *benedicite* ! for al among that fare
The harme is done, and farwel feldesfare.

And, nece mine, ne take it nat agrese
If that ye suffre' him al night in this wo ;
God helpe me so ye had him nevir lese ;
What dare I sain, now there is but we two,
But wel I wote that ye wol nat so do ;
Ye ben to wife to don so gret folie,
To put his life al night in jeopardie.

Had I him nevir lese ? by God I wene
Ye ne had nevir thing so lese, (quod she.)
Now by my thrifte (quod he) that shal be sene,
For sithe ye make this ensample of me,
If I al night would him in sorowe se
For al the tresour in the toun of Troie,
I bidde God that I nevir mote have joie.

Now loke than if ye that ben his love
Should put his life all night in jeopardy
For thing of nought : now by that God above
Nat onely this delate cometh of folie
But of malice, if that I should nat lie :
What ! platly and ye suffre' him in distresse
Ye neithir bounte done ne gentilnesse.

(Quod tho Creseide) Wol ye done o thing,
And ye therwith shal stinte al his difese,
Have here and berith him this blewè ring,
For there is nothing might him bettir plese
Save I myselfe, ne more his hert apele ;
And saie, my dere herte ! that his sorowe
Is causelesse, that shal he sene to morowe.

A ringe ! (quod he) ye hafilwodis shaken !
Ye, nece mine, that ring must have a stone,
A stone which that might ded men alive maken,
And fuche a ring trowe I that ye have none :
Discrecion out of your hed is gone,
That fele I now, (quod he) and that is rounthe :
O time ilost, wel maist thou cursin slouth !

Wote ye not wel that noble and hie courage
Ne soroweth nat, ne stintith eke for lite,
But if a sole were in a jelous rage
I n'olde settin at his sorowe a mite,
But fesse him with a fewè wordis white
An othir deie, whan that I might him finde ;
But this thing stant al in another kinde ;

A.

This is so gentle and so tendir of herte
That with his deeth he wol his sorowes wreke,
For trust it wel how sore so that him smerte
He wol to you no jelous wordis speke;
And forthy, nece, er that his hert to breke,
So speke your selfe to him of this matere,
For with a worde ye maie his herte stere.

Now have I tolde what peril he is in,
And his coming unwill to every wight;
Ne parde harme maie there be none he sin,
I wol my self be with you al this night;
Ye know eke how it is your owne knight,
And by that right ye must upon him triste,
And I al prest to fetch him when you liste.

This accident so pitous was to here,
And eke so like a sothe, at prime face,
And Troilus her knight, to her so dere,
His prive comming, and the sikir place,
That though she thought she did him than a grace,
Considrid all thingis as they stode,
No wondir is, sens he did al for gode.

Creseide answerde, As wisely God at rest
My soule bring as me is for him wo,
And, eme, iwis faine would I don the best,
If that I a grace had for to do so;
But whethir that ye dwel or for him go
I am, til God me bettir minde sende,
At Dulcarnon, right at my witt's ende.

(Quod Pandarus) Ye, nece, wol ye here,
Dulcarnon clepid is flaming of wretches,
It semith hard, for wretchis wol nought lere
For very slouth, or othir wilfull tetches,
This said is by them that ben't worth two fetches;
But ye ben wise, and that ye han on honde
N'is neithir harde ne skillful to withstonde.

Than, eme, (quod she) doeth hereof as you list,
But er he come I wol up first arise,
And for the love of God, sens al my trist
Is on you two, and ye beth bothe wise,
So werkith now, in so discrete a wise,
That I honour maie have and he plessaunce,
For I am here al in your govirnaunce.

That is wel said, (quod he) my nece dere!
There gode thrifte on that wise gentill herte;
But liggith still, and takith him right here,
It nedith nat no fersith for him sterte;
And eche of you ese othir sorowes smert,
For love of God and Venus I the herie,
For sone hope I that we shullen ben merie.

This Troilus full sone on knees him sette
Ful sobrely right by her bedd's hed,
And in his beile wise his lady grette;
But Lord! so the woxe sodainliche al red,
And thought anone how that she shulde be dedde;
She could nat o word aught out bringe,
So sodainly for his fodaine cominge.

But Pandarus, that so wel could fele
In every thing, to plaie anon began,
And sayid, Nece, se how this lord gan knele,
Now for your trouthe se this gentil man;
And with that worde he for a quishin ran,
And said, Knelith now whilis that thou leste,
There God your hertis bring fone to reste.

Can I naught fain, for she bad him nat rise,
If sorowe it put out of her remembraunce,
Or ellis that she toke it in the wise
Of duetie as for his observaunce;
But well finde I she did him this plessaunce,
That she him kist, although she sikid fore,
And bad him sit adoun withoutin more.

(Quod Pandarus) Now wol ye well begin,
Now doth him sittin doune, gode nece dere!
Upon your bedd's side, al there within,
That eche of you the bet maie othir here;
And with that worde he drew him to the fere,
And toke a light, and found his countinaunce
As for to loke upon an old romaunce.

Creseide, that was Troilus lady right,
And clere stode in a grounde of sikirnesse,
All thought she that her servaunt and her knight
Ne shulde of trouthe none unright of her gesse,
Yet nathelesse, confidrid his distresse,
And that love is in cause of such folie,
Thus to him spake she of his jelousie:

Lo, herte mine! as would the excellence
Of love, aienst the whiche that no man maie,
Ne ought eke godely makin resistence,
And eke bicause I felt wel and faie
Your grete trouth and service every daie,
And that your hert al mine was, soth to faie,
This drove me for to rewe upon your paine;

And your godenes have I founden alway yet,
Of whiche my dere hert, and al my knight!
I thanke it you, as fere as I have wit,
Al can I nat as much as it were right;
And I emforth my conning and my might
Have, and aie shal, how fore so that me smert,
Ben to you trewe and whole with all mine hert;

And dredlesse that shal be founde at preve:
Me, herte mine! what al this is to faie
Shal well be told, so that ye nought you greve,
Though I to you right on your self complain,
For therewith mene I finally the paine
That hath your hert and mine in hevinesse
Fully to slaine, and every wrong redresse.

My gode hert mine! n'ot I for why ne how
That Jelousy, alas! that wicked wivere,
Thus causelesse is cropin into you,
The harme of whiche I would fain deliver:
Alas! that he all whole or of him slivere
Should have his refute in so digne a place!
Than Jove him fone out of your herte erace!

But o thou Jove! o auctor of nature!
Is this an honour to thy dignite
That folke ungilty suffer here injure,
And who that gilty is al quite goeth he?
O were it lesful for to plaine of the,
That undeservid sufferist jelousie,
Of that I would upon the plaine and crie.

Eke al my wo is this, that folke now usen
To faie right thus; Ye, jelousie is love,
And would a bushil of venim excusen,
For that a grane of love is on it shove,
But that wote high Jove that sittin above
If it be likir love, or hate, or grame,
And aftir that it ought to bere his name,

But certaine is some manir jelousie
Is excusable more than some iwis,
As whan cause is and some fuche fantasie,
With pite that so wel exprestid is
That it unnethis doeth or saith amis,
But godely drinkith up al his distresse,
And that excuse I for the gentillesse.

And some so ful of fury is and dispite
That it surmountith his repressioun;
But, herte mine? ye be nat in that plite,
That thonke I God, for whiche your passion
I wol nat cal it but illusion

Of haboundaunce of love and bely cure,
That doth your herte this diffele endure;

Of which I am right fory but nat wrothe,
But for my devoir and your hert's reeste.
Where so you list, by ordal or by othe,
By sorte, or in what wise so that you leste,
For love of God let preve it for the beste,
And if that I be gilty do me die;
Alas! what might I more or done or seie?

And tho with that a fewe bright teris newe
Out of her eyin fel, and thus she seide;
Now God, thou wost in thought ne dede untrewed
To Troilus was never yet Creseide;
With that her hed down in the bed she leide,
And with the shete it wrie, and sighid fore,
And held her pece; nat a word spake she more.

But now helpe God to quench al this sorow,
So hope I that he shal, for he beste may,
*For I have sene of a ful misty morow
Folowen ful oft a mery somer's day,
And Astir wintir foloweth grene May;
Men sene all day, and redin eke in stories,
That Astir sharpe flouris ben victories.*

This Troilus, when he her wordis herde,
Have ye no care him list nat to slepe,
For it thought him no strokis of a yerde
To here or se Creseide his lady wepe,
But wel he felte about his herte crepe,
For every tere whiche that Creseide afterte,
The crampe of deth to straine him by the herte.

And in his minde he gan the time accurse
That he came there, and that he was yborne,
For now his wicke ytournd into worie,
And al that labour he hath doon beforne
He wend it lost, he thought it n'as but lorne:
O Pandarus! thought he, alas! thy wile
Servith of nought, so welawaie the while!

And therewith all he hing adounne his hedde,
And fell on knees, and sorowfully sight:
What might he fain? he felt he n'as but dedde,
For wroth was she that should his sorowes light;
But nathelesse whan that he spekin might,
Than said he thus; God wote that of this game
Whan all is wist than am I nat to blame.

Therewith the sorowe in hert so shet
That from his eyin fell there nat a tere,
And every spirite his vigour in knet,
So thei astonied and oppressid were;
The feling of his sorowe or his fere,
Or of aught ellis, fledde were out of tounce;
Adounne he fell all sodainly in swoon.

This was no litle sorowe for to se,
But all was hush't, and Pandarus up as fast;
O nece! pece, or we be lost (quod he);
Bethenat agast; but certain at the last
For this or that he into bedde him cast,
And saide, O these! is this a mann's herte?
And of he rent all to his bare sherte,

And sayid, Nece, but and ye helpe us now,
Alas! your owne Troilus is lorne.

Iwis so would I, and I wiste how,
Full fain, (quod she), Alas that I was borne!
Ye, nece, woll ye pullin out the thorne
That stiketh in his herte (quod Pandarus)?
Saie all foryeve, and stint is all this fare.

Ye, that to me (quod she) full levir were
Than all the gode the sunne about ygoeth;
And therewithall she swore him in his ere,
Iwis, my dere herte! I am not wrothe,
Have here my trouthe, and many an othir othe,
Now speke to me, for it am I Creseide:
But all for naught; yet might he not abride.

Therewith his poulice and paumis of his hondes
Thei gan to frote, and wete his templeis twain,
And to delivir him fro bittir bondes
She oft him kist; and, shortly for to fain,
Him to rewakin she did all her pain;
And at the last he gan his breth to drawe,
And of his swough sone astir that adawe;

And gan bet minde and reson to him take;
But wondir fore he was abashed iwis,
And with a sigh whan he gan bet awake
He saied, O mercie, God! what thing is this?
Why doe ye with your selvin thus amis?
(Quod tho Creseide) is this a mann's game?
What, Troilus! woll ye do thus for shame?

And therewithall her arme ovre him she laide,
And all foryave, and oft in time him kest:
He thonkid her, and to her spake and saied
As fill to purpose for his hert's rest;
And she to that answerde him as her lest,
And with her godellie wordis him disport
She gan, and oft his sorowes to comfort.

(Quod Pandarus) For aught I can assien
This light nor I ne serving here of naught,
Light is nat gode for fike folkis eyen;
But for the love of God, sene ye ben brought
In this gode plite, let now non hevvy thought
Ben hangid in the hertis of you twey;
And bare the candle towards the chimney.

Sone after this, though it no nede ywere,
Whan she soche othis as her list devise
Had of him takin, her thought tho no fere
Ne cause eke none to bid him thennis rise:
Yet lesse thing than othis maie suffice
In many a case, for every wight I gesse
That lovith well menith but gentillesse.

But in effect she would ywete anon
Of what man, and eke where, and also why,
He jelous was, sene there was cause non,
And eke the signe whiche that he toke is by,
She bade him that to tell her busily,
Or ellis certain she bare him on honde
That this was doon of malice, her to fonde;

Withoutin more, shortly for to faine,
He must obeie unto his ladie's heft,
And for the lasse harme he must somewhat faine;
He saied her, When was at soche a fest
She might on him have lokid at the left;
N'ot I nat what (all dere inough a rishe)
As he that nedis must a cause out fishe.

And she answerde, Swete hert I all were it so,
What harme was that, since I non evill mene?
For by that God that wronglitus bothe two
In all manir thing is mine entent clene;
Soche argumentes ne be nat worthe a bene;
Woll ye the childissh jelous counterfete?
Now were it worthy that ye were ibete.

The Troilus gan sorrowfully fike,
Left she be wrothe him thought his herte deide,
And saied, Alas! upon my sorowe's fike
Have mercie, o swete herte mine, Creseide!
And if that in the words that I seide
Be any wrong, I woll no more trespass;
Doeth what you list; I am all in your grace.

And she answerde, Of gilt misericorde,
That is to faine, that I foryeve all this,
And evirmore on this night you recorde,
And bethe well wafe ye doe no more amis;
Naie, dere hert mine! no more (quod he) iwis,
And now (quod she) that I have you doe smerte
For yeve is to me, mine owne swete herte!

This Troilus with blisse of that surprised
Put all in Godd's hande, as he that ment
Nothing but well, and sodainly avised
He her in his armis fast to him hent;
And Pandarus with a full gode entent
Laied him to slepe, and saied, If ye be wise
Sownith not now, lest more folke arise.

What might or maie the sely lark saie
When that the sparhawk hath him in his fote?
I can no more but of these ilke twaie,
(To whom this tale sugre be or fote)
Though I tary a yere, somtime I mote
After mine auethour tellin ther gladnesse,
As well as I have tolde ther hevinesse.

Creseide, whiche that felt her thus itake,
(As writin clerkis in ther bokis old)
Right as an aspie lest she gan to quake
Whan she him felt her in his armis fold;
But Troilus all whole of caris cold
Gan thankin tho the blisfull goddis seven.
Thus *Sondry painis bringin folk to heven.*

This Troilus in armis gan her straine,
And sayid, Swete! as evir mote I gone
Now be ye caught; now here is but we twaine;
Now yeldith you, for othir bote is none.
To that Creseide answerid thus anon,
Ne had I er now, my swete herte dere!
Ben yoldin, iwis I were now not here.

O soth is saied, that held for to be
Of a fevir or othir grete siknesse
Men must drinkin, as we may oftin fe,
Full bittir drinke, and for to have gladnesse
Men drinkin oft in pain and in distresse;
I mene it here, as for this avinture,
That through a pain hath foundin al his cure.

And now swetnesse yfemish ferre more swete
That bittirnesse allayid was biforne,
For out of wo in blisse now thei flete;
Non soche thei feldin fithins thei were borne;
Now is this bettir than bothe two be lorne;
For love of God take every woman hede
To werkin thus if it come to the nede.

Creseide all quite from every drede and tene,
As she that iuste cause had him to trist,
Made him soche fest it joie was for to sene,
Whan she his trouth and tene entent ywist;
And as about a tre with many a twist
Bitrent and writhin is the swete woodbinde
Gan eche of hem in armis othir winde.

And as the newe abashid nightingale,
That stintith first, whan she the beginnith sing,
Whan that she herith any herd is tale,
Or in the hedgis any wight stering,
And aftir sikir doeth her voice out ring,
Right so Creseide, whan that her drede stent,
Opened her hert, and told him her entent.

And right as he that seeth his deth ihapen,
And dyn mote, in aught that he maie gessie,
And sodainly rescous doeth him escapen,
And from his deth is brought in sikirnesse,
For al this worlde in soche present gladnesse
Was Troilus and hath his lady swete;
With no worse hap God let us nevir mete!

Her armis small, her back both streight and soft,
Her sidis long, and fleshy, smothe, and white,
He gan to stroke, and gode thrift bad full oft,
Her snow-white throte, her breffis round and lite;
Thus in this heven he gan him to delite,
And therewithall a thousand times her kist,
That what to doen for joie uneth he wist.

Than saied he thus, O Love! o Charite!
Thy mothir eke, Citherea the swete!
Aftir thy self next her yd be she,
Venus I mene, the wellwilly planete,
And next that Hymeneus! I the grete,
For nevir man was to you goddis hold
As I, whiche ye have brought fro caris cold.

Benigne Love! thou holy bond of thinges,
Who so woll grace, and list the not honour,
Lo! his desire woll fle withoutin winges,
For n'oldist thou of bountie hem focoure
That servin best, and moste alwaie laboure,
Yet were all lost, that dare I well faine certes,
But if thy grace ypassid our desertes.

And for thou me, that lest thouke could deserve
Of them that nombred ben unto thy grace,
Hast holpin there I likely was to serve,
And me bestowid in so high a place
That thilke boundis maie no blisse surpase,
I can no more, but laude and reverence
Be to thy bounte and thine excellence.

And therewithall Creseide anon he kist,
Of whiche certain she ne felt no disese,
And thus saied he, Now wold to God I wist,
Mine herte swete! how I you best might please!
What man (quod he) was evir thus at etc
As I, on whiche the fairist and the best
That er I seie deimith her hert to rest!

Here maie ye sene that mercie passith right,
The' experience of that is felt in me,
That am unworthy to so swete a wight;
But harte mine! of your benigneite
So thinkith, that though I unworthy be
Yet mote I nede amendin in some wise
Right through the vertue of your hie service.

And for the love of God, my lady dere!
Sith he hath wrought me for I shal you serve,
As thus I mene, that ye will be my fere
To do me live, if that you list, or serue;
So techith me how that I maie deserve
Your thanke, so that I through min ignoraunce
Ne doe nothing that you be displeaunce:

For certis, freshe and womanliche wife!
This dare I saie, that trouth and diligence,
That shall ye findin in me all my life,
Ne I woll not certain breke your defence,
And if I doe, present or in absence,
For love of God let slea me with the dede,
If that it like unto your womanhede.

Iwis, (quod she) mine owne herte is lust!
My ground of ese, and al mine herte dere!
Graunt mercie! for on that is all my trust:
But let us fall awaie fro this mattere,
For it suffisith this that said is here,
And at o worde, withouthin repentaunce,
Welcome my knight, my pece, my suffisaunce!

Of ther delite or ioies one of the lest
Were impossible to my wit to saie,
But judgith ye that have ben at the fest
Of soche gladnesse, if that him list to plaie,
I can no more but thus, theise ilke twaie
That night, betwixin drede and sikirnesse,
Feltin in love the grettest worthinesse.

O blisfull night! of them so long ibought,
How blithe unto 'hem bothe two thou were!
Why ne' had I soche fest with my soule ibought,
Ye, or but the lest joie which that was there?
Awaie thou soule daungir and thou fere!
And let 'hem in this heavin blisse ydwell,
That is so high that all ne can I tell.

But soche is, though I can not tellin all,
As can mine aucthour of his excellence,
Yet have I saied, and God toforné shall,
In every thing all wholly his sentence,
And if that I at Lov is reverence
Have any worde in echid for the best,
Doeth therewithall right as your selvin lest;

For all my wordis here, and every part,
I speke 'hem all undir correction
Of you that feling have in lov is art,
And put it all in your discrecion,
To encrese, or make diminicion
Of my langage, and that I you besече;
But now, to purpose of my rather speche.

Theise ilke two, that ben in armis last,
So lothe to 'hem afondir gon it were,
That eche from othir wendin ben brast,
Or ellis, lo! this was ther moste fere,
That al this thing but nice dremis were,
For whiche full oft eche of 'hem said, O swete!
Clippe I you thus, or els doc I it mete?

And, Lorde! so he gan godelie on her se,
That nevir his lokene bent from her face,
And saied, O my dere herte! maie it be
That it be sothe that ye ben in this place?
Ye, herte mine! God thanke I of his grace,
(Quod tho Creseide) and therewithall him kist,
That where here spirite was for joie the n'ist.

This Troilus full oft her eyin two
Gan for to kisse, and saied, O eyin dere!
It werin ye that wrought me soche wo,
Ye humble nettis of my lady dere,
Though there be mercie writtin in your chere,
God wote the text full harde is for to finde;
How couldin ye withoutin bonde me binde?

Therwith he gan her fast in armis take,
And well an hundrid timis gan he fike,
Not soche sorowfull fighis as men make
For wo, or ellis whan that folke be fike,
But ese fighis, soche as ben to like,
That shewid his affection within;
Of soche manir fighis could he not bin.

Sone aftir this thei spake of sondrie thinges,
As fill to purpose of this avinture,
And playin enterchaungidin ther ringes,
Of whiche I can not tellin no cripture,
But well wor a broche of gold and azure,
In whiche a rubie set was like in hert,
Creseide him yave, and stakke it on his therre.

Lorde! trowe ye that a covetous wretche
That blamith love, and halte of it dispite,
That of the pens that he can muckre' and ketches
Was evir yet yeve to him soche delite,
As is in love in o point in some plite?
Naie, doubtlesse, for all so God me save
So parfite joie ne maie no nigard have.

Thei woll saie Yes, but Lorde that so thei lie!
Tho basic wretchis full of wo and drede
That callin love a wodenesse or folie;
But it shall fall 'hem as I shall you rede,
Thei shall forgo the white and eke the rede,
And live in wo, there God yeve 'hem mischaunce,
And every lov in his trouthe avaunce.

As would to God tho wretchis that dispise
Service of love had eris all so long
As had Midas, all full of covetise,
And therto dronkin had as hotte and strong
As Cyrus did for his affectis wrong,
To techin 'hem that thei ben in the vice,
And lovirs not, although thei hold 'hem nice.

Theise ilke two of whom that I you saie,
Whan that ther hertis well assurid were,
Thei gonin thei to spekin and to plaie,
And eke rehercin how, and whan, and where,
Thei knewin first, and every wo or fere
That passid was; but all soche hevinesse,
Ithonkid God, was tournid to gladnesse.

And evirmore whan that 'hem fell to speke
Of any thing of soche a time agone
With kissing all that tale should ybreke,
And fallin into a newe joie anone,
And diddin all ther might, sene thei were one,
For to recoveren blisse and ben at ese,
And passid wo with joyis counterpaie,

Reason woll not that I spekin of slepe,
For it accordith not to my mattere;
God wote thei toke of it full little kepe,
But lest this night that was to 'hem so dere
Ne should in vaine escape in no manere
It was bifet in joie and businesse
Of all that founth into gentilnesse,

But whan the cocke, commune astrologer,
Gan on his brest to bete and aftir crowe,
And Lucifer, the day's messenger,
Gan for to rise, and out his hemis throwe,
And estward rose, to him that could it know,
Fortuna Major, than anone Creseide
With herte fore to Troilus thus seide;
Mine hert's life, my trust, al my plesance!
That I was borne, alas! that me is wo,
That daie of us mote make disceverance,
For time it is to rise and hennis go,
Or ellis I am lost for evirmo.

O Night! alas! why n'lt thou ore us have
As long as whan *Alcmena* laie by Jove?
O blacke Night! as folke in bokis rede,
That shapin art by God this worlde to hide
At certain timis with thy derke wede,
That undir that men might in rest abide,
Wel oughtin bestes to plain and folke: to chide,
That thereas daie with labor would us brest,
That thou us sleist and deiniest us not rest.

Thou doest, alas! so shortly thine office,
Thou rale Night, that God makir of kinde
The for thine half, and thine unkinde vice
So fast aie to our hemisphere binde,
That nevirmore undir the ground thou winde,
For through thy rale hying out of Troie
Have I forgone thus hastily my joie.

This Troilus, that with tho wordis felt,
As thought him tho, for piteous distresse
The blodie teris from his herte melt,
As he that yet nevir soche heviness
Aflayd had out of so grete gladnesse,
Gan therewithall Creseide his lady dere
In armis strain, and laid in this manere:

O cruill Daie! accuser of the joie
That Night and Love hath stole and fast iwrie,
Accurid be thy comming into Troie!
For every bowre hath one of thy bright eyen:
Envious Daie! what list the so to spien?
What hast thou lost? why sekist thou this place?
There God thy light so quenche for his grace!

Alas! what have these lovirs the agilt?
Dispitous Daie! thine be the paine of hell,
For many a lovir hast thou slain and wilt;
Thy poring in woll no where let 'hem dwell:
What! profitst thou thy light here for to sel?
Go, sell it them that smale sellis grave;
We well the not; us nedith no daie have,

And eke the sonne Titan gan he chide,
And said, O sole! well maie men the dispise,
That hast all night the Dauning by thy side,
And suffrist her to sone up fro the rise,
For to difese us lovirs in this wise;
What! hold your bed there thou and thy Morow;
I biddè God so yewe you both sorowe.

Therwith full fore he fighed, and thus he seide:
My lady bright, and of my wele or wo
The well and rote! o godely mince, Creseide!
And shall I rise, alas! and shall I goe?
Now fele I that mine herte mote a two;
And how should I my life an houre save
Sens that with you is all the life I have?

What shall I doen? for certis I n'ot how,
Ne whan, alas! I shal the time se
That in this plite I maie ben eft with you,
And of my life God wote how shall that be,
Sens that desire right now so birith me
That I am dede anon but I retourne:
How should I long, alas! fro you sojourn:

But nathelesse, mine owne ladie bright!
Yet were it so that I wist uttirly
That I your humble servaunt and your knight
Were in your herte iset so fermly
As ye in mine, the whiche thing truilly
Me levir were than have these worldis twain,
Yet should I bet endurin all my pain.

To that Creseide answerid right anon,
And with a sigh she saied, O herte dere!
The game iwis so ferforth now is gon
That first shall *Phœbus* fallin from the sphere,
And everiche egle ben the dov's fere,
And every rocke out of his place asterte,
Er Troilus go out of Creseide's herte.

Ye ben so depe within mine herte ygrave,
That tho I would it turne out of my thought,
As wisely very God-my soule save,
To dyin in the pain I couldè nought;
And for the love of God, that us hath wrought,
Let in your brain none othir fantasie
So crepin, that it causè me to die.

And that ye me would have as fast in minde
As I have you, that would I you beseeche,
And if I wist sothly that to finde,
God might not o point of my joyis eche.
But, herte mine! withoutin more speche,
Bethe to me true, or ellis were it routh.
For I am thine, by God and by my trouthe.

Bethe glad forthy, and live in sikirnesse,
Thus saied I ner er this, ne shall to mo;
And if to you it were a grete gladnesse
To tourne ayen sone aftir that ye go,
As faine-would I as ye that it were so,
As wisely God mine herte bring to reste,
And him in armis toke, and ofte keste.

Ayent his will, sithe it mote nedis be,
This Troilus up rose, and fast him cled,
And in his armis toke his lady fre
An hundred times, and on his waie him sped,
And with soche wordis as his herte ybled
He seide, Farith wel, my dere herte swete!
That God us graunte found and sone to mete.

To whiche no worde for sorowe she answerd,
So sore gan his parting her to distrust,
And Troilus unto his paleis ferd,
As wo bigon as she was, sothe to faine,
So harde him wong of sharpe desire the pain;
For to ben este there he was in plesance,
That it may nere out of his remembrance.

Retournid to his roiall paleis sone
He soft unto his bedde gan for to shrinke,
To slepe long, as he was wont to doen;
But all for naught; he maie wel ligge and winke,
But slepe maie there none in his herte sinke,
Thinking how she, for whom desire him brende,
A M. folde was worth more than he wende.

And in his thought gan up and doun to wende
Her wordis all, and every continuance,
And fermly impressin in his minde
The lesté pointe that to him was plesaunce,
And verily of thilke remembraunce
Desire al newe him brende, and lust to brede
Can more than erst, and yet toke he non hede.

Creseide also right in the same wise
Of Troilus gan in her herte shet,
His worthinesse, his lust, his dedis wise,
His gentillesse, and how she with him met,
Thinking Love that he so well her beset,
Desiring oft to have her herte dere
In soche a place as she durst make him chere.

Pandare a morowe which that commin was
Unto his nece gan her faire to grete,
And said, All this night so rained it alas!
That all my drede is that ye, nece swete!
Have little leisir had to slepe and mete:
All night (quod he) hath rain so do me wake
That some of us I trowe ther heddis ake.

And nere he came, and said, How stant it now,
This merie morowe? nece, how can ye fare?
Creseide answerde, Nevir the bet for you,
Foxe that ye ben, God yeve your herte care;
God helpe me so ye cauld all this fare,
Trowe I, (quod she) for all your wordis white:
O who so seeth you knowith you full lye!

With that she began her face for to wrie
With the shete, and woxe for shame all redde,
And Pandarus gan undir for to prie,
And sayid, Nece, if that I shall ben dedde
Have here a swerde and smitith of my hedde:
With that his arme all sodainly he thriste
Undir her necke, and at the last her kiste.

I passe al that, which chargith naught to say:
What! God foryave his deth, and she also
Foryave; and with her uncle gan to plaie,
For othir cause ne was there none than so:
But of this thing right to the effect to go,
Whan time ywas home to her house she went,
And Pandarus bath fully his entent.

Now tourné we ayen to Troilus,
That restlesse full long a bedde ylaie,
And privily sent astrir Pandarus,
To him to come in all the hast he maie:
He come anon, not onis said he naie,
And Troilus full sobirly he grete,
And doun upon the bedd'is side him sete.

This Troilus with all th' affection
Of frendly love that herte maie devise
To Pandarus on kneis fill adoune,
And er that he would of the place arise
He gan him thankin on his beste wise;
An hundrid time he gan the time blesse
That he was borne, to bring him fro distresse.

He said, O frend of frendes! the aldirbest
That evir was, the sothe for to tell,
Thou hast in heven ibrought my soule at rest
Fro Plegethon, the frise fode of hell,
That though I might a thousande timis selpe
Upon a daie my life in thy service,
It ne might not a mote in that suffice.

The sonne, whiche that al the worlde maie see,
Sawe nevir yet (my life that dare I leie)
So joily, faire, and godely, as is the
Whose I am all, and shall till that I deie;
And that I thus am her, dare I wel seie,
That thankid be the hight-worthinesse
Of Love, and eke thy kinde businesse.

Thus hast thou me no litle thing yeve
For why? to the obligid be for aie
My life; and why? for through thine helpe I live,
Or els dedde had I ben many a daie;
And with that worde doun in his bed he laie,
And Pandarus full sobirly him herde
Till all was said, and than he him answerde.

My dere frende! if I have doen for the
In any case, God wote it is me lese,
And am as glad as man maie of it be,
God helpe me so; but take now not agnese
That I shall saie; beware of this mischese,
That there as now thou brought art to thy blisse
That thou thy self ne cause it not to misse.

For of Fortun'is sharpe adversite
The worst kinde of misfortune is this,
A man to have ben in prosperite,
And it remembir whan it passid is:
Thou art wise enough, forthy doe nat amys;
But not to rakill though thou fute warme,
For if thou be certain it wolle the harme.

Thou art at ese, and hold the well therin,
For all so fure as redde is every fire
As grete a crasse is to hope well as winne;
Bride alwaie thy spech and thy desire,
For Worldly joie holdeth not but by a wire,
That previth well, it brent al daie so after,
Forthy nede is to werkin with it softe.

(Quod Troilus) I hope, and God toforne,
My dere frende! that I shall so me bere
That in my gilt there shall nothing ben lorne,
Ne I n'll rakle for to grevin her;
It nedeth not this mattir oft to tere,
For wiltist thou mine herte wel, Pandare,
God wote of this thou wouldest lill care.

Tho gan he tell him of his glade night,
And whereof first his hert ydradde and how,
And sayid, Frende, as I am a true knight,
And by that faith I owe to God and you,
I had it nevir half so hot as now,
And evir the more that desixe me biteth
To love her best the more it me delireth.

I not my self nor wisely what it is,
But now I felfin a new qualite,
Ye, all another than I did er this.
Pandare answerid and said thus, that ha
That onis maie in hevin blisse ybe
He selith othir wayis, dare I saie,
Than thilke time he first herd of it saie.

This is a worde for al, that Troilus
Was hevin ful to speke of this matere,
And for to praisin unto Pandarus
The bounte of his bright lady so dere,
And Pandarus to thanke and makin chere;
This tale was aie span newe to begonne
Till that the night departid 'hem atwinne.

Sone after this, for that Fortune it would,
Icomin was the blisful time swete
That Troilus was warnid that he should
There he was erst Creseide his lady mete,
For whiche he felte his herte in ioie flete,
And faithfully gan all the goddis hery;
And let se now if that he can be merry.

And holdin was the ferme and al the gife
Of her comming, and eke of his alic,
As it was erst, whiche nedith nought devise;
But plainly to th' effecte right for to go.
In ioie and surete Pandarus 'hem two
A bedde ybrought whan that 'hem bothe left,
And thus 'hei ben in quiete and in rest.

Naught nedith it to you, siþe 'hei ben met,
To aske at me if that 'hei blithe ywere?
For if it erst was well, tho was it bet.
A thousande folde, this nedith not enquire;
Age was every sorow, and every fere,
And bothe iwis 'hei had, and so 'hei wene,
As mochl joie as herte maie comprehend.

This n'is no litil thing of for to sey,
This passith every wit for to devise,
For eche of 'hem gan othir's lust obey;
Felicite, whiche that these clerks wile
Commendin so, ne may not here suffice;
This joye ne maie not writtin be with inke;
This passith al that any hert maie thinke.

But cruil day, so welaway the founde!
Can for to aproche, as 'hei by signis knewe,
For whiche 'hem thought 'hei sein deth 'is wounde;
So wo was 'hem that chaungin gan ther hewe,
And day 'hei gomin to dispise al newe,
Calling it traitour, envious, and worse,
And bitterly the day 'is light 'hei corse.

(Quod Troilus) Alas! now am I ware
That Pyrois, and tho swite stedis thre
Whiche that ydrawin forth the Sunn 'is chare
Han gon some bypathe in dispite of me,
And makith it so sone day to be,
And for the Sunne him hastith thus to rise
Ne shall I nevir don him sacrifice.

Ne nedis daie departin 'hem must sone;
And whan ther speche don was and ther chere
Thei twin anon, as 'hei were wont to done,
And settin time of meting este isere,
And many a night 'hei wrought in this manere:
And thus Fortune a time yladde in ioie
Creseide and eke this king 'is son of Troie.

In suffisaunce, in blisse, and in singinges,
This Troilus gan al his life to lede;
He spendith, iustith, and makith festinges;
He gevith frely ofte, and chaungith wede;
He helde about him alwaie out of drede
A worlde of folke, as come him well of kinde,
The frechist and the best that he could finde.

That fuche a voice was of him and a steven
Throughout the world of honour and largesse
That it up ronge unto the yate of heven;
And as in love he was in fuche gladnesse
That in his hert he demid as I gesse
That there n'is lovur in this world at ese
So wel as he, and thus gan love him plesse.

The goddelihede or beaute whiche that Kinde
In any othir lady had isette
Can not the mountenaunce of a gnat unbinde
About his hert of al Creseid 'is nette;
He was so narrowe 'imaskid and iknette
That is undon in any manir side
That n'il nat ben for aught that maie betide.

And by the honde ful oftin he would take
This Pandarus, and into gardin lede,
And fuche a fest and fuche a processe make
Him of Creseide, and of her womanhede,
And of her beaute, that withoutin drede
It was an heven his wordis fot to here,
And than he woulde sing in this manere:

Love, that of erthe and se hath govinaunce,
Love, that his heftis hath in hevin hie,
Love, that with a right whollome aliaunce
Halte peple joynid as him life 'hem gie,
Love, that yknittith lawe and companie,
And couplis doth in vertue for to dwel,
Binde this accorde that I have tolde and tel.

That that the world with faith, whiche that is
Diversith so his foundis according, [stable,
That elementis that bethe discordable
Holdin a bonde perpetually during,
That Phæbus mote his rosy day forth bring,
And that the mone hath lordship ore the nightes,
Al this doeth Love; aie heried be his mightes!

That that the se, that gredy is to flowen,
Constrainith to a certaine ende so
His flodis, that so fierly 'hei ne growen
To drenchin erthe and al for evrimo,
And if that Love aught let his bridil go
Al that now lovith afondir should lepe,
And lost were al that Love halt now to hepe.

So would to God, that author is of kinde,
That with his bonde Love of his vertue list
To serchin hertis al, and fast to binde,
That from his bonde no wight the wey out wist,
And hertis colde them wold I that he twist
To make 'hem love, and that list him aie rewe
On hertis fore, and kepe hem that ben trewe.

In alle nedis for the toum 'is werre
He was, and aie the first in armis dight,
And certainly, but if that bokis erre,
Save Hector most idradde of any wight;
And this encrese of hardinesse and might
Come him of love, his ladies thanke to win,
That altirid his spirite so within.

In time of truce on hauking would he ride,
Or ellis hunt the bore, beare, or lion,
The smale bestis let he gon beside;
And whan that he come riding into the toum
Ful oft his lady from her window doun,
As fresh as faucon comin out of mue,
Ful redy was him godely to salve.

And most of love and vertue was his speche,
And in dispite had he al wretchidnesse;
And doutlesse no nede was him to beseeche
To honourin them, that had worthinesse,
And efin 'hem that werin in distresse;
And glad was he if any wight wel ferde
That lov'r was whan he it wist or herde.

For, soth to faine, he lost helde every wight
But if he were in Lov's high service,
I mené folke that aught it ben of right;
And ore al this so wel coulede he devise
Of sentiment, and in so unconthe wise
Al his array, that every lov'r thought
That al was well what so he said or wrought.
And though that he become of blode royal,
Him list of pride at no wight for to chace;
Benigne he was to eche in general,
For which he gate him thanke in every place:
Thus wouldé Love, iheried be his grace!

That pride and ire, envie and avarice,
He gan to fle, and every othir vice.

Thou lady bright, the doughtir of Dione!
Thy blinde and wingid sonne eke, Dan Cupide!
Ye Sultrin Nine eke! that by Helicone
In hil Parnasso listin for to abide,
That ye thus ferre han deinde me to gide
I can no more, but sene that ye wol wende
Ye beried ben for aie withoutin ende!

Through you have I said fully in my song
Th' effecte and joie of Troilus service,
Al be that there was some disese among,
As mine auctour to listish to devise:
My Thirde Boke now ende I in this wise,
And Troilus in luste and in quiete
Is with Creseide, his owne ladic swete.

PROEVIUM LIBRI QVARTI

For how shall I tell you the whole
Of this his love and his wretchedness?
Most lamentable, most pitiful,
As we have seen in this world,
I to you have told, and I to you
Two times I have told, and I to you
O ye Dione! my dear daughter,
That endeth this my love and my pain,
Alas! that I should have such a fate,
I have told you all, and I to you
This like to you, and I to you
So that the love of Troilus and Creseide
Gladly for Troilus and Creseide

TROILUS & CRESEIDE.

PROCEMIUM LIBRI QUARTI.

BUT all to litill, welaway the while!
Lastith fuche joie, ithonkid be Fortune,
That semith trewist whan she woll begile,
And can to folis so her songe entune
That she 'hem hent and blent, traitour commune,
And whan a wight is from her whele ithrowe
Than laughith she, and makith him the mowe.
From Troilus she gan her brightè face
Away to writhe, and toke of him non hede,
And caste him clene out of his ladie's grace,
And on her whele she fet up Diomedè,
For which min hert right now ginnith to blede;
And now my pen, alas! with which I write,
Quakith for drede of that I must endite;

For how Creseidè Troilus forfoke,
Or at the left how that she was unkinde,
Mote hennisforth ben matir of my Boke,
As writin folke through which it is in minde;
Alas! that thei should evir causè finde
To speke her harme! and if thei on her lie
Iwis them selfe should have the vilanie.
O ye Erinnyes! Night's doughtirs thre,
That endeleffe complaine evir in paine,
Megara, Alecto, and Tyssiphone,
Thou cruil Mars eke! fathir of Quirine,
This ilke Fourth Boke helpith me for to fine,
So that the loos of love and life ifere
Of Troilus be fully sawid here.

INCIPIT LIBER QUARTUS.

LYGGING in host, as I have saide er this,
The Grekis strong aboutin Troie tounne,
Bifell that whan that Phœbus shining is
Upon the breste of Hercules Lioun
That Hector with many a bold boroun
Cast on a daie with Grekis for to fight,
As he was wont, to greve 'hem what he might.
N'ot I how long or short it was bitwene
This purpose and that day thei fightin mente;
But on a daie wel armid bright and shene
Hector and many' a worthy knight out wente
With spere in honde, and with bigge howis bente,
And in the berde, withoutin lengir lette,
Ther fomen in the felde anon 'hem mette.

The longe day with speris sharpe igrounde,
With arrowes, dartis, swerdes, and macis fel,
Thei fight, and bringin horse and man to grounde,
And with ther axis out the brainis quel;
But in the last shoure, the sothe for to tel,
The folke of Troie 'hem selvin so misleden
That with the worfe at night homeward thei fleden.

At whichè day was takin Antenor,
Polydamas, and also Menestes,
Xantippe, Sarpedon, Polytenor,
Polite, or the Trojan, Dan Ruphes,
And othir lessè folk, as Phœbus, etc.
So that for harme that daie the folke of Troie
Dredin to lese a grete parte of ther joie.

Of Priamus was yere, at Grekes request,
A time of truce, and tho thei gonin trete
Ther prisoners to chaungin most and lest,
And for the surplus yevin sommis grete;
This thing anon was couthe in every strete,
Bothe in th' assège, in toun, and every where,
And with the first it came to Calchas ere.

When Calchas knew this tretise shold yholde,
In consistorie' amonge the Grekis sone,
He gan in thringe forthe with the lordis olde,
And set him there as he was wont to done,
And with a chaungid face 'hem bade a bone,
For love of God, to done that reverence
To stintin noise, and yeve him audience.

Than said he thus, Lo! Lordis mine, I was
Trojan, as it is knowin out of drede,
And if that you remembre' I am Calchas,
That aldirfirst yave comfort to your nede,
And toldè wel howe that you shuldin spede,

For dreddelefe through you shal in a stounde
Ben Troie ibrent, and betin down to grounde,
And in what forme or in what manir wise.
This toun to shende, and al your lust atcheve,
Ye have er this wel berde me you devise;
This knowin-ye, my Lordis, as I leve,
And for the Grekis werin me so leve,
I came my seife in my propir persone
To teche in this how you was best to done.

Having unto my tresour ne my rent
Right no regarde in respecte of your ese,
Thus al my gode I leste and to you went,
Wening in this you, Lordis, for to plesse;
But al that losse ne doth me no disese;
I vouchsafe do, as wisely have I joi,
For you to lese al that I have in Troie,
Save of a doughtir that I leste, alas!
Sleeping at home when out of Troie I stert;
O sterne, o cruil fathir that I was!
Howe might I have in that so hard an hert
Alas that I ne' had brought her my shert!
For sorow' of which I wol nat live to morow
But if ye, Lordis, rewe upon my sorow.

For bicause that I sawe no time er now
Her to delivre' I holdin have my pees,
But now or never, if that it like you,
I may her have right sone now doubteles;
O helpe and grace amongis al this prete!
Rewe on this olde caitise in distresse,
Sith I through you have all this hevinesse.

Ye have now caught and fetterid in prison
Troyans inowe, and if your willis be
My childe with one may have redemption
Now for the love of God and of bounte
One of so sele, alas! so yefe him me:
What nede were it this prayir for to weme?
Sith ye shul have both folke and toun as yern?

On peril of my life I shal nat lie,
Apollo hath me tolde ful faithfully;
I have eke foundin by astronomy,
By sort, and eke by augury, trewely,
And dare wel saie the time is fast by
That fire and flambe on al the toun shal spede,
And thus shal Troie yturne to ashin dede.

For certaine Phœbus and Neptunus bothe,
That makidin the wallis of the toun,
Ben with the folke of Troie alwaie so wroth

That thei wol bring it to confusioun;
Right in dispite of King Laomedoun,
Bicause he n'olde payin 'hem ther hire,
The toun of Troie shal ben set on fire.

Telling his tale alway this elde grey,
Humble in speche and in his loking eke,
The faltet terris from his eyin twey
Ful fast yronnin down by eithir cheke;
So long he gan of socour 'hem beseke
That for to hele him of his sorowes fore
Thei gave him Antenor withoutin more.

But who was glad inough but Calchas tho?
And of this thing ful sone his nedis leide
On them that shuldin for the trefise go,
And them for Antenor ful ofte preide
To bringin home King Thoas and Creseide;
And whan Priam his safe conduct sent,
Th' embassadours to Troie streight they went.

The cause i-tolde of ther comming, the olde
Priam the King ful sone in generall
Gan hereupon his parlyment to holde,
Of whiche th' effecte rehercin you I shal:
Th' embassadours ben answerde for finally
The eschaunge of prisoners and al this nede
Hem likith wel, and forth in thei procede.

This Troilus was present in the place
Whan assid was for Antenor Creseide,
For whiche ful sone to chaungin gan his face,
As he that with the wordis wel nigh deide;
But nathelesse he no worde to it seide,
Left men should his affection espie;
With mann'is hert he gan his sorowes drie.

And ful of anguish and of gresly drede
Abode what othir lordes would to it sey,
And if that thei would graunt, as God forbode!
Th' eschaunge of her; then thought he thinges
First how to save her honor, and what wey tway
He might best th' eschaunge of her withstonde;
Ful fast he cast how alle this might fonde.

Love him made alle prest to done her bide,
And rather dyin than that he should go,
But Reason said him on that othir side
Withoutin assent of her do nat so,
Left for thy werke she would be thy foe,
And fain; that through thy meddling is blowe:
Your bothe love ther it was erst not knowe.

For whiche he gan deliberen for the beste,
And though the lordis wouldin that she went
He woulde suffer them graunt what 'hem list,
And tel his lady first what that thei ment;
And when that she had said him her entent,
Therafter would he werkin all so blive
Tho al the world ayen it would ystrive.

Hector with that full wel the Grekis herde
For Antenor how thei would have Creseide,
Gan it withstonde, and sobirly answerde;
Sirs, the ne is no prisoner (he seide);
I n'ot en you who that this charge leide,
But on my parte ye maie estones 'hem tell
We usin here no women for to sellow
The noise of peple upstert then atones
As brimme as blase of strawe iset on fire;
For infortune it wouldde for the nones

Thei shouldin ther confusion desire.

Hector, (quod thei) what gost may you enspire,
This woman thus to shilde, and done us lese
Dan Antenor? a wrong waie now ye chefe

That is fo wise, and eke so bolde baroun,
And we have nede of folke, as men may se;
He is one of the gretist of this toun:
O Hector! lette suche thy fantasies be;
O King Priam! (quod thei) thus fegge we,
That all our voice is to forgone Creseide,
And to delivir Antenor thei preide.

O Juvenal, Lorde! trewe is thy sentence,
That litil wenin folke what is to yerne,
That thei ne findin' in ther desire offence,
For cloude of error ne lette 'hem discerne
What best is; and lo! here ensample' as yerne,
These folke desirin now deliviraunce
Of Antenor, that brought 'hem to mischaunce:

For he was affir traitour to the toun
Of Troy, alas! thei quitte him out to rathe:
O nice world, lo thy discrecion!
Creseide, which that never did 'hem seathe,
Shal nowe no lengir in her blisse bathe,
But Antenor he shal come home to toun,
And the shal out: thus said both heere and home.

For which delibered was by parlyment
For Antenor to yeldin out Creseide,
And it pronouncid by the President,
Although that Hector nay ful ofte praide;
And finally, what wight that it withfaide
It was for naught; it must yben and should,
For substaunce of the parlyment it would.

Departid out o' th' parlyment echone,
This Troilus, withoutin wordis mo,
Unto his chambre sprade him fast alone,
But if it were a man of his or two,
The whiche he had out faste for to go,
Bicause that he would slepin, as he seide,
And hastily upon his bedde him laide.

And as in wintir levis ben biraste
Eche after othir til the trees be bare,
So that there n'is but barke and braunche ilaste,
Lithe Troilus-birast of eche welfare,
Iboundin in the blacke barke of care,
Disposid wode out of his witte to breide,
So fore him fate the chaunging of Creseide.

He rist him up and every dore he shette
And window eke, and the this wofull man
Upon his bedd'is side adoun him sette,
Ful like a ded image, both pale and wan,
And in his brest the hepid wo began
Qut brust, and he to workin in this wise,
In his wodenesse, as I shal you devise.

Right as the wilde bulle beginnith spring
Now here now there, idartid to the herte,
And of his deth rorith in complainning,
Right so gan he about the chambre fierte,
Smiting his brest aie with his fistis fierte;
His hed to the wall, his body to the grounde;
Ful ofte he swapte, him selvin to confounde.
His eyin two forpite of his herse
Out stremidin as swifte as wellis twey;
The highe fobbis of his sorowes fierte

His speche him reste; unnetthis might he sey
O Deth, alas! why n'lt thou do me dey?
Acursid be that day which that Nature
Yshope me to ben a liv'is creature!

But aftir, when the fury and al the rage
Whiche that his herte twist and faste thred
By length of time somewhat gan aswage,
Upon his bedde he laide him down to rest;
But tho begon his teres more out to brest,
That wondir is the body maie fuffise
To halfe this wo which that I you devise.

Than faide he thus; Fortune, alas the while!
What have I done? what have I the agilt?
How mightist thou for routhe thus me begile?
Is there no grace? and shal I thus be spile?
Shal thus Creseide away for that thou wilt?
Alas! how mightist thou in thine hert finde
To ben to me thus cruil and unkinde?

Have I the nat honourid al my live,
As thou well wotest, above the goddis al?
Why wilt thou then of this joie me deprive?
O Troilus! what may men now the call
But wretche of wretchis, out of honour fal
Into misery? in whiche I wol bewaile
Creseide, alas! til that the brethe me faile.

Alas, Fortune! if that my life in joie
Displeid had unto thy foule envie,
Why ne' haddist thou my fathir King of Troy
Biraftre the life, or done my brethrin die,
Or slaine my selfe, that thus complaine and crie?
I combre world that maie of nothing serve,
But evir die and never fully sterve.

If that, Creseide alone werin me laste
Naught raught I whidir thou woldist me sterre,
And her, alas! than hast thou me biraftre:
But evirmore, lo! this is thy manere,
To reve a wight that moſte is to him dere,
To preve in that thy gierfull violence;
Thus am I lost, there helpith no defence.

O very Lorde! O Love, o god! alas!
That knowist best min hert and al my thought,
What shal my soroufull life done in this caas:
If I forgo that I so dere have bought?
Sens ye Creseide and me have fully brought
Into your grace, and both our hertis seled,
How maie ye suffre, alas! it be repeled?

What I may done I shal, while I may dure
On live, in turment and in cruill paine;
This infortune and this disfavinture
Alone as I was borne I wol complaine,
Ne nevur wol I sene it shine or raine,
But ende I wol as Edippe in derknesse
My wofull life, and dying in distresse.

O wery ghost! that errist to and fro,
Why n'lt thou flien out of the wofullest
Body that evir might on grounde ygo?
O soule! lurking in this wofull neste,
Flee forth anon, and do mine herte to breste,
And solowe Creseide thy lady dere;
Thy right place is no lengir to ben here.

O woful eyin two! sens your disporte
Was al to sene Creseid's eyin bright,
What shal ye done, but for my discomforte

Stondin for naught and wepin out your sight,
Sens she is queint that wont was you to light?
In veine from this forth have I eyin twey
Ishomid, sens your vertue is away.

O my Creseide! o lady soveraine!
Of this sorowfull soule that thus crieth
Who shall now yevin comfort to thy paine?
Alas! no wight; but whan mine hert ydieth
My spirite, whiche that so unto you hieth,
Receve in gre, for that shall aie you serve;
Forthy no force is tho the body sterve.

O ye lovirs! that high upon the whele
Ben sette of Fortune, in gode avinture
God lene that ye aie findin love of stele,
And longè mote your life in joy endure,
But when ye comin by my sepulture
Remembrith that your felowe restith there,
For I lovid eke, though I unworthy were.

O olde unwholsome and mislivid man,
Calchas I mene! alas! what cild the
To ben a Greke sens thou art borne Trojan?
O Calchas! whiche that wolt my banè be,
In cursid time was thou borne for me;
As wouldè blisfull Jove for his joye
That I the had where that I would in Troie!

A thousande sighis hottir than the gleder
Out of his brest eche aftir other wente,
Medlid with plaintis-newe, his wo to fede,
For whiche his woful teris nevur stente;
And, shortly, so his sorowes him to rente,
He woxe so mate that ne joy nor penaunce
He felith none, but lyith in a traunce.

Pandarus, whiche that in the parliment
Had herde what every lord and burgeis seid,
And how ful grauntid was by one assent
For Antenor to yeldin out Creseide,
Can wel nigh wode out of his wit to breide,
So that for wo he ne wist what he mente,
But in a rage to Troilus he wente.

A certaine knight that for the time kepte
The chambre dore undid it him anon,
And Pandarus, that ful tendirly wepte,
Into the derke chambre as stil as stone
Toward the bedde gan softly for to gone,
So confute that he ne wist what to say;
For very wo his witte was nigh away.

And with his chere and loking al to torne
For wo of this, and with his armis folden,
He stode this woful Troilus before,
And on his pitous face he gan beholden;
But Lord! so oftir gan his hert to colden,
Seying his frende in wo, whose heviness
His herte slough, as thought him, for distresse.

This woful wight, this Troilus, that selte
His frende Pandare icomin him to se,
Gan as the snow ayenst the sunne to melte,
For whiche this woful Pandare of pite
Gan for to wepe as tendirly as he;
And spechelesse thus ben these ilke twey,
That neithir might for sorow o worde sey.

But at the last this woful Troilus,
Nigh did for smert, gan brestin out to rore,
And with a sorowful noise he said thus,

Amonges his fobbis and his fighis fore;
Lo! Pandare, I am ded, withoutin more;
Hast thou nat herde at parliment, he seide,
For Antenor how losse is my Creseide?

This Pandarus, ful ded and pale of hewe,
Ful pitously answerid, and saide Yes,
As wisely were it false as it is trewe
That I have herde, and wote all how it is!
O mercy, God! who would have trowid this?
Who would have wende that in so lite a throw
Fortune our joye would havin ovirthrow?

For o! in this world there is no creature,
As to my dome, that evir sawe ruine
Straungir then this through case or avinture;
But who may al eschue or al devine?
Suche is this world. Forthy I thus define,
Ne trustith no wight to finde in Fortune
Aie proprietie; her yestis ben commune.

But tel me this, why thou art now so mad,
To sorowen thus why liste thou in this wise,
Sens thy desire al wholly hast thou had,
So that by right it ought inough suffice?
But I, that never felte in my service
A frendly chere or loking of an eye,
Let me thus wepe and wailin til I dye.

And ore al this, as thou wel wost thy selve,
This toun is ful of ladies al aboute,
And to my dome fairer than suchè twelve
As er she was shall I finde in a route,
Ye, one or twey, withoutin any doute:
Forthy be glade, mine ownè dere brother!
If she be lost we shal recovre' an other.

What! God forbid alway that eche plesaunet
In o thing were, and in non othir wight;
If one can singe, anothir can wel daunce,
If this be godely she is glad and light,
And this is faire and that can gode aright;
Eche for his vertue holdin is full dere
Bothe heroner and faucon for riverse.

And eke, as writ Zanis, that was full wise,
The newè love out chafith oft the old,
And upon newe case lyith newe avise;
Thinke eke thy self to savin thou art hold;
Soche fire by processe shall of kindè cold,
For sens it is but casuèl plesaunce
Some case shal put it out of remembrance.

For all so sure as daie cometh afir night
The newè love, labour, or othir wo,
Or ellis seldè seing of a wight,
Doen old affections all ovir go;
And for thy part thou shalt have one of tho
To abredge with thy bittir painis smerte;
Absence of her shall drive her out of herte.

These wordis saied, he for the nonis all
To helpe his frende, lest he for sorowe deide,
For doubtlesse to doen his wo to fall
He ne raught nat what unthrift that he seide;
But Troilus, that nigh for sorowe deide,
Toke litle hede of all that ere he ment;
One ere it herd, at the othir out it went.

But at the last he answerde, and said, Frend,
This lechcraft, or yhelid thus to be,
Were well sitting if that I were a fend,

To traifin her that true is unto me;
I praie God let this counsaill never the,
But doe me rather sterve anon right here
Er I thus doen as thou me wouldest lere.

She that I serve iwis, what so thou seie,
To whom mine herte exhabite is by right,
Shall have me wholly her's till that I deie;
For, Pandarus, sens I have trowth her hight,
I woll nat ben untrue for any wight,
But as her man I woll aie live and sterve,
And never wolle non othir creature serve.

And there thou saiest thou shalt as faire yfind
As she, let be; make no comparison
To a creature iformid here by Kinde;
O leve, Pandarus! thy conclusion;
I woll nat ben of thine opinion
Touching all this, for whiche I the beseeche
So holde thy pece; thou slact me with thy speche.

Thou biddist me that I should love another
All freshly newe, and let Creseide go;
It lithe nat in my powir, levè brother,
And though I might yet would I nat doe so?
But canst thou playn raket to and fro,
Nettle' in Docke out, now this now that, Pandare?
Now soule fall her for thy wo that care!

Thou sarist eke by me, thou Pandarus,
As he that whan a wight is wo bigon
He cometh to him apace and saith right thus,
Thinke not on smert and thou shalt felè none.
Thou maiest me first transmewin in a stone,
And reve me of my passionis all,
Or thou so lightly do my wo to fall.

The deth maie well out of my brest depart
The life, so long maie last this sorowe mine,
But fro my soule shall Creseide' is dart
Out nevirmore, but doune with Proserpine,
Whan I am dedde, I woll go won in pine,
And there I woll eternally complain
My wo, and how that twinnid be wetwain.

Thou hast here made an argument full fine,
How that it shoulidin lasse pain ybe
Creseide' to forgon, for she was mine,
And lived in ese and in felicity:
Why gabbiest thou, that saidist erst to me
That him is wors that is fro wele ithrowe
Than he had erst none of that wele iknowe?

But tel me now, sens that the thinketh so light
To chaungin so in love aie to and fro,
Why hast thou nat doen busily thy might
To chaungin her that doeth the al thy wo?
Why n'ilt thou let her fro thine herte go?
Why n'ilt thou love anothir lady swete,
That maie thine herte settin in quiete?

If thou hast had in love aie yet mischaunce,
And canst it not out of thine herte drive,
I that have lived in lust and in plesaunce
With her, as moche as any wight on live,
How should I that foryet, and that so blive?
O! where hast thou ben hid so long in mewe
That canst so well and formeliche argewe?

Naie, Pandarus, naught worth is all thy rede,
But douteless for ought that may befall,
Withoutin wordis mo, I woll ben dedde.

O Deth! that endir art of sorowes all,
Come now, sens I so oft afir the call,
For fely is that deth, soth for to fain,
That oft iclepid cometh and endith pain.

Well wote I, while my life was in quite,
Er thou me sluc I would have yevin hire,
But now thy comming is to me so fwete
That in this worlde I nothing so desire:
O Deth! sens with this sorowe I am afire,
Thou eithir doe me anon in teris drenche
Or with thy coldè stroke mine herte quenche.

Sens that thou sleest so sele in sondry wise
Ayenst ther will, unprayed, daie and night,
Doe me at my requeste this service,
Deliver now the worlde, so doest thou right,
Of me, that am the sorowfullist wight
That evir was, for time is that I serve
Sens in this world of right naught do I serve.

This Troilus in teris gan distill,
As licour out of a limbeck full fast,
And Pandarus gan holde his tonge still,
And to the ground his eyin doune he cast;
But nathelesse thus thought he at the last;
What! parde rather than my felowe deie
Yet shall I somewhat more unto him feie.

And sayid, Frend, sens thou hast soche distresse,
And sens the list mine argumens blame,
Why n'ilt thou thy selvin helpe doen redresse,
And with thy manhode lettin all this game?
Go ravish her, ne canst thou not for shame?
And eithir let her out of tounè fare
Or hold her still, and leve thy nicè fare.

Art thou in Troie and hast non hardiment
To take a woman whiche that lovith the,
And would her selvin ben of thine assent?
Now is nat this a nicè vanite?
Rise up anon and let this weping be,
And kith thou art a man, for in this hour
I wolle ben dedde, or she shall bein our.

To this answerde him Troilus full softe,
And sayid, Iwis, my leve brothir dere!
All this have I my self yet thought full oft,
And more things than thou devisist here,
But why this thing is last thou shalt well here,
And whan thou hast me yevin audience
Theraftir maieft thou tell all thy sentence.

Firft, sin thou wost this toun hath all this werre
For ravishing of women so by might,
It should not ben yfuffrid me to erre,
As it stont now, ne doen so grete unright;
I should have also blame of every wight
My fathir's graunt if that I so withstode,
Sens she is chaungid for the toun's gode.

I have eke thought, so it were her assent,
To aske her of my fathir of his grace,
Than thinke I this were her accusment,
Sens well I wot I maie her not purchase;
For sens my fathir in so high a place
As parliament hath her eschaunge enfolded
He n'ill for me his lettir be repoled.

Yet drede I moste her herte to perturbe
With violence, if I doe soche a game,
For if I would it opynly disturbe

It must be disclaundre unto her name,
And me were levir die than her diffame,
As n'oldè God, but if that I should have
Her honour levir than my life to save.

Thus am I lost, for aught that I can se,
For certain is that sith I am her knight
I must her honour levir have than me
In every case, as lovir ought of right:
Thus am I with desire and reson twight,
Desire for to disourbin her me redeth,
And reson n'ill not, so mine herte dredeth.

Thus weping, that he ne could nevir cese,
He said, Alas! how shall I wretchè fare?
For well sele I alwaie my love encrese,
And hope is lasse and lasse alway, Pandare;
Encrefin eke the causis of my care;
So welawaie! why n'ill mine herte brest?
For why? in love there is but little rest.

Pandare answerid, Frend, thou maieft for this
Doen as the list, but had I it so hote,
And thine estate, she should ygo with me;
Tho all this toun cried on this thing by note,
I n'oldè set all that noise at a grote,
For whan men have well cried than well thei rous
Eke wondir last but ix daies were in toun.

Devinith not in reson aie so depe,
Ne curtisly, but helpe thy self anon;
Bet is that othir than thy selvin wepe,
And namily sens ye two ben all one:
Rise up, for by mine hedde she shall not gone,
And rathir ben in blame a little found
Than sterve here as a gnat withoutin wound.

It is no shame unto you ne no vice
Her to withholdin that the lovith moste;
Paravinture she might holde the for nice
To lette her go thus to the Grekis hoste;
Thinke eke Fortune, as well thy selvin wost,
Helpith the bardie man to his emprise,
And weivith wretchis for ther cowardise.

And though thy lady would alite her grevys
Thou shalt thy self thy pece hereaftir make;
But as to me certain I can not leve
That she would it as now for evill take,
Why shouldè than for fere thine herte quake?
Thinke how that Paris hath, that is thy brother,
A love, and why shal thou not have another?

And, Troilus, a thing I dare the swere,
That if Creseide, whiche that is thy lefe,
Now lovith the as well as thou doest here,
God helpe me so, she n'ill not take agrefe
Though thou do bote anon in this mischefe;
And if she wishith fro the for to passe
Than is she false, so love her well the lasse.

Forthy take hert, and thinke right as a knight,
Through love is brokin al daie every lame;
Kith now somewhat thy cotage and thy might;
Have mercie on thy self, for any awe
Let not this wretchid wo thine hert ygnave,
But manly set the worlde on fire and seven,
And if thou die a martyr go to heven.

I wolle my self ben with the at this dede,
Though I and all my kin upon a stound
Should in a strete as doggis diggin dede

Through-girt with many a wide blodie wound;
In every case I wold a frend be found;
And if the lifte here steruyn as a wretche
Adieu, the devill speðe him that reiche

This Troilus gan with tho wordis quicke,
And sayid, Frend, graunt mercie! I assent,
But certainly thou maifest nat so me pricke,
Ne paine none ne maie me so tourment,
That for no case, it is not mine entent;
At short wordis, though that I dyn should,
To ravish her but if her self it wold.

Why, so mene I (quod Pandare) al this day;
But tell me than; hast thou her well assaid?
That sorowest thus? and he answerde him Naie;
Whereof art thou (quod Pandare) than dismaied;
That n'oste not that she wol ben if apaid
To ravish her, fens thou hast not ben there;
But if that Jove the tolde it in thine ere?

Forthy rise up, as naught ne were, anon;
And washe thy face, and to the king thou wend;
Or he maie wondrin whidir thou art gon;
Thou must with wisdom him and othir blend;
Or upon case he maie afir the send
Or thou be ware; and, shortly, brothir dere!
Be glad, and let me werke in this matter;

For I shall shape it so that filirly
Thou shalt this night somtime in some manere
Come spekin with thy ladie privily,
And by her wordis, eke as by her chere;
Thou shalt full sone aperceve and well here
Of her entent; and in this case the best;
And fare now well, for in this point I rest.

The swift Fame, whiche that fals thingis
Equall reportith like the thingis true,
Was throughout Troie ised with prest wingis
Fro man to man, and made his tale all newe;
How Calchas doughtir with her bright hewe
At parliamt, withoutin wordis more,
Igrauntid was in chaunge of Antenor.

The whiche tale anon right as Creseide
Had herd, she, whiche that of her fathir rought
(As in this case) right naught, ne when he deide,
Full busily to Jupiter besought
Yevé him mischaunce that this tretis brought;
But, shortly, lest these talis sothé were
She durst at no wight askin it for fere.

As she that had her hert and all her minde
On Troilus iset so wondir fast
That all this world ne might her love unbind,
Ne Troilus out of her herte cast,
She would ben his while that her life maie last;
And she thus brennith bothe in love and drede,
So that she ne wist what was best to rede.

But as men sene in toune and all about,
That women use ther frendis to visite,
So to Creseide of women came a rout
For pitous joie, and wendin her delite,
And with ther talis, dere inough a mite;
These women, whiche that in the cite dwell,
Thei set hem doune, and saied as I shall tell.

(Quod first that one) I am glad truly
Bicause of you, that shall your fathir se;
Anothir saied, Iwis so am not I,

For all to little hath she with us be;
(Quod tho the thirde) I hope iwis that she
Shall bringin us the pece on every side,
That whan the goth Almighty God her gide!

Tho wordis and tho womannishe thingis
She herd hem right as though she thennis were;
For God it wote her herte on othir thing is;
Although the body sat among hem there
Her advertence is alwaie ellis where;
For Troilus full fast her soule fought;
Withoutin worde on him alwaie she thought.

These women that thus wendin her to plesé
Aboutin naught gon all ther talis spende;
Soche vanite ne can doen her none ese,
As she, that all this mené while brende
Of othir passion than thei ywende,
So that she felte almoste her herte die
For wo, and werie of that companie.

For whiche might she no lengir restrain
Her teris, thei ganin so up to well;
That gavin signis of her bittir pain
In whiche her spirit was and must ydwell,
Remembering her from heaven unto which hel
She fallin was fens she forgo the fight
Of Troilus, and forowfully the fight.

And thilke folis siting her about
Wendin that she had wept and sighid fore;
Bicause that she shouldin out of the rout
Departin, and never plaie with hem more;
And thei that haddin knowin her of yore
Se her so wepe, and thought it was kindnesse,
And eche of hem wept eke for her distresse.

And busilie thei gonin her comforte
On thing God wot on which she little thought;
And with ther talis wendin her disporte,
And to be glad thei oftin her besought;
But soche an ese therewith thei in her wrought
Right as a man is esid for to sele
For ache of hedde to clawen him on his hele.

But aftir all this nice vanite
Thei toke ther leve, and home thei wentin all;
Creseide, full of sorowful pite,
Into her chambre up went out of the hall,
And on her bedde she gan for dedde to fall,
In purpose never thennis for to rise,
And thus she wrought, as I shall you devise.

Her owndid heer, that sommishe was of hewe;
She rent, and eke her fingirs long and smale
She wrong ful oft, and bade God on her rue,
And with the death to doe boté on her bale;
Her hewe, whilom bright, that tho was pale,
Bare witnesse of her wo and her constreint,
And thus she spake, sobbing in her compleint:

Alas! (quod she) out of this region
I, wofull wretche and infortunid wight,
And borne in cursid constellacioun,
Mote gon, and thus departin fro my knight!
Wo worthe, alas! that ilke day is light
On which, I sawe him first with eyin twain
That caufith me and I him all this pain!

Therwith the teris from her eyin two
Doun fell as showris full in Aprill swithe,
Her whit brest she bet, and for the wo

Aftir the deth she cried a thousande fithē,
Sens he that wont her wo was for to lith
She mote forgon, for whiche difavinture
She helde her felin a forloft creature.

She faied; How shall he doen and I also!
How should I live if that I from him twin!
O derē herte eke, that I love so,
Who shall that sorowe slaen that ye ben in!
O Calchas, fathir! thine be all this fin!
O mothir minc, that clepid were Argive,
Wo worth that daie that thou me bare on live!

To what fine should I live and forowen thus?
How should a fithē withoutin watir dure?
What is Creseide worth from Troilus?
How should a plant or any othir creature
Livin withoute his kindly noriture?
For whiche full oft a byword here I seie,
That erthelefs mote grene medis fone deye.

I shall doen thus, sens neither swerd ne darte
Dare I none handle for the cruilte,
That ilkē daie that I fro you depart,
If sorowe of that n'll nat my bane be,
Than shall no mete ne drinke ycome in me
Till I my soule out of my brest untheth,
And thus my selvin woll I doen to deth.

And, Troilus, my clothis everichone
Shall blackē ben, in tokining; herte swete!
That I am as out of this worlde agone
That wont ywas you to fet in quiete,
And of mine ordir aie, till deth me mete,
The observance evir in your absēce
Shall forōwe ben, complaint and abstinence.

Mine herte, and eke the wofull ghost therein,
Biqueth I with your spirite to complain
Eternally, for thei shall nevir twin;
For though in yerth ytwinnid be we twain,
Yet in the felde of pite, out of pain,
That hight Elysium, we shall ben yfere,
As Orpheus and Eurydice his fere.

Thus, hertē mine! for Antenor; alas!
I fone shall be ychaungid, as I wene;
But how shall yē doen in this wofull caas?
How shall your tendir hertē thus sustein?
But, hertē mine! foryet this sorowe, and tēce,
And me also; for, sothly for to seie,
So ye well fare I reche not for to deie.

How might it evir redde ben or ifong
The plaintis that she made in her distresse?
In'ot, but as for me, my little tong,
If I discrivin would her hevinessē,
It should ymake her sorowe sentē lesse
Than that it was, and childishly deface
Her hie complaint, and therefore I it pace.

Pandarus, whiche that sent from Troilus
Was to Creseide, as ye have herd devise,
That for the best it was accordid thus,
And he full glad to doen him that service
Unto Creseide in a full secrete wife,

There as she laie in tourment and in rage,
Came her to tell all wholly his messagē;
And fonde that the her selvin gan to trete
Full piquously, for with her saltē teres
Her brest and face ibathid was full wete,

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Her mightie tressis of her sonnische heres
Unbroidin hangin all about her eres,
Whiche yavin himi very signall mattire
Of deth, whiche that her hertē gan desire.

Whan she him sawe she gan for sorowe anon
Her tery face atwixt her armis hide,
For whiche this Pandare is so wo bigon
That in the hous he might unneth abide,
As he that felt sorowe on every side,
For if Creseide had erst complainid fore
Tho gan she plain a thousande timis more.

And in her aspre plaintē thus she seide;
Pandare, my eme, of joyis me than two
Was cause, causing first to me Creseide,
That now transmutid bin in cruil wo,
Wher shall I saie to you welcome or no,
That aldirfirst me brought unto servise
Of love, alas! that endith in soche wise?

Endith than love in wo? ye, or men lieb,
And every worldly blisse, as thinkith mē;
The ende of blisse aie forowe occupieth;
And who so trowith not that it so be
Let him upon me wofull wretchē se,
That my self hate, and aie my birthē curse,
Feling alwaie fro wicke I go to worse.

Whofo me seeth seeth sorowe all atonis,
Paine, turment, wo, and plaint, and eke distresse
Out of my wofull bodie harme there none is,
As langour, anguisshe, cruill bitirheffe,
Annoie, smarte, drede, furie, and eke siknessē;
I trowe iwis from hevyn teris rain
For pite of my aspre and cruill pain.

O thou my sustir! full of discomfort,
(Quod Pandarus) what thinkist thou to doe?
Why ne' hast thou to thy selvin some resport?
Why wilt thou thus thy self, alas! fordo?
Leve all this werke, and take now hede to
That I shall sain, and herken' of gode entent
This that by me thy Troilus the sent.

Tournid her tho Creseide a wo making
So grete, that it a deth was for to se;
Alas! (quod she) what wordis maie ye bring,
What woll my dere herte fendin unto me,
Whiche that I dredē nevir more to se?
Woll he have plaint or teris ere I wende?
I have inough if he thesastir sende.

She was right soche to sene in her visage
As is that wight that men on bere ybinde,
Her face, like of paradis the image
Was all ichaungid in anothir kinde;
The plaie, the laughtir, men wer wont to find
In her, and eke her joyis evrichone,
Ben fledde; and thus lieth Creseide alone.

About her eyin two a purple ring
Bitrent, in sothfast tokening of her pain,
That to behold it was a dedly thing,
For whiche Pandarus ne might nat restrain
The teris from his eyin for to rain;
But nathēlesse as he best might he seide
From Troilus these wordis to Creseide:

Lo! nece, I trowe well ye han herd all how
The King, with othir lordis, for the best
Hath made eschaunge of Antenor and you,

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That cause is of this sorowe and unrest
But how this case doth Troilus molest
This maie none yerthly mann's tong ysäie;
For very wo his wit is all awaie:

For whiche we have so sorowed he and I,
That into little it had bothe us flawe,
But through my counsaile this daie, finally,
He somewhat hath fro weping him withdrawe,
And semith me that he desirith sawe
With you to ben all night, for to devise
Remedie of this, if there were any wife.

This short and plain, th' effect of my message,
As serforthe as any wit can comprehend,
For ye that ben of tourment in soche rage
Maie to no long prologue as now entende,
And hereupon ye maie answere him sende;
And for the love of God, my neede dere!
So leve this wo or Troilus be here.

Grete is my wo, (quod she) and sighd sore,
As she that felith dedly sharpe distresse,
But yet to me his sorowe' is mokill more,
That love him bet than he himself I gesse.
Alas! for me hath he soche hevinesse?
Can he for me so pitously complain?
Iwis this sorowe doubtli all my pain.

Grevous to me, God wot, it is to twin,
(Quod she) but yet it hardir is to me
To sene that sorowe which that he is in,
For well wot I it woll my banè be,
And die I woll in certain tho (quod she:)
But bid him come or Deth that thus me threteth
Drive out that ghost which in min hert ybetheth.

These words saied, she on her armis two
Fill grusse, and gan to wepin pitously.
(Quod Pandarus) Alas! why doe ye so,
Sens ye well wote the time is faste by
That he shall come? arise up hastily,
That he you nat biwopin thus yfinde,
But ye wol have him wode out of his minde:

For wist he that ye sarde in this manere
He would himselfin flea; and if I wende
To have this fare he should not comin here
For all the gode that Priam maie dispende,
For to what fine he would anon pretende,
That know I well; and forthy yet I seie
So leve this sorowe', or plainly, he woll deie:

And shapith you his sorowe for to' abredge
And nat encrefin, lese neede swete!
Bethe rathir to him cause of plat than edge,
And with some wisdom ye his sorowes bete:
What helpith it to wepin full a frete,
Or though ye bothe in salte teris dreint?
Let is a time of cure aje than of pteint.

I menè thus, whan I him hithir bring,
Sens ye be wise, and bothe of one assent,
So shapith how to distourbe your going,
Or come ayen sone astir ye be went:
Women ben wise in short avisement;
And let sene how your wit shall now availle,
And what that I maie help it shall nat faile.

Go, (quod Creseide) and, uncle, truly
I shall doen all my might me to restrain
From weping in his sight, and busily

Him for to glad I shall doen all my pain,
And in my herte sekin every vain:
If to this fore there maie ben foundin salve
It shall not lacke certaine on mine behalve.

Goth Pandarus, and Troilus he fought,
Till in a temple' he found him all alone,
As he that of his life no lengir rought,
But to the pitous goddis everichone
Full tendirly he praied and made his mone,
To doen him sone out of this worlde to pace,
For wel he thought there was non othir grace.

And, shortly, all the sothe for to seie,
He was so fallin in dispaire that daie
That uttirly he shope him for to deie;
For right thus was his argument alwaie,
He saied he n'as but lorne, welawaie!
For all that cometh cometh by necessite,
Thus to ben lorne it is my destine:

For certainly this wote I well, he saide
That foresight of the divine purveiaunce
Had sene alwaie me to forgon Creseide,
Sens God seeth every thing out of doutaunce,
And them disposith through his ordinaunce
In his meritis sothly for to be
As thei shall comin by predestine.

But nathelesse, alas! whom shall I leve?
For there ben grete clerkis many one
That destine through arguments preve,
And some ysain that nedely there is none,
But that fre choice is yeven' us everichone.
O welawaie! so slich arne clerkis old
That I n'ot whose opinion I maie hold.

For some men sain that God seeth al biforne,
Ne God maie nat decevid ben parde;
Than mote it fallin, though men had it sworne,
That purveiaunce hath sene before to be;
Wherefore I saie that from eterne if he
Hath wist before our thought eke as our dede
We have no fre choice, as thes clerkis rede.

For othir thought nor othir dede also
Might nevir ben but soche as purveiaunce,
Whiche maie not ben discevid nevir mo,
Hath seled biforne withoutin ignoraunce;
For if there might yben a variaunce
To writhin out fro Godd's purveying
There n'ere no prescience of thing comming;

But it were rathir an opinion
Uncertain, and no stedfast foreseing;
And certis that were an abusion
That God should have no perfect clere wetting
More than we men, that have doubtous wening;
But soche an errour upon God to gesse
Were false and soule, and wickid cursidenesse.

Eke this is an opinion of some
That have ther top ful high and smothe isfore,
Thei sain right thus, that thing is nat to come
For that the prescience hath sene before
That it shall come, but thei sain that therfore
That it shal come, therfore the purveiaunce
Wote it before withoutin ignoraunce.

And in this manir this necessite
Retournith in his place contrary' againe,
For nedefully behovith it nat be

That thilke thingis fallin in certaine
That ben purveyed, but nedefully, as thei saine,
Behovith it that thingis which that fall
Than thei in certaine ben purveyed all :

I mene as though I laboured me in this
To enquire which thing cause of which thing be,
As whether that the prescience of God is
The certaine cause of the necessity
Of thingis that to comin be parde,
Or if necessity of thing coming
Be the cause certaine of the purveying.

But nowe ne enforce I me not in shewing
How the order of the causis stant, but wot I
That it behovith that the besalling
Of thingis wiste before certainly
Be necessarie, al semie it not thereby
That prescience put falling necessarye
To thing to come, al fal it foule or faire :

For if there sit a man yonde on a fe,
Than by necessity behovith it
That certis thine opinion sothe be
That wenist or conjectist that he sit;
And furthirovir now ayenwarde hit,
Lo! right so is it on the part contrarie,
As thus; now herkin, for I wol nat tarie :

I say that if the opinion of the
Be sothe for that he sit, than say I this,
That he mote sittin by necessity,
And thus necessity in either is;
For in him nede of sitting is iwis,
And in the nede of sothe; and thus forsothe
There mote necessity ben in you bothe.

But thou maist saine, the man sit nat therefore
That thine opinion of his sitting soth is,
But rather for the man sate there before,
Therefore is thine opinion sothe iwis :
And I say, though the cause of sothe is this
Cometh of his sitting, yet necessity
Is enterchaungid bothe in him and thei.

Thus in the same wise out of dountance
I maie wel makin, as it semith me,
My resoning of Godd's purveyaunce,
And of the thingis that to comin be,
By which reson men maie wel se
That thilke thingis that in erthe befall
That by necessity thei comin all :

For although that this thing shall come iwis,
Therefore is it purveyed certainly,
Nat that it cometh for it purveyed is;
Yet nathelless behoveth it nedefully
That thing to come be purveyed trewely
Or ellis thingis that purveyed be
That thei betidin by necessity.

And thus suffisith right inough certaine
For to distroie our fre choise everydell;
But now is this abusin to saine
That falling of the thingis temporell
Is cause of Godd's prescience eternell;
Now trewely that is a false sentence
That thing to come should cause his prescience.
What might I wene and I had suche a thought,
But that God purveieth thing that is to come
For that it is to come, and ellis nought?

So might I wene that thingis all and some
That whilom ben bifal and ovrcome
Ben cause of thilke soveraine purveyaunce
That forwote al withoutin ignoraunce.

And ore al this yet say I more thereto;
That right as when I wote there is a thing
Iwis that thing mote nedefully be so,
Eke right so when I wote a thing coming,
So mote it come; and thus the besalling
Of thingis that ben wiste before the tide
Thei mote not ben eschewid on no fide.

Than said he thus; Almighty Jove in trone!
That wottest of all this thing the sothfastnesse,
Rewe on my sorowe, and do me dien sone,
Or bring Creseide and me fro this distresse.
And while he was in all this hevinesse,
Disputing with himselfe in this matere,
Came Pandare in, and seide as ye maie here :

O mighty God (quod Pandarus) in trone!
Eigh! who saw er a wise man-farin so?
Why, Troilus! what thinkist thou to done?
Hast thou such lust to ben thine own sone?
What! parde yet is not Creseide ago?
Why list the so thy selfe sardon for drede
That in thine hed thine eyin semin dede.

Hast thou nat livid many a yere before
Withoutin her, and farde ful wel at ese?
Art thou for her and for none othir borne?
Hath Kinde the wrought al only her to plesse?
Let be, and thinke right thus in thy disese,
That in the dice right as there fallin chaunces,
Right so in love there come and gon plesaunces.

And yet this is a wondir most of al
Why thou thus forwest, seth thou wost nat yis
Touching her goyng how that it shal fal,
Ne if she can her selfe distourbin it;
Thou hast not yet assayid al her wit;
A man maie al betime his necke bede
Whan it shal of, and forwen at the nede.

Forthy take hede of al that I shal say;
I have with her ispoke and longe ibe,
So as accordid was betwixe us twey,
And evirmore me thinkith thus, that she
Hath somewhat in her hert is privite
Wherwith she can, if I shal aright rede,
Disturbe al this of which thou art in drede.

For which my counsel is, whan it is night
Thou to her go, and make of this an ende,
And blisful Juno, through her gret might,
Shal (as I hope) her grace unto us sende;
Mine hert seith certaine that she shal nat wende;
And forthy put thine hert a while in rest,
And holde thy purpose, for it is the best.

This Troilus answerde, and sighid fore,
Thou saidst right wel, and I wil do right so,
And what him list he said unto him more;
And whan that it was time for to go
Ful privily himselfe withoutin moode
Unto her came, as he was wont to done,
And how thei wrought I shal you tellin sone.

Soth is, that when thei gonin first to mete
So gan the paine ther hertis for to twiste
That neither of 'hem othir mighte grete,

But 'hem in armis toke and astir kiste;
The lasse wofull of 'hem bothe ac wiste
Wher that he was, ne might o word out bring,
As I said erst, for wo and for sobbing.

The wofull teris that thei letin fall
As bittir werin, out of teris kinde,
For paine, as is ligne aloes or gal;
So bittir teris wept nat, as I finde,
The wofull Myrrha through the barke and rinde,
That in this world ther n'is so hard an hert
That n'old have rewid on ther painis smert.

But whan ther wofull wery gottis twaine
Returnid ben there as 'hem ought to dwell,
And that somwhat to wekin gan the paine
By length of plainte, and ebbin gan the wel
Of ther salt teris, and the hert unswel,
With broken voice, all horsc for shright, Creseide
To Troilus theke ilke wordis seide:

O Jove! I die, and mercy the heseche;
Helpe, Troilus: and therewithal her face
Upon his brest she laid, and lost her speche,
Her wofull spirite from his propir place
Right with the worde away in point to pace:
And thus the lith with hewis pale and grene
That whilom fresh and fairist was to sene.

This Troilus that on her gan beholde,
Cleping her name, and the lay as for ded,
Withoutin answer, and felte her limmes colde,
Her eyin throwin upward to her hed,
This forowful man can now non othir rede,
But oftin time her coldè mouthe he kiste:
Where him was wo God and himself it wiste.

He risith up, and long straite he her leide,
For signe of life for aught he can or may
Can he none finde in nothing of Creseide,
For whiche his songe ful oft is Welaway!
But whan he sawe that spechelesse she lay,
With forowful voice, and hert of blisse all bare,
He said how she was fro this world ifare.

So afir that he long had her complained,
His hondis wronge, and said that was to sey,
And with his teris fult her brest becrained,
He gan tho teris wipin of full drey,
And pitously gan for the soule prey,
And said, O Lord! that set armin thy trone,
Rewe eke on me, for I shal solow' her sone.

She colde was, and withoutin sentement,
For ought he wote, for brethe yet felte he none,
And this was him a pregnant argument
That she was forth out of this worlde agone;
And when he saw there was non othir wonne
He gan her limmis dresse in suche manere
As men don them that shall ben laide on bere.

And afir this with sterne and cruill herte
His swerd anon out of his sheth he twight,
Himselfe to sleen, how sore so that him finerte,
So that his soule her soule solowin might
Ther as the dome of Minos wouid it dight,
Sith Love and cruill Fortune it ne wouid
That in this world he lengir livin shouid.

Than said he thus, fulfild of high disdaine;
O cruill Jove! and thou Fortune adverse!
This al and some is, falsely have ye slaine

Creseide, and sith ye may do me no werse,
Fie on your might and werkis so diverse!
Thus cowardly ye shul me nevir winne;
There shal no deth me fro my lady twinne.

For I this world, sith ye have slain her thus,
Wol let, and solow' her spirit lowe or hic;
Shal nevir lovir saine that Troilus
Dafe nat for sere with his lady die,
For certaine I wol bere her companie;
But, sith ye wol nat suffre us livin here,
Yet suffrith that our foulis ben ifere.

And thou, Cite! in whiche I live in wo,
And thou, Priam! and brethrin al ifere!
And thou, my mothir! farwel, for I go,
And Atropos! make redy thou my bere,
And thou, Creseide! o swete herte dere!
Receive thou now my spirite, wouid he sey,
With swerde at hert, al redy for to dey.

But as God wouid of twough she tho abraide,
And gan to sighe, and Troilus! she cride;
And he answerid, Lady mine, Creseide!
Livin ye yet? and let his swerde doune glide.
Ye, herte mine! that thankid be Cupide,
(Quod she) and therewithal the fore sight,
And he began to glade her as he might;

Toke her in armis two, and kiste her ofte,
And her to glad he did al his entent,
For whiche her goit, that flickered aie alofte,
Into her wofull hert aien it went;
But at the laste, as that her eyin glent
Aside, anen she gan his swerde aspice
As it lay bare, and gan for sere to crie,
And askid him why he had it out drawe?
And Troilus anon the cause her tolde,
And how himself therwith he wouid have slaw;
For whiche Creseide upon him gan beholde,
And gan him in her armis fast to folde,
And saide, O mercy, God! lo whiche a dede!
Alas! how nighe we werin bothe dede!

Than if I ne hadde spokin, as grace was,
Ye wouid have slaine your selfe anon? quod she.
Ye, doutlesse. And she answerde, Alas!
For by that ilke Lorde that made me
I n'olde a forlong waie on live have be,
Aftir your deth, to have ben crounid quene
Of al the londre the sunne on shinith shene;

But with this selve swerde which that here is
My selfin I wouid have slaine (quod she) tho.
But ho! for we have right inough of this,
And let us rise and straite to bedde go,
And there let us yspekin of our wo,
For by that morter whiche that I se brenne
Know I ful well that day is nat far henn.

Whan thei wer in ther bedde in armis folde
Naught was it like tho nightis here before,
For petously eche othir gan beholde,
As thei that haddin al ther blisse iorne,
Bewailing al the daj that thei were borne,
Till at the last this wofull wight Creseide
To Troilus theke ilke wordis seide:

La, herte mine! wel wot ye this, (quod she)
That if a wight alwaie his wo complaine,
And sekith nat how holpin for to be,

It n'is but folie and encrece of paine;
And fens that here affembled be we twaine
To findin bote of wo that we ben in,
It were all time right fone for to begin.

I am a woman, as ful wel ye wotte,
And as I am avifid fodainly,
So wol I tel it you while it is hotte:
Me thinkith thus, that neither ye nor I
Ought halfe this wo to makin skilfully,
For there is art enough for to redresse
That yet is misse, and fleen this heviness.

Sothe is, the wo the whiche that we ben inne,
For aught I wote, for nothing ellis is
But for the cause that we should ytwinne;
Confidrid al there n'is no more amis:
And what is than a remedy unto this
But that we shape us fone for to mete?
This al and some is, my dere heret swete!

Now that I shal wel bringin it aboute
To comen ayen fone aftir that I go
Therof am I no manir thing in doute,
For dredelisse within a weke or two
I shal ben here; and that it may be so
By alle right, and that in wordis few,
I shal you wel an hepe of wayis shewe;

For whiche I woll nat makin longe sermon,
For time iloste may not recovered be,
But I wol go to my conclusion,
And to the beste in aught that I can fe;
And for the love of God forgive it me
If I speke aught aienst your hert's reite,
For trewely I speke it for the beste;

Making alway a protestacion,
That in effect this thing that I shall say
N'is but to shew in you my mocion
To find unto our helpe the beste way,
And takith it none othirwise I pray;
For, finally, what so ye me commaunde
That wol I done, for that is no demaunde.

Now herkenith this; Ye have well understood
My goyng grauntid is by parliament,
So ferforth that it may not ben withstond
For al this world, as by my jugement;
And sithe there helpith none avifement
To lettin it, lette it passe out of mind,
And let us shape a better waie to finde,

The sothe is this; the twinning of us twaine
Wol us difese and cruilly ancie,
But him behovith sometime havin paine
That serveth Love, if that he wol have joie;
And sith I shal no farthir out of Troie
Than I maie ride aien on halfe a morowe
It ought the lasse painin us for to sorowe;

So as I shal nat now ben hid in mewe,
That day by day, min owne herte dere!
Sens wel ye wote that it is nowe a trewe,
Ye shal ful wel al mine estate yhere,
And er that truce is done I shal ben here;
And thus have ye both Antenor iwonne
And me also. Bethe glad now if ye conne.

And thinke it right thus, Creseide is now agen,
But what? she shal come hastily ayen:
And whan? alas! by God, lo, right anon,

Er dayis ten, this dare I safely saine,
And than as erste shall we be bothe saine,
So as we shall togethers ewir dwell.

That al this worlde ne might our blisse tell,
I fe that oft time, there as we ben nowe,

That for the beste, our counsaile for to hide,
Ye speke nat with me nor I with you
In fourtenight, ne fe you go ne ride;
And may ye nat ten dayis than abide,
For mine honour, in fuche an avinture?
Iwis ye mowe, or ellis lile endure.

Ye knowe eke howe that all my kin is here
But if that onely it my fathir be
And eke mine othir thingis al here,
And namily my dere herte ye,
Whom that I n'olde levin for to fe
For al this worlde, as wide as it hath space,
Or ellis fe I never joy is face.

Why trowin ye my fathir in this wile
Covetith so to fe me, but for dede
Leste in this toun that folkis me dispile
Bicause of him for his unhappy dede?
What wote my fathir what fite that I dede?
For if he wist in Troie how wel I fere
Us nedid for my wedding nat to care.

Ye fene that every day eke more and more
Men trete of pece, and it supposith is
That men the Queene Helene shall restore,
And Grekis us restore that is amis;
So though there ne were comfort none but this,
That men purposin pece on every fide,
Ye may the bett at ele of herte abide;

For if that it be pece, mine herte dere!
The nature of the pece mote nedid drive
That men must entrecommun here,
And to and fro eke ride and gone as blive
Al day as thicke as been fien from an hive,
And every wight have liberty to bleve
Where as him list the bet withoutin leve.

And though so be that pece ther maie be none,
Yet hither, though ther never pece ne were,
I must ycome, for whidur should I gone,
Or how, mischaunce I should I dwellin there
Among the men of armis ewre in fere?
For whiche, as wisely God my soule rede,
I can nat fene wherof ye shoulidin drede.

Have here another way, if it so be
That al this thing ne maie you not suffice;
My fathir, as ye knowin wele parde,
Is holdin olde and ful of covitise,
And I right nowe have foundin al the gile
Withoutin nette wherwith I shal him hent,
And herkenith now if that ye wol assent.

Lo! Troilus, men saine full harde it is
The wolfe ful and the wedir whole to have;
This is to saine, that men full oft iwis
Mote spendin parte the remnant for to save;
For aie with golde men maie the hert ygrave
Of him that is set upon covitise;
And how I mene I shal it you devise.

The movable whiche I have in this touns
Unto my fathir shal I take, and saie,
That right for trust and for salvacion

It sent is from a frende of his or twaie,
The which frendis do fervently him praie
To sendin astir more, and that in hie,
While that this toun stant thus in jeopardie;

And that shal be of golde huge quantite;
Thus shal I saie, but lest folke it aspide
This maie be sent by no wight but by me;
I shal eke shewin him, if pece betide,
What frendis that I have on every side
To doe the wrathe of Priamus to pace
Towardis him, and don him stand in grace.

So what for o thing and for othir, Iwete!
I shal him to enchauntin with my lawes
That right in hevyn his soule shal he mete;
For al Apollo or his clerkis lawes,
Or calculing, availith nat thre hawes;
Desire of golde shal to his soule blende
That as me liste I shall wel make an ende.

And if he would aught by his fort it preve
If that I lie, in certaine I shal fonde
Disturbin him, and plucke him by the sleeve,
Makin his sorte, and berin him on honde,
He hath nat wel the goddis undirfonde,
For goddis sycke in amphibologies;
And for o sothe thei tellin twenty lies:

Eke drede fond first goddis, I suppose,
Thus shal I saie, and that his cowarde herte
Made him amis the goddis text to glose
Whan he for ferde out of Troie sterre;
And but I makin him sone to convertre,
And done my rede within a day or twye,
I wol to you oblige me to dey.

And trewily, as writtin wel I finde,
That al this thing was said of gode entent,
And that her herte trewe was and kinde
Towardis him, and spake right as she ment,
And that she starfe for wo nigh when she went,
And was in purpose evir to be trewe,
This writin thei that of her werkis knewe.

This Troilus, with hert and eris sprad,
Herde al this thing devidid to and fro,
And verily it semid that he had
The selvin witte, but yet to let her go
His herte misforpave him evirmo;
But finally he gan his herte wrest
To trustin her, and toke it for the best;

For which the grete fury of his penaunce
Was quent with hope, and therwith hem bitwene
Began for joye the amorous daunce;
And as the birdis when the sunne shene
Delitin in ther songe in levis grene,
Right so the wordis that thei spake here
Delitin them, and made ther hertis chere.

But nathelesse, the wendin of Creseide
For al this world may nat out of his minde,
For whiche ful oft he petoully her preide
That of her halfe he might her trewe yfinde,
And saide her, Certis if ye be unkinde,
And but ye come at daie set into Troie,
Ne shal I nere have hele, honor, ne joie:

For all so sothe a sunne uprist to morow,
And God so wisely thou me woull wretche
To rest ybring out of this cruil sorow,

I wol my selvin fle if that ye dretche;
But of my deth though litil be fo retche,
Yet er that ye me causin so to smerte
Dwel rathir here mine owne dere swete herte!

For trewily, mine owne lady dere!
The sleightis yet that I have herd you stere
Ful shapely ben to fallin al ifere,
For thus men saith, *That one thinkith the here,*
But al anothir thinkith the ledere:
Your fire is wise, and said is out of drede
Men may the wise outrenne and nat outrede.

It is full harde to haltin unespied
Before a crepil, for he can the crafte;
Your fathir is in sleight as Argus eyed,
For albe' it that his movble is him brafte
His old sleight is yet so with him lasse
Ye shal not blende him for your womanhede,
Ne faine aright, and that is al my drede.

I n'ot if pece shall evirmo betide,
But pece or no, for earnest ne for game,
I wote sith Calchas on the Grekis side
Hath onis ben, and lost so foule his name,
He dare no more come here ayen for shame,
For whiche that we, for ought I can espy,
To trustin on n'is but a fantasie.

Ye shal eke sene your fathir shall you glose
To ben a wife, and, as he can wel preche.
He shal some Greke so prefe and wel alose,
That ravishin he shal you with his speche,
Or do you done by force, as he shal teche,
And Troilus, on whom you n'il have routh,
Shal cauflesse so stervin in this trouthe.

And ore al this your fathir shal dispise
Us al, and faine this cite is but lorne,
And that th' assege never shal arise;
For why? the Grekis have it alle sworne,
Til we ben slaine and down our wallis torne;
And thus he shal you with his wordis fere,
That aie drede I that ye wol blevin there.

Ye shall eke sene so many a lusty knight
Among the Grekis, ful of worthinesse,
And eche of hem with herte, wit, and might,
To plesin you done al his businesse,
That ye shull dullin of the rudinesse
Of us the sely Trojans, but if routh
Romordin you or vertue of your trouthe.

And this to me so grevoufe is to thinke
That fro my brest it wol my soule rende,
Ne dredlesse in me there may nat sinke
O gode opinion if that ye wende;
For why? your fathir's sleightis wol us shende;
And if ye gone, as I have tolde you yore,
So thinke I n'am but ded withoutin more;

For which with humble, true, and pitous, hert
A thousande timis mercie I you praie,
So rewith on mine aspre painis smert,
And doth somwhat as that I shal you saie,
And let us stele away betwixt us twaie,
And thinke that foly' is whan a man maie chese
For accident his substaunce for to lese.

I mené thus, that sene we mowe or daie
Well stele awaie, and ben together so,
What wit were it to puttin in assaie

(In case ye shouldin to your fathir go)
If that ye mightin come aien or no?
Thus mene I, that it were a grete folie
To put that skirnesse in jeopardy.

And, vulgarly to spekin of substaunce,
Of tresour may we bothe with us lede
Ynough to live in honour and plesaunce
Untill the tyme that we shall ben dede;
And thus we may eschewin all this drede;
For every othir waie ye can recorde
Mine hert iwis maie therewith nat acorde.

And hardily ne dredith no povertie,
For I have kin and frendis ellis where
That though we comin in our bare sherte
Us shuld: nevir lacke ne golde ne gere,
But ben honourid while we dweltn there;
And go we' anone, for as in mine entent
This is the best, if that ye wol assent.

Creseide with a sighe right in this wise
Answerid him; Iwis, my dere hert trowe!
We maie well stele away as ye devise,
And findin suche unthrifty wayis newe,
But a tirwarde ful fore it wol us rewe;
And helpe me God so at my mosse nede
As caus: lesse ye suffrin al this drede:

For thilke day that I for cherishing
Or drede of fathir, or for othir wight,
Or for estate, delite, or for weding,
Be false to you, my Troilus, my knight!
Saturnus doughtir Juno, through her might,
As wode as Atalanta do me dwell
Eternally in Styx, the pit of hell.

And this on every god celestiall
I swere it you, and eke on eche goddesse,
On every nymp and deite infernall,
On Satyrys and Faunys more and lesse,
That halve goddis ben of wildirnesse;
And Atropos my thred of life to bress
If I be false. Now trowe me if you less.

And thou, Simois, that as an arowe clere
Through Troie rennist ase downward to the se,
Be witnesse of this worde that said is here,
That thilke day that I untrewed be
To Troilus, mine owne herte fre!
That thou returne backwarde unto thy well,
And I with body and soule sinke to hell.

But that ye speke awaie thus for to go,
And lettin al your frendis, God forbede
For any woman that ye shouldin so!
And namily sens Troie hath now such nede
Of helpe; and eke of o thing takith hede,
If this were wiste, my life laie in balauce
And your honor, God shilde us fro mischaunce!

And if so be that pece hereaftir take,
As al daie happith aftir angre game,
Why; Lorde! the sorow' and wo ye woldin make
That ye ne durst comin ayen for shame!
And er that ye jeopardin so your name
Beth nat to hasty in this hotted fare,
For hasty man ne wantith nevir care.

What trowe ye the peple eke all aboute
Would of it say? it is ful light to arede;
Thei woldin say, and swere it out of doute,

That love ne drave you nat to don this dede,
But luste voluptuous and cowarde drede:
Thus were al losse iwis, mine herte dere!
Your honour, whiche that now so shinith clere.

And also thinkith on mine honeste,
That flourith yet, how foule I shoulde it shende,
And with what filth it spottid shoulde be
If in this forme I shoulde with you wende:
Ne though I lived unto the worldis ende
My name shoulde I nevir ayenward winne:
Thus were I lost, and that were routh and sinne.

And forthy fle with reson al this hete;
Men saine, *The suffraunt overcometh parde,*
Eke *Who so wol have life, mite lete;*
Thus makith vertue of necessite
By pacience, and thinke that lorde is he
Of Fortune aie that naught wolle of her retch,
And she ne dauntith no wight but a wretch.

And trustith this, that certis, herte swete!
Or Phœbus sustir, Lucina the shene,
The Lion passith out of this Arite
I woll ben here withoutin any wene;
I mene, as helpe me Juno, hevin's quene,
The tenth daie, but if that deth me assaile,
I woll you sene withoutin any faile.

And now, so this be sothe (quod Troilus)
I shall well suffre unto the tenth daie,
Sens that I se that nede it mote ben thus;
But for the love of God, if it be maie,
So let us stelin privily awaie.

For evre' in one as for to live in rest,
Mine herte saith that it woll be the best.

O mercie, God! what life is this? (quod she)
Alas! ye flea me thus for very tene;
I se well now that ye mistrustin me,
For by your wordis it is well sene:
Now for the love of Cynthia the shene
Mistrust me nat thus causelesse for routh,
Sens to be true I have you plight my trouth.

And thinkith wel that sometime it is wit
To spendin a time a time for to win;
Ne parde lorne am I nat fro you yet,
Though that we ben a daie or two arwin:
Drive out tho fantasies you have within,
And trustith me, and levith eke your sorow,
Or here my trouth, I wol nat live til morow:

For if ye wist how fore it doeth me smerte
Ye wouldde cesse of this: for God thou wost
The pure spirite ywepith in mine herte
To sene you wepin whiche that I love most,
And that I mote gon to the Grekis hoste;
Ye, n'ere it that I wist a remedie
To come ayen right here I wouldde die.

But certis I am not so nice a wight
That I ne can imaginin a waie
To come ayen that daie that I have hight,
For who maie holden' a thing that wol awaie
My fathir naught for all his queinte plaie;
And by my thrift my wending out of Troie
Anothir daie shall tourne us all to joie.

Forthy with all mine herte I you beseke,
If that you list doen ought for my priere,
And for the love whiche that I love you eke

That er that I departin fro you here

That of so gode a comfort and a chere

I maie you iene that ye maie bring at rest

Mine herte, whiche is at the point of brest,

And ore al this I praie you, quod she tho,

Mine owne hert is sothfast suffaunce!

Sith I am thine all whole withoutin me,

That while that I am absent no plesaunce

Of othir doe me fro your remembraunce,

For I am er agast; for why? men rede

That love is thing aie full of busie drede.

For in this worlde there livith ladie none,

If that ye were untire, as God defende!

That so betrayid were or wo begon

As I, that alle tronthe in you entende;

And douteles if that othir wende

I n'ere but dedde, and er ye cause yfinde

For Godd's love so beth me naught unkinde.

To this answerid Troilus, and seide,

Now God, to whom there n'is no cause iwrie,

Me glad, as wis I nevir to Creseide,

Sithe thilke daie I saw her first with eye,

Was false, ne nevir shall till that I die:

At short wordis, well ye maie me bilve;

I can no more; it shall be founde at preve.

Graunt mercy, gode hert mine! iwis, (quod she)

And, blisful Venus! let me nevir sterve

Er I maie stonde of plesaunce in degre

To quite him well that so well can deserve,

And while that God my wit will me conserve

I shall so doen, so true I have you found,

That aie honour to me ward shall rebounde:

For trustith well that your estate roiall,

Ne veine delite, nor onely worthinesse

Of you in werre or turnaie marciall,

Ne pompe, arraie, nobley, or eke richeffe,

Ne madin me to rue on your distresse,

But morall vertue, groundid upon routh,

That was the cause I first had on your routh:

Eke gentle hert, and manhode that ye had,

And that ye had (as me thought) in dispite

Every thing that sownid into bad,

As rudenesse, and peplishe appetite,

And that your reson bridlid your delite;

This made abovin every cature

That I was yours, and shall while I maie dure,

And this may length of yeris nat fordoe,

Ne remuable Fortune desace,

But Jupiter, that of his might maie doe

The sorowfull be glad, so yeve us grace

Er nightis tenne to metin in this place,

So that it maie your herte and mine suffise:

And fare now well, for time is that ye rife.

And astir that thei long ipland had,

And oft iikist, and straite in armis folde,

The daie gan rise, and Troilus him clad,

And rusfully his ladie gan behold,

As he that felt of deeth's caris cold,

And to her grace he gan him recommaunde;

Where he was wo this holde I no demaunde;

For mann's hedde imaginin' ne can,

Ne' entendement confidur, ne tongue tell,

The cruill painis of this wofull man,

That passin every tourment doune in hell;

For whan he sawe that she ne might ydwell,

Whiche that his soule out of his body rent,

Withoutin more out of the chambré he went;

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TROILUS & CRESEIDE.

INCIPIT LIBER QUINTUS.

APROCHIN gan the fatall destine
That Jovis hath in disposicion.
And to you angrie Parca, sustin three,
Committith to doen execucioun,
For whiche Creseide must out of the toun,
And Troilus shall dwellin forth in pine
Till Lachesis his threde no lengir twine.

The goldin tressid Phœbus high on loft
Thryis had allé with his bemis clere
The snowis molte, and Zephirus as oft
Brought ayen the tendir levis grene,
Sens that the sonne of Hécuba the Quene
Began to love her first, for whom his sorowe
Was all that the departin should amowre.

Full redy was at primè Diomede
Creseide unto the Grekis hoste to lede,
For sorowe of whiche she felt her herte blede,
As she that ne wist what was best to rede:
And truily, as men in bokis rede,
Men wistè nevir woman have the care,
Ne was so lothe out of a toun to fare.

This Troilus withoutin rede or lore,
As man that bath his joyis eke forlore,
Was waiting on his ladie evirmore,
As she that was the fothfast crope and more
Of all his lust or joyis heretofore;
But Troilus, now farewell all thy joye!
For thalt thou nevir sene her eft in Troie.

Soth is, that whil' he bode in this manere
He gan his wo full manly for to hider
That well unneth it sene was in his chere,
But at the yate there she should out ride
With certain folke he hovid her to' abide,
So wo bigon, all would he not him plain,
That on his hors unneth he fare for pain.

For ire he quoke, so gan his herte gnawe,
Whan Diomede on hors gan him to dresse,
And saied unto himself this ilke sawe;
Alas! (quod he) this foule o wretchidnesse
Why suffre I it? why n'ill I it redresse?
Were it nat bet at onis for to die
Than evirmore in langour thus to drie?

Why n'ill I make at onis riche and pore
To have enough to doen or that she go?
Why n'ill I bring all Troie upon a rore?
Why n'ill I flæn this Diomede also?
Why n'ill I rathir with a man or two
Stele her awaie? Why woll I this endure?
Why n'ill I helpin to mine owne cure?

But why he n'oldè doen so fell a dede
That shall I sain, and why him list it spare:
He had in herte alwaie a manir drede
Left that Creseide, in rumour of this fare,
Should have ben flain: lo! this was al his care
And ellis certain, as I sayid yore,
He had it doen withoutin wordis more.

Creseide, whan she redy was to ride,
Full sorowfully sighed, and said Alas!
But forthe she mote for aught that maie betide,
And forthe she ritte a full sobirly pafe;
There is none othir remedy' in this case;
What wondir is though that her fore smert
Whan she forgoith her owne fwetë herte?

This Troilus in gife of curtsie,
With hauke on hond, and with an hugë rout
Of knightis, rode and did her companie,
Ypassing all the valey ferre without,
And ferthir would have riddin out of doubt
Full saine, and wo was him to gone so sone,
But tourne he must, and it was eke to doen.

And right wth that was Antenor icome
Out of the Grekis hoste, and every wight
Was of him glad, and said he was welcome;
And Troilus, all n'ere his hertë light,
He pained him with all his fullë might
Him to withholde of weping at the left,
And Antenor he kist, and made grete fest.

And therewithall he must his leve ytake,
And cast his eye upon her pitously,
And nere he rode, his cause for to make,
To take her by the honde all sobirly;
And Lorde! so the gan wepin tendirly,
And he full soft and slyghly gan her seie,
Now holde your daie, and doe me not to deie.

With that his coursur tournid he about
With face full pale, and unto Diomedë
No werde he spake, ne none of all his rout,
Of whiche the sonne of Tydeus toke hede,
As he that kouthë more than the crede
In soche a craft, and by the son her hent,
And Troilus to Troie homwardis went.

This Diomedë, that lad her by the bridell,
Whan that he sawe the folke of Troie awaie,
Thought all my labor shall not ben on idell
If that I maie, for somwhat shall I saie,
For at the worst it shortin maie our waie,
I have herd saie eke timis twise twelve
He is a sole that woll foryete him selve.

But nath'lesse this thought he well inough,
That certainly I am aboutin naught
If that I speke of love or make it tought,
For doutleis if she have in her thought
Him that I gessë he maie not ben ibrought
So sone awaie; but I shall finde a mene
That the nat yet wete shall what that I mene.

This Diomedë, as he that could his gode,
Whan this was doën gan fallin forth in speche
Of this and that, and askin why the stode
In soche disese? and gan her eke besече,
That if that he encrefin might or eche
With any thing her ese that he should
Commaunde it him, and said he doen it would:

For truly he swore her as a knight [plese
That ther n'as thing with which he might her
That he n'olde doen his pain and al his might
To doen it, for to doen her herte an ese,
And prayid her the would her sorowe' afepe,
And said, Iwis we Grekis can have joie
To honour you as well as folke of Troie.

He saide eke thus, I wot you thinkith straunge,
No wondir is, for it is to you newe,
Th' acquaintance of these Trojans for to chaunge
For folke of Grece, which that ye never knewe;
But wouldë never God but if as true
A Greke ye should emong us all yfinde
As any Trojan is, and eke as kinde.

And by the cause I swore you, lo! right now
To ben your frende, and help you to my might,
And for that more acquaintance eke of you
Have I had than anothir straungis wight,
So fro this forth I praie you daie and night
Commandith me, how fore so that me smerte,
To doen all that maie like unto your herte:

And that ye me wold as your brothir trete,
And takith not my frendship in dispite;
And though your sorowes ben for thising grete,
N'ot I nat why, but out of more respite
Mine hert hath for to amende it grete delite,
And if I maie your harmis nat redresse
I am right sorie for your hevinesse:

For though ye Trojans with us Grekis wroth
Have many a daie ben, alwaie yet parde
O god of Love in sothe we servin bothe:
And for the love of God, my ladie fre,
Whom fo ye hate as beth not wroth with me,
For truly there can no wight you serve
That halfe so loth your wrathe would deserve.

And n'ere it that we ben so nere the tent
Of Calchas, whiche that sene us bothë maie,
I would of this you tell all mine entent;
But this enselid till anothir daie:
Yeve me your honde; I am and shall be aie,
God help me so, while that my life maie dure,
Your owne abovin every creture.

Thus said I nere er now to woman borne,
For God mine herte as wisely glade so
I lovid never woman here beforene
As paramours, ne never shall no mo;
And for the love of God be not my fo,
All can I not to you, my ladie dere!
Complain aright, for I am yet to lere.

And wondrith nought, min ownë lady bright!
Though that I speke of love to you thus blive
For I have herd or this of many a wight
That lovid thing he nere saw in his live;
Eke I am not of power for to strive
Ayenst the god of Love, but him obaie
I woll alwaie, and mercie I you praie.

Ther beth so worthy knightis in this place,
And ye so faire, that everiche of 'hem all
Woll painin him to stondin in your grace;
But might to me so faire a grace befall
That ye me for your servaunt wouldë call,
So lowly ne so truly you serve
N'll none of 'hem as I shall till I sterve.

Creseide unto that purpose lite answerde,
As she that was with sorowe' oppressed so
That in effect she naught his talis herde,
But here and there now here a worde or two;
Her thought her sorowfull herte brust atwo;
For whan she gan her fathir ferre espie
Well nigh doune of her hors the gan to sie.

But nathélesse she thonkith Diomedé
Of all his travaile and his godde chere,
And that him list his frendship to her bede,
And the acceptith it in gode manere,
And woll do fain that is him lefe and dere,
And trustin him she would, and well she might,
As sayid she, and from her hors she alight.

Her fathir hath her in his armis nome,
And twentie times he kist his doughtir swete,
And sayed, O dere doughtir mine! welcome.
She sayed eke she was fain with him to mete,
And stode forth still, mild, muet, and mansuete,
But here I leve her with her fathir dwell,
And forthe I woll of Troilus you tell.

To Troie is come this wofull Troilus
In sorowe abovin all sorowes fíert,
With felon loke and with face dispitous,
Tho sodainly doune from his hors he stert,
And through his paleyse with a swollin hert:
To chambir went; of nothing toke he hede,
Ne none to him dare speke o worde for drede.

And there his sorowes that he sparid had,
He yave an issue large, and Deth he cride,
And in his throwis frenetike and mad
He cursith Jove, Apollo, and Cupide,
He cursith Bachus, Ceres, and Cypride,
His birthe, himself, his fate, and eke Nature,
And fave his ladie every cature.

To bed he goth, and wellith there and turneth
In furie as doeth Ixion in hell,
And in this wise he nigh till daie sojourneth,
But tho began his herte alite unswell
Through teris which that goninn up to wel,
And pitously he cried upon Creseide,
And to himself right thus he spake and feide:

Where is mine owne ladie lefe and dere?
Where is her white brest? where is it? where?
Where ben her armis and her eyin clere
That yesterdaie this time with me were?
Now maie I wepe alone many a tere,
And graspe about I maie, but in this place
Save a pilowe I find naught to embrace.

How shall I doen? whan shall she come again?
I n'ot, alas! Why let I her so go?
As woulde God, I had as tho be fain!
O herte mine, Creseide! o swete so!
O ladie mine! that I love and no mo,
To whom for evir mo mine herte I vowe,
Se how I die; ye n'ill me not rescowe!

Who seith you now, my right lodesterre?
Who sittith now or stant in your presence?
Who can comfortin now your hert's werre,
Now I am gon whom ye yeve audience?
Who spekith for me now in my absence?
Alas! no wight, and that is all my care,
For well wote I as ill as I ye fare.

How should I thus ten dayis full endure
Whan I the first night havin all this tene?
And how shall she eke, forowfull cature,
For tendrinesse how shall she this sustene
Soche wo for me? o! pitous, pale, and grene,
Shall woxin ben her freshe womanly face
For langour er the tourne unto this place.

And whan he fill in any slombingis
Anon begin he shoulde for to grone,
And dremin of the dredfullist thingis
That might yben, as mete he were alone
In place horrible, making aie his mone,
Or metin that he was emongis all
His enemies, and in their hondis fall.

And therewithall his bodie shoulde sterre,
And with the starte all sodainly awake,
And soche a tremour fele about his herte,
That of the fere his bodie shoulde quake,
And therewithall he shoulde a noife ymake,
And femin as though he shoulde fallin depe,
From high aloft, and than he woulde wepe;

And rew in on himself so pitously
That wondir was to here his fantasie;
Another time he shoulde mightily
Comfort himself, and fain it was folie
So causelesse soche drede and wo to drie,
And eft begin his aspre sorowes newe,
That every man might on his painis rewe.

Who could tell all aright, or full describe
His wo, his plaint, his langour, and his pine?
Nat all the men that han or ben on live:
Theu, Redir, maieit thy self full well devine
That soche a wo my wit can not define;
On idell to write it shoulde I swinke
Whan that my wit is werie it to thinke.

On hevyn yet the steris werin fene,
Although full pale iwoxin was the mone,
And whitin began the horizon shene
All estwardis, as it is wont to doen,
And Phœbus with his rolle cartè sone
Gan astir that to dresse him up to fare
Whan Troilus hath sent astir Pandare.

This Pandare, that of all the daie before
Ne might have comin Troilus to se,
Although that he on his hedde it had sworne,
For with the King Priam al daie was he,
So that it laie nat in his liberte
No where to gon, but on the morowe he went
To Troilus, whan that he for him sent;

For in his herte he coulde well devine
That Troilus all night for sorowe woke,
And that he woulde tell him of his pine;
This knewe he well inough withoutin boke;
For which to chambir streight the way he toke,
And Troilus tho sobirly he grette,
And on the bedde full sone he gan him sette.

My Pandarus! (quod Troilus) the sorowe
Whiche that I drie I maie not long endure;
I trowe I shall not livin till to morowe;
For whiche I would alwaies on avinture
To the devils of my sepulture
The forme, and of my movble thou dispone
Right as the femith best is for to doen;

But of the fire and flambe funérall
In whiche my body brennin shall to glode,
And of the fest and playis Palestrall
At my vigile I praie the take gode hede
That that be well, and offir Mars my fede,
My swerde, mine helme, and, leve brothir dere!
My shelde to Pallas yeve that shuinith clere

The poudre in which mine hert ibrend shall
That praie I the thou take, and it conserue [turn
In a vessell that men clepith an Urne,
Of golde, and to my lady that I serue,
For love of whom thus pitously I serue,
So yeve it her, and doe me this plesauce
To praie her kepe it for a remembrance:

For well I fele by my maladie,
And by my drems now and yore ago,
All certainly that I mote nedis die;
The oule eke whiche that hight Alcalapho
Hath astr me shright all these nightis two:
And god Merc'urie, now of me woful wretch
The soule guide, and whan the list it fetche.

Pandare answerid and saied; Troilus,
My derè frende! as I have told the yore
That it is folie for to forowen thus,
And causelesse, for whiche I can no more,
But who so woll not trowin rede ne lore
I can not sene in him no remedie,
But let him worchin with his fantasie.

But, Troilus, I praie the tell me now
If that thou trowe er this that any wight
Hath lovid paramours as well as thou?
Ye, God wot, and fro many a worthie knight
Hath his ladie forgon a fourteenight
And he nat yet made halvindele the fare;
What nedes is the to makin all this care?

Sens daie by daie thou mailest thy selvin fe,
That from his love or ellis from his wife
A man mote twinnin of necessite,
Ye, though he love her as his owne life,
Yet n'll he with himself thus makin strife;
For well thou wot, my levè brothir dere!
That alwaie frendis maie not ben isere.

How doen this folke that sene ther lovis wedded
By frendis might, as it bitidith oft,
And sene hem in ther spousis bedde ibedded?
God wote thei take it wisely faire and soft;
For why? gode hope halt up ther herte aloft,
And for thei can a time of forowe endure;
As time hem hurtith a time doeth hem cure.

So shouldist thou endure, and lettin slide
The time, and fondè to ben glad and light;
Tenne dayis n'is not so long to abide;
And sene she to comin the hath behight
She n'll her hest brekin for any wight,
For drede the nat that she n'll finde a wale
To come ayen, my life that durst I saie.

Thy sweyines eke, and all soche fantasie,
Drive out, and let hem farin to mischaunce,
For thei procéde of thy melancolie,
That doeth the sele in slepe all this penaunce:
A strawe for all swevenis signifiante!
God helpe me so! I coumpt hem not a bene;
There wot no man aright what drems mene.

For prestis of the temple tellin this,
That drems ben the revelacions
Of goddis, and als well thei telliwis
That thei ben infernalle illusions,
And lechis saine that of complexionis
Procedin thei, of fast or glotonie:
Who wot in sothe thus what thei signifie?

Eke othir saie that through impressiouns,
As if a wight hath fast a thing in minde,
That thereof comith soche aviouns;
And othir saie, as thei in bokis finde,
That astr timis of the yere by kinde
Men dreme, and that th' effect goth by the mone;
But leve no dreme, for it is nat to doen.

Well worth of drems aie these olde wives;
And truly eke augurie of these foulis,
For fere of which men wenin lese ther lives,
As ravin's qualm, or schriching of these oulis,
To trowin on it both false and foule is:
Alas! alas! that so noble a creature
As is a man should dredin soche ordure!

For whiche with all mine hert I the besече
Unto thy self that all this thou foryeve;
And rise now up, withoutin more speche,
And let us cast how forth maie best be drive
The time, and eke how freshly we maie live
Whan the comith, the which shall be right sone;
God helpe me so the best is thus to doen.

Rise, let us speke of lustie life in Troie
That we have lad, and forth the time drive,
And eke of time coming us rejoie,
That bringin shall our blisse now so blive,
And langour of these twife dayis five
We shall therwith so forget or oppresse
That well unneeth it doen shall us duresse.

This toun is full of lordis all about,
And truis lastith all this menè while;
Go we playin us in some lustie rout,
To Sarpedon, not hennis but a mile,
And thus thou shalt the time well begile,
And drive it forth unto that blisfull morowe
That thou her se that cause is of thy forowe.

Now rise, my derè brothir Troilus!
For certis it non honour is to the
To wepe, and in thy bedde to roukin thus,
For truly of o thing trust to me,
If thou thus ligge a daie, or two, or thre,
The folke wol wene that thou for cowardise
The fainist sick, and that thou darst not rise.

This Troilus answerde, O brothir dere!
This knowin folke that have isuffrid pain,
That though he wepe and make forowfull chere
That felith harme and smerte in every vain
No wond' is; and though I evir plain
Or alwaie wepe I am nothing to blame,
Sens I have lost the cause of al my game.

But sithins of fine force I mote arise
I shal arise as ipne as er I maie,
And God, to whom mine herte I sacrifice,
So sende us hastily the tennith daie,
For was there nevir soule so faine of Maie
As I shall ben whan she comith in Troie
That cause is of my tourment and my joie.

But whidir is thy rede, (quod Troilus)
That we maie plaie us best in all this toun?
By God my counsaile is (quod Pandarus)
To ride and plaie us with King Sarpedoun.
So long of this thei spekin up and down
Till Troilus gan at the last assent
To rise, and forth to Sarpedon thei went,

This Sarpedon, as he that honourable
Was all his live, and full of hie prowesse,
With all that might ifervid ben on table
That deinte was, all coste it grete richesse,
He fedde 'hem daie by daie, that soche noblesse,
As saiden bothe the moste and eke the lest,
Was nere er that daie wiste at any fest:

Nor in this worlde there is none instrument
Delicious through winde or touch on corde,
As ferre as any wight hath er iwent,
That tonge tell or herte maie recorde
But at that fest it was well herd acorde,
Ne' of ladies eke so faire a companie
Or daunce er tho was never fene with eye.

But what availith this to Troilus,
That for his sorowe nothing of it rought,
But evir in one his herte pitous
Full busily Creseide his ladie fought?
On her was evir all that his herte thought,
Now this now that so fast imagining
That gladin iwis can him no festing.

These ladies eke that at this feste bene,
Sens that he sawe his ladie was awaie,
It was his sorowe on 'hem for to sene,
Or for to here on instrumentis plaie;
For she that of his hert berith the kaie
Was absent, lo! this was his fantasie,
That no wight shoulde makin melodie:

Now there n'as hour in all the daie or night,
Whan he was there as no man might him here,
That he ne saide, O lovesome ladie bright!
How have ye farin sins that ye were there?
Welcome iwis, mine ownè ladie dere!
But welawaie! all this n'as but a mase;
Fortune his love entendid but to glafe.

The lettirs eke that she of olde time
Had him isent he would alone irede
An hundrid lithe arwixtin none and prime,
Refiguring her shape and womanhede
Within his hert, and every worde and dede
That passid was; and thus he drove to an ende
The ferthè day, and thennis wolde he wende;

And saide, Levè brothir Pandarus!
Intendist thou that we shall here byleve
Til Sarpedon wol forth conveyin us?
Yet were it fair that we toke our leve;
For Godd's love let us now sone at eve
Our levè take, and homwarde let us tourne,
For trewely I n'il nat thus sojourne.

Pandare answerid, Be we comin hither
To fetchin fire and rennin home again?
God helpe me so I can nat tellin whither
We mightin gone, if I shall sochly saine,
There any wight is of us more saine
Than Sarpedon; and if we hennis hie
Thus sodainly I holde it vanie;

Sith that we seydn we woulidin byleve
With him a weke, and now thus sodainly
The ferthè day to take of him our leve,
He woulde wondrin on it trewely:
Let us holde forth our purpose fermely,
And sens that ye behightin him to' abide
Holde forwarde now, and astir let us ride.

This Pandarus with mochil pine and wo
Made him to dwel; and at the wek's ende
Of Sarpedon thei toke ther leve to go,
And on ther way they spedin hem to wende.
(Quod Troilus) Now, Lorde, me grace sende
That I maie findin at mine home-comming
Creseide comin, and therwith gan he sing.

Ye halif wode thought ywis Pandare,
And to him selfe ful softly he seide,
God wote refroidin may this hottè fare.
Er Calcas sende Troilus Creseide:
But nethelasse he japid thus, and seide,
And swore iwis, his hert him wel behight
She woulidin come as sone as er she might.

Whan thei unto the paleis were icomen
Of Troilus thei doun of horse alight,
And to the chambre ther waie have thei hommen,
And unto time that it gan to night
Thei spekin of Creseide the lady bright,
And astir this, whan that 'hem bothe leste,
Thei spede 'hem fro the suppir unto rest.

On morow' as sone as day began to clere
This Troilus gan of his slepe to' abreide,
And to Pandarus his owne brothir dere,
For love of God, ful pitously he seide,
As go we sene the paleis of Creseide,
For sens we yet maie have none othir lest
So let us sene her paleis at the lest!

And therwithal his meinè for to blende
A cause he fonde into the toun to go,
And to Creseid's paleis they gone wende;
But Lorde! this sely Troilus was wo,
Him thought his sorouful hert brast atwo,
For when he saw her doris sperid all
Wel nigh for sorow' adoun he gan to fall.

Therwith when he was ware, and gan behold
How shet was every window of the place,
As frost him thought his hert began to cold,
For whiche with chaungid dedly pale face
Withoutin worde he forth by gan to pace,
And as God would he gan so fast to ride
That no wight of his countinaunce aspide.

Than saide he thus; O paleis desolate!
O house of housis whilom best ydight!
O paleis empty and disconsolate!
O thou lantern, of which queint is the light!
O paleis whilom day, that now art night!
Wel oughtist thou to fal and I to die,
Sens she is went that wont was us to gie.

O paleis whilom croune of housis al!
Enluminid with sunne of alle blisse,
O ring, of whiche the rubie is out fall!
O cause of wo that cause hast ben of blisse!
Yet sens I may no bet saine would I kisse
Thy colde doris, durst I for this route
And farwel shrine of whiche the saint is out!

Therwith he cast on Pandarus his eie
With chaungid face, and pitous to behelde,
And whan he might his time aright aspie
Aie as he rode to Pandarus he tolde,
His newe sorow, and eke his joyis olde,
So pitously, and with so ded an hewe,
That every wight might on his sorow sene.

Fro thinnis forth he ridith up and doune,
And every thing came him to remembraunce
As he rode forth by placis of the tounne
In whiche he whilom had all his plessaunce;
Lo! yondir saw I mine owne lady daunce,
And in that temple with her eyin clere
Me captiue caught first my right lady dere:

And yondir have I herde ful lustily
My dere hert Creseide laugh, and yondir plaie
Sawe I her onis eke ful blisfully,
And yondir onis to me gan she saie,
Now, gode swete! lovith me wel I you praye;
And yonde so godely gan she me beholde
That to the deth mine hert is to her holde:

And at the cornir in the yondir house
Herde I mine aldirlevist lady dere
So womanly with voice melodious
Singin so wel, so godely and so clere,
That in my soule yet me thinkith I here
The blisful fowne, and in that yondir place
My lady first me toke unto her grace.

Than thought he thus, O blisfull Lorde Cupide!

Whan I the processe have in memorie
How thou me hast wried on every side
Men might a boke make of it like a storie;
What nede is the to seke on me victorie
Sens I am thine and wholly at thy will?
What joy hast thou thine owne folke to spill?

Wel hast thou, Lorde, iwroke on me thine ire,
Thou mighty God, and dredful for to greve;
Now mercy, Lorde! thou wost wel I desire
Thy grace moste of alle lustis leve,
And live and die I wol in thy beleve,
For whiche I ne aske in guerdon but a bone,
That thou Creseide aien me sende fone.

Distrainin her hert as fast to returne
As thou doest mine to longin her to fe,
Than wote I wel that she n'il nat sojourne:
Now blisful Lorde! so cruil thou ne be
Unto the blode of Troie, I praieth the,
As Juno was unto the blode Thebane,
For whiche the folke of Thebis caught ther bane.

And aftir this he to the yatis wente
Ther as Creseide out rode a full gode paas,
And up and doun there made he many a wente,
And to him selfe ful oft he said, Alas!
Fro hennis rode my blisse and my solas:
As woulde blisful God now for his joie
I might her sene ayen comin to Troie!

And to the yondir hil I gan her gide,
Alas! and there I toke of her my leve,
And yonde I saw her to her fathir ride,
For sorow of whiche mine hert shal to cleve,
And hithir home I came whan it was eve,
And here I dwel, out cast from alle joie,
And shal, til I maie sene her este in Troie.

And of him selfe imaginid he ofte
To ben defaithid, pale, and woxin lesse
Than he was wonte, and that men faind softe
What may it be? who can the sothe gesse
Why Troilus hath al this hevinesse?
And al this n'as but his melancolie,
That he had of him selfe suche fantasie.

Another time imaginin he would

That every wight that went by the way
Had of him routhe, and that thei saine should
I am right fory Troilus wol dey:

And thus he drove a daie yet forth or twey,
As ye have herde: suche life gan he to lede
As he that stode betwixin hope and drede:

For which him likid in his songis shewe
Th' encheson of his wo as he best might,
And made a songe of wordis but a fewe,
Somwhat his wofull herte for to light,
And whan he was from every mann's sight
With softe voice he of his lady dere,
That absent was, gan sing as ye maie here:

O sterre! of which I lost have all the light,
With herte fore wel ought I to bewaile
That evir derke in turment, night by night,
Towarde my deth with winde I stere and faile,
For whiche the tennith night if that I faile
The giding of thy bemis bright an houre
My ship and me Carybdis woll devoure.

This songe whan he thus songin had sone
He fil aien into his sighis olde,

And every night, as was his wont to done,
He stode the bright moné to beholde,
And al his sorowe he to the mone tolde,
And said, Iwis whan thou art hornid newe
I shal be glad if al the world be trewe.

I saw thine hornis olde eke by that morow
Whan hennis rode my bright lady dere,
That cause is of my turment and my sorow,
For whiche, o bright Lucina the clere!
For love of God ren fast about thy sphere,
For whan thine hornis newe ginnin to spring
Than shal she come that maie my blisse ybring,

The daie is more and lengir every night
Than thei ben wont to be, thim thoughte tho,
And that the sunne went his counse unright
By lengir waie than it was wonte to go,
And said, Iwis I drede me evirmo
The sunn's sonne Phaeton be on live,
And that his fathir's carre amisse he drive.

Upon the wallis fast eke would he walke,
And on the Grekis host he would yfe,
And to him selfe right thus he would ytalke;
Lo! yondir is mine owne lady fre,
Or ellis yondir there the tentis be,
And thence comith this ayre that is so sote,
That in my soule I fele it doth me bote.

And hardly this winde that more and more
Thus stoundemele encrefith in my face
Is of my ladies depé sighis fore;

I preve it thus, for in none othir space
Of al this toun, save onely in this place,
Fele I no winde that sounith so like paine,
It saith Alas! why twinid be we twaine?

This longe time he drivith forth right thus,
Til fully pallid was the ninthe night,
And aie beside him was this Pandarus,
That befly did alle his full might
Him to comfort and make his herte light,
Yeving him hope alway the tenthé morow
That she shal comen and stentin al his sorow.

Upon that othir side eke was Creseide
With women fewe among the Grekis strong,
For whiche ful oft a day Alas! she seide,
That I was borne! wel maie mine herte long
Astir my deth, for now live I to long;
Alas! and I ne may it not amende,
For now is worse than evir yet I wende.

My father n'il for nothing do me grace
To gone ayen for aught I can him queme,
And if so be that I my terme pace
My Troilus, alas! shal in his hert deme
That I am false, and so it maie wel seme;
Thus shal I have unthonke on every side:
That I was borne so welaway the tide!

And if that I me put in jeopardie
To stele awaie by night, and it befall
That I be caught I shal be holde a spie,
Or ellis, lo! this drede I most of al,
If in the hondis of some wretche I fal
I n'am bot lost, al be mine herte trewe:
Now mighty God thou on my sorow rewe!

Ful pale iwoxin was her brighte face,
Her limmis lene, as she that al the daie
Stode whan she durst, and lokid on the place
There she was borne, and she had dwellid aye;
And al the night weping, alas! she laie;
And thus dispeirit out of all cure
She laid her life this sorowfull creature.

Ful oft a daie she fighed eke for distresse,
And in her selfe she went aie purtraying
Of Troilus the grette worthinesse,
And al his godely wordis recording
Sens first that daie her love began to spring;
And thus she sette her wofull hert asire
Through remembrance of that she gan desire.

In all this world there n'is so cruil hert
That her had herd complainin in her sorow
That n'old have wepin for her painis smert;
So tenderly she wept both eve and morow
Her nedid not no teres for to borow;
And this was yet the worst of all her paine,
Ther was no wight to whom she durst complaine.

Ful rewfully she lokid upon Troie,
Behelde the touris high and eke the hallis;
Alas! (quod she) the plesance and the joie,
The whiche that now al turned into gal is,
Have I had oftin within yondir wallis!
O Troilus! what doest thou now? she seide;
Alas! that I ne' had trowed on your lote,
And went with you, as ye me redde er this,
Than had I now not fighid halfe so fore:
Who might have said that I had don amis
To stele awaie with such a one as he is?
But al to late comith the lequarie
Whan men the corse unto the grave carie.

To late is now to speke of that matere;
Prudence, alas! one of thine eyin thre
Me lackid alway er that I came here,
For on time pallid wel remembred me,
And present time eke could I wel yle,
But future time, er I was in the snare,
Could I not fene, that causith now my care.

But nathelesse, betide what may betide,
I shal to morow at night, by est or west,
Out of this hoste stele on some manir side,
And gon with Troilus where as him left;
This purpose wol I holde, and this is best;
No force of wickid tongis jonglerie,
For er on love have wretchis had envie:

For who so wol of every worde take hede,
Or rulin him by every wight's wit,
Ne shal he nevir thrivin out of drede,
For that that some men blamin ever yet
Lo othir manir folke commendin it;
And as for me, for al suche variunce
Felicite clepe I my suffisaunce.

For whiche, withoutin any wordis mo,
To Troie I wol, as for conclusioun.
But God it wote er fully monthis two
She was ful ferre fro that entencioun,
For bothe Troilus and Troi toun
Shall knotelesse throughout her herte slide,
For she wol take a purpose for to abide.

This Diomede of whom I you tel gan,
Goth now within himselfe aie arguing,
With al the sleight and al that er he can,
How he maie best with shortist taryng
Into his nette Creseid's hert bring;
To this entente he couthe nevir fine;
To fishin her he laide out hoke and line.

But nathelesse wel in his hert he thought
That she n'as nat without a love in Troie,
For nevir sithin he her thennis brought
Ne couthe he sene her laugh or makin joie;
He n'ist how best her hert for to acioie,
But for t' assley he said nought it ne greveth,
For *He that naught assayith naught atchevetb.*

Yet said he to him selfe upon a night,
Now am I nat a sole that wote wel howe
Her woe is for love of another wight
And herupon to gon assaie her now?
I maie well wete it n'il nat ben my prow,
For wif folke in bokis it expresse,
Men shal nat wawe a wight in bevinesse.

But who so might ywinis such a floure
Fro him for whom she mournith night and daie
He might wel saine he were a conqueroure;
And right anone, as he that bold was aie,
Thought in his hert, happin what happin may,
Al should I die I wol her herte seche,
I shal no more lesin but my speche.

This Diomede, as bokis us declare,
Was in his nedis prest and courageous,
With stern voice, and mighty limmis square,
Hardy and testife, strong and chevalrous,
Of dedis like his fathir Tydeus;
And some men saine he was of tonge large,
And hoire he was of Caledon and Arge.

Creseide mene ywas of her stature,
Therto of shape, of face, and eke of chere,
There ne mightin ben no fairir creature;
And oftin timis this was her manere
To gone itressid with her heris clere
Down by her colere, at her backe behinde,
Which with a threde of gold she would binde.

And save her bowis joynedin isferer
 There n'as no lacke in aught I can espie;
 But for to spekin of her eyin clere,
 Lo! truly thei writtin that her seien
 That paradis stode formed in her ein,
 And with her rich beauty evirmore
 Strove love in her aie which of 'hem was more.
 She sobre was, simple, and wist withall,
 The best inoristid eke that might be,
 And godely of her speche in generall,
 Charitable, estatly, lusty, and fre,
 Ne nevirmore ne lackid her pite,
 Tendrehertid, and sliding of courage,
 But truilly I can nat tel her age.

And Troilus wel woxin was in hight,
 And complete, formid by proporcioun
 So wel, that Kinde it naught amending might,
 Yong, fresh, and strong, and hardy as lioun,
 And trewe as stele in eche condicioun,
 One of the best entetchid creature
 That is or shal while that the world maie dure.

And certainly in story it is fonde
 That Troilus was nevyr to no wight,
 As in his time, in no degre seconde
 In daring do that longith to a knight;
 Al might a giaunt passin him of might
 His hert aie with the first and with the best
 Stode peregall to dare done what him left.

But for to tellin forth of Diomedes
 It fil, that aftir on the tennith daie
 Sens that Creseide out of the cite yede
 This Diomedes, as fresh as branche in Maie,
 Came to the tenté there as Calchas laie,
 And fainid him with Calchas have to done,
 But what he mente I shal you tellin sone.

Creseide, at shorte wordis for to tel,
 Welcomid him, and down him by her sette,
 And he was the inough to makin dwel;
 And aftir this, withoutin longé lette,
 The spicis and the wine men forth 'hem sette,
 And forthe thei speke of this and that isere,
 As frendis done, of whiche some shall ye here.

He gan first fallin of the warre in speche
 Betwixin them and the folke of Troie toun,
 And of th' assiege he gan eke her beseche
 To tellin him what was her opinioun;
 Fro that demaunde he so discendith down
 To askin her if that her straungé thought
 The Grekis gife and werkis that thei wrought,

And why her fathir taryith so long
 To weddin her unto some worthy wight?
 Creseide, that was in her painis strong
 For love of Troilus her owne knight,
 So serforth as she conning had or might
 Answerde him tho, but as of his entente
 It semid that she ne wist what he mente.

But nathelesse this ilke Diomedes
 Gan on him selfe assure, and thus he seide;
 If I aright have taken on you hede
 Me thinkith thus, o lady mine Creseide!
 That fens I first hond on your bridil leide,
 When I out came of Troie by the morow,
 Nemight I nevyr sene you but in sorow.

I can nat sain what maie the cause be,
 But if for love of some Trojan it were,
 The whiche right sore wouldin athinkin me,
 That ye for any wight that dwellith there
 Shulden yspil a quartir of a tere,
 Or pitouly your selvin so begile,
 For dredlesse it is nat worthe the while.
 The folke of Troie, as who faith al and some,
 In prison ben, as you your selvin se,
 Fro thennis shal nat one on live come
 For al the golde atwixin sunne and se;
 Trustith wel this, and undirstondith me,
 There shal nat one to mercy gone on live,
 Al were he lord of worldis twise five.

Such wrech on them for fetchin of Heleine
 There shal be take, er that we hennia wende,
 That Manes, whiche that goddis ben of Peine,
 Shal ben agast that Grekis wol 'hem shende;
 And men shal drede unto the world's ende
 From hennis forthe to ravish any quene,
 So cruil shal our wreche on them be sene.

And but if Calchas led us with ambages,
 That is to faine, with double wordis fle,
 Suche as men clepen a word with two vilages,
 Ye shal wel knowin that I do nat lie,
 And al this thing right sene is with your eie,
 And that anon, ye n'il nat trowe how sone;
 Now takith hede, for it is for to done.

What! wenin ye that your wife fathir would
 Have yevin Antenor for you anon
 If he ne wiste that the cite shoud
 Distroyd ben?—Why, nay: so mote I gone
 He knew ful wel there shal nat scapin one
 That Trojan is, and for the grete fere
 He durst nat that ye dwellid lengir there.

What wol ye more, o lovesome lady dere!
 Let Troie and Trojans fro your herte passe;
 Drive out the bittir hope, and make gode chere;
 And clepe ayen the beaute of your face,
 That ye with salté teris so deface,
 For Troie is brought in suche a jeopardie
 That it to save is now no remedie.

And thinkith wel ye shal in Grekis finde
 A love more parsite, er that it be night,
 Than any Trojan is, and more kinde,
 And bet to servin you wol don his might;
 And if that ye vouchsafe, my lady bright!
 I wol ben he to servin you my selve,
 Ye, levir than be lorde of Grekis twelve.

And with that word he gan to waxin red,
 And in his speche a litil while he quoke,
 And cast aside a litil with his hed,
 And stinte a while, and aftirwarde he woke,
 And sebrly on her he threwe his loke,
 And said, I am, al be' it to you no joie,
 As gentle' a man as any wight in Troie;

For if my fathir Tydeus, he seide,
 Ilivid had, tho I had ben er this
 Of Calidony' and Arge a king, Creseide,
 And so hope I that I shal yet iwis,
 But he was flaine, alas! the more harm is,
 Unhappily at Thebis al to rathe,
 Polynees and many' a man to scathe.

But, herte mine! sith that I am your man,
And ye ben the first of whom I seeke grace,
To seruin you as hertely as I can,
And evir shal while I to live have space,
So that er I depart out of this place
Ye wol me grauntin that I may to morow
At bettir laisir tell you of my sorow.

What should I tell his wordis that he seide?
He spake inough for o daie at the mest;
It previth wel he spake so that Creseide
Grauntid on the morow at his request
Forthy to spekin with him at the leste,
So that he n'olde spekin of fuche matere,
And thus she to him said, as ye mowe here,

As she that had her hert on Troilus
So fast yfet that none might it arace,
And straungely she spake, and seide thus:
O Diomede! I love that ilke place
There I was borne, and Jovis of thy grace
Delivre' it fone of al that doth it care:
God for thy might so leve it wel to fare!

That Grekis wold ther wrath on Troye wreke,
If that thei might, I know it wel iwis;
But it shal naught befallin as ye speke,
And God toforne; and farthir ovir this
I wote, my fathir wife and redy is,
And that he me hath bought, as ye me tolde,
So dere I am to him the more yholde.

That Grekis ben of high condicioun
I wote eke wel, but certaine men shal finde
As worthy folk within Troie toun,
As conning, as parsite, and eke as kinde,
As ben betwixin Orcades and Inde;
And that ye couldin wel your lady serve
I trowe eke wel, her thonke for to deserve.

But as to speke of love, iwis, the feide,
I had a lorde to whom I weddid was,
The whose mine hert was al til that he deide,
And othir love, as helpe me now Pallas,
There in mine hert ne is ne nevir was;
And that ye ben of noble' and high kinrede
I have wel herde it tellin out of drede.

And that doth me to have so grete a wonder
That ye wol scornin any woman so;
Eke God wote love and I ben fer asonder;
I am disposid bet, so mote I go,
Unto my deth to plaine and makin wo;
What I shal astir done I can nat saie,
But truily as yet me liste nat plaie.

Mine hert is now in tribulacioun,
And ye in armis besy daie by daie;
Hereaftir when ye wonnin have the toun
Paravintur than so it happin maie
That whan I se that I nevir ere saie
Than wol I werke that I nevir ere wrought;
This word to you inough fuffin ought.

To morow eke wol I speke with you faine,
So that ye touchin nought of this matere,
And whan you list ye male come here againe;
And er ye gon thus muche I saie you here,
As helpe me Pallas with her heris clere,
Yf that I should of any Greke have routhe
It should ybe your selvin by my trouthe.

Vol. I.

I saie nat therfore that I wol you love,
Ne saie nat naie, but, in conclusioun,
I menè wel, by God that sit above;
And therwithal she cast her eyin doun,
And gan to sigh, and saide, O Troye toun!
Yet bidde I God in quiet and in rest
I maie the sene, or do mine herte brest.

But in effecte, and shortly for to saie,
This Diomede al freshly newe againe
Gan preasin on, and fast her mercy praie;
And aftir this, the sothè for to saie,
Her glove he toke, of which he was ful faine,
And, finally, whan it was woxin eve,
And al was well, he rose and toke his leve.

The bright Venus folowid and aie taught
The waie there brode Phœbus doune alight
And Cytherea her chare-horse o'r raught
To whirle into the Lioun if the might,
And Signifer his candils shewith bright,
Whan that Creseide unto her bed wente
Within her fathir's faire brighte tente,

Retourning in her soule aie up and doun
The wordis of this fodaine Diomede,
His gret estate, and peril of the toun,
And that she was alone, and haddè nede
Of frendis helpe, and thus began to drede
The causis why, the sothè for to tell,
That she toke fully purpose for to dwell.

The morow came, and, gostly for to speke,
This Diomede is come unto Creseide;
And, shortly, lest that ye my tale breke,
So wel he for himselfin spake and seide
That al her sighis fore adoun he leide;
And, finally, the sothè for to saie,
He rest her of the grete of alle her pain.

And aftir this the story tellith us
That she unto him yave the faire baie fiede
The whiche she onis wan of Troilus,
And eke a broche (and that was litil nede)
That Troilus was, she yave this Diomede,
And eke the bet from sorowe' him to releve
She made him were a pencell of her sleve.

I finde eke in the story ellis where,
Whan through the body hurt was Diomede,
Of Troilus tho wepte the many' a tere,
Whan that she saw his wide woundis blede,
And that she toke to kepin him gode hede,
And for to helin him of his woundis snerte:
Men saie, I n'ot, that she yeve him her herte.

But truily the story tellith us
There madin nevir woman more wo
Than she whan that the falsid Troilus;
She saide Alas! for now is clene ago
My name in trouthe of love for evirmo,
For I have falsid one the gentillest
That ever was, and one the worthiest.

Alas! of me unto the world's ende
Shall neithir ben iwrittin or isong
No gode worde, for these bokis woll me shende;
Irollid shall I ben on many' a tong,
Throughout the world my bell shall be yrong,
And women moste woll hatin me of all;
Alas that soche a caas me should befall!

C.

Thei well fain, in as moche as in me is
I have 'hem doen dishonour, welawaie!
All be I not the first that did amis,
What helpith that to doen my blame awaie?
But fens I se there is no bettir waie,
And that to late is now for me to rue,
'To Diomedé I woll algate be true.

But, Troilus, fens I no bettir maie,
And fens that thus departin ye and I,
Yet praie I God so yeve you right gode daie,
As for the gentillist knight truely
That er I sawe to servin faithfully,
And best can aie his ladie's honour kepe,
(And with that worde she brast anon to wepe.)

And certis you ne hatin shall I never,
And frend's love that shall ye have of me,
And my gode worde, all should I livin ever;
And truely I would right forie be
For to sein you in adversite;
And giltlesse I wot well I you leve;
And all shall passe, and thus take I my leve;

But truely how long it was bitwene
That she forsoke him for this Diomedé
There is none aucthour tellith it I wene,
Take every man now to his bokis hede
He shall no terme findin out of drede,
For though that he began to wowe her sone,
Er he her wan yet was there more to done.

Ne nie ne list this felie woman chide
Ferthir than that the storie woll devise;
Her name, alas! is publifid so wide
That for her gilt it ought inough suffise;
And if I might excuse her in some wise,
For the so forie was for her untrouthe,
Iwis I would excuse her yet for routhé.

This Troilus, as I before have told,
Thus drivith forth as wel as he hath might,
But oftin was his herté hote and cold,
And namily that liké ninithé night
Whiche on the morowe she had him behight
To come ayen; God wote full little rest
Had he that night; nothing to slepe him left.

The lauril-crounid Phœbus with his hete
Can in his course aie upward as he went
To warme of the est se the wavis wete,
And Circe's doughtir song with freshe entent,
Whan Troilus his Pandare aftr sent,
And on the wallis of the touné thei pleide,
To loke if thei can sene aught of Creseide;

Till it was none thei stodin for to se
Who that there came, and every manir wight
That came fro ferre thei saidin it was she,
Till that thei couldin knowin him aright:
Now was his herté dull, now was it light;
And thus bejapid stodin for to stare
About naught this Troilus and Pandare.

To Pandarus this Troilus tho seide;
For aught I wot before none sikirly
Into this touné ne comith not Creseide,
She hath inough to doin hardily
To twinnin from her fathir, so trowe I;
Her oldé fathir woll yet make her dine
Er that she go; God yeve his herté pine!

Pandare answerd, it may wel ben certain
And forthy lett us dine, I the besече,
And after none than maist thou come again;
And home thei go withoutin more speche,
And comin ayen; but long maie thei seche
Er that thei findin that thei aftr gape;
Fortune 'hem bothe ythinkith for to jape.

(Quod Troilus) I se well now that the
Is taryid with her old fathir so
That er she come it woll nigh evin be;
Come forthe, I woll unto the yaté go,
These portars ben unkonning evirmo,
And I woll doen 'hem holdin up the yaté
As naught ne were, although she comin late.

The daie goth fast, and after that came eve,
And yet came not to Troilus Creseide:
He lokith forth by hedge, by tre, by greve,
And ferre his hedde ovir the wall he leide,
And at the last he tournid him, and seide,
By God I wote her mening now, Pandare;
Almoſte iwis all newe was all my care.

Now doutleſs this ladie can her gode;
I wote she comith ridin privily;
I commendin her wifedome by mine hode;
She woll nat makin peple nicily
Gaure on her whan she cometh, but softly
By night into the touné she thinkith ride,
And, dere brothir! thinké nat long to abide.

We have naught ellis for to doen iwis;
And Pandarus, now wilt thou trowin me,
Have here my trouth I se her; yond she is:
Heve up thine eyin man; maieſt thou nat se?
Pandare answerd, Naie, so mote I the;
All wrong by God: what faist thou man? wher art!
That I se yonde afarre n'is but a carte.

Alas! thou faiest right sothe, (quod Troilus)
But hardly it is not all for nought
That in mine herte I now rejoice thus;
It is ayenſt some gode: I have a thought,
N'ot I nat how, but fens that I was wrought
Ne ſek I ſoche a comfort dare I faie;
She cometh to night, my life that durſt I lay.

Pandare answerde, It maie be well inough;
And helde with him of all that er he faied,
But in his herte he thought, and soft he lough,
And to himself full sobirly he faied,
From hafilwodde, there Joly Robin plaid,
Shall come all that that thou abidist here;
Ye, farwell all the ſnowe of ſerné yere.

The wardein of the yatis gan to call
The folke which that without the yatis were,
And badde 'hem drivin in their bestis all,
Or all the night thei muſt bylevin there;
And ferre within the night, with many a tere,
This Troilus gan homward for to ride,
For well he ſeeth it helpith nat to abide.

But nathéſſe he gladdid him in this,
He thought he miſſaccomptid had his daie,
And faied, I underſtande have all amis,
For thilké night I laſt Creſeide ſaie
She faied I ſhall ben here, if that I maie,
Er that the mone, o my dere herté ſwete!
The Lion paſſe out of this Ariete:

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For whiche she maie yet hold all her behest;
And on the morowe to the yate he went,
And up and doune, by west and eke by est,
Upon the wallis made he many a went;
But al for naught; his hope alway him blent,
For which at night in sorow and fighes fore
He went him home withoutin any more.

This hope all clene out of his herte fledde,
He ne hath wheron now lengir for to hong,
But for the pain him thought his herte bledd,
So wer his throwis sharp, and wondir strong,
For whan he sawe that she abode so long
He ne wist what he judgin of it might,
Sens she hath brokin that the him beight.

The thirde, the fourth, the fifte, and the sixt, daie
Aftir tho dayis tenne of whiche I told,
Betwixin hope and drede his herte laie,
Yet somwhat trusting on her hestis old;
But whan he sawe she n'olde her termis hold
He can now sene none othir remedie
But for to shapin him sone for to die.

Therwith the wickid spirit, God us blesse!
Whiche that men clepin the gode Jalousie,
Gan in him crepe in all this heviness,
For whiche bicause he woulidin sone die
He n'ete ne dronke for his melancolie,
And eke from every companie he fledde;
This was the life that all this time he ledde.

He so defaite was that no manir man
Unnethis him might knowin there he went,
So was he lene and therto pale and wan,
And feble, that he walkith by potent,
And with his ire he thus himselfin flent;
But who so askid him wherof him smerte,
He saied his harme was all about his herte.

Priam full oft, and eke his mothir dere,
His bretherne and his susterin, gan him strain
Why he so wofull was in all his chere,
And what thing was the cause of al his pain?
But all for naught; he n'olde his cause plain,
But saied he felt a grevous maladie
About his herte, and fain he woulde die.

So on a daie he laie him doune to slepe,
And so bifell it that in slepe him thought
That in a forest fast he walked to wepe
For love of her that him these painis wrought,
And up and doune as he that forest fought
He met he sawe a bore with tukis grete
That slept ayenist the bright sunn's hete;

And by this bore, fast in her armis fold,
Laie kissing aie his ladie bright Creseide,
For sorowe of whiche, whan he it gan behold,
And for dispite, out of his slepe he breide,
And loude he cried on Pandarus, and seide,
O Pandarus! now knowe I crop and rote
I n'am but dedde; there n'is none othir bote.

My ladie bright, Creseide, hath me betraide,
In whom I trustid moste of any wight;
She elliswhere hath now her hert apaid;
The blissfull goddis thorough ther grete might
Have in my dreame shewid it full right;
Thus in my dreame Creseide have I beholde,
And all this thing to Pandarus he tolde.

O my Creseide! alas! what subtilte,
What newe lust, what beaute, what science,
What wrathe of iuste cause have ye unto me?
What gilt of me, what fell experience,
Hath fro me rafte, alas! thinge advertence?
O trust! o faithe! quod he, o depe assuraunce!
Who hath me rafte Creseide, all my plesaunce?

Alas! why let I her from hennis go?
For whiche well high out of my wit I breide;
Who shall now trowe on any othis mo?
God wote I wende, o ladie bright Creseide!
That every worde was gospell that ye seide;
But who maie bet begile if that him list,
Than he on whom men wenin best to triff?

What shall I doen, my Pandarus? alas!
I felin now so sharpe a newe pain,
Sens that there is no remedy in this caas,
That bet were it I with mine hondis twain
My felvin slowe than alwaie thus to plain,
For through the deth my wo shuld have an ende,
There every daie with life my self I shende.

Pandare answerde and said, Alas the while
That I was borne! Have I nat saied er this
That dremis many a manir man begile?
And why? for folke expoundin 'hem amis:
How darst thou sain that false thy ladie is
For any dreame? right for thine owne drede
Let be this thought; thou canst no dremis rede,

Paravinture there thou dremest of this bore
It maie so be that it maie signifie
Her fathir, whiche that old is and eke hore,
Ayen the sunne lyith on point to die,
And she for sorowe ginnith wepe and crie,
And killith him, there he lieth on the ground;
Thus shuldist thou thy dreame aright expound.

How might I than doin (quod Troilus)
To knowe of this, yea, were never so lite?
Now saiest thou wisely, (quod this Pandarus)
My redy is this, sens thou canst well endite,
That hastily a lettir thou her write,
Thorough which thou shalt wel bringin about
To knowe a soth of that thou art in dout.

And se now why; for this I dare well sain,
That if so is that she untrue ybe
I can not trowe that she woll write again;
And if she write thou shalt full sone ise
As whethir she hath any libertie
To come ayen, or ellis in some clause
If she be let the wol assigne a cause.

Thou hast not writtin to her sens she went,
Nor she to the; and this I durst wele laie,
There maie soche cause ben in her entent
That hardly thou wolt thy felvin saie
That her abode the best is for you twaie:
Now write her than, and thou shalt felé sone
A soth of all; there is no more to done.

Acordid ben to this conclusioun,
And that anon, these ilke lordis two,
And hastily sat Troilus adoun,
And rollith in his herte to and fro
How he maie best discrivin her his wo,
And to Creseide his owne ladie dere
He wrote right thus, and said as ye maie here;

The copie of the letter.

Right fresh flour, whose I have aye ben and shall,
Withoutin part of elliswhere servise,
With herte and bodie, life, lust, thought, and all,
I wofull wight, in every humble wise
That tong can tell or herte maie devise,
As oft as mattir occupyth place,
Me recommaunde unto your noble grace.

Likith it you to wetin, swete herte!
As I well knowin, how long time agon
That ye me left in aspre painis smerte,
Whan that ye wentin, of whiche yet bote non
Have I non had, but evir worse bigon
Fro daie to daie am I, and so mote dwell
While it you list, of wele and wo my well.

For whiche to you with dredefull herte true
I write, as he that sorowe driveth to write,
My wo, that every houre encrefith newe,
Complaining as I dare or can endite;
And that defacid is that maie ye wite
The teris which that from mine eyin rain,
That wuldin speke if that thei durst and plain.

You first besече I that your eyin clere
To loke on this defoulded ye nat hold,
And ore all this that ye my ladie dere
Woll vouchsafin this lettir to behold,
And by the cause eke of my caris cold,
That flaeth my wit, if aught amis me sterre
Foryevith it me, mine owne swete herte!

If any servaunt durst or ought of right
Upon his ladie pitoufly complain,
Than wene I that I ought to be that wight,
Confidid this, that ye these monthis twain
Have taried there ye saidin, sothe to sain,
But tenne dayis ye n'olde in hoste sojourn,
But in two monethis yet ye not retourne.

But for as moche as me mote nedis like
All that you list I dare nat plainin more,
But humbly with forowfull sighis like
You write I mine unrestie sorowes fore,
Fro daie to daie desiring evirmore
To knowin fully, if your will it were,
How ye have fared and don while ye be there;

The whose welfare and hele eke God encrese
In honour soche, that upward in degre
It growe alwaie, so that it never cese;
Right as your herte aie can, my ladie fre,
Devise, I praie to God so mote it be,
And graunt it that ye sone upon me rewe,
As wisely as in all I am to you true.

And if you likith knewin of the fare
Of me, whose wo there maie no wight disrive,
I can no more, but cheif of every care,
At writing of this lettir I am on live,
All redy out of my wofull ghost to drive,
Whiche I delaie and holde him yet in honde
Upon the sight of mattir of your sonde.

Mine eyin two, in vain with whiche I fe,
Of sorowfull teres salt arn woxin wellis,
My song in plaint of mine adverfite,
My fode in harme, mine ese eke woxin helis,
My joie in wo: I can sey now nought ellis

But tournid is, for whiche my life I warie,
Every joie or efe in his contrarie:

Which with your coming home aye to Troy
Ye maie redresse, and more, a thousande sithe
Than er I had encreffin in me joie,
For was there never herte yet so blythe
To have his life as I shall ben as swithe
As I you fe, and though no manir routie
Can mevin you, yet thinkith on your trouthe.

And if so be my gilt hath deth deserved,
Or if you list no more upon me fe,
In guerdon yet of that I have you served
Besече I you, mine owne ladie fre
Tha: hereupon you woulidin write to me
For love of Jovis, my right lod: sterre,
That deth maie make an end of al my werre.

If othir cause aught doeth you for to dwell,
That with your lettir ye me recomfort,
For though to me your absence is an hell,
With pacience I woll my wo comfort,
And with your letter of hope I woll disport:
Now writith, swete! and let me thus nat plain;
With hope or deth delivereth me fro pain.

Iwis, mine owne dere herte true!
I wot that whan ye next upon me fe,
So lost have I mine hele and eke mine hewe,
Creseide shall not conne tho knowin me;
Iwis, mine hert' is daie, my ladie fre!
So thurstith aie mine herte to behold
Your beaute that unneith my life I hold.

I saie no more, all have I for to fey
To you well more than that I tellin maie;
But whether that ye doe me live or deye
Yet praie I God so yeve you right gode daie:
And farith well, thou godely faire freshe Maie!
As ye that life or deth me maie commaunde,
And to your trouthe aie I me recommaunde.

With helé soche, that but ye yevin me
The famin hele I shall non hele yhave:
In you lieth, whan you list that it so be,
The daie in whiche me clothin shall my grave,
And in you my life, in you might to fave
Me fro disefe of all my painis smerte:
And farith now wele, myne own dere swete herte!

Le vostre, T.

This lettir forth was sent unto Creseide,
Of whiche her answer in effect was this;
Full pitoufly she wrote aye, and seide,
That all so sone as she might iwis
She would come, and amende that was amis;
And, finally, she wrote and sayid then
She would ycome, ye, but she n'ist not when.

But in her lettir madin the soche festes
That wondir was, and swore she loved him best,
Of whiche he found but botomles bihefles.
But, Troilus, thou maiest now cast and wett
Pipe in an ivie lese if that the left:
Thus goth the world; God shild us fro mischaunce,
And every wight that menith trouthe avaunce!

Encreffin gan the wo fro daie to night
Of Troilus for taryng of Creseide,

And lessin gan his hope and ek his might,
For whiche al doun he in his bedde him leide;
He ne ete, dronke, ne slept, ne wordē seide,
Imagining aie that she was unkinde,
For whiche well nigh he wext out of his mind.

This dreame of whiche I told have eke beforne
Maie nevir come out of his remembraunce;
He thought aie well he had his ladie lorn,
And that Jovis of his hie purveiaunce
Him shewed had in slepe the signifaunce
Of her untrouth and his disfaviture,
And that the bore shewed him in figure;

For whiche he for Sibylle his sustir sent,
That callid was Cassandre' eke all about,
And all his dreame he told her er he stent,
And her besought asspilin him the doubt
Of the strong bore with all his tuskis stout;
And, finally, within a litil sounde
Cassandra him gan thus his dreame expound.

She gan first smile, and said, O brothir dere!
If thou a sothe of this desirest to knowe
Thou must a fewe of oldē stories here,
To purpose how that Fortune ovirthrowe
Hath lordis old, through which within a throw
Thou shalt this bore well know, and of what kinde
He comin is, as men in bokis finde.

Diana, whiche that wrothe was and in ire,
For Grekis n' olde do'n her sacrifice,
Ne encens on her altar set on fire,
She for that Grekis gon her so dispise
Ywrake her in a wondir cruill wise,
For with a bore as grete as oxe in stall
She made up frete ther corne and vinis all.

To slea the bore was all the countrie reised,
Emongis whiche there came this bore to se
A maid, one of this worlde the best ipraised;
And Meleager, lorde of that countre,
He lovid so this freshe maidin fre,
That with his manhode er he woulde stent
This bore he slough, and her the hed he sent.

Of whiche, as oldē bokis tellin us,
There rose a conteke and a grete envie;
And of this lorde defendid Tydeus
By ligue, or ellis oldē bokis lie;
But how this Meleager gan to die,
Thorough his mothir, woll I you not tell,
For all to long it werin for to dwell.

She tolde eke how Tydeus, er she stent,
Unto the strongē cite of Thebes
(To claimin kingdome of the cite) went
For his selawē Dan Polynices,
Of whiche the brothir Dan Eteocles
Full wrongfully of Thebis held the strength;
This tolde she by processe all by length.

She tolde eke how Hemonides aserte
Whan Tydeus slough fiftie knightis stout;
She tolde eke all the prophesies by herte,
And how that seven kingis with ther rout
Besiegedin the cite all aboute,
And of the holie serpent, and the well,
And of the Furies all, she gan him tell.

*Associat profugus Tydeus primo Polynicem,
Tydea legatum docet, insidiasque secundus,
Tertius Hemoniden canit, & vatem latitantem,*

*Quartus habet Reges incuntes praelia septem,
Lemniadum Furie quinto narrantur, & angues,
Arche'ori bustu sexto, ludique leguntur,
Dat Thebis vatem Graecarum septimus umbra,
Ossivo cecidit Tydeus, spes, vita Pelopum,
Hippomedon nono moritur cum Parthenope,
Fulmine percussus decimo Capaneus superatur,
Undecimo sese perimunt per vulnera fratres,
Argivorum sentem narrat duodenus, & ignem.*

Of Archinorie's burying and the plaich
And how Amphiaraus fill through the grounde,
How Tydeus was slain, Lord of Argeies,
And how Hipome'don in a litil sounde
Was dreint, and dedde Parthenope of wound,
And also how Capaneus the proude
With thonder dint was slain, that cryd loud.

She gan eke tell him how that eithir brother,
Eteocles and Polynice also,
At a scarmishe eche of hem slough the other,
And of Argivis weping and ther mo,
And how the toun was brent she told eke the
And tho descendid doune from jessis old
To Diomede, and thus she spake and told:

This ilkē bore betokenith Diomede,
Tydeus sonne, that doune descendid is
Fro Meleager, that made the bore to blede,
And thy ladie, where so she be iwis,
I his Diomede her herte hath and she his:
Wepe if thou wolt or leve, for out of dout
This Diomede is in and thou art out.

Thou saiest nat sothe, (quod he) thou forceresse,
With all thy false ghost of prophetic;
Thou wenist ben a grete devinereesse,
Now seest thou nat this sole of fantastic
Pinin her upon ladies for to lie:
Awake, (quod he) there Jovis yewe the sorowe!
Thou shalt be fals para venture er to morow.

As well thou mightist lien on gode Alceste,
That was of all creturis (but men) lie
That evir werin kindist and the beste,
For whan her husbonde was in jeopardie
To die himself, but if she woulde die,
She chese for him to die and gon to hell,
And starfe anon, as us the bokis tell.

Cassandre goeth; and he with cruill herte
Foryate his wo for angre of her speche,
And fro his bedde all sodainly he sterte,
As though all whole him had imade a leche,
And daie by daie he gan enquire and seche
A sothe of this with all his holi cure;
And thus he drivith forth his avinture.

Fortune, whiche that the permutacion
Of all thinges hath, as it is her committed
Through purveiaunce and disposicion
Of high Jove, as reignis shall ben yfittid
Fro folk to folk, or whan thei shal ben smittid,
Gan pull awaie the fethirs bright of Troie
Fro daie to daie, till thei ben bare of joie.

Emong all this the fine of the jeopardie
Of Hector gan approachin wondir blive,
The Fatis wold his soule shold unhodie,
And shapin had a mene it out to drive,
Ayenst whiche fate him helpith not to strive,

But on a daie to fightin gan he wende,
At whiche, alas! he caught his liv's ende:

For whiche me thinkith every manir wight
That haunth armis oughtin to bewaile
The deth of him that was so noble a knight,
For as he drough a king by th' aventaille,
Unware of this Achilles through the maile
And through the bodie gan him for to rive,
And thus the worthy knight was rest of live;

For whom, as old bokis tellin us,
Was made soch wo that tong it maie nat tel,
And namly the sorowe of Troilus,
That next him was of worthinesse the well,
And in this wo gan Troilus to dwell,
That what for sorowe, love, and for unrest,
Full off a daie he had his herte brest.

But nathelesse though he gon him dispaire,
And drede aie that his ladie was untrue,
Yet aie on her his herte gan repaire,
And, as these lovirs doen, he fought aie newe
To get ayen Creseide bright of hewe,
And in his herte he went her excusing,
That Calchas causid all her taryng.

And oftin time he was in purpose grete
Him selvin like a pilgrim to disguise
To sene her; but he maie not counterfete
To ben unknowen of folke that wein wise,
Ne finde excuse aright that maie suffice,
If he among the Grekis knowin were,
For whiche he wept full oft many a tere.

To her he wrote yet oftin time all newe
Full pitously, he left it nat for slouth,
Beseeching her, fithins that he was true,
That she would come ayen and hold her trouth;
For whiche Creseide upon a daie for routh,
I take it so, touchung all this mattere
Wrote him ayen, and faied as ye maie here:
Cupid is fonde, ensample of godelihe,
O swerde of knighthode, fours of gentillesse!
How might a wight in turment and in drede,
And heselesse, you fendin as yet gladnesse?
I hertelesse, I sicke, I in distresse,
Sens ye with me nor I with you maie dele,
You neithir sende I maie ne herte ne hele.

Your lettirs full the papir all iplainted
Commevid havin myne hert's pite;
I have eke sene with teris all depainted
Your lettir, and how ye requirin me
To come ayen, whiche yet ne maie not be,
But why, lest that this lettir foundin were,
No mencounn ne make I now for fere.

Grevous to me (God wote) is your unrest,
Your hast, and that the goddis ordinance
It semith nat ye take it for the best,
Nor othir thing it is in your remembrance
As thinkith me, but onely your plesaunce;
But beth nat wroth, and that I you besече,
For that I tarie is all for wickid speche:

For I have herd well more than I wend
Touchung us two how things have ifond,
Whiche I shall with dissimuling amende;
And beth nat wroth, I have eke undirstond
How ye ne doe but holdin me in honde;

But now no force; I can nat in you gesse
But alle crouthe and alle gentillesse.

Comin I well, but yet in soche disjonte
I stond as now, that what yere or what daie
That this shall be that can I nat apointe;
But in effect I praie you as I maie
Of your gode worde and of your frendship aie,
For traily while that my life maie dure
As for a frende ye maie in me assure.

Yet praie I you on evill ye na take
That it is short whiche that I to you write;
I dare nat there I am well lettirs make,
Ne nevir yet ne could I well endite;
Eke grote effect men writin in place lite;
Th' entent is all, and nat the lettirs space:
And faith well; God have you in his grace!

This Troilus thought this lettir al fraunge
Whan he it sawe, and forowfully he sight;
Him thought it like a kalendes of eschaunge;
But, finally, he ful ne throwin might
That she ne would him holdin that she hight,
For with ful evill wil liste him to leve
That lovith wel, in such case, though him greve,
But nathelesse men sain that at the last
For any thing men shal the sothe fe,
And suche a case betide, and that as fast,
That Troilus wel underfonde that she
N'as nat so kinde as that her ought to be;
And, finally, he wote now out of dout
That al is lost that he hath ben about.

Stode on a daie in his melancolie
This Troilus, and in suspektioun
Of her for whom he wenid for to die,
And so besit that throughout Troie toun,
As was the gife, iborne was up and down
A manir cote armoure, as saithe the storie,
Beforn Deiphobe, in signe of his victorie;

The whiche cote, as tellith Lollius,
Deiphobe it had yrente fro Diomede
The same daie; and when this Troilus
It sawe he gan to takin of it hede,
Avising of the length and of the brede,
And al the werke, but as he gan behelde
Ful sodainly his herte began to colde,

As he that on the coler fonde within
A broche that he Creseide yave at morow
That she from Troie toun must nedis twin,
In remembrance of him and of his sorow,
And she him laide ayen her faith to borow
To kepe it aie; but now ful wel he wist
His lady n'as no longir on to trist.

He goeth him home, and gan ful sone sende
For Pandarus, and al this newe chauce,
And of this broch he tolde him orde and ende,
Complaining of her hert's variaunce,
His longe love, his trouth, and his penaunce;
And afir Deth, withoutin wordis more,
Ful fast he cried, his rest him to restore.

Than spake he thus; O lady mine, Creseide!
Where is your faith, and where is your behest?
Where is your love? where is your trouth? he
seide;

Of Diomedes have ye now al his feſt?
 Alas! I would have trowid at the laſt
 That ſens ye n'olde in trouthe to me ſtonde
 That ye thus n'olde have holdin me in honde.

Who ſhal now trowen on any othis mo?
 Alas! I nevir would have wende er this
 That ye, Creſeide, coulde have chaungid fo,
 Ne but I had aglite and don amis;
 So cruel wende I nat your herte iwis
 To fle me thus; alas! your name of trouthe.
 Is now fordone, and that is al my routhe.

Was there none othir broche you liſt to lete
 To feſſe with your newe love, (quod he)
 But thilk broche that I with teris wete
 You yave as for a remembrance of me?
 None othir cauſe, alas! ne haddin ye
 But for diſpite, and eke for that ye mente
 All uttirly to ſhewin your entente:

Through which I ſe that clene out of your
 Ye have me caſt, and I ne can nor maie [minde
 For all this worlde within mine herte finde
 To' unlovin you a quartir of a daie;
 In curſid time I borne was, welawaie!
 That you that done me all this wo endure
 Yet love I the beſt of any creature.

Now God (quod he) me fendin yet the grace
 That I maie metin with this Diomedes,
 And truily if I have might and ſpace
 Yet ſhall I make I hope his ſidis blede:
 Now God (quod he) that aughtiſt takin hede
 To forthrin trouthe, and wrongis to punice,
 Why n'ilt thou don a vengeance of this vice?

O Pandarus! that in dremes for to triſte,
 Me blamid haſt, and wonte art oft upbreide,
 Now maiſt thou ſene thy ſelfe, if that the liſt,
 How trewe is now thy nece bright Creſeide:
 In ſondry formis, (God it wote) he ſeide,
 The goddis ſhewin bothe joie and tene
 In ſlepe, and by my dreme it is now ſene.

And certainly, withoutin more ſpeche,
 From hennis forthe, as ferforthe as I maie,
 Mine owne deth in armis wol I ſeche,
 I ne retche nat how ſone be the daie;
 But trewily, Creſeide, ſwetè Maie!
 Whom I have ay with al my might iſerved,
 That ye thus done I have it nat deſerved.

This Pandarus, that al theſe thingis herde,
 And wiſte wel that he ſaid a ſothe of this,
 He nat a worde ayen to him anſwerde,
 For ſory of his frend's ſorow' he is,
 And ſhamid for his nece hath done amis,
 And ſtante aſtonied of theſe cauſis twaie
 As ſtil as ſtone; o worde ne coulde he ſaie.

But at the laſt thus he yſpake and ſeide:
 My brothir dere! I may do the no more;
 What ſould I ſaine? I hate iwis Creſeide,
 And God it wote I wol hate her er-more;
 And that thou me beſoughtiſt don of yore,
 Having unto mine honour ne my reſte
 Right no regarde, I did al that the leſte.

Yf I did aught which that might likin the
 It is me leſe, and of this trefon now
 God wote that it a ſorow is to me,

And dredeleſſe, for hert's eſe of you,
 Right ſaine I would amende it wiſt I how,
 And fro this worlde Almighty God I praie,
 And Delivir her ſone! I can no more ſaie.

Great was the woe and plaint of Troilus,
 But forthe her courſe Fortune aie gan to holde,
 Creſeide lovith the ſonne of Tydeus,
 And Troilus mote wepe in caris colde:
 Such is this worlde, who ſo it can beholde;
 In eche eſtate is litill hert's reſte;
 God leve us to takin it for the beſte!

In many cruil bataile, out of drede,
 Of Troilus this ilk noble knight
 (As men maie in theſe oldè bokis rede)
 Was ſene his knightthod and his gretè might,
 And dredeleſſe his irè daie and night
 Ful cruilly the Grekis aie aboute,
 And alwaie moſt this Diomedes he fought.

And oftin timis I finde that thei mette
 With bloody ſtokis and with wordis grete,
 Affaying how ther ſperis werin whette;
 And God it wote with many a cruil hete
 Gan Troilus upon his helme to bete:
 But nathelleſſe Fortune it naught ne would
 Of eithir's honde that eithir dyin ſhould.

And if I had itakin for to write
 The armis of this ilk worthy man,
 Than would I of his battails endite;
 But for that I to writin fiſt began
 Of his love, I have ſaidin as I can
 His worthy dedis, who ſo liſte 'hem here,
 Rede Dares, he can tel 'hem al ſere.

Befeſching every lady bright of hewe,
 And every gentil woman, what ſhe be,
 Al be it that Creſeide was untrewed
 That for that gilt ye be nat wroth with me,
 Ye maie her gilty in othir bokis ſe;
 And gladdir I would writin if you leſte
 Of Penelope's trowth and gode Alceſte.

Ne ſaie I nat this all only for men,
 But moſt for women that betrayid be
 Through fals folke, God yeve 'hem ſorow, Amen!
 That with ther gretè witte and ſubtilte
 Betrayin you, and this commevith me
 To ſpeke; and in effeſte you al I praie
 Beth ware of men, and herkenith what I ſaie:

Go, litil boke, go litill tragedie,
 There God my makir yet er that I die
 So ſende me might to make ſome comedie;
 But, litill boke, make thou the none envie,
 But ſubject ben unto al poeſie,
 And kiſſe the ſteppes wher as thou ſeiſt pace
 Of Virgil, Ovide, Homer, Lucan, Stace.

And for there is ſo grete diverſite
 In Engliſh, and in writing of our tonge,
 So praie I to God that none miſwrite the,
 Ne the miſſe-metre for defeaute of tonge;
 And redde where ſo thou be or ellis ſong;
 That thou be undirſtonde God I beſeche;
 But yet to purpoſe of my rathir ſpeche.

The wraſte, as I began you for to ſeie,
 Of Troilus the Grekis boughtin dere,
 For thouſandis his hondis madin deye,

As he that was withoutin any pere,
Save in his time Hector, as I can here;
But welawaie! (I have onely Godd's wil)
Dispitously him slough the fierie Achil.

And when that he was slain in this manere,
His lighte goste ful blisfully is went
Up to the holownesse of the seventh sphere,
In his place leting everiche element,
And there he sawe, with ful avissement,
The erratike sterres, herkenning harmonic,
With fownis full of hevins melodie.

And down from thennis fast he gan avise
This litil spotte of erth that with the fe
Embracid is, and fully gan dispise
This wretchid world, and helde al vanite
In respecte of the plaine felicitie
That is in heaven above, and at the last
There he was slaine his loking down he cast.

And in him selfe he lough right at the wo
Of them that weptin for his dethe so fast,
And dampnid all our werkes, that foloweth so
The blind lust whiche that ne may nat last,
And shuldin al our herte on hevin cast;
And forthe he went, shortly for to tell,
There as Mercury fortid him to dwel.

Suche fine hath, lo! this Troilus for love,
Suche fine hath all his grete worthinesse,
Suche fine hath his estate royal above,
Suche fine his lust, suche fine hath his noblesse,
Suche fine hath this false world's brotlineffe!
And thus began his loving of Creseide
As I have tolde, and in this wise he deide.

O yonge and freshe folkis, he or she!
In whiche that love up growth with your age,
Repairith home from worldly vanite,

And of your hertes up castith the visage
To thilke God that aftir his image
You made, and thinkith al n'is but a faire,
This world that passith sone, as flouris faire:

And lovith him the whiche that right for love
Upon a crosse, our soulis ser to bey,
First starke and rose, and sit in heaven above,
For he n'il falsin no wight, dare I sey,
That wol his hert al wholly on him ley;
And fens he best to love is and most meke
What nedith fainid lovis for to seke?

Lo! here of Painims curfid oldé rites!
Lo! here what al ther goddis maie avail!
Lo! here this wretchid world's appetites!
Lo! here the fine and guerdon for travaille
Of Jove, Apollo, Mars, and such raskaille!
Lo! here the forme of oldé clerkis speche
In poetrie, if ye ther bokis seche!

O, moral Gower! this Boke I directe
To the and to the philosophicall Strode,
To vouchsafe there nede is for to correcte
Of your benignities and zelis gode;
And to the sothfast Christ, that starke on rode,
With al mine hert of mercy er I praisie,
And to the Lorde right thus I speke and saie:

Thou One, and Two, and Thre! eterne on live,
That rainisht aie in Thre, and Two, and One!
Uncircumscript, and all maist circumscribe,
From visibill and invisibill sone
Defende us in thy mercy everichone!
So make us, Jesus, to thy mercy dignie,
For love of maide and mothir thine benigne!

TESTAMENT OF FAIRE CRESEIDE*.

A doly feson till a carefull dite
Should corresponde and be equivalent;
Right so it was whan I began to write
This tragedy, the weder right fervent,
Whan Aries in middis of the Lent
Showris of haile gan fro the north discende,
That fcaintly fro the cold I might me defende.

Yet nerthelesse within mine orature
I stode, whan Titan had his bemis bright
Withdrawn down, and scyld undir cure,
And faire Venus the beaute of the night,
Upraise, and sette unto the weste ful right
Her goldin face, in oppositioun
Of god Phæbus, directe discending down.

Throughout the glasse her bemis brast so faire
That I might se on every fide me by,
The northrin winde hath purified the aire,
And shedde his misty cloudis fro the skie,
The froste frefid, the blaisis bittirly
Fro pole Artike came whiffing loud and still,
And caufid me remove ayenst my will :

For I trustid that Venus, Lov's quene,
To whom fountime I hight obedience,
My fadid hert of love she would make grene,
And thereupon with humble reverence
I thought to praie her hie magnificence,
But for grete colde as than I lettid was,
And in my chambre to the fire gan pas.

Though love be hote, yet in a man of age
It kindlith nat so sone as in youthed,

* The Author of 'The Testament of Creseide', which might pass for the sixth book of this story, I have been informed by Sir James Urquhart late Earl of Kelly, and diverse aged scholars of the Scottish nation, was one Mr. Robert Henderson, chief schoolmaster of Dumferlin, a little time before Chaucer was first printed, and dedicated to King Henry VIII. by Mr. Thynne, which was near the end of his reign. Mr. Henderson wittily observing that Chaucer in his fifth book had related the death of Troilus, but made no mention what became of Creseide, he learnedly takes upon him, in a fine poetical way, to express the punishment and end due to a false unconstant whore, which commonly terminates in extreme misery.

Of whom the blode is flowing in a rage,
And in the olde the corage dul and ded,
Of whiche the fire outwarde is best remedid
To helpe by phisike wher that nature failed :
I am experte, for bothe I have assailed.

I made the fire and bekid me aboute,
Than toke I drinke my spirites to comforte,
And armid me wel fro the colde theroute :
To cutte the wintir night and make it shorte
I toke a quere, and leste al othir sports,
Writin by worthy Chaucer glorious
Of faire Creseide and lusty Troilus :

And there I founde afir that Diomedid
Receivid had that lady bright of hewe
How Troilus nere out of his witte abrede,
And wept full fore, with visage pale of hewe
For which wanhope his teris gan renewe
While Esperus rejoyfid him againe :
Thus while in joie he lived and while in paine,

Of her behest he had grete comforting,
Trusting to Troie that she wold make retour,
Whiche he desired most of al erthly thing,
For why ! she was his onely paramour ;
But whan he sawe passid both day and hour
Of her gaincome, in sorowe gan oppresse
His woful herte in care and hevinesse.

Of his distresse me nedith nat reherse,
For worthy Chaucer in that same boke
In godely termes and in joly verse
Compilid hath his caris, who will loke :
To break my slepe anothir quere I toke,
In which I founde the fatal destiny
Of faire Creseide, which endid wretchidly.

Who wote if all that Chaucer wrate was trewe ?
Nor I wote nat if this narracion
Be authorised, or forgid of the newe
Of some poete by his invencion,
Made to reporte the lamentacion
And wofull ende of this lusty Creseide,
And what distresse she was in or the deide,

Whan Diomede had al his appetite
And more fulfilled of this faire lady
Upon anothir fette was his delite,
And fende to her a libel repudy,
And her excluded fro his company;
Than desolate she walkid up and doun,
As some men faine in the courte as commune.

O faire Creseide! the floure and a per se
Of Troie and Grece, how were thou fortunate
To chaunge in filthe al thy feminite,
And be with fleschly lust fo maculate,
And go among the Grekes erly and late
So gylotlike, taking thy foule pleasure!
I have pite the should fall suche mischaunce.

Yet nerthelasse, what er men deme or say
In scornfull langage of thy brutilnesse,
I shall excuse as ferforth as I may
Thy womanhed, thy wisdomme, and fairnesse,
The which Fortune hath put to suche distresse,
As her plesid, and nothing through the gilte
Of the through wickid langage to be spilt.

This faire lady, on this wise destitute
Of al comforte and consolatioun,
Right prively, without selowhip or refuse,
Dishevelid, passid out of the toun
A mile or two unto a mansioun
Bildid ful gaie, where her fathir Calchas
Which than among the Grekis dwelling was.

Whan her he saw the cause he gan enquire
Of her coming: she said, sighing ful sore,
For Diomede had gottin his desire
He woxe wery, and would of me no more.
Quod Calchas, Doughtir wepe thou nat therfore,
Paravinture al comith for the best:
Welcome; to me thou art ful dere a guest.

This olde Calchas; aftir the lawe was tho,
Was kepier of the temple as a preste
In whiche Venus and her sonne Cupido
Were honourid, and his chambre was nest,
To which Creseide with bale enewed in brest
Usid to passe, her prayirs for to saie,
While at the last upon a solempne daie,

As custome was, the peple ferre and nere
Before the none unto the temple went
With sacrifice devout in ther manere;
But stil Creseide, hevy in her intent,
Into the church would nat herself present,
For giving of the peple any deming
Of her expulse fro Diomede the King.

But passid into a secrete oratore,
Where she might wepe her wofull destiny;
Behinde her backe she closid fast the dore,
And on her kneis bare fel doun in hie;
Upon Venus and Cupide angrily
She cryid out, and sayid in this wise,
Alas that er I made you sacrifice!

Ye gave me ones a divine responsaile
That I should be the floure of love in Troie;
Now am I made an unworthy outwaile,
And al in care translatid is my joie;
Who shal me gide? who shal me now convoie,
Sithe I fro Diomede and noble Troilus
Am clene excluded, abject, odious?

O false Cupide! none is to wite but thou,
And the mothir of Love, that blinde goddace;
Ye caused me undirstande alwaie and trow
The fede of love was sowin on my face,
And aie grewe grene thorough your fopple grace;
But now, alas! that fede with frost is flaine,
And I fro lovirs leste and all forlaine.

Whan this was said, doun in an extasy,
Ravished in spirite, in a dreame she fel,
And by apparaunce herde where she did lie
Cupide the King tinging a silvir bel,
Which men might here fro hevin into hel,
At whose sounde before Cupido aperes
The seven planets discending from the spheres,

Whiche hath powir of al thing generable,
To rule and stere by their grete influence
Wedir and winde, and course variable;
And first of al Saturne gave his sentence,
Whiche gave to Cupide litil reverence,
But as a boistous chorde in his manere
Came crabbidly with austreine lode and chere.

His face frounsid, his lere was like the lede,
His tethe chattrid, and shivered with the chin,
His eyin droupid, whole sonkin in his hede,
Out at his nose the mildrop fast gan rin,
With lippis blew, and chekis lene and thin,
The isekills that fro his heer doun hong
Was wondir grete, and as a spere as longe;

Attour his belte his liart lockis laie
Feltrid unfaire, or fret with frostis hore,
His garment and his gite ful gay of graie,
His widrid wede fro him the winde out wore,
A boustous bowe within his honde he bore,
Undir his girdle a fashe of felone flains
Fedrid with ise and hedid with holstains.

Than Jupiter right faire and amiable,
God of the steris in the firmament,
And norice to al thing generable,
Fro his fathir Saturne farre different,
With burly face, and browis bright and brent,
Upon his hed a garlonde wondris gaie
Of flouris faire, as it had ben in Maie;

His voice was clere, as cristal was his cien,
As goldin wier so glittering was his here,
His garment and his gite ful gaie of grene,
With goldin listis gilte on every gere,
A burly brandy about his middle he bere,
And in his right hand he had a groundin spere,
Of his fathir the wrothe fro us to bere.

Next aftir him came Mars, the god of ire,
Of strife, debate, and all discencioun,
To chide and fight as fierse as any fire,
In harde harnesse hewmonde and habergioun,
And on his haunch a rously fel fauchoun,
And in his hande he had a rously sworde,
Writhing his face, with many angry worde;

Shaking his brande before Cupide he come,
With red visage and grisly glowing cien,
And at his mouth a blubbir stode of some,
Like to a bore whetting his tuskis kene,
Right tulfurelike, but temperaunce in tene,
An horne he blew with many boustous bragge,
Whiche al this world with warr chath made towagge.

Than faire Phœbus, lanterne and lampe of light,
Of man and best both frute and flourishing,
Tendir norice, and banishir of night,
And of the worldle causyng by his moving
And influence life in al erthly thing,
Without comforte of whom of force to nought
Must go dyin all that this world hath wrought.
As king royall he rode upon a chare,
The whiche Phaeton somtime gided unright.
The brightnesse of his face when it was bare
Non might beholde for perling of his sight,
This goldin carte with firy bemis bright
Foure yokid stedis ful different of hewe
But baite or tiring through the spheris drew.

The first was forde, with mane as red as rose,
Callid Eoye in the orient;
The seconde stede to name hight Ethiose,
Whitely and pale, and somdele ascendent;
The third Pyrois, right hote and fervent;
The fourth was blak, and callid Phlegoné;
Which rollith Phœbus down into the se.

Venus was there present, that goddess gay,
Her sonn's quarrel to defende, and make
Her owne complaint, cladde in a nice aray,
The one halfe grene, th' othir halfe fable blake,
White heer as gold, kembit and shede abake,
But in her face femid grete variaunce,
Whiles parsite: truth and whilis inconstaunce,
Undir smiling she was dissimulate,
Provocative with blinkis amorous,
And sodainly chaungid and alterate,
Angry as any serpent venomous,
Right pungitive with wordis odious;
Thus variaunt she was who list take kepe,
With one eye laugh and with the othir wepe,

In tokening that al fleshely paramour,
Which Venus hath in rule and govirnaunce,
Is sometime swete, sometime bittir, and sour,
Right unstable, and ful of variaunce,
Minglid with careful joye and false pleasaunce,
Now hotte, now colde, now blith, now ful of wo,
Now grene as lefe, now widrid and ago.

With boke in hand than come Mercurious,
Right eloquent and ful of rethorie,
With polite termis and delicious,
With penne and inke to reporte al redie,
Setting songis and singing merily,
His hode was red heclid attour his croun,
Like til a poete of the olde fasion.

Boxis he bare with fine electuaries
And sugrid siropes for digestion,
Spicis belonging to the potiquares,
With many wholsome swete confection,
Doctor in phisike clegde in scarlet gown,
And furrid wel, as suche one ought to be,
Honest and gode, and nat a worde couth lie.

Next after him come Lady Cynthia
The laste of al, and swiftist in her sphere,
Of colour blake, buskid with hornis twa,
And in the night she listith best t' apere,
Hawe as the leed, of colour nothing clere,
For al the light he borroweth at her brother
Titan, for of her selfe she hath non other.

Her gite was gray and ful of spottis blake,
And on her brest a chorle paintid ful even,
Bering a bushe of thornis on his bake,
Whiche for his theft might clime no ner the heaven,
Thus when thei gadrid were the goddis seven
Mercurius thei chosed with one assent
To be fore-spekir in the parliement.

Who had ben there and liking for to here
His faconde tonge and termis exquisite,
Of rethorike the practike he might lere,
In breste sermon a preignat sentence write,
Before Cupide, valing his cappe a lite,
Speris the cause of that vocacioun,
And he anon shewde his entencion.

Lo, quod Cupide, who wol blasfeme the name
Of his owne god either in worde or dede,
To al goddis he doeth bothe losse and shame,
And should have bittir painis to his mede;
I saie this by yondir wretche Creseide,
The whiche through me was somtime flour of love;
Me' and my mothir she stately can reprove,

Saying of her gret infelicite:
I was the cause, and my mothir Venus
She called a blinde goddess and might nat see,
With sclaudir and defame injurious;
Thus her living unclene and lechirous
She would retorte on me and my mothir,
To whom I shewde my grace above al other.

And sithe ye are al fevin delicate
Participant of divine sapience,
This gret injury done to' our high estat;
Me thinke with paine we shuld make recompence;
Was ner to goddis done suche violence;
As wel for you as for my selfe I saie,
Therefore go help to revenge I you prae.

Mercurius to Cupide gave answer, and
And said, Sir King, my counsaile is that ye
Referre you to the hyist planet here,
And take to him the lowist of degre,
The paine of Creseide for to modifie,
As God Saturne with him take Cynthia,
I am content (quod he) to take thei twa.

Than thus procedid Saturne and the Mone,
Whan thei the matir ripely had digest,
For the dispite to Cupide that she' had done,
And to Venus opin and manifest,
In al her life with pain to be oprest,
And turment fore, with sikenesse incurable,
And to al lovris be abhominable.

This doleful sentence Saturne toke in hande,
And passid down where careful Creseide laie,
And on her hed he laide a frosty wande,
Than lausfully on this wise gan he saie;
Thy grete fairnesse and al thy beauty gaie,
Thy wanton blode, and eke thy goldin here,
Here I exclude for the for evimere:

I change thy mirthe into melancoly,
Whiche is the mothir of al pensivenesse,
Thy moistir and thy hete to colde and dry,
Thine insolence, thy plaie and wantonnesse,
To grete disese, thy pompe and thy richesse
Into mortal nede and grete penurie;
Thou suffre shalt, and as a beggir die.

O cruil Saturne ! froward and angrie,
Harde is thy dome and to malicious,
Of faire Creseide why hast thou no mercie,
Whiche was so swete, gentill, and amorous ?
Withdrowe thy sentence and be gracious,
As you were ner, so shewith through thy dede
A wrekeful sentence givin on Creseide.

Than Cynthia, whan Saturne past awaie,
Out of her seie discendid douné blive,
And red a bill on Creseide where she laie,
Containing this sentence diffinitive,
Fro hele of body here I the deprive,
And to thy sikeneffe shal be no recure,
But in dolour thy dayis to endure;

Thy crittal eyen mengid with blode I make,
Thy voice so clere unplefant here and hace,
Thy lusticlere orspred with spottis blake,
And jumpis hawe appering in thy face,
Where thou comist eche man shall fle the place;
This shalt thou go begging fro hous to hous
With cuppe and clappir, like a Lazarous.

This dolie dreame, this ugly visoun,
Brought till an ende, Creseide fro it awoke,
And all that courte and convocation
Vanished awaie; than rose she up and toke
A polished glasse, and her shadowe couth loke,
And whan she sawe her visage so deformate
If she in herte were wo I n'ote, God wate.

Weping ful fore, Lo ! what it is (quod she)
With froward langage for to move and sterc
Our crabbid goddes ! and so' is sene on me;
My blaspheming now have I bought ful dere,
All yerthly joie and mirthe I set arere;
Alas this daie, alas this woful tide,
Whan I began with my goddis to chide !

By this was faied a childe came fro the hal
To warne Creseide the suppir was redie,
First knockid at the dore, and est couth call,
Madame, your fathir biddith you cum in hie,
He hath marveile so long on grose ye lie,
And saith your bedis beth to long somdele,
The goddis wote all your entent full wele.

Quod she, Faire child, go to my fathir dere,
And praie him come to speke with me anon;
And so he did, and faied, Doughtir, what chere ?
Alas ! (quod she) fathir, my mirthe is gone.
How so ? (quod he) and she gan all expone
As I have told, the vengeance and the wrake
For her trespas Cupide on her couth take.

He lokid on her ugly lepir's face,
The whiche before was white as lily flour,
Wringing his handes oftimis faied Alace
That he had lived to se that wofull hour !
For he knewe well that there was no focour
To her sikeneffe, and that doublid his pain :
Thus was there care inow betwixt hem twain.

Whan thei togidir mournid had full lang,
Quod Creseide, Fathir, I would nat be kende,
Therefore in secrete wise ye let me gange
To yon hospitall at the toun's ende,
And thidir some mete for charite me sende
To live upon, for all mirth in this yerth
Is fro me gone, soche is my wickid werth.

Whan in a mantill and a bevir hat,
With cuppe and clappir, wondir privily
He' opened a secrete gate, and out therat
Conveyid her that no man should espie,
There to a village halfe a mile therebie
Delivered her in at the spittill hous,
And daily sente her part of his almous.

Sum knew her well, and sum had no knowlege
Of her, bicause she was so deformate,
With bilis blake orspred in her visage,
And her faire colour fadid and alt'erate;
Yet thei presumid for her hie regrate,
And still mourning she was of noble kin,
With bittir will there thei tokin her in.

The daie passid, and Phœbus went to rest,
The cloudis blake orwhelid all the skie,
God wote if Creseide were a sorowfull gest,
Seing that uncouth fare and herborie;
But mete or drinke she dreslid her to lie
In a darke cornir of the hous alone,
And on this wise weping she made her mone.

Here foloweth the complaint of Creseide.

O soppe of sorowe fonkin into care !

O caitife Creseide now and evirmare !
Gon is thy joie and al thy mirthe in yerth;
Of all blithneffe now art thou blake and bare;
There is no salve that helpin maie thy fare;
Fell is thy fortune, wickid is thy werthe,
Thy blisse is banished, and thy bale unberde;
Undir the grete God if I gravin ware
Wher men of Grece ne yet of Troie might herd !

Where is thy chambir wantonly befene,
With burly bed and blankits broudid bene,
Spicis and wine to thy colatioun,
The cuppis all of gold and silver shene,
Thy swete metis servid in platis clene,
With faveur sauce of a gode fashioun,
Thy gaie garments with many godely gown,
Thy plefant laune pinnid with goldin pene ?
All is arere thy grete roiall renoun.

Where is thy garden with thy Grecis gaie,
And freshe flouris, which the quene Floraie
Had paintid plefantly in every paine,
Where thou were wont full merily in Maie
To walke, and take the dewe by it was daie,
And here the merle and mavise many one,
With ladies faire in carolling to gone,
And se ther roiall renkis in ther raie ?

This lepirloge take for thy godely bourre,
And for thy bed take now a bounche of stro,
For wailid wine and metis thou had tho
Take mouldid bred, pirate and sidir soure,
But cuppe and clappir is all now ago.

My clere voice and my courtly carolling
Is ranke as roke, full iidious here and bace,
Deformid is the figure of my face,
To loke on it no peple hath liking,
So sped in sight, I saie with sore sighing
Lying among the lepir folke, Alas !

O ladies faire of Troie and Grece ! attende
My freile fortune, mine infelcitate,
My grete mischefe which no man can amend,
And in your minde a mirrour make of me,

As I am now paravinture that ye,
For al your might, may come to the same ende
Or ellis worfe, if any worfe maie be;
Beware therefore, approachith nere your ende.

Nought is your fairnesse but a fading floure,
Nought is your famous laude and his honour;
But winde inflate in othir mennis eres,
Your rosing redde to roting shall retoure,
Exemple make of me in your memoure,
Which of soche thingis wofull witnes beres,
Al welth in yerth as wind awaie it weres;
Beware therfore, approachith nere your hour.

Thus chiding with her drierie destine
Weping she woke the night fro ende to ende;
But all in vain; her dole, her carefull crie,
Mightis not remede, ne yet her mourning mend;
A lepir ladie rose and to her wende,
And saied, Why spurnist thou again the wall
To fle thy self, and mende nothing at all?

Sith that thy weping but doublith thy wo,
I counsaile the make vertue of a nede,
Go lerne to clappe thy clappir to and fro,
And lerne astir the lawe of lepers lede.
There was no bote, but forthwith than the yede
Fro place to place, while cold and hungir sare
Compellid her to be a ranke beggore.

That same time of Troie the garnifoun,
Whiche had the cheftain worthy Troilus
Through jeoperdy of warre had strikin down
Knightis of Grece in nombir marveilous,
With grette triumphe and laude victorious
Again to Troie right roially thei rode
The waie wher Creseide with the lepir stode.

Seing that companie come with o steven
Thei gave a crie, and shoke cuppis, Gode spede,
Worthie lordis! for Godd's love of heven
To us lepirs part of your almofe dede!
Than to her crie noble Troilus toke hede,
Having pite, nere by the place gan pas
Where Creseide sat, nat wetting what she was.

Than upon him thei kest up bothe her eyen,
And with a blinke it come intill his thought
That he somtime her face before had sein.
But she was in soche plight he knew her nought,
Yet than her loke into his minde he brought,
The swete visage and amorous blenking
Of faire Creseide, somtime his own derling.

No wondir was suppose in mind that he
Toke her figure so sone; and lo! now why
The idea of a thing in case maie be
So depe enprintid in the fantasie
That it deludith the wittes outwardly,
And so appereth in forme and like estate
Within the minde as it was figurate.

A sparke of love than til his hert couth spring,
And kindilid his body in a fire
With hote fevir, in swette, and trembling
Him toke, while he was redie to expire;
To bere his shilde his brest begon to tire,
Within a while he chaungid many a hewe,
And nertheles nat one anothir knewe.

For knightly pite and memoriell
Of faire Creseide a girdill gan he take,
A purse of golde, and many a gaie jewell,

And in the skirte of Creseide down gan shake,
Than rode awaie, and nat a worde he spake,
Penfise in herte, while he came to the town;
And for grette care oft sith almofe sell doune.

The lepre folke to Creseide then couth draw,
To se the equall distribucioun
Of thei almofe: but whan the golde they sawe
Eche one to othir privily gan roun,
And saied, Yon lorde hath more affection,
Hower it be, unto yon Lazarous
Than to us all, we knewe by his almofe.

What lorde is yon, (quod she) have ye no fele,
That doeth to us so grette humanite?
Yes, quod a lepre man, I knowe him wele,
Troilus it is, a knight gentle and fre;
Whan Creseide undirfode that it was he,
Stiffir than stele there sterte a bittir stound
Throughout her hert, and fill doune to the ground.

Whan she, orcome with sighing fore and sad,
With many a carefull crie and cold atone,
Now is my brest with stormie stoundis stad,
Wrappid in wo, oh wretchfull will of one!
Than fell in swoun ful oft or she would fone,
And evir in her swouning cried she thus,
O false Creseide, and true knight Troilus!

Thy love, thy laude, and all thy gentilnesse,
I comptid small in my prosperite,
So efflatid I was in wantonnesse,
And clambe upon the fickle whele so hic,
All faithe and love I promittid to the
Was in thy self fikkil and furious;
O false Creseide, and true knight Troilus!

For love of me thou kept thy countinaunce
Honest and chast in conversacion;
Of all women protectour and defence
Thou were, and helpid ther opinion:
My minde on fleshy foule affection
Was enclimid to lustis lecherous;
Fie, false Creseide! o true knight Troilus!

Lovirs, beware, and take gode hede about
Whom that ye love, for whan ye suffre pain
I let you wit there is right fewe throughout
Whom ye maie trust to have true love again;
Prove whan you woll, your labour is in vain;
Therefore I rede ye take them as ye finde,
For thei are sad as wedircocke in winde

Bicause I knowe the grette unstablenesse,
Brittle as glasse, unto my selfe I saie,
Trusting in othir as grette brutilnesse,
As inconstaunt, and as untrue of saie;
Though some be true I wot right fewe ar thei:
Who findith truthe let him his lady ruse;
None but my self as now I woll accuse.

Whan this was said, with papir she sat down,
And in this manir made her Testament;
Here I bequeth my corse and carioun
With wormis and with todis to be rent,
My cuppe, my clappir, and mine ornament,
And all my gold, these lepre folke shall have,
Whan I am dedde to burie me in grave.

This roiall ring, set with this rubie redde,
Whiche Troilus in dowrie to me sende,
To him again I leve it whan I am dedde,

THE LEGENDE OF GOOD WOMEN*.

A THOUSAND tymis I have herd men tell
That there is joie in heven and pain in hell,
And I acord it wele that it is so,
But nathelesse yet wot I wele also
That there n'is non dwelling in this cuntry
That eithir hath in heven or hell ibe,
Ne maie of it none othir waies witten
But as he herd saied or found it writtin,
For by affaie there maie no man it preve.

But God forbode bat that men shuldoin leve
Well more thing than thei han seen with eye!
Men shall nat wenin every thing a lie
But if himself it feeth or els it doeth,
For God wote thing is never the lesse soth
Though every wight ne maie it not ife.

Bernarde the monke ne saugh not all parde,
Than moté we to bokis that we finde,
(Through which the oldé thingis ben in minde)
And to the doctrine of these oldé wise,
Yeve credence in every skilfull wise,
That tellin of these old apprevyd stories
Of holines, of reigis, of victories,
Of love, of hate, and othir sondrie thinges,
Of whiche I maie not makin reherfinges;
And if that oldé bokis were awaie
I lorne were of all remembrance the kaie.

Well ought us than honourin and beleve
These bokis there we han none othir preve.

And as for me, though that I can but lye,
On bokis for to rede I me delite,
And to 'hem yeve I faithe and ful credence,
And in mine herte have 'hem in reverence
So hertly, that there is gamé none
That fro my bokis makith me to gone,
But it be feldome, on the holic daie,
Save certainly whan that the month of Maie
Is comin, and I here the foulis sing,
And that the flouris ginnin for to spring,

Farewell my boke and my devocioun.

Now have I than eke this condicioun,
That above all the flouris in the mede
Than love. I moste these flouris white and rede,
Soche that men callin Daiesies in our tooun;
To them have I so grete affectioun,
As I saied erst, whan comin is the Maie,
That in my bedde there dawith me no daie
That I n'am up and walking in the mede
To sene this flour ayeint the sunne spred
Whan it upristh erly by the morowe;
That blisfull sight softinith all my sorowe;
So glad am I when that I have prefrence
Of it to doin it all reverence,
As she that is of all flouris the flour,
Fulfillid of all vertue and honoure,
And evir ilike faire and freshe of hewe
As wel in wintir as in summir newe;
This love I evre, and shall until I die,
All swere I not of this, I woll nat lie.

There lovid no wight hottir in his life;
And whan that it is eve I renné blithe,
As sone as evir the sunne ginnith west,
To sene this flour how it woll go to rest;
For fere of night, so hatith she derkenesse,
Her chere is plainly spred in the brightnesse,
Of the sunné, for there it woll unclose:
Alas that I ne' had Englishe, rime, or prose,
Suffisaunt this flouré to praise aright!
But helpith ye that han conning and might,
Ye lovirs, that can make of sentiment;
In this case ought ye to be diligent
To forthrin me somewhat in my labour,
Whether ye ben with the Lefe or the Flour,
For well I wote that ye han here before
Of making ropen and lad awaie the corne,
And I come aftir glening here and there,
And am full glad if I maie finde an ere
Of any godely worde that ye han leste;
And though it hadde me to reherfin eke
That ye han in your freshe songis saied,
Forberith me, and beth not ill apaid,
Sith that ye se I doe it in the honour
Of Love, and eke in service of the flour,

* Some ladies in the court took offence at Chaucer's large speeches against the untruth of women, therefore the Queen enjoined him to compile this book in the commendation of sundry maidens and wives who shewed themselves faithful to faithful men. This seems to have been written after 'The Flower and the Leaf.'

Whom that I serve as I have wit or might;
 She is the clerenesse and the very light
 That in this derke world me windith and ledeth;
 The hert within my wofull brest you dredeth
 And loveth so fore, that ye ben verily
 The maistris of my wit and nothing I;
 My worde, my workes, is knit so in your bonde,
 That as an harpe obeyith to the honde,
 And makith sounne aftir his fingiring,
 Right so mowe ye out of mine herte bring
 Soch voice right as you list to laugh or pain;
 Be ye my guide and lady soverain:
 As to mine yerthly god to you I call
 Bothe in this werke and my sorowis all.
 But wherfore that I spake to yeve credence
 To old stories, and doen 'hem revèrence,
 And that men mustin more thing bileve
 Than men may sene at eye or ellis prove,
 That shall I sein whan that I se my time;
 I maie not all at onis speke in rime;
 My busie ghost, that thurstith alwaie newe
 To sene this flour so yong, so freshe of hewe,
 Constrainid me with so gredie desire
 That in mine herte I sein yet the fire
 That made me to rise er it were daie,
 And this was now the first morowe of Maie,
 With dredfull herte and glad devocion
 For to ben at the resurreccion
 Of this flour, whan that it should unclose
 Again the sunne, that rose as redde as rose,
 That in the brest was of the best that daie
 That Agenor's doughtir ladde awaie;
 And doune on knees anon right I me sette,
 And as I could this freshe flour I grette,
 Kneling alwaie till it unclosed was.
 Upon the small, and soft, and swete gras,
 That was with flouris swete embrouid al,
 Of soche swetnesse and soche odour oer all
 That for to spekin of gomme, herbe, or tre,
 Comparison maie none imakid be,
 For it surmountith plainly all odoures,
 And of riche beaute the most gaye of floures.
 Forgottin had the yerth his pore estate
 Of wintir, that him nakid made and mate,
 And with his sworde of colde so fore greved;
 Now hath the attempre sonne al that releved.
 That nakid was, and clad it newe again;
 The small foullis, of the seson fain,
 That of the panter and the net ben scaped,
 Upon the foulir that 'hem made awhaped
 In wintir, and destruyd had ther brode,
 In his dispite them thought it did 'hem gode
 To sing of him, and in ther song dispise
 The foule chorde that for his covitise
 Had 'hem betrayid with his sophistrie:
 This was ther song; 'The foulir we desie,
 And all his crafte: and some yfongin clere
 Lays of love, that joie it was to here,
 In worshipping and praising of her make,
 And for the newe blisfull somir's sake;
 Upon the braunchis full of bloemis soft
 In ther delite thei tournid 'hem full oft,
 And songin, Blisid be Sainct Valentine!
 For on his daie I chese you to be mine,

Withoutin repenting, mine herte swete!
 And therwithall ther becks gounin mete,
 Yelding honour and humble obeisance
 To Love, and didden ther othir observance
 That longith unto love and to nature;
 Constrewe that as you list; I doe no cure:
 And tho that had doin unkindenesse,
 As doeth the tidife for newefangelnesse,
 Besoughtin mercie of ther trespassing,
 And humilly songin ther repenting,
 And sworin on the bloemis to be true,
 So that ther makis would upon 'hem rue:
 And at the last thei madin ther acorde,
 All found thei Daungir for the time a lorde,
 Yet Pite thorough his strong gentill might
 Foryave, and made mercy passin right
 Through Innocence and rudil Curtelie;
 But I ne clepe nat innocence folie,
 Ne false pite, for vertue is the mene,
 As Ethicke saith, in soche manir I mene:
 And thus these foullis, voide of all malice,
 Accordidin to love, and lastin vice
 Of hate, and songin all of one acorde,
 Welcome Sommir, our governour and lorde!
 And Zephyrus and Flora gentilly
 Yave to the flouris soft and tendirly
 Ther sotè breth, and made 'hem for to sprede,
 As god and goddesse of the flourie mede,
 In whiche me thought I might daie by daie
 Dwellin alwaie the joly monthe of Maie
 Withoutin slepe, withoutin mete or drinke:
 Adoune full softly I gan to sinke,
 And lening on my elbowe and my side
 The longe daie I hope me for to abide,
 For nothing ellis, and I shall nat lie,
 But for to lokin upon the Daisie,
 That well by reson men it calle maie
 The Daisie, or els the eye of the daie,
 The emprise, and the flour of flouris all:
 I praie to God that faire mote the fall,
 And all that lovin flouris for her sake!
 But nathelesse ne wene nat that I make
 In praisin of the Floure again the Lefe
 No more than of the corne again the shefe,
 For as to me n'is levir none ne lother;
 I n'am withholdin yet with neithir nother,
 Ne I n'ot who servith Lefe ne who the Floure;
 Well broukin thei ther service or labour;
 For this thing is all of anothir tonne,
 Of old storie, er soche thing was begonne.
 Whan that the sunne out of the south gan west,
 And that this flour gan close and gon to rest,
 For derkes of the night the whiche she drede,
 Home to mine house full swiftly I me spedde
 To gone to rest, and erly for to rise
 To sene this flour to sprede as I devise;
 And in a litle herbir that I have,
 That benchid was of turvis fresh grave,
 I bad men shoudlin me my couchè make;
 For deinte of the newe sommir's sake
 I bad 'hem strawin flouris on my bedde:
 Whan I was laied and had mine eyin hedde
 I fell aslepe, and slept an houre or two,
 Me met how I laie in the midowe tho

LEGENDE OF GOOD WOMEN.

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To fene this floure that I love so and drede,
And from aserre came walking in the mede
The god of Love, and in his hande a quene,
And the was clad in roiall habite grene,
A fret of goldē she had next her here,
And upon that a white coroune she bere
With flourounis small, and, I shall nat lie,
For all the worldē right as a Daisie
Icrounid is, with white levis lite,
So were the flourouns of her crounē white,
For of o perlē fine orientall
Her white coroune was imakid all,
For which the white coroune above the grene
Ymade her like a Daisie for to fene,
Confidrid eke her fret of gold above;
Iclothid was this mightie god of Love
In silke embroidid, full of grenē greves,
In whiche there was a fret of red rose leves,
The freshest fens the worldē was first bigen;
His gilt here was ycrounid with a son
In stede of gold, for heviness and weight,
Therwith me thought his face shone so bright
That well unnethis might I him behold,
And in his hand methought I sawe him hold
Two fire dartis as the gledis rede,
And angelike his wingis sawe I sprede;
And all be that men fain that blinde is he
Algatis me thought that he might wele fe,
For sternly on me he gan behold,
So that his loking doeth min herte cold;
And by the hande he helde this noble quene,
Crounid with white, and clothid al in grene,
So womanly, so benigne, and so meke,
That in this worldē though that men woldin seke
Halfe her beaute ne shouldin thei nat finde
In creature that yformid is by Kinde,
And therfore maie I sain, as thinkith me,
This song in praising of this ladie fre:
Hide, Absolon, thy giltē tressis clere,
Hester, laie thou thy mekenesse all adoun,
Hide, Jonathas, all thy frendly manere,
Penelope, and Marcia Catoun,
Make of your wifchode no comparisoun,
Hide ye your beauties ffounde and Helein,
My ladie cometh, that all this maie distain.
Thy faire bodie ne let it not appere
Lavine, and thou Lucrece of Romē toun,
And Polyxene, that boughtin love so dere,
And Cleopatra, with all thy passoun,
Hide ye your trouthe of love and your renoun,
And thou Thisbe, that hast of love soche pain,
My ladie cometh, that all this maie distain.

Hero, Dido, Laodomia, ifere,
And Phyllis, hanging for Demophoon,
And Canace, espyid by thy chere,
Hypsipyle, betrayid by Jason,
Makith of your trouth neichir boiste ne foun,
Nor Hypernestra, or Ariadne, ye twaine,
My ladie cometh, that all this maie distain.

This balade maie full well isongin be,
As I have said erst, by my ladie fre,
For certainly all these mowe not suffice
To apperin with my ladie in no wise,

For as the sunnē woll the fire distain,
So passith all my ladie soverain,
That is so gode, so faire, so debonaire,
I prairie to God that evir fall her faire!
For ne had comfort ben of her presence
I had ben dedde without any defence
For drede of Lov's wordis and his chere,
As whan time is hercafter ye shall here.

Behinde this god of Love upon the grenē
I sawe coming of ladyis ninetene,
In roial habit, a full elie pace,
And aftir them of women soche a trace
That fens that God Adam had made of yerth
The thirde part of mankinde, or the fersht,
Ne wende I nat by possibilite
Had evir in this wide worldē ibe,
And true of love these women were echon:
Now whether was that a wondir thing or nou,
That right anon as that thei gonne espie
This floure whiche that I clepe the Daisie,
Full sodainly thei stintin all at ones,
And knelid doune as it were for the nones,
And songin with o voice, *Hele and honour
To trouthe of womanhede, and to this flour,
That berith our aldir prife in figuring,
Her white coroune berith the witnesssing!*
And with that worde a compas envircoun
Thei sittin 'hem full softly adoun:
First sat the god of Love, and sith his quene,
With the white coroune, yclad all in grene,
And sithin all the remnaunt by and by,
As thei were of estate, full curtisly;
Ne nat a worde was spokin in the place
The mounenance of a furlong waie of space.

I kneling by this floure in gode entent
Abode to knowin what this peple ment
As still as any stone, till at the last
This god of Love on me his eyin cast,
And said, Who knelith there? and I answerid
Unto his asking whan that I it herde,
And saied, Sir, I am I, and come him nere,
And salued him. (Quod he) What doest thou here
So nigh mine owne floure so boldily?
It werin bettir worthy truly
A worne to nighin nere my flour than thou.

And why, Sir, (quod I) and it likith you?
For thou (quod he) art therto nothing able;
It is my relike digne and delitable,
And thou my so, and all my flike werriest,
And of mine old servauntis thou misfaiest,
And hindrist 'hem with thy translatioun,
And lettist folke from ther devocioun
To servin me, and holdist it folie
To servin Love; thou maiest it nat denie,
For in plain text, withoutin nede of glofe,
Thou' hast translatid *The Romaunt of the Rose*,
That is an herelie ayenst my lawe,
And makist wif folke fro me to withdrawe;
And of Creseide thou hast saide as the list,
That makith men to women lesse to triste,
That ben as trewe as er was any fiele:
Of thine answer avisin the right wele,
For though that thou renyid hast my lawe
As othir wretchis have done many a daie,

D d

By Seint Venus, which that my mothir is,
If that thou live thou shalt repent in this
So cruilly that it shal wel be fene.

The spake this lady, clothid all in grene,
And sayid, God, right of your curtisie
Ye mote herkin if that he can replie
Aynst al this that ye have to him meved;
A God ne shoulde nat be thus agreved,
But of his deite he shall be stable,
And therto gracious and mereiable,
And if ye n'ere a god that knowin all
Than might it be, as I you tellin shall,
This man to you maie falsely ben accused,
That as by right him oughtin ben excused,
For in your court is many' a losungeour,
And many a queint totoler accusour
That tabouren in your eris many' a foun
Right after ther imaginacioun
To have your dahauce, and for envy;
These ben the causis, and, I shal nat lie,
Envie is lave'ndir of the court alwaie,
For she ne partith neither night ne daie
Out of the house of Cesar, thus faith Dant,
Who so that goeth algate she wol nat want.

And eke perauunter for this man is nice
He mightin done it, gelling no malice,
But for he usith thingis for to make
Him reckith nought of what matir he take,
Or him was bodin makin thilke tway
Of some persone, and durst it nat withsey,
Or him repentith utirly of this,
He ne' hath nat done so grevously amis
To translatin that old clerkis writen,
As though that he of malice would enditen
Dispite of Love, and had himselfe it wrought;
This shoulde a rightwile lorde have in his thought,
And nat be like tirauntes of Lombardie,
That han no rewarde but at tirannie;
For he that king or lorde is naturel,
Him ought not be a tiraunt ne cruel
As a fermour, to done the harme he can,
He must thinkin it is his liege man,
As is his tresour, and his golde in cofer,
This is the sentence of the philosophere;
A kinge to kepe his liegis in justice,
Withoutin doute that is his office,
Al wol he kepe his lordes in ther degre,
As it is right and skil that thei shoulde be
Enhaunfid and honourid, and most dere,
For thei ben halfegoddis in this world here,
Yet mote he done both right to pore and riche,
Al be that ther estate be nath both liche,
And have of povir folke compassion;
For lo the gentil kinde of the lion!
For whan a flie offendith him or biteth
He with his taile awaie the flie yfiniteth
Al esily, for of his genterie
Him deynith nat to wreke him on a flie,
As doth a curre or els anothir best;
In noble corage ought to ben arest,
And wayn every thinge by equite,
And have regarde unto his owne degre;
For, Sir, it is no maistrice for a lorde
To dampne a man without answere of word

And for a lorde that is ful foule to use;
And it so be he maie him nat excuse,
But askith mercy with a dredeful herte,
And profrith him right in his bare therre;
To ben right at your owne jugement,
Than ought a god by short avisement
Confidre his owne honour and his trespace,
For sith no cause of deth lieth in this case
You ought to ben the lightlier merciable;
Lettith your ire, and beth fomwhat trefable;
The man hath servid you of his conninges,
And forthrid well your law in his makinges;
Al be it that he can nat wel endite,
Yet hath he madin leude folke delite
To servin you, in preising of your name;
He made the boke that hight The Houe of Fame,
And eke The Deth of Blaunchè the Duchesse,
And The Parliament of Foulis, as I gesse,
And al The Love of Palamon and Arcite
Of Thebis, though the storie is knowen lite,
And many an hymne for your holy daies,
That hightin Balades, Rondils, Virélaies;
And for to speke of othir holinesse,
He hath in prose translatid Boece,
And made The Life also of Saint Cecile,
He madin also, gon is a grete while,
Origines upon the Maudelaine,
Him oughtin now to have the lese paine;
He hath made many' a ley and many' a thing.

Now as ye be a god and eke a king,
I your Alceste, whilom Quene of Thrace,
I aske you this man right of your grace
That ye him nevir hurte in al his live,
And he shal swerin to you, and that blive,
He shal ner more agilitin in this wife,
But shal makin as ye wol him devise
Of women trewe in loving al ther life,
Where so ye wol of maidin or of wife,
And forthrin you as muche as he misseide
Or in The Rose, or ellis in Creseide.

The god of Love answerde her thus anon;
Madame, (quod he) it is so longe agon
That I you knew so charitable and trewe,
That nevir yet sithin the world was newe
To me ne founde I bettir none than ye;
If that I wol yfavin my degre
I may nor wol nat werne your request;
Al lieth in you; doth with him as you lest.

I al foryeve withoutin lengir space,
For who so yeveth a yeste or doth a grace
Do it betime, his thanke shal be the more,
And demith ye what he shal do therefore.

Go, thankith now my lady here (quod he.)
I rose, and down I set me on my kne,
And sayid thus; Madame, the God above
For yeldè you that ye the god of Love
Have makid me his wrathe to foryeve,
And give me grace so longe for to live
That I maie know sothly what ye be
That have me holpen and put in this degre!
But trewily I wende as in this caas
Nought have aglite ne done to Love trespas;
For why? a trewe man withoutin drede
Hath nat to partin with a thev's dede;

Ne a trewe lovir ought me not to blame
Though that I speke a false lovir some shame,
Thei oughtin rather with me for to holde
For that I of Creseide wrote or tolde,
Or of the Rose; what so mine author ment
Algatis God wote it was mine entent
To forthrin thouth in love, and it cherice,
And to ben ware fro falsenesse and fro vice,
By whiche ensample this was my mening.
And the answerde, Let be thine arguing,
For Love ne wol not countirpletid be
In right ne wrong, and lerne that of me:
Thou hast thy grace, and holde the right therto;
Now woll I saine what penaunce thou shalt do
For thy trespass: Understandith it here
Thou shalt while that thou livist yere by yere
The moste partie of thy time spende
In making of a glorious Legende
Of Gode Women, both maidinis and wives,
That werin trewe in loving all ther lives,
And tellin of false men that 'hem betraien,
That al ther life ne do nat but assaien
How many women thei maie done a shame,
For in your world that is nat holde a game;
And though that the like nat a lovir be
Speke wel of love, this penaunce yeve I the,
And to the god of Love I shal so praie
That he shal charge his servantes by any waie
To forthrin the, and wel thy labour quite;
Go now thy waie, this persaunce is but lite;
And when this boke is made yeve it the Quene
On my behalfe, at Eltham or at Shene.
The god of Love gan smile, and than he seide;
Wost thou (quod he) wher this be wife or maide,
Or quene or countesse, or of what degre,
That hath so litill penaunce yevin the,
That hath deservid forely for to smerte?
But pite rennith sone in gentle herte,
That maist thou sene; she kithith what she is.

And I answerde, Naie, Sir, so have I blis,
No more but that I se wel she is gode.
That is a trewe tale by mine hode
(Quod Love) and that thou knowist wel parde,
If it be so that thou avist the:
Hast thou nat in a bokè in thy cheste
The grete godenesse of the Quene Alceste,
That turnid was into a Däisie,
She that for her hüsbondè cheste to die,
And eke to gone to hell rathir than he,
And Hercules rescuid her parde,
And brought her out of hel againe to blis?

And I answerde againe, and sayid, Yes;
Now know I her; and is this gode Alceste,
The Däisie, and mine owne hert's reste?
Now se I wel the godenesse of this wife,
That both astir her deth and in her life
Her grete bounte doublith her renoun,
Wel hath she quit me mine affectioun

That I have to her flour the Däisie;
No wondir is though Jove her itellise,
As tellith Agaton, for her godenesse,
Her white corowne berith of it witnesse,
For all so many virtuis had she
As smal florounis in her crowne be;
In remembraunce of her and in honour
Cybilla made the Däisie, and the flour
Icrownid all with white, as men maie se,
And Mars yave her a corown red parde,
In stede of rubies set among the white;
Therwith this quene woxe red for shame alite
Whan she was praisid so in her presence.
Than sayid Love, A ful grete negligence
Was it to the, that ilkè time thou made
(*Hide, Absolon, thy tressis*) in balade,
That thou forgette her in thy songe to sette,
Sith that thou art so gretly in her dette,
And wotist wel that kalender is she
To any woman that wol lovir be,
For she taught all the craftes of trewe loving,
And namily of wifhode the living,
And all the bondis that she ought to kepe;
Thy litil witte was thilke time aslepe;
But now I charge the upon thy life
That in thy Legende thou make of this wife,
Whan thou hast othir smale imade before;
And fare now wel, I charge the no more,
But er I go this muche I wol the tel,
Ne shal no trewe lovir come in hel.

These othir ladies sitting here arowe
Ben in my balade, if thou const 'hem knowe,
And in thy bokis al thou shalt 'hem finde,
Have 'hem now in thy Legende al in minde,
I mene of them that ben in thy knowing,
For here ben twenty thousande mo sitting
Than that thou knowist, and gode women al,
And trewe of love, for ought that maie befall;
Makith the metris of 'hem as the beste,
I mote gone home, the funne drawith weste,
To Paradis, with al this companie,
And servin alwaie the fresh Däisie:
At Cleopatra I wol that thou beginne,
And so forthe, and my love so shalt thou winne;
For let se now what man that lovir be
Wol done so strong a paine for love as she.
I wote wel that thou maist not al it rime
That suche loviris diddin in ther time;
It were to longe to redir and to here;
Suffisith me thou make in this manere,
That thou reherce of al thier life the grete,
Astit these olde authors liste for to tete;
For who so shal so many a storie tel
Sey shortily, or he shal to longe dwell.
And with that worde my bokis gan I take,
And right thus on my Legende gan I make.

HERE BEGINNETH

THE LEGENDE OF CLEOPATRA,

QUENE OF EGYPT.

ATTER the dethe of Ptolemy the King,
That all Egypt had in his governing,
Reignid his suster Quene Cleopatras,
Til on a time bifel there fuche a caas
That out of Rome was sent a senatour
To conquerin relmis, and bring honour
Unto the tounie of Rome, as was usaunce,
To have the worlde at her obēsaunce,
And, sothe to saie, Antonius was his name.
So fil it, as Fortune him ought a shame,
Whan he was fallin in prosperite
Rebel unto the tounie of Rome is he,
And or al this the suster of Cæsare
He left her falsely, er that she was ware,
And would algatis han anothir wife,
For whiche he toke with Rome and Cæsar strife.

Nathelesse, for sothe this likē senatour
Was a ful worthy gentil werriour,
And of his deth it was ful grete damage;
But Love had brought this man in such a rage,
And him so narrow boundin in his laas,
And al for the love of Cleopatras,
That al the world he set at no value;
Him thought there was nothing to him so due
As Cleopatras for to love and serve;
Him roughtē nat in armis for to sterue
In the defence of her and of her right.

This noble Quene eke lovid so this knight
Through his deserte and for his chivalrie,
As certainlie, but if that bokis lie,
He was of perfon and of gentilnesse,
And of discrecion and of hardinesse,
Worthy to any wight that livin maie,
And she was faire as is the rose in Maie;
And, for to makin shorte is the best,
She woxe his wife, and had him as her left.

The wedding and the festē to devise,
To me that have itakin fuche emprise
Of so many a storie for to make,
It were to longe, lest that I shoulde flake

Of thing that berith more effecte and charge,
For men maie ovrlade a shippe or barge;
And forthy to effecte than wol I skippe,
And al the remnaunt I wol let it slippe.

Octavian, that wode was of this dede,
Shope him an hoste on Antony to lede,
Al uttirly for his distruction,
With floute Romainis, cruil as lion:
To ship thei went; and thus I let hem faile,

Antonius was ware, and wol not faile
To metin with these Romaines if he maie,
Toke eke his rede, and both upon a daie
His wife and he, and al his host, forth went
To ship anone, no lengir thei ne stent,
And in the se it happid hem to mete;
Up goeth the trumpe, and for to shoute and shete,
And painin hem to set on with the sunne;
With grisly sounē out goith the grete gonne,
And hertily thei hurtlin al at ones,
And fro the top doune comith the grete stones,
In goth the grapinel so ful of crokes
Among the ropis ran the shering hokes,
In with the polaxe prestith he and he,
Behinde the masse beginnith he to fle,
And out againe, and drivith him or borde;
He stickith him upon his sper's orde,
He rent the saile with hokis like a fische,
He bringeth the cuppe, and biddith hem be blith,
He pourith presen upon the hatchis slider,
With pottis ful of lime thei gon togider.

And thus the longe daie in fight thei spende,
Til at the last, as every thing hath ende,
Antonius is flent and put to flight,
And al his folke to go that best go might,
Fleeth eke the Quene, with al her purple saile,
For firokis whiche that went as thicke as haile;
No wondir was, she might it nat endure:
And whan Antony sawe that avinture,
Alas (quod he) the daie that I was borne!
My worship in this daie thus have I lorne,

And for dispaire out of his witte he sterre,
And rose himselfe anon throughout the herte
Er that he ferthir went out of the place :
His wife, that could of Cæsar have no grace,
To Egypt fled for drede and for distresse ;
But herkenith, ye that spekin of kindenesse.
Ye men that falsly swerin many' an othe
That ye wol die if that your love be wrothe,
Here maie ye sene of women such a trouth
This woful Cleopatre' had made suche routh
That there n'is tonge none that maie it tel,
But on the' morowe she wol no lengir dwel,
But made her subtil werkmen make a shrine
Of al the rubies and the stonis fine
In al Egypt which that she coule espie,
And she put ful the shrine of spicerie,
And lette the corse enbaume, and forth she sette
This ded corse, and she in the shrine is sette ;
And next the shrine a pit than doth she grave,
And al the serpentis that she might have
She put 'hem in that grave, and thus she seide ;
Now love, to whom my sorowful hert obeide
So ferforth, that fro that blisful hour
That I you swore to ben al frely your,

I mene you, Antonius, my knight,
That nevir waking in the daie or night
Ye n'ere out of mine hert'is remembrance,
For wele or wo, for carole or for daunce,
And in my selfe this covenant made I tho,
That right suche as ye felten, wele or wo,
As ferforth as it in my power laie,
Unreprovable' unto my wifeshode aie,
The same would I felin in life or dethe,
And thilk covenannt while me lastith brethe
I wol fulfil, and that shal wel be sene,
Was ner unto her love a trewir quene ;
And with that word nakid, with ful gode hert,
Among the serpentis in the pitte she stert,
And there she chefe to have her buryng :
Anone the nedirs gonne her for to sting,
And she her deth recevith with god there,
For love of Antony that was her dere ;
And this is storial sothe, it is no fable.
Now er I finde a man thus trewe and stable,
And wol for love his deth so frely take,
I praeie God let our hedis nevir ake !

D d ij

HERE FOLOWETH

THE LEGENDE OF THISBE OF BABYLONE.

At Babylone whilom fil it thus,
The whiche toun the Quene Simiramus
Let dichin al about, and wallis make
Full hie of hardë tilis: wel ibake:
There werin dwelling in this noble toun
Two lordis which that were of grete renoup,
And wopidn so nigh upon a grene
That there n'as but a stonë wal 'hem bitwene,
As oft in grete toynis is the wonne,
And, sothe to saine, that one man had a sonne
Of al that londe one of the lustyist,
That othir had a doughtir the fairist
That estward in the world was tho dwelling;
The name of everiche gan to othir spring,
By women that were neighbouris aboute,
For in that countre yet withoutin doute
Maidinis ben ikepte for jelousie
Ful straitely, lest thei diddin some folie.

This younge man was clepid Pyramus,
And Thisbe hight the maide (Naso saith thus)
And thus by reporte was ther name ishove,
That as thei woxe in age so woxe ther love;
And certaine, as by reison of ther age,
Ther might have ben betwixt 'hem mariage,
But that ther fathirs n'olde it nat assent;
And thei in love ylike fore bothë brept
That none of al ther frendis might it lette,
But privily somtinis yet thei mette
By sleight, and spakin some of ther desire,
As wrie the glede and hottir is the fire;
Forbid a love and it is ten times so wode.

This wal which that betwixt 'hem both ystode
Was cloven atwo right fro the top adoun
Of oldë time of his foundacioun,
But yet this clifte was so narow and lite
It was nat senë, (dere inough a mite)

But what is that that love can not espie?
Ye lovirs two, if that I shal nat lie,
Ye foundin first this litle narowe clifte,
And with a sounde as softe as any shrifte
Thei let ther wordis through the clifte pace,
And toldin, while that thei stoden in the place,
Al ther complaint of love and al ther wo,
At every time when thei durstin fo.

Upon that one side of the wal stode he,
And on that other side stode Thisbe,
The swete founne of othir to receive,
And thus ther wardeins wouldin thei disceve,
And every daie this wal thei wouldin threte,
And wish to God that it were doun ibete;
Thus would thei saine, Alas! thou wickid wal,
Thorough thine envie thou us lettist al;
Why n'ilt thou cleve or fallin al atwo?
Or at the lestë, but thou wouldist so,
Yet wouldist thou but onis let us mete,
Or onis that we mightin kiffin swete,
Than were we curid of our caris colde;
But nathëleffe yet be we to the holde,
In as much as thou suffrist for to gone
Our wordis through thy lime and eke thy stone,
Yet oughtin we with the ben wel apaide.

And whan these idil wordis werin saide
The coldë wal thei woldin kisse of stone,
And take ther leve, and forth thei woldin gone,
And this was gladly in the evintide,
Or wondir erly, lest men it espide:
And longë time thei wrought in this manere,
Til on a daie, whan Phœbus gan to clere,
Aurora with the firemis of her hete
Had dryid up the dewe of herbis wete,
Unto this clifte, as it was wonte to be,
Come Pyramus, and astir come Thisbe,

And plightin trouth right fully in ther faic,
That ilke samē night to stele awaie,
And to begile ther wardeins everichone,
And forth out of the cite for to gone;
And for the feldis ben so brode and wide
For to metin in o place at o tide
Thei settin markes ther metingis should be
There King Ninus was graven undir a tre,
For olde Painims, that idollis heried,
Usidin tho in feldis to ben beried;
And faste by his grave was a wel,
And shortly of this tale for to tel,
This covenant was affirmid wondir fast,
And longe 'hem thoughtin that the sonnē last,
That it n'ere gone undir the se adoun.

This Thisbe hath so grete affectioun,
And so grete liking Pyramus to se,
That whan she sawe her timē might ybe
At night she stole awaie ful privily,
With her face iwimplid full subtilly,
For al her frendis (for to save her trouthe)
She hath forsake, alas! and that is trouthe,
That evir woman would ybe so trewe
To trustin man but she the bet him knewe;
And to the tre she goeth a ful gode pace,
For love made her so hardy in this case,
And by the welle adoun she gan her dresse.
Alas! than comith a wilde lionesse
Out of the wode, withoutin more arest;
With blode mouthe of strangling of a best,
To drinkin of the wel there as she sat;
And whan that Thisbe had espyd that
She rist her up with a ful drery herte,
And in a cave with dredful fote she sterte,
For by the mone she sawe it wel withall,
And as she ran her wimple let she fall,
And toke none hede, so sore she was awhaped,
And eke so glad for that she was efaped;
And thus she sat and lurkith wondir still.
Whan that this lionesse hath dronke her fill
Aboutin the well gan she for to winde,
And right anon the wimple gan she finde,
And with her bloody mouthe it al to rente;
Whan this was done no lengir she ne stente,
But to the wode her way than hath she nome.

And at the last this Pyramus is come,
But al to longe, alas! at home was he;
The monē thone, men mightin wel ife;
And in his waie, as that he come ful fast,
His eyin to the grounde adoun he cast,
And in the fonde, as he behelde adoun,
He saw the steppis brode of a lioun,
And in his hert he fodainly agrofe,
And pale he wexte, therwith his hert arofe,
And nere he came, and founde the wimple torne;
Alas (quod he) the daie that I was borne!
This o night wol both us loviris se;
How should I askin mercy of Thisbe
Whan I am he that have you slaine? alas!
My biding hath you slaine in this caas:
Alas! to bidde a woman gone by night
In placē there as perill fallin might,
And I so slowe: alas! I ne had be
Here in this place a furlonge waie er ye.

Now what lioun that is in this forest
My body mote he rentin, or what best
That wilde is, gnawin mote he now mine herte,
And with that worde he to the wimple sterte,
And kiste it ofte, and wepte on it ful fore,
And said, Wimple, alas! there n'is no more,
But thou shalt fele as well the blode of me
As thou hast felte the bleding of Thisbe:
And with that worde he smote him to the herte,
The blode out of the wounde as brode alterte
As watir, whan the conduite brokin is.

Now Thisbe, which that ne wist not of this,
But sitting in her drede she thoughte thus,
Yf it so fallin that my Pyramus
Be comen hithir, and may me nat ifinde,
He maie me holdin false and eke unkinde.
And out she cometh, and astir him gan spien
Both with her herte and eke with her cien,
And thought I wol him tellin of my drede
Both of the lionesse and of my dede;
And at the last her love than hath she founde
Ybetting with his helis on the grounde
Al bloody, and therwithal abacke she sterte,
And like the wawis quappe began her herte,
And pale as boxe she wore, and in a throwe
Avisid her, and gan him wel to knowe,
That it was Pyramus, her herte dere:
O! who could writin whiche a dedly chere
Hath Thisbe now! and how her here she rent,
And how she gan her selsin to torment,
And how she lieth and swoonith on the ground,
And how she wept of teris ful his wounde,
How medlith she his blode with her complaint,
How with her blod her selvin gan she paint,
How clippith she the red ded corse, alas!
How doth this woful Thisbe in this caas,
How kissith she his frosty mouthe so colde!
Who hath don this? and who hath ben so bolde
To sleen my life? o! speke my Pyramus,
I am thy Thisbe that the callith thus;
And therwithal she liftith up his hed.

This wofull man, that was nat fully ded,
Whan that he herde the name of Thisbe crien,
On her he cast his hevvy dedly eyen,
And down againe, and yeldith up the gost.

Thisbe rist up withoutin noyse or bost,
And saw her wimple and his empty sheth,
And eke his swerde, that him hath don to deth,
Than spake she thus; My woful hande (quod she)
Is stronge inough in fuche a werke to me,
For love shal yeve me strength and hardineffe
To make my wounde large inough I gesse;
I wol the folowen ded, and I wol be
Felawe and cause eke of thy deth, (quod she)
And though that nothing save the deth only
Might the fro me departin trewily,
Thou shalt no more departin now fro me
Than fro the deth, for I wol go with the.

And now, ye wretchid jelouse fathirs our,
We that ywerin whilom childrin your,
We prayin you withoutin more envie
That in o grave we both motin lie,
Sens love hath brought us to this pitous ende;
And rightwile God to every lovir sende,

That lovith trewly, more prosperite
 Than evir had Pyramus and Thisbe,
 And let no gentil woman her assure
 To puttin her in fuche an avinture:
 But God forbid but that a woman can
 Ben as true and as loving as a man,
 And for my part I shal anon it kith;
 And with that word his swerd she tokè swith,
 That warme was of her lov'is blode and hote,
 And to the herte she her felvin smote.

And thus are Thisbe' and Pyramus age 3
 Of trewe men I findin but fewe mo
 In al my bokis save this Pyramus,
 And therfore have I spokin of him thus,
 For it is deinte to us men to finde
 A man that can in love be trewe and kinde,
 Here maie ye fene, what lovir so he be,
 A woman dare and can as wel as he.

HERE FOLOWETH

THE LEGENDE OF DIDO

QUENE OF CARTHAGE.

GLORIE and honour, Virgile Mantuyn,
Be to thy name, and I shal as I can
Folowe thy lanterne as thou goest beforen,
How Æneas to Dido was forsworne
In thine Æncide, and Nase wol I take
The ten ur and the gret effectis make.
Whan Troee ybrought was to distruction
By Grekis sleight, and namely by Sinon
Faning the horse offrid unto Minerve,
Thurgh which that many a Trojan must sterue,
And Hector had aftr his deth apered,
And fire so wode that it might nat ben stered,
In al the noble toure of Illion,
That of the cite was the chefe dongeon,
And al the countre was so lowe ibrought,
And Priamus the king fordene and nought,
And Æneas was chargid by Venus
To flien awaie, he toke Ascanius,
That was his son, in his right hande and fledde,
And on his backe he bare and with him ledde
His oldē fathir clepid Anchises,
And by the waie his wife Creusa he lese;
And mokil sorow had he in his minde
Erthat he could his felawship yfinde,
But at the last, whan he had 'hem yfounde,
He made 'hem redy in a certaine stounde,
And to the se ful fast he gan him hie,
And sailith forth with al his companie
Towards Itaile, as wold Destine:
But of his aventuris in the se
N'is nat to purpose for to speke of here,
For it accordith nat to my matere;
But as I said, of him and of Dido
Shal be my tale til that I have do.
So long he sailid in the saltē se
Til in Libye unneth arrivid he

With shippis fevin, and no more navie,
And glad he was to londē for to hie,
So was he with the tempest al to shake;
And whan that he the havin had itake
He had a knight was callid Achates,
And him of all his felowship he chefe
To gon with him the countre for t'espie,
He ne toke with him no more companie.
But forthē thei gon, and left his shippis ride,
His fere and he, withoutin any guide.
So long he walkith in this wildirnesse;
Till at the last he met an huntireffe;
A bowe in honde and arowis had she,
Her clothis cuttid were unto the kne,
But she was yet the fairist creature
That evir was iformid by Nature,
And Æneas and Achates she grette,
And thus she to 'hem spake whan she 'hem met:
Saw ye, (quod she) as ye han walkid wide,
Any of my fustrin walke you beside
With any wildē bore or othir best,
That thei have huntid to in this forest,
Ituckid up, with arowes in ther caas?
Naie, sothly, ladie, (quod this Æneas)
But by thy beaute, as it thinkith me,
Thou mightist nevir yerthly woman be,
But Phæbus fustir art thou as I gesse,
And if so be that thou be a goddesse
Have mercie on our labour and our wo.
I n'am no goddesse sothly, quod she tho,
For maidins walkin in this countre here
With arowes and with bow in this manere;
This is the relme of Libye there ye ben,
Of whiche that Dido ladie is and quene;
And shortly tolde all the occasion
Why Dido came into that region,

LEGENDE OF DIDO QUENE OF CARTHAGE.

Of whiche as now me listith nat to rhyme;
It nedith nat; it n'ere but losse of time;
For this is all and some, it was Venus,
His owne mothir, that spake with him thus:
And to Carthage she bade he should him dight,
And vanisid anon out of his sight.
I could folowin worde for worde Virgile,
But it would lastin all to longe while.

This noble Quene, that clepid was Dido,
That whilom was the wife of Sichæo,
That fairir was by ferr than the bright sonne,
This noble toune of Carthage hath begonne,
In whiche she reignith in so grete honour
That she was holdin of all quenis flour
Of gentilleste, of fredome, and beaute,
That well was him that might her onis se,
Of kingis and of lordis so desired,
That all the worldie her beautie had isired,
She stode so well in every wight's grace.

Whan Æneas was come unto the place,
Unto the maistertemple of all the toun,
There Dido was in her deuocioun,
Full prively his waie than hath he nome:
Whan he was into the large temple come
I can not faine if that it be possible,
But Venus had him makid invisable,
Thus saith the boke, withoutin any lese.

And whan this Æneas and Achates
Haddin in this temple ben ovir all,
Than founkin thei depaintid on a wall
How Troie and all the lande destroyid was;
Alas that I was borne! (quod Æneas)
Thorough the world our shame is kid so wide,
Now it is paintid upon every side:
All we that werin in prosperite
Ben now disclaundrid, and in soche degre,
No lengir for to livin I ne kepe;
And with that word he braft out for to wepe
So tendirly that routh it was to sene.

This freshe ladie, of the cite Quene,
Stode in the temple in her estate roiall,
So richily and eke so faire withall,
So yong, so lustie, with her eyin glade,
That if that God that hevin and yerth made
Would have a love, for beaute and godenesse,
And womanhede, and trouth and semelinesse,
Whom should he lovin but this ladie swete?
There n'is no woman to him half so mete.
Fortune, that hath the world in govirnaunce,
Hath sodainly brought in so newe a chaunce
That nevir was there yet so frened a caas,
For all the companie of Æneas,
Which that we wend have lorne in the se,
Arivid is nought ferre fro that cite,
For whiche the gretis of his lordis some
By avinture ben to the cite come,
Unto that same temple for to seke
The Quene, and of her socour her beseke,
Soche renome was ther sprong of her godenes.

And whan that thei had tolde all ther distreis,
And all ther tempest and all ther hard case,
Unto the Quene apperid Æneas,
And opiny beknewe that it was he;
Who haddin joie than but his meine,

That haddin found ther lorde, ther govirnour?

The Quene saw that thei did him soche honour,
And had herd oft of Æneas er tho,
And in her herte she had routhe and wo
That evir soche a noble man as he
Shall ben disheritid in soche degre,
And sawe the man that he was like a knight,
And fuffisaunt of persone and of might,
And like to ben a very gentilman,
And well his wordis he besettin can,
And had a noble visage for the nones,
And formid well of brawne and eke of bones,
And aftir Venus had soche fairenesse
That no man might be halfe so faire I gesse,
And well a lorde him semid for to be;
And for he was a straungir, somewhat the
Ylikid him the bet, as God doc bote,
To some folk oftin newe thing is fote;
Anon her herte hath pitie of his wo,
And with that pite love ycame also;
And thus for pite and for gentilnesse
Refreshid must he ben of his distresse.

She sayid certis that she sorie was
That he hath had soche perill and soch caas,
And in her frendly speche in this manere
She to him spake, and saied as ye maie here:

Be ye nat Venus sonne and Anchises?
In gode faith all the worship and encrese
That I maie godely doen you ye shall have;
Your shippis and your meine shall I save;
And many a gentill worde she spake him to,
And commaundid her messangiris to go
The same daie withoutin any faile
His shippis for to seke and hem vitaille:
Full many a best she to the shippis sent,
And with the wine she gan hem to present,
And to her roiall paleis she her spedde,
And Æneas alwaie with her she ledde.

What nedith you the festis to discrive?
He nevir bet at ese was in his live;
Full was the fest of deinties and richesse,
Of instrumentes, of song, and of gladnesse,
And many an amorous loking and devise.

This Æneas is come to paradise
Out of the swolowe of hell, and thus in joie
Remembrih him of his estate in Troie.
To daunfing chambris full of paramentes,
Of richè beddis and of ornāmentes,
This Æneas is ledde aftir the mete;
And with the Quene whan that he had yfete,
And spicis partid, and the wine agon,
Unto his chamber was he lad anon
To take his ese and for to have his rest,
With all his folke to doen what so him left.

There ne was coursir well ibridlid none,
Ne stedè for the justing well to gone,
Ne large paulfrey eke for the nones,
Ne jewill yfret full of richè stones,
Ne sackis full of gold, of large wight,
Ne rubie none that shinith bright by night,
Ne gentill hantir faukon heronere,
Ne hounde for harte, or wilde bore, or dere,
Ne cuppe of gold, with floreins newe ibette,
That in the londe of Libye maie ben gette

That Dido ne' hath Æneas it isent,
And all is payid what that he hath spent.
Thus gan this worthy Quene her gestis call,
As she that can in fredome passin all.

Æneas sothely eke, withoutin lese,
Hath sent to his shippis by Achates
Aftir his sonne, and aftir riché thinges,
Both sceptre, clothis, brochis, and eke ringes,
Some for to were, and some for to present
To her that all these noble things him sent,
And bad his sonne how that he should ymake
The presenting, and to the Quene it take.

Repairid is this Achates again,
And Æneas full blisfull is and fain
To sein his yonge sonne Ascanius,
For unto him it was reportid thus,
That Cupido, that is the god of Love,
At prayir of his mothir hie above,
Yhad the likenesse of the childe itake,
This noble Quene enamoured for to make
On Æneas; but as to that scripture,
Be as be maie, I make of it no cure;
But soth is this, the Quene hath made soch chere
Unto this childe that wondir was to here,
And of the present that his fathir sent
She thankid him fall oft in gode entent.
Thus is this Quene in plesaunce and in joie
With all these newè lustie folke of Troie,
And of the dedis hath the mere enquired
Of Æneas, and all the storie lered
Of Troie, and all the longè daie thei twaie
Entendidin for to speke and to plaie,
Of whiche there gan to bredin soche a fire,
That felie Dido hath now soche desire
With Æneas her newè gest to dele

That she hath lost her hewe and eke her hele.

Now to the' esse, now to the fruite, of all
Why I have told this storie' and tellin shall.

Thus I beginne. It fell upon a night,
Whan that the mone upreisid had her light,
This noble Quene unto her rest ywent,
She sighid sore, and gone her self tourment,
She walkith, waloweth, and made many braied,
As doen these lovirs, as I have herd saied,
And at the laste unto her sustir Anne
She made her mone, and rightthus spake she than:

Now, derè sustir mine! what maie it be
That me agastith in my dreame? (quod she)
This ilke newe Trojan is so in my thought,
For that me thinketh he it so well iwrought,
And eke so likely for to ben a man,
And therewithall so milkill gode he can,
That all my love and life lieth in his cure;
Have ye nat herd him tell his avinture?

Now certis, Anne, if that ye redè me,
I woldin fain to him iweddid be:
This is the effect; what should I more seine?
In him lieth all to doe me live or deine.

Her sustir Anne, as she that coud her gode,
Said as her thought, and sondele it withstode;
But hereof was so long a sermoning
It were to long to makin reherfing;
But finally, it maie not be withstonde,
Love well ylove, for no wight well it wonde;

The dawning uprist out of the false fe,
This amorous Quene chargith her meine
The nettis dresse, and speris brode and kene,
An hunting woll this lustie freshe Quene,
So prikith her this newè jolie wo;
To horse is all her lustie folke igo,
Unto the court the houndis ben ibrought,
And upon coarfir swift as any thought
Her yonge knightis hevin all about,
And of her women eke an hugè rout:
Upon a thickè palfraie, papirwhite,
With sadill redde, enbroudid with delite,
Of golde the barris, up enbossid high,
Sate Dido, all in golde and perreywrigh,
And she is faire as is the brightè morowe
That helith sick folkis of night' is sorowe,
Upon a coqurfir startlin as the fire,
Men mightin tourne him with a little wire.

But Æneas, like Phœbus to devise,
So was he fresh arayid in his wife,
The somie bridill, with the bitte of gold,
Govirpith he right as himself hath wold;
And forthe this noble Quene, this ladie, ride
On hupting, with this Trojan by her side.
The herde of hartis foundin is anon,
With Hey go bet, pricke thou, let gon, let gon!
Why n'il the lion comin or the bere,
That I might him ones metin with this spere?
Thus fain this yonge folke, and up thei kill
The wilde hartis, and have 'hem at ther will.

Emong all this to romblin gan the heven,
The thondir rorid with a grisly steven,
Doun come the rain, with haile and flet so fast,
With hevin's fire, that made so fore agast
This noble Quene and also her mainè,
That eche of 'hem, was glade awaie to fle;
And, shortly, fro the tempest her to save
She fled her self into a little cave,
And with her went this Æneas also,
I n'ot with 'hem if ther went any mo,
The auctour makith of it no mencion;
And here began the depe affection
Betwixt 'hem two; this was the firstè morowe
Of her gladnesse and ginning of her sorowe,
For there hath Æneas iknelid so,
And tolde her all his hert and all his wo,
And sworne so depè to her to be true
For well or wo, and chaungin for no newe,
And as a false lovir so well can plain,
That felie Dido rewid on his pain,
Toke him for husband, and became his wife
For evirmore, while that 'hem last shulde life;
And aftir this, when that the tempest stente,
With mirth out as thei came homward thei went;
The wickid fame uprofe, and that anon,
How Æneas hath with the Quene igon
Into the cave, and demid as 'hem list;
And whan the King (that Yarb as hight) it wist,
As he that had her loved evir his life,
And wrowid her to havin to his wife,
Soche sorow' as he hath makid and soche chere
It is a routhe and pity for to here;
But as in love all daie it happith so
That one shall laughin at ap othir's wo,

Now laughith Æneas, and is in joie
And more richesse than evir was in Troie.

O felie woman, full of innocence,
Full of pite, of truthe, and continence!
What makid you to men to trustin so?
Have ye soche routh upon ther fainid wo
And have soche old ensamplis you beforene?
Se ye nat all how that thei ben forsworne?
Where se ye one that he ne' hath laste his lefe,
Or ben unkinde, or doen her some mischefe,
Or pillid her, or bofid of his dede?

Ye maie as well it sene as ye maie rede.
Takhith hede now of this grete gentilman,
This Trojan, that so well her plesin can,
That fainith him so true' and obeifing,
So gentill and so privie' of his doeing,
And can so well doen all his obeifauce,
And waitith her at festis and at daunce,
And whan she goeth to temple' and home again,
And fastin till he hath his ladie sein,
And berin in his devisis for her sake
N'ot I nat what, and songis would he make,
Justin; and doen of armis many thinges,
Sende her lettis, tokins, brochis, and ringes.

Now herkenith how he shal his lady serve:
There as he was in perill for to sterve
For hungir and for mischefe in the fe,
And desolate, and fledde fro his cowntre,
And all his folke with tempest all to driven,
She hath her body and eke her relme yeven
Into his honde, there as the might have ben
Of othir land than of Carthage a quene,
And lived in joy inough; what would ye more?

This Æneas, that hath thus depe ifwore,
Is werie of his craft within a throwe,
And the hote ernest is all ovirblowe,
And privily he doeth his shippis dight,
And shapith him to stele awaie by night.

This Dido hath suspection of this,
And thoughtin well that it was all amis,
For in his bedde he lieth anight and siketh:
She askith him anon, What the misliketh,
My dere herte! whiche that I lovin moste?

Certis (quod he) this night my fathir's ghoſte
Hath in my slepe me so sorely tourmented,
And eke Mercurie's his message hath presented,
That nedis to the conquest of Itaille
My destinie is sonè for to faile,
For which me thinkith brostin is mine hert;
Therwith his false teris out thei stert,
And takith her within his armis two.

Is that in ernest? (quod she) woll ye so?
Have ye no sworne to wif me for to take?

Alas! what woman woll ye of me make?
I am a gentill woman and a quene,
Ye woll not fro your wif thus foul yfene?
That I was borne alas! what shall I do?

To telic in short, this noble Quene Dido

She sekith halowes and doeth sacrifice,
She knelith, crieth, that routh is to devise,
Conjurith him, and profe'rith him to be
His thrall, his servaunt, in the best degre,
She fallith him to fote, and fownth there,
Dischevilid with her bright gildid here,
And saith, Have mercy! let me with you ride,
These lordis whiche that wonnin me beside
Woll me destroyin only for your sake;
And if ye wolle me now to wif ytake
As ye have sworne, than woll I yve you leve
Te slaen me with your swerde now son at eve,
For than yet shall I dyin as your wif;
I am with childe, and yve my childe his life:
O mercie, Lorde! have pite in your thought.
But all this thing availith her right nought,
For on a night he sleping let her lie,
And stole awaye into his company,
And as a traitour forthe he gan to faile
Towardis the large cowntre of Itaille:
And thus hath he left Dido' in wo and pine,
And weddid there a ladie sight Lavine.
A clothe he last, and eke his sworde standing,
Whan he fro Dido stale in her sleping,
Right at her bedd'is hedde, so gan he hie
Whan that he stale awaie to his navie.

Which cloth whan felie Dido gan awake
She hath it kiste ful oft for his sake,
And said, Swete cloth! while Jupiter it left
Take my soule, unbinde me of this unrest,
I have fulfilled of Fortune all the course:
And thus, alas! withoutin his socourse
Twentie timis ifwoundid heth she than.
And whan that the unto her sustir Anne
Complainid had of which I maie not write,
So grete routh I have it for to endite,
And bad her norice and her sustir gon
To fetchin fire and othir thinges anon,
And sayid that she wouldè sacrifice;
And whan she might her time well aspice
Upon the fire of sacrifice she sterte,
And with his sworde she rose her to the herte:
But as mine aufour faith yet this she seide,
Or she was hurtin, beforene or she deide,
She wrote a lettre' anon, and thus began;

Right so (quod she) as the milkwhite swan
Ayenst his deth beginnith for to sing,
Right so to you I make my complaining,
Not that I trowe to gettin you again;
For well I wote that it is al in vain,
Sens that the goddes ben contrarious to me,
But sin my name is lost through you (quod she)
I maie well lese a worde on you or letter,
All be it I shall be nevir the better,
For thilkè wind that blewe your ship awaie
The samè winde hath blowe awaie your faie:
But who so wol al this lettre' have in minde
Rede Ovide, and in him he shall it finde,

HERE FOLOWETH

THE LEGENDE OF HYPSPYLE AND MEDEA.

Thou rote of false lovris, Duke Jason,
Thou sleer, devourir, and confusoun,
Of gentill women, gentil creatures,
Thou madist thy reclaiming and thy lures
To ladies of thy scathliche aparaunce,
And of thy wordis falsid with plesaunce,
And of thy fainid trowth and thy manere,
With thine obeisaunce and humble chere,
And with thine counterfeited pain and wo,
There othir falsin one thou falsid two.
O! oftin swore thou that thou woldist die
For love whan thou ne feltest maladic
Save soule delite, whiche that thou callist love:
If that I live thy name shall be yshove
In Englishe, that thy decept shall be knowe:
Have at the, Jason; now thin horn is blow.
But certis it is bothè routh and wo
That Love with false lovris werkith so,
For thei shal have well bettir love and chere,
Than he that hath aboughtin love full dere,
Or had in armis many a bloodie boxe,
For ay as tendre a capon eteth the fox,
Though he be fals, and hath the foule betraied,
As shall the gode man that therefore hath paid;
Although he have to the capon skill and right
The false foxe woll have his part at night:
On Jason this ensample is well isene
By Hypspyle and Medea the queene.
In Theffalie, as Ovide tellith us,
There was a knight that hightin Pelus,
That had a brothir whiche that hight Jason;
And whan for age he might unnethis gon
He yave to Peleus the govirning
Of all his reigne, and made him lorde and king;
Of whiche Jason this Jason gettin was,
That in his time in all that land there n'as
Nat soche a famous knight of gentileffe,
Of fredome, of strengthe, and of lustinesse.

Asfir his fathir's deth be bare him so
That there n'as none that list to ben his foe,
But did him all honour and companie,
Of whiche this Peleus hath grete-envie,
Imagining that Jason might be
Enhaunsid so, and put in soche degre,
With love of lordis of his regioun,
That from his reigne he maie be put adoun,
And in his wit anight compassid he
How this Jason might best distroyd be,
Withouthin selaundir of his compassment;
And at the last he toke avisement
That to sende him into some ferre cowntre,
Theras this Jason maie distroyd be:
This was his wit, all made he to Jason
Grete chere of loke and of affection,
For drede lest that his lordis it espide,
And so bifell it, as fame ronnyth wide,
There was soche tiding or all, and soche loos,
That in an isle that callid was Colchos,
That stonde beyonde Troie estward in the se,
There was a Ram which that men mightin se
That had a Flees of Golde that shone so bright
That no where was there soche an othir sight;
But it was kept alwaie with a dragoun,
And many othir marvailles up and doun,
And with two bullis makid all of bras,
That spittin fire, and mochil thing ther was;
But this was eke the tal nathiles,
That who so would ywinnin thilke Flees
He must bothe, or that he it winnin might,
With the bullis and with the dragon fight.

And King Oërus lorde was of that ile.
This Peleus bethought upon this while
That he his newewe Jason would exhort
To failin to that londe him to disport,
And sayid, Newewe, if it might ybe
That soche a worship might befallin the

That thou this famous trefure mightist win,
And bringin it my region within,
It were to me grete plesaunce and honour,
Than were I holdin to quite thy labour,
And all thy costis I wold my self make,
And chesith what folke thou wolt with the take :
Let se now, darste thou takin this voiage ?
Jafon was young, and lustie of corage,
And undirtoke to doen this ilke emprise ;
Anon Argus his shippis gan devise.

With Jafon went the strong stout Hercules,
And many' an othir that he with him ches ;
But who so askith who is with him gon
Let him rede the boke Argonauticon,
For he wol tel a tale long enough.
Philocrates anon the faille up drough,
Whan that the winde was gode, and gan him hie
Out of his cowntre callid Thessalie.
So long thei sailid in the salte se
Till in the ile of Lemnos arived he,
All be this nat reherfid of Guido,
Yet saijeth Ovide in his Epistlis so ;
And of this ileland ladie was and quene
The faire and yonge Hypispyle the shene,
That whilom Thoas doughter was, the King.

Hypispyle was gon in her playing,
Androming on the clevis by the se ;
Undir a banke anon espyid she
Where laie the shippe that Jafon gon arive ;
Of her godeneffe adoune she sendith blive
To wetin if that any straunge wight
With tempest thidir were iblove anight,
To doen 'hem socour, as was her usaunce
To furth'rin every wight, and don plesaunce
Of very bounte and of curtisee.

This messangir adoune him gan to hie,
And founde Jafon and Hercules also,
That in a cogge to londe werin igo
'Hem to refreshin and to take the aire,
The morowning attempre was and faire,
And in ther waie this messangir 'hem mette ;
Full conningly these lordis two he grette,
And did his message, asking 'hem anon
If thei wer brokin or ought wo bigon,
Or had nede of lodesmen or of vitale ?
For of succour they shoulidin nothing faille,
For it was uttirly the Quen's will.

Jafon answerid mekely and still,
My ladie (quod he) thanke I hertily
Of her godeneffe : us nedith truilly
Nothing as now, but that we werie be,
And comin for to plaie out of the se
Till that the winde be bettir in our waie.

This ladie romith by the cliffe to phaie,
With her meine, endlong upon the sronde,
And findith Jafon and this othir stonde
In speking of this thing, as I you told.

This Hercules and Jafon gan behold
How that the Quene it was, and faire her grete,
Anon right as thei with this ladie mete,
And she toke hede, and knewe by ther manere,
By ther araie, by wordis, and by chere,
That it were gentillmen of grete degre,
And to the castelle with her ledith she

These straunge folke, and doith 'hem gret honour
And askith 'hem of travaile and of labor
That thei have suffrid in the salte se ;
So that within a daie, or two or thre,
She knewe by the' folke that in his shippis be
That it was Jafon, full of renome,
And Hercules, that had the gret loos,
That foughtin the aventures of Colchos,
And did 'hem honour more than before,
And with 'hem deled evir longir the more,
For thei ben worthy folke withoutin lese,
And nameli moste she spake with Hercules,
To him her herte she bare, an he shoulde be
Sadde, wise, and true, of wordis avise,
Withoutin any othir affection
Of love, or othir imaginacion.

This Hercules hath this Jafon so preised,
That to the sunne he hath him up reised,
That halfe so true a man there n'as of jove
Undir the cope of heven that is above,
And he was wise, hardie, secrete, and riche,
Of these iii pointis there n'as non him liche,
Of fredome passid he and lustie hedde
All tho that livin and all tho ben dedde,
Thereto so grete a gentillman was he,
And of Thessalie likely king to be ;
There n'as no lacke but that he was agast
To love, and for to spekin shamfast ;
Him had levir himself murdir and die
Than that men shoulde a lovir him espie,
As wolden God above that I had give
My blode and fleshe, so that I might live
With the bones, that he had aught where a wise
For his estate, for soche a lustie life
She shoulidin ledin with this lustie knight :
And all this was compassid on the night
Betwixin Jafon and this Hercules :
Of both these two here was a shreudde lese,
To come to house upon an innocent,
For to bedote this Quene was ther entent.
And Jafon is as coie as is a maide ;
He lokith pitously, but naught he saied ;
But frely yave he to her counsaillers
Yestis full grete and to her officers,
As wolden God that I lesir had and time
By processe all his woeing for to rime ;
But in this house if a false lovir be,
Right as himself now doeth right so did he
With faining and with every subtile dede :
Ye get no more of me but ye wold rede
Th' originall, that tellith all the caas.

The sothe is this, that Jafon weddid was
Unto this Quene, and toke of her substance
What so him list unto his purveiaunce ;
And upon her begate he childrin two,
And drough his faille, and sawe her nevyr mo.
A lettir sent the unto him certain,
Which were to long to writtin and to sain,
And him reprovith of his grete untrouth,
And prayith him on her to have some routh,
And on his childrin two : she said him this,
That thei be like of alle thing iwis
To Jafon, save that thei couth nat begile ;
And prayid God or it were longe while

That she that had his herte irest her fro
Mote findin' him untrue and false also,
And that she muste both her childrin spill,
And alle tho that suffrit him his will.
And true to Jason was she all her life,
And evir kept her chaste as for his wife,
Ne nevir had she joie at her herte,
But dyid for his love of sorowes smerte.

To Colchis comin is this Duke Jason,
That is of love devourir and dragon,
As matire appetitich forme alwaie,
And from forme into forme it passin maie,
Or as a wellè that were botomles;
Right so can false Jason have no pees
For to desirin through his appetite
To doen with gentillwoman his delite;
This is his luste and his felicite.
Jason is romid forth to the cite
That whilom clepid was Jasonicos,
That was the maistirtoun of all Colchos,
And hath itolde the cause of his coming
Unto Eëta, of that countre king,
Praying him that he must doen his affaie
To gette the Fleece of Golde if that he maie,
Of whiche the King assentith to his bone,
And doth him honour as it is to done,
So serforth that his doughtir and his heire
Medea, whiche that was so wise and faire,
That fairir sawe there nevir man with eye,
He made her doen to Jason companie
At mete, and sittin by him in the hall.

Now was Jason a semely man withall,
And like a lorde, and had a grete renoun,
And of his loke roiall as a lioun,
And godelie of his speche and familiere,
And coud of love the craft and art plenere
Withoutin boke, with everiche observance;
And as Fortune her ought a foule mischaunce
She woxe enamorid upon this man.

Jason, (quod she) for ought I se or can
As of this thing the whiche ye ben about,
Ye and your self ye put in mochil doubt,
For who so woll this aventure atcheve
He maie nat wele astertin as I leve
Withoutin deth, but I his helpe be;
But natheles it is my will (quod she)
To forthrin you so that ye shall nat die,
But turnin founde home to your Thessalie.

My right fair lady! (quod this Jason tho)
That ye have of my deth or of my wo
Any regarde, and doen me this honour,
I wot wel that my might ne my labour
May nat deservin it my liv'is daie;
God thanke you there I ne can se maie;

Your man am I, and lowely you besече
To ben my helpe withoutin more speche;
But certis for my deth shal I not spare.

Tho gan this Medea to him declare
The peril of this case fro point to point,
Of his batyle, and eke in what disjoynt
He motè stonidin, of wniche no creture
Save onley she ne might his lyfe assure:
And shortly, right to the poynt for to go,
They ben accordid full betwyxe 'hem two
That Jason shall her wedde as her true knight,
And terme yset to comin sone at night
Unto her chambre, and make there his othe
Upon the goddes, that he for lese or lothe
Ne shulde her nevir falsin nyght ne daye
To ben her husbonde whyle he lyvin maye,
As she that from his deth him savid here;
And hereupon at night they mete yfere,
And doth his othe, and goth with her to bedde;
And on the morewe upwarde he him spedde,
For she hath taught him how he shal nat sayle
The Flees to wyne and stintin his bataile,
And savid hym his life and his honour,
And gate him a name as a conquerour,
Right through the sleight of her enchantement.
Now hath Jason the Fleece, and home is went
With Medea, and trefours full grete wonne:
But unwyste of her fathir she is gonne
To Thessalye with Duke Jason her lese,
That aftirwarde hath brought her to mischefe,
For as a traytour he is from her go,
And with her leste yongè childrin two,
And falsely hath betrayid her, alas!
And er in love a chefe traytour he was,
And weddid yet the thirde wyfe anon,
That was the doughtir of the Kyng Creon.

This is the mede of lovyng and gaerdon
That Medea receved of Duke Jason
Right for her truth and for her kyndinesse,
That loved him bettir than her self I gesse,
And leste her fathir and her herytage:
And of Jason this is the vassalage,
That in his dayes n'as nevir non yfounded
So false a lovir goying on the grounde;
And therefore in her lettir thus she sayd,
First whan she of his falsnesse him upbrayd,
Why lykid me thy yelowè here to se
More than the boundis of myn honeste?
Why lykid me thy youth and thy fayrnesse,
And of thy tonge the' infynite gracyousnesse?
O! haddest thou in thy conquest ded ybe
Ful mikil untrouth had ther dyed with the.
Wel can Ovide her lettire in verse endyte,
Which were as now to longè for to write.

HERE FOLOWETH

THE LEGENDE OF LUCRECE OF ROME.

Nowe mote I fain th' exilyng of kyngis
Of Rome for ther horrible doyngis,
Of the laste kyng Sextus Tarquinius,
As saith Ovid and Titus Lyvius;
But for that cause tel I nat this storye,
But for to prayse and drawe in memorye
The very wyfe, the very true Lucrese,
That for her wifhode and her stedfastnesse
Nat onely that thefe Panymes her commende,
But that yclepid is in our Legende
The gret Austyn, that hath compassioun
Of this Lucrece that starfe in Romé toun,
And in what wise I woll but shortly trete,
And of this thing I touch not but the grete.

Whan Ardea besiegid was aboute
With Romayns that ful sterne werin and stout,
Ful longe lay the sieg, and litil wroughten,
So that they wer halfe ydil as 'hem thoughten,
And in his play Tarquinius the yonge
Gan for to jape, for he was lyght of tonge,
And sayd that it was an ydle lyfe,
No man dyd there no more than did his wife,
And let us speke of wivis, that is best,
Praise everie man his own as him lest,
And with our spechis let us ese our herte.

A knight (yclepid Colatin) up sterte,
And sayd thus Nay, Sir, it is no nede
To trowin on the worde but on the dede;
I have a wife (quod he) that as I trowe
Is holdin gode of al that er her knowe,
Go we to Rome to nyght and we shul se.

Tarquinius answerde, That lykith me.
To Rome they be comin, and fast 'hem dighte
To Colatyn's housle, and downe they light,
Tarquinius and eke this Colatine;
The husbonde knewe the estirs wel and fyne,
And ful privly into the housle they gone:

Nor at the gate ne portir was there none,
And at the chambre doré they abyde.
This noble wife fate by her bedd'is syde

Discheveled, for no malyce she ne thought,
And soft wol, saith Livy, that she wrought
To kepin her from slouth and ydilnesse,
And bad her servauntes done ther besinesse,
And askith 'hem, What tidinges herin ye?
How saieth men of the sieg, howe shal it be?
God wolde the wallis were fallin adowne!
Myn husbond is to long out of this towne,
For whiche drede doth me forely to smerte,
Right as a sworde it styngith to mine hert
Whan I thinkin on this or of that place;
God save my lorde, I pray him for his grace!
And therewithal so tendirly gan wepe,
And of her werke she toke no more kepe,
But mekily she let her cyin fal,
And thilke semblant fate her wel withal,
And eke her teris, ful of honeste
Embeliffid her wifely chastite;
Her countinaunce is to her herte digne,
For thei accordidin in dede and signe.
And with that worde her husbonde Colatin,
Or she of him was ware, came stertling in,
And sayd, Drede the nat for I am here:
And she anone up rose with blisful chere,
And kyssed him, as of wivis is the wonne.

Tarquinius, this proude king's sonne,
Concevid hath her beauteie and her chere,
Her yelowie here, her bountie, and her manere,
Her hewe, her wordis, that she hath complained,
And by no craft her beauteie was nat fained,
And caught unto this lady soche desire
That in his hert he brent as any fire,
So wodely that his witte was all forgotten,
For wel thought he she shulde nat be gotten;
And aye the more that he was in dispaire
The more he covetith and thought her faire;
His blind luste was al his coveting.
On morowe, whan the birde began to syng,
Unto the sieg he cometh ful privly,
And by himselfe he walkith sobirly,

The ymage of her recording alway newe,
Thus lay her here, and thus fresh was her hew,
Thus sate she, thus she spake, this was her chere,
Thus faire she was, and this was her manere :
Al this conceite his herte hath newe ytake,
And as the se with tempest al to shake,
That aftir whan the storme is al ago
Yet well the watir quappe a daie or two,
Right so, though that her formé were absent
The plesaunce of her formé was present ;
But nathelesse nat plesaunce but delite,
Or an unrightful talent with dispite,
For maugre her she shal my lemmen be,
Hap helpith bardy man alway, (quod he ;) *W O J*
What endé that I make it shal be so,
And gyfte him with his sward and gan to go :
And he forth ritt til he to Rome is come,
And al alone his way that he hath nome
Unto the house of Colatin ful sight ; *HO*
Down was the sunne, and day hath lost his lyght ;
And in he come unto a privie halke,
And in the night ful thesely gan he stalke,
Whan every wight was to his rest ybrought,
Ne no wight had of trefon soche a thought,
Whethir by windowe or by othir gin :
With swerde ydrawe shortly he comith in
There as she lay, this noble wife Lucrece,
And as she woke her bedde she feltn presse :
What best is that (quod she) that wayith thus ?

I am the king's sonne Tarquinius,
(Quod he) but and thou crie or noise ymake,
Or if thou any creature awake,
By thilke God that formid man of lyve
This swerde through thyne herte shal I ryve ;
And therewithal unto her throte he sterte,
And let the swerde al sharpe upon her herte.
No word she spake ; she hath no might therto ;
What shal she saine ? her witte is al ago,
As when a wolfe findith a lambe alone ;
To whom shal she complaine or make her mone ?
What ! shal she fightin with an hardie knight ?
Wel wotte men that a woman hath no might ;
What shal she crie, or how shal she asterte,
That hath her by the throte with swerde at herte ?
She askith grace, and said al that she can.

No, wolt thou nat tho ? (quod this cruil man)
As wisely Jupiter my soule save
As I shal in thy stable fle thy knave,
And lay him in thy bedde, and loudé crie
That I the fyndin in soche syoutrie ;
And thus thou shalt be ded, and also lese
Thy name, for that thou shalt none othir chese.
This Romans wives lovidin so ther name
At thilke tyme, and dreedin so the shame,
That what for fere of slaundre and dred of deth
She lost at onis both her wit and breth,
And in a swough the lay, and woxe so ded
Men mightin smitin of her arme or hed,
She feltn nothing neithir soule ne feyre.

Tarquinius, that art a king's heyre,
And shuldist as by lineage and by right
Done as a Jorde and as a very knight,
Why hast thou done dispite to chivalrye ?
Why hast thou done thy lady vilanic ?

Alas ! of the this was a vila'inous dede,
But now to the purpose. In the story I rede
Whan he was gonne, and this mischaunce is fal,
This lady sent aftir her frendis al,
Fathir, mothir, and husbonde, al yfere,
And dischevilid with her heré clere,
In habyt soche as women usid tho
Unto the buryng of ther frendis go,
She sate in hal with a sorowful syght :
Her frendis askin what her aylin myght,
And who was ded ? and she sate aye wepyng,
A worde for shame ne may she forth out bring,
Ne upon them she durst nat behold ;
But at the laste of Tarquin she hem tolde
This fufel case, and al this thyng horible :
The wo to tellen were impossible
That she and all her frendis make at ones ;
Al haddin folkis hertis ben of stones
It might have makid hem upon her rewe,
Her hert ywas so wisely and so trewe.
She said that for her gylt ne for her blame
Her husbonde shulde nat have the foule name ;
That wolde she nat suffrin by no waye.
And they answerid al unto her saye
That they foryave it her, for it was right,
It was no gylt, it lay nat in her myght,
And saydin her ensamplis many one :
But al for naught, for thus she said anone,
Be as be may (quod she) of forgivynge.
I will nat have no forgifte for nothing :
But privily the caughtin forth a knife,
And therewithal the raste her selfe her life,
And as she fel adowne she cast her loka,
And of her clothis yet gode hede she toke,
For in her fallynge yet she had a care
Lesse that her fete or soche thingis lay bare,
So wel she lovid clennesse and eke trouth.
Of her had all the towne of Rome routh,
And Brutus bath by her chaste blede yswore
That Tarquin shulde ybanished be therfore
And al his kinne, and let the peple cal,
And opynly the tale he tolde hem al,
And opynly let cary her on a bere
Through al the towne, that men may se and here
The horrible dede of her oppressoun ;
Ne nevir was there kyng in Rome toun
Sens thylke day : and she was holdin there
A saynt, and eyre her day yhalowed dere
As in ther lawe. And thus endith Lucrece
The noble wyfe, Titus berith witness.
I tel it for she was of love so trewe,
Ne in her wil she chaungid for no newe,
And in her stable herte sadde and kinde,
That in these women men may al day finde
There as they cast ther hert there it dwellith ;
For wel I wote that Christ himselfe tellith
That in Israel, as wide as is the londe,
He so grete faith in al the londe ne fonde
As in a woman, and this is no lie :
And as for men, loka ye soche tyrannie
Thei done al daie, assay hem who so list,
The trewist is ful broil for so trifle.

HERE FOLLOWEETH

THE LEGENDE OF ARIADNE

OF ATHENS.

MINOS, Infernal Judge, of Crete the Kyng,
Now cometh thy lotte; thou comist on the ryng :
Nat for thy sake alone writen is this storye,
But for to clepe ayen unto memorie
Of Theseus the gret untrouthe of love,
For whiche the goddis of hevin above
Ben wroth, and wrath have takin for thy synne :
Be red for shame, nowe I thy lyfe beginne.

Minos, that was the mighty King of Crete,
That had an hundrid cities strong and grete,
To schole hath sent his sonne Androgeus
To Athens, of the whiche it happid thus,
That he was slayne, learning philosphie
Right in that cyte, nat but for envie.

The grete Minos, of the whiche that I speke,
His sonnys deth is comin for to wreke,
Alcathoe' he besiegid harde and longe,
But nathelles the wallis be so stronge,
And Nisus that was kyng of that cite
So chivalrous, that litil dredith he ;
Of Minos or his hofte toke he no cure.
Tyl on a daie befil an avinture
That Nisus doughtir stode upon the wal,
And of the siege behelde the manir al ;
So happid it that at a scarmishing
She caste her hert upon Minos the kyng,
For his beautie and for his chivalrye,
So sorely that she wenid for to die ;
And shortly of this proccesse for to pace,
She made Minos to winnin thilk place,
So that the cite was al at his wyl
To save whom him life or ellis spill ;
But wickidly he quit her kyndenesse,
And let her drenche in sorowe and distresse,
N'ere that the goddis had of her pite :
But that tale were to longe as nowe for me.

Athenis was this King Minos also,
As Alcathoe' and othir townis mo,
And this th' effect, that Minos hath so driven.
Them of Athenis that thei mote him yeven
Fro yere to yere ther owne childrin dere
For to be slaine, as ye shal aftir here.
This Minos hath a monstre, a wickid best,
That was so cruill, that without arest
Whan that a man was brought into his presence
He wolde him ete ; there helpeith no defence :
And every thirde yere withoutin doute
Thei castidin lotte as it came aboute
On riche and pore, he must his sonne take,
And of his childe he must a presente make
To Minos, for to save him or to spill,
Or let his best devour him at his will :
And this hath Minos don right in dispite ;
To wreke his sonne was set al his delyte,
And makin 'hem of Athenis hys thral,
Fro yere to yere while that he livin shal ;
And hom he sailith whan this toun is won :
This wickid custome is so long yron
Till that the King of Athenes, **Agæus**,
Mote sendin his owne sonne Theseus,
Sens that the lotte is fallin him upon,
To ben devourid, for grace is there non :
And forth is ladde this woful yonge knight
Unto the cuntrye' of Minos ful of night,
And in a prison fettrid fast is he
Tyl that ilke time he shulde yfretin be.

Wel maist thou wepe, o woful Theseus !
That art a king's sonne and damnid thus ;
Me thinkith this, that thou art depe yholde
To whom that savid the fro caris colde,
And nowe yf any woman helpe the
Wel oughtist thou her ferwaunt for to be,

And ben her trewe lovyr yere by yere.
But now to come aien to my matere.

The touré there this Theseus is throwe
Downe in the bottom derke and wondir lowe,
Was joyning to the wal of a foreine
That longing was unto the doughtrn twene
Of Minos, whiche that in ther chambris grete
Dweltin above toward the maistrifrete
Of thilke towne in joy and in solas
N'ot I nat howe, it happened per cas,
As Theseus complainid him by night,
The kinge's doughtir that Ariadne hight,
And eke her suster Phedra, herdin al
His complainte as thei stodin on the wall
And lokid up upon the brighte mone,
'Hem listin nat to go to bedde so fone,
And of his wo thei had compassion;
A king's sonne to be in soche prison,
And ben devoured, thought 'hem grete pite
Than Ariadne spake to' her suster fre,
And sayd, Phedra, my lefe suster dere
This woful lord's sonne maie ye nat here
Howe pitously he complainith his kinne,
And eke his pore estate that he is inne,
And giltlesse? certis nowe it is routhe,
And if ye wol assentin, by my trouthe
He shal ben holpin, howe so that we do.

Phedra answerde, Ywis me is as wo
For him as er I was for any man,
And to his helpe the best rede that I can
Is, that we done the gailir privily
To come and spekin with us hastily,
And done this woful man with him to come,
For if he maie this monstir ovircome
Than were he quite, there is non other bote:
Let us wel taste him at his hert's rote,
That if so be that he a wepon have,
Where that he dare, his life to kepe and save,
Fightin with this fende, and himself defende,
For in the prison there he shal descende:
Ye wote wel that the best is in a place
That is not derke, and hath roume and eke space
To welde an axe, or swerde, a staffe, or knife,
So that me thinkith he shulde save his life;
If that he be a man he shal do so:
And we shal make him ballis eke also
Of wexe and towe, that whan he gapith fast
Into the best's throte he shal 'hem caste
To sleke his hongir and encombre his tethe,
And right anon whan that Theseus fethe
The best achekid he shal on him lepe
To sleen him or they comin more to hepe;
This wepon shal the gailir or that tyde
Ful privily within the prison hyde:
And for the house is crenclid to and fro,
And hath so queinte wayis for to go,
For it is shapin as the mase is wrought,
Therto have I a remedy in my thought,
That by a clewe of twyne as he hath gon
The same way he may returne anon,
Polo'wing alway the threde as he hath come:
And whan that he the best hath ovircome
Than may he flien away out of this stede,
And eke the gailir may he with him lede.

And him avaunce at home in his countre,
Sens that so gret a lord's sonne is he.

This is my rede, if that ye dare it take:
What shulde I lengir sermon of it make?
The gailir cometh, and with him Theseus;
And whan these thingis ben accordid thus.

Adowne fate Theseus upon his kne;
O the right lady of my life! (quod he)
I sorowfull man, ydamnid to the dethe,
Fro you whilis that me ylastith brethe
I wol nat twinne aftir this avinture,
But in your service thus I wol endure,
That as a wretch unknow I wol you serve
For evirmore tyl that min herte sterve;
Forfak I wol at home min heritage,
And as I saied ben of your courte a page,
If that ye vouchsafin that in this place
Ye grauntin me to havin soche a grace
That I may have nat but my mete and drinke;
And for my sustinaunce yet wol I swinke
Right as you list, that Minos ne no wight
Sens that he saw me nevyr with eyenlight,
Ne no man ellis, shal me nat espye,
So slyly and so wel I shal me gye,
And me so wel disfigure and so lowe,
That in this world there shal no man me knowe,
To have my lyfe and to have the prefrence
Of you that done to me this excellence;
And to my fathir shal I sendin here
This worthy man, which that is your gaylere,
And him so guerdon that he shal wel be
One of the gretist men of iny countre;
And if I durist sayne, my lady bright
I am a king's sonne and eke a knight,
As woldé God if that it mighte ybe
Ye werin in my countre allé thre,
And I with you to bere you companye,
Than shuld you fene if that I therof lye,
And if I profir you in lowe manere
To ben your page, and servin you right here,
But I you serve as lowly in that place
Ypray to Mars to yeve me soche grace
That sham's deth on me there mote fall,
And deth and poverte to my frendis all,
And that my sprite by night mote go
Aftir my deth and walkin to and fro,
That I mote of foule traitour have a name,
For whiche my sprit mote go, to do me shame,
And if I clayme evir othir degre,
But ye vouchsafin to grauntin it me,
As I have saied, of sham's deth I dey,
And mercy, lady! I can naught els sey.

A femely knight was this Theseus to se,
And yongé, but of twenty yere and thre;
But who so had yfene his countinaunce
He would have wept for routh of his penaunce,
For which this Ariadne in this manere
Answerde, to his profe and to his chere:
A kyng's sonne and eke a knight (quod she)
To ben my servaunt in so low degre,
God shuld it! for the shame of women al,
And lene me nevyr soche a case befall,
And fende you grace and sleight of hert alon,
You to defende and knightly flien your foe.

And lene here aftir that I may you finde
To me and to my fustir here so kynde
That I ne repent nat to yeve you lyfe;
Yet were it bettir that I were your wife,
Sithe that ye ben as gentil borne as I,
And have a relme nat ferre but faste by,
Than I suffrid your gentillese to serve;
Or that I let you as a page to serve;
It is no profite unto your kinrede,
But what is that that men n'll do for dred?
And to my fustir, syth that it is so,
That she mote gone with me if that I go,
Or ellis suffre deth as wel as I,
That ye unto your sonne as trewly
Done her be weddid at your home coming;
This is the synal ende of al this thing.

Ye, lady myn, (quod he) or els to torne
Mote I be with the Minotaure to morowe,
And havith here of min hert blod to borowe,
If that ye wol, if I had kniife or spere
I wolde it lettin out and thereon swere,
For than at erste I wot ye would me leve,
By Mars, that is the chiefe of my beleve,
So that I mightin lyvin and nat failen
To morowe for to takin my bataille;
I ne wolde nevir fro this place flye
Tyl that ye shulde the very profe yse;
For now, if that the soth I shall you fay,
I have lovid you ful many a daie,
Though ye ne wist it nat, in my countre,
And aldirmoste defayd you to se
Of any earthly living creature;
Upon my trouthe I were and you assure,
This sevin yere I have your servaunt be;
Nowe have I you, and also have ye me,
My dere hert of Athenis Duchesse.

This lady smilith at his fledfastnesse,
And at his hertely wordes, and at his chere,
And to her fustir sayd in this manere
And sothely, leve al fustir myn, (quod she)
Nowe be we duchessis both I and ye,
And likerde to the regals of Athenes,
And bothe hereaftir likely to be quenes,
And favid fro his deth a king's sonne,
As er of gentilwomen is the womne
To save a gentilman enforth their might,
In honest cause, and namely in his right,
Me thinkith no wight ought us hercof blame,
Ne berin us therefore an evil name.

And shortly of this matir for to make,
This Theseus of her hath leve ytake,
And every point was performed in dede
As ye have in this covenaut herde me rede;
His wepen, his clewe; his thing that I have said,
Was by the gailir in the housse ylad,
There as the Mynotaure hath his dwellyng,
Right faste by the dore at his entering,
And Theseus is lad unto his deth,
And forth unto the Minotaure he gethe,
And by the teching of this Adriane
He overcame this best and was his bane;
And out he comith by the clewe againe
Ful privily whan he this best hath slaine,

And by the gailir gottin hath a barge,
And of his wif's trefure gan it charge,
And toke his wife and eke her fustir fre,
And eke the gailir, and with hem al thre
Is stole away out of the londe by night,
And to the countre of Enupie him dight,
Thereas he had a frende of his knowing;
There festin thei, there dauncin thei and song,
And in his armis hath this Adriane,
That of the best hath kept him fro his bane,
And get him there a noble barge anone,
And of his countre folke a ful gret wone,
And taketh his leve, and homwarde sailith he;
And in an yle amiddis the wilde se,
Thereas there dwelld nevir creature none
Save wild bestis, and that ful many one,
He made his shippe alond for to sette,
And in that yle halfe a daie he lette,
And sayd, that on the londe he must him reste;
His mariners have don right as him leste:
And for to tellin shortly in this case,
Whan Ariadne his wife aslepe was,
For that her fustir sayir was than she,
He taketh her in his honde, and forth goth he
To shyppe, and as a traitour stale away
While that this Ariadne aslepe lay,
And to his countre warde he sailith blive,
A twenty dyvil way the winde him drive,
And found his fathir drenchid in the se.
Me lyfte no more to speke of him parde;
These falsf lovirs poison be ther bane!

But I wol turne againe to Adriane,
That is with slepe for weriaesse ytoke,
Ful sorowfully her hert may awake.
Alas! for the myne herte hath grete pite.
Right in the dawning awakith she,
And gropith in the bed, and sond right nought.
Alas, (quod she) that eyr I was wrought!
I am betrayid, and her here to rente,
And to the sronde al barefoote fast the wente,
And cryd, Theseus, myn herte swete!
Where be ye, that I may nat with you mete,
And might thus with the bestis ben yslaine?

The halowe rockis answerde her againe;
No man she sawe, and yet yshone the mone;
And hye upon a rocke she wentin lone,
And sawe his barge ysailing in the se;
Colde woxe her hert, and right thus sayd she:
Mekir than ye finde I the bestis wyld.
Hath he nat synne that he her thus begylde?
She cried, O turne againe for routhe and sinne!
Thy barge ne hath nat al his meine inne.
Her couverchefe on a pole styked she
Ascaunce that he shulde it wele yse,
And him remembre that she was behinde,
And turne againe, and on the sronde her finde.

But all for naught; his way he is ygone;
And downe she fel a swoorne upon a stone,
And up the risse, and kised in all her care
The steppis of his fete there he hath fare,
And to her bed right thus she spekith tho:

Thou bed, (quod she) that hast receivd two,
Thou shalt answer of two and not of one;
Where is the greter pertie away gone?

Alas! wher shal I wretched wight become?
For though to be that bette none here come
Home to my countrè dare I nat for drede;
I can my selfin in this case nat rede.
What should I tellin more here complaining?
It is so long it were an hevy thing;
In her epistle Nafò tellith all.
But shortly to the ende tellin I shall,

The goddis have her holpin for pyte,
And in the fygne of Taurus men may se
The stonis of her corowne shynè clere.
I will no more spekin of this matere,
But thus this falsè lovir can begile
His trew love; the devil quit him his while!

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THE LEGENDE OF ARIADNE OF ATHENS.
The goddis have her holpin for pyte,
And in the fygne of Taurus men may se
The stonis of her corowne shynè clere.
I will no more spekin of this matere,
But thus this falsè lovir can begile
His trew love; the devil quit him his while!

THE LEGENDE OF ARIADNE OF ATHENS.
The goddis have her holpin for pyte,
And in the fygne of Taurus men may se
The stonis of her corowne shynè clere.
I will no more spekin of this matere,
But thus this falsè lovir can begile
His trew love; the devil quit him his while!

HERE FOLOWETH

THE LEGENDE OF PHILOMELA.

THOU yevir of the formis that hast wrought
 The fayre world, and bare it in thy thought
 Eternally er thou thy werke began,
 Why madist thou to the slaundir of man?
 Or allbe that it was not thy doying,
 As for that ende to making soche a thing,
 Why suffredest thou that Tereus was bore,
 That is in love so false and so forswore,
 That fro this world up to the first hevin
 Corruptith whan that folke his name nevyn?
 And as to me, so grilly was his dede,
 That whan that I this foulè storie rede
 Myne eyin wexin foule and sore also,
 Yet lasteth the venyme of so long ago
 That it enfeith him that wolde beholde
 The storie of Tereus of which I tolde.
 Of Thrace was he the lorde, and kyn to Marte,
 The cruil god that stante with bloody darte;
 And weddid had he with full blisful chere
 King Pandion's faire doughtir dere
 That hight Progne, the floure of her countre,
 Though Juno liste not at the fest to be
 Ne Hymen, that the god of Weddyng is,
 But at the festè redy ben iwis
 The Furis three, with all ther mortall bronde.
 The oule all night above the balkis wonde,
 That prophete is of wo and of mischaunce.
 This revill, full of song and full of daunce,
 Lasted a fourtènight or little lasse:
 But shortlie of this storie for to passe,
 (For I am werie of hym for to tell)
 Five yere his wife and he togithir dwell,
 Till on a daie the gan so fore to long
 To sene her sustir, that she sawe not long,
 But for desire she ne wist what to saie,
 That to her husbonde gan she for to praie,

For Godd's love, that she mote onis gónè
 To sene her sustre, and come ayen anon,
 Or ellis but she mote to her wende
 She praied him that he would aftir her sende;
 And this was daie by daie all her praie,
 With all humbleesse of wifehode, worde, and chere.

This Tereus let make his shippis yare,
 And into Grece hymself is forthè ifare:
 Unto his fathir in lawe gan he praie
 To vouchefasin that for a moneth or twaie
 That Philomela his wive's sustir might
 On Progne' his wife but onis have a sight,
 And she shall come to you again anon,
 My self with her I will bothe come and gon,
 And as my hert's life I will her kepe.

This olde Pandion, this kyng, gan to wepe
 For tendirnesse of hertè for to leve
 His doughtir gon, and for to yeve her leve;
 Of all this worlde he lovid nothyng fo;
 But at the lastè leve hath she to go,
 For Philomela with salt teris eke
 Gan of her fathir his grace to beseke
 To sene her sustir, that her longith fo,
 And hym enbracith with her armis two:
 And therewithal so yonge and faire was she,
 That whan that Tereus sawe her beaute,
 And of arraie that there was none her liche,
 And yet of beaute was she to so riche,
 He calt his fierie herte upon her so
 That he wolle have her how so that it go,
 And with his wilis knelid and so praied
 Till at the last Pandion thus ysaid:

Now sonne, (quod he) that art to me so dere,
 I the betake my yonge doughtir here,
 That bereth the keie of all myne hert's life,
 And grete me well my doughtir and thy wife,

And yewe her levè somtyme for to pleie,
That she maie se me onis or I deie.
And sothly he hath made hym richè fest,
And to his folke the moste and eke the lest
That with him came, and yave him yestis grete,
And him conveyith through the mastirstrete
Of Athenis and to the se hym brought,
And tournith home, no malice he ne thought.
The oris pullith forth the vessil fast,
And into Thrace arrivith at the last,
And up into a forest he her led,
And to a cave full privily hym sped,
And in this darke cave, if that her lest
Or ne list nought, he bad her for to rest,
Of whiche her herte agrose, and sayid thus :

Where is my sustir, brothir Tereus ?
And there withall she wept full tendirlic,
And quoke for fere all pale and pitousslie,
Right as the lambe that of the wolfe is bitten,
Or as the culver that of the egle is smitten,
And is out of his clawis forthe escaped,
Yet it is still asferde and fore awhaped,
Lest it be hent effsonis ; so fate she :
But uttirlic it maie none othir be,
By force hath this traitour ydoen a dede
That he hath rest her of her maidinhede
Maugre her hed, by strength and by his might.

Lo, here a dede of men, and that aright :
She cryith sustir with full loudè steven,
And Fathir dere ! o helpe me God in heven !
All helpith not : and yet this false thefe
Hath doen his lady yet a more mischese,
For fere lest that she should his shamè crie,
And doen him opinlie a vilanie,
And with his swerd her tong of kerfith he,
And in a castill made her for to be
Full privily in prisone evirmore,
And kept her to his usage and his store,
So that she ne might nevir more asterte.
O fely Philomela ! wo' is thine herte,
Huge ben thy sorowis, and wondir smerte ;
God wreke the, and sende the thy bone !
Now it is time I make an endè sone.

This Tereus is to his wife inome,
And in his armis hath his wife inome,
And pitoussly he wept, and shoke his hedde,
And swore her that he found her sustir dedde,
For whiche this felie Progne hath foche wo
That nigh her sorowfull herte brake atwo :

And thus in teris let I Progne dwell,
And of her sustir forthe I woll you tel.

This wofull ladie lernid had in youth
So that she workin and enbraudin couth,
And wevin in her stole the radèvore,
As it of women hath ben wovid yore ;
And, sothly for to saine, she hath her fill
Of mete and drinke, of clothing at her will,
And couth eke rede well inough and endite,
But with a pennè she ne could not write,
But lettirs can she wevin to and fro,
So that by that the yere was all ago
She had ywovin in a stamen large
How she was brought for Athens in a barge,
And in a cave how that she was ybrought,
And all the thyng that Tereus ywrought
She wave it wel, and wrote the storie above
How she was servid for her sustir's love ;
And to a knave a ring she yave anon,
And prayid him by signis for to gon
Unto the Quene, and berin her that clothe,
And by signis swore him many an othe
She should him yevin what she gettin might.

This knave anon unto the Quene him dight,
And toke it her, and all the manir tolde :
And when that Progne hath this thing behold
No worde she spake for sorowe and for rage,
But fainid her to gon on pilgrimage
To Bacchus temple ; and in a little founde
Her dombe sustir yfittung hath she founde,
Weeping in the castill her self alone ;
Alas the wo, the constraint, and the mone,
That Progne upon her dombe sustir maketh !
In armis everiche of hem othir taketh :
And thus I let hem in ther sorowe dwell,
The remenaunt is no charge for to tell,
For this is all and some, thus was she served
That nevir ought agilitid ne deserved
Unto this cruill man that she of wiste.
Ye maie beware of men if that you lise,
For all be that he woll not for his shame
Doin as Tereus to lese his name,
Ne serve you as a murtherer or a knave,
Full little while shullin ye trewe him have,
That woll I sain, al wer he now my brother,
But it so be that he maie have none other.

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HERE FOLOWETH

THE LEGENDE OF PHYLLIS.

By prove as well as by authorite
 That wicked fruite cometh of a wicked tre
 That maie ye find if that it likith you;
 But for this ende I speke this as now,
 To tellen you of falsie Demophoon;
 In love a falsir herd I nevir non
 But it werin his fathir Theseus;
 God for his grace fro soche one kepin us!
 Thus these women yprayin that it here;
 Now the' effecte tourne I of my matere.
 Destroyid is of Troie the cite;
 This Demophoon came faillyng in the se
 Toward Athenis, to his paleis large;
 With him came many a ship and many a barge
 All full of folke, of whiche full many one
 Is wounded sore, and fike, and wo begone,
 And thei have at the sieg long ilaine;
 Behind him came a winde and eke a raine
 That shofe so fore his faille ne might not stonde,
 Hym were levir then all the worlde a londe;
 So huntith hym the tempest to and fro,
 So dark it was he could no where ago,
 And with a wave to brustin was his stere;
 His ship was rent so lowe in soche manere
 That carpenter ne coulede it not amende;
 The se by night as any torche brende
 For wode, and possith him up and down,
 Till Neptune hath of hym compassioun,
 And Thetis, Chorus, Triton, and thei all,
 And madin him opou a londe to fall
 Whereof that Phyllis lady was and quene,
 Lycurgus doughtir, fairir unto sene
 Then is the floure again the brighte sonne:
 Unneth is Demophon to londe iwonne;
 Weke and eke werie, and his folke forpined
 Of werineffe, and also enfamined,
 And to the deth he was almoste idriven:
 His wife folke counsaile have him yeven

To sekin helpe and succour of the Quene,
 And lokin what his grace mightin bene,
 And makin in that lande some chevelaunce,
 And kepin him fro wo and fro mischaunce,
 For fike he was and almoste at the deth,
 Unnethis might he speke or drawin breth,
 And lieth in Rhodopeia hym to reste.
 When he may walkin him thought it was beste
 Unto the courte to sekin for succour;
 Men knewe him wele, and diddin hym honour,
 For at Athenis duke and lorde was he,
 As Theseus his fathir hath ibe,
 That in his tyme was of grete renoun,
 No man so grete in all his region,
 And like his fathre' of face and stature,
 And false of love, it came hym of nature,
 As doeth the foxe Renarde, the fox'is sonne,
 Of kinde he could his oldé fathir wonne
 Withoutin lore, as can a drake swimme
 When it is caught and caried to the brimme.
 This honourable Phyllis doth him chere;
 Her likith well his porte and his manere;
 But I am all agrotid here beforne
 To write of hem that in love ben forsworne,
 And eke to hastin me in my Legende,
 Whiche to performe God me grace yfende,
 Therefore I passin shortly in this wise.
 Ye have well herd of Theseus the gife
 In the betraying of faire Adriane,
 That of her pite kept him fro his bane;
 At short wordis, right fo Demophoon
 The same waie and the same pathe hath gon
 That did his false fathir Theseus,
 For unto Phyllis hath he sworné thus,
 To weddin her, and her his trouth yplight,
 And pikid of her all the gode he might,
 When he was whole and founde, and had his reste,
 And doeth with Phyllis what so that him left,

As well I could, if that me life so,
Tellin of all his doying to and fro.

He faled that to his countre mote hym faile,
For there he would her wedding appaile
As fill to her honour and his also:
And opynly he toke his leue tho,
And to her swore that he would not sojourne,
But in a moneth again he would retourne,
And in that londe let make his ordinaunce
As very lorde, and toke the obeisaunce
Well and humbly, and his shippis ydight,
And home he goith the next waie he might,
But unto Phyllis again came he nought,
And that hath she so harde and sore ibought,
Alas! as the storie doeth us recorde,
That she was her owne deth right with a corde,
When that she saw that Demophon her traied;
But first wrote she to him, and fast him praid
He would come and delivir her of pain,
As I reherfin shall a worde or twain:
Me life not to vouchsafe on him to fwinke,
Dispendin ou him a penne full of ynke,
For false in love was he, right as his fire,
The devil set ther foulis both on fire!
But of the lettre' of Phyllis woll I write
A worde or twain, although it be but lite.

Thine hostesse, (quod she) o Demophon!
Thy Phyllis, which that is so wo begon,
Of Rhodope upon you mote complain,
Ovir the terme yset betwixt us twain
That ye ne holdin forwarde as ye saied;
Your ancre, whiche ye in our havin laied,
Hight us that ye would comin out of doubt
Or that the moné onis went about,
But timis fower the mone hath hid her face
Sens thilké daie ye wentin fro this place
And fowir timis light the worlde again;
But for all that yet shall I sothly sain
Yet hath the streme of Scython not ybrought
From Athenis the ship, yet came it nought;
And if that ye the terme rekin would
As I or othir true lovirs doe should,
I plainin not (God wot) before my daie.
But all her lettir writin I ne maie
By ordir, for it were to me a charge;
Her lettir was right long, and thereto large,

But here and there in rhyme I have it laied
There as me thought that she hath wel ysaied.

She saied, The failis comith not again,
Ne to the worde there n'is no fey certain;
But I wot why ye comin not, (quod she)
For I was of my love to you so fre;
And of the goddis that ye have yfware
If that ther vengeance fall on you therefore
Ye be not suffisaunt to bere the pain;
To mochil trustid I, well maie I sain,
Upon your linage and your faire tong,
And on your teris falli out ywrong:
How coude ye wepin so by craft? (quod she)
Maie there soch teris evir fainid be?

Now certis if ye would have in memorie
It oughtin be to you but little glorie
To have a felie maidin thus betraied:
To God (quod she) prais I, and oft have praid,
That it be now the gretist price of all
And moste honour that er you shall befall;
And when thine old aunecetirs paintid be,
In whiche men maie ther worthinesse yse,
Then prais I God thou paintid be also,
That folke maie redin fortheby as thei go,

Lo! this is he that with his flattiry
Betrayid hath and doen her villany
That was his true love in thought and dede!

But sothly of a pointet yet maie thei rede,

That ye ben like your fathir as in this,
For he begilid Ariadne' iwis
With suche an arte and soche a subtilte
As thou thy selvin hast begulid me;
As in that pointet, although it be not feire,
Thou solowist certain, and art his heire:
But sens thus finfully ye me begile
My bodis mote ye sene within a while
Right in the haven of Athenis steryng
Withoutin sepulture and buryng,
Though ye ben hardir then is any stone.

And when this lettir was forth sent anone,
And knewe how brotill and how fals he was,
She for dispaire forbid her self, alas!
Suche sorowe' hath she for she beset her so.
Beware ye women of your subtilt fo,
Sens yet this daie men maie ensample se.
And trustith now in love no man but me.

LEGENDE OF HYPERMNESTRA

But here and there is time I have I find
There as we thought that the path well find
The fable, The fable cannot not again
Me to the world there it is not certain
But I wet why ye complain not (good the)
For I was at any time to you to see
And of the gods that ye have known

Ye be not thinking to bere the pain
To mischief craft, I well make I find
Upon your image and your face
And on your face I will make I find
How could ye weep to be craft, (good the)
Maine craft I will make I find

HERE FOLOWETH
THE LEGENDE OF HYPERMNESTRA

In Grece whilom were dwelling brethrene two,
Of whiche that one was callid Danao,
That many' a sonne hath of his bodie wonne,
As soche false loviris oftisime conne.

Emongis his sonnys all there was one
That aldirmoste he loved of everychone,
And when this child was borne this Danao
Shope him a name, and callid hym Lino;
That othir brothir callid was Egiste,
That was of love as false as er him lifte;
And many' a daughter gate he in his life,
Of whiche he gate upon his righte wife
A daughter dere, and did her for to call
Hypermnestra, the youngist of 'hem all,
The whiche childe of her nativite
To alle gode thewis yborne was she,
As likid to the goddess or she was borne
That of the shefe she should be the corne:
The werdis that we clepin Destine
Hath shapin her that the must nedis be
Pitous, and sad, and wise, and true as stele;
And to this woman it accordith wele,
For though that Venus yave her grete beute
With Jupiter compownd so was she
That consience and trouthe, and drede of shame,
And of her wifehode for to kepe her name,
This thought her was felicitie as here:
And Red Mars was at that tyme of the yere
So feble that his malice is him rafte,
Repressid hath Venus his cruill craste,
And what with Venus and othir oppression
Of housis Mars his venime is adon,
That Hypermnestra dare not handle' a knife
In malice, though the shouldin lese her life;
But nathelasse as hevyn gan tho turne,
Two bad aspectis hath she of Saturne,
That made her for to dyin in prison;
And I shall astir makin mencion

As well I could, if that the life I find
This of all his dayes to and fro
The fable, The fable cannot not again
Me to the world there it is not certain
But I wet why ye complain not (good the)
For I was at any time to you to see
And of the gods that ye have known

Ye be not thinking to bere the pain
To mischief craft, I well make I find
Upon your image and your face
And on your face I will make I find
How could ye weep to be craft, (good the)
Maine craft I will make I find

HERE FOLOWETH
THE LEGENDE OF HYPERMNESTRA

Of Danao and Egiste also,
And though so be that thei were brethrin two,
For thilke tyme n'as sparid no linage,
It likid 'hem to makin mariage

Betwixt Hypermnestra and him Lino,
And castin in soche a daie it shall be so,
And full accordid was it uttirly,
The' arais was wrought, the tyme is faste by;
And thus Lino hath of his fathir's brother
The daughter wedded, and ech of 'hem hath othir:
The torchis brennin and the lampis bright,
The sacrificis ben full redy dight,
Th' enfence out of the fire out rekith fote,
The floure the lese, is rent up by the rote
To makin garlandis and crounis hie;
Full is the place of found of minftralcie,
Of songis amorous of mariage,
As thulke tyme was the plain usage;
And this was in the palseis of Egiste,
That in his hous was lord right as him lifte;
And thus that daie thei drivin to an ende,
The frendis takin leve, and home thei wend:
The night is come, the bride shall go to bed,
Egiste to his chamber fast him sped,
And privily he let his daughter call
When that the hous voidid was of 'hem all;
He lokith on his daughter with glade chere,
And to her spake as ye shall astir here:

My right daughter, the tresour of mine herte!
Sens first that daie that shapin was my sherte,
Or by the Fatale Sustir had my dome,
So nye myne herte nevyr thing ne come,
As thou my Hypermnestra, daughter dere!
Take hede what thy fathir sayith the here,
And werke astir thy wifir evirmo,
For aldirfirst daughter I love the so
That all the worlde to me n'is halfe so lese,
Ne I n'olde rede the to thy mischefe

For all the gode undir the coldè mone;
And what I mene it shal be said right sone,
With protestacion, as saine thesè wife,
That but thou doe as I shall the devise
Thou shalt be ded, by him that al hath wrought:
At shortè wordis, thou ne scapist nought
Out of my paleis or that thou be dede
But thou consent and werke aftrir my rede;
Take this to the for full conclusioun.
This Hypermnestra cast her eyin down,
And quoke as doeth the lefe of aspris grene,
Ded wext her hew, and like alshin to sene,
And sayid; I orde and fathir, all your will,
Aftir my might, God wote I shall fulfill,
So it be to me no confusioun.

I n'ill (quod he) have non exception,
And out he caught a knife as rafour kene;
Hide this (quod he) that it be nat ifene,
And when thine hufbonde is to bed ygo,
While that he slepith cut his throte atwo,
For in my dreame it is ywarnid me
How that my newewe shall my bane ybe,
But whiche I n'ot, wherefore I will be siker;
If thou saie naie we two shall have a biker,
As I have faied, by him that I have fworne.
This Hypermnestra' hath nigh her wit forlorn,
And for to passe harmelesse out of that place,
She grauntid him, there was non othir grace.
And therewithall a costrill takith he,
And faied, Hereof a draught or two, or thre,
Yeve him to drinke when he goith to reiste,
And he shall slepe as long as er the leste,
The narcotikes and apies ben so strong,
And go thy waie, lest that him thinke to long.
Out cometh the bride, and with full sobre chere,
As is of maidins oftin the manere,
To chambir brought with revil and with song:
And shortlie, leste this talè be to long,
This Lino and the beth bin brought to bed,
And every wight out at the dore him sped.
The night is wastid, and he fell allepe;
Full tendirly beginnith he to wepe;
She rist her up, and dredefully she quaketh,
As doeth the braunch that Zephyrus yshaketh;

And hufst were all in Aragonè that cite:
As colde as any froste now wexith the,
For pite by the herte strainid her so,
And drede of deth doith her so moche wo,
That thryis doune the fill; in foche a were
She risfe her up, and stekereth here and there,
And on her handis fastè lokith she;
Alas! quod she, shall myne handes blodie be!
I am a maidin, and by my nature,
And by my semblaunt, and by my vesture,
Myne haundis ben not shapin for a knife,
As for to revin no man fro his life:
What devill have I with the knife to do?
And shall I have my throte ycorve atwo?
Then shall I blede, alas! and be yshende:
And nedis of this thing mote have an ende;
Or he or I mote nedis lefe our life:
Now certis (quod she) sens I am his wife,
And hath my feithe, yet is it bette for me
For to be dedde in wisely honeste
Then be a traitour living in my shame:
Be as be maie, for ernest or for game,
He shall awake, and rise and go his waie
Out at this guttir er that it be daie;
And wept full tendirly upon his face,
And in her armis gan him to embrace,
And him she roggith and awakith soft;
And at the windowe lepe he fro the loft
When she hath warnid him and doen him bote.
This Lino swift ywas and light of fote,
And from his wife he ran a full gode pace:
This felie woman is so weke, alas!
And helplesse, so that er she ferrè went
Her cruill fathir did her for to hent.
Alas, Lino! why art thou so unkinde?
Why ne hast thou remembird in thy minde
And takin her and led her forthe with the?
For when the sawe that gone awaie was he,
And that she ne might not so fast ygo,
Ne folowin him, she fate doune right tho
Til she was caught and fettrid in prison;
This Tale is faied for this conclusioun.

A PRAISE OF WOMEN.

Al tho that lyfte of women ill to speke,
And fayn of 'hem worfe than they deserve,
I pray to God that ther neckis to breke,
Or on some yll dethe mote tho janglirs sterue,
For every man were holdin 'hem to serve,
And do 'hem worship, honour, and servise,
In every manir they best coude devise.

For we ought first to think on what manere
Thei bring us forth, and what pain thei endure
First in our byrth, and sith fro yere to yere
How busily they done ther busy cure
To kepe us fro every myfavinture
In our youthhed, whan that we have no might
Our selfe to kepe neythir by day nor night.

Alas! howe may we say on 'hem but wele
Of whom we were yofred and ybore,
And ben all our socoure, and trewe as stele,
And for our sake ful ofte they suffre fore?
Without women were al our joye ylore,
Wherefore we ought al women to obey
In al godenesse; I can no more ysay.

This is wel knowin, and hath ben or this;
That women ben the cause of al lightnesse,
Knighthode, norture, eschewing al malis,
Encrese of worship and of worthinesse,
Therto curteys meke, grounde of alle godenesse,
Glad and mery, and trewe in every wise
That any gentile hert can thinke or devise.

And though any would trust to your untruth,
And to your faire wordis would aught assent,
In gode faith methinkith it wer grete ruth
That othere' women shoud for ther gilt be sient
That ner knew ne wist nought of ther entent,
Ne list not to here the faire wordes ye write,
Whiche ye you paine fro daie to daie t' endite.

But who maie beware of your tales untrac
That ye so busilie painte and endite?
For ye will swerin that ye nevir knewe,
Ne sawe the woman neither moche ne lite,
Save only her to whom ye had delite
As for to serve of all that er ye sey,
And for her love must ye nedis dey.

Then wil ye swere that ye knew ner before
What Love was, ne his drefful obfervance,
But now ye felin that he can wounde fore,
Wherefore ye put you' into her govirnaunce

Whom Love hath ordeined you to serve and dople
saunce

With al your might your lityl liv'is space,
Whiche endith sone but if the doe you grace;
And then to bedde will ye you sone ydrawe,
And sone your selvis sicke ye will then fain,
And swerin fast your ladie hath you slawe,
And brought you sodainly in so high pain
That fro your deth maie no man you restrain,
With a danggerous loke of her eyin two,
That to your deth must ye nedis go.

Thus will ye morrie, thus will ye sighin fore,
As though your hert anon in two wold brest,
And swerin fast that ye maie live no more;
Myné owné ladie, that might if ye left
Bryngin myne herte somedele into rest,
As if you list mercie on me to have,
Thus your untrouth will evir mercie crave.

Thus woll ye plainin tho you nothing smerte
These innocent cretures for to begile,
And swere to 'hem so woundid is your herte
For love of them that ye maie live no while;
Scarlle so long as one might go a mile;
So hyith Deth to bryng you to an ende
But if your soverain lady list you' amende.

And if the comfort you in any wise
For routhe for pite' of your false othis sere,
So that the weneth it be as you devise,
And wenith your herte be as she maie here,
Thus to comfort and somewhat do you chere,
Then woll these janglirs deme of her full ill,
And faine ye have her fully at your will.

Lo, how redie ther tongis ben and prest
To spekin harme of women causilese!
Alas! why might ye not as well faie the best
As for to demin 'hem thus giltilese?
In your herte iwis there' is no gentllesse
That of your own gilt liste thus women fame;
Now by my trouthe me thinke ye be to blame;

For of women comith this worldly wele,
Wherefore we ought worship 'hem evirmore,
And though it mishap one we ought to hele,
For it is all thorough our false lore,
That daie and night we pain us evirmore
With many' an othe these women to begile
With false talis and many' a wickid wile.

And if falshe should be reckened and told
It nere in women iwis full trouthe were
Not as in men is by a thousande fold,
Fro all vicis iwis thei standin clere,
In any thing that er I could of here,
But if entilyng of these men it make,
That 'hem to flatteren connin nevir flake.

I would fain wete where evir ye coude here
Without mens tising women did amis;
There ye get 'hem ye lie fro yere to yere,
And many' a gabbyng ye make to 'hem iwis,
For I could nevir here ne knowen er this
Where evir ye coude finde in any place
That evir women besought you of grace.

There ye you painin with al your full might,
With all your herte and all your businesse,
To plesin 'hem aye both by daie and night,
Praying 'hem of ther grace and gentillesse
To have pite upon your grete distresse,
And that thei woldin on your pain have routh,
And sle you not, fithin ye mene but trouthe.

Thus maie sein that thei ben faultlesse,
And innocent to all your werkis sle;
And all your craftis that touchin falsnesse
Thei knowe 'hem not, ne maie 'hem not espie;
So swerin ye that ye must nedis die
But if thei woldin of ther womanhedde
Upon your trouthe rewe er that ye be dedde.

And then your lady and your hert is quene
Ye callin 'hem, and therewith ye sigh fore,
And saie, My ladie, I trowe that it be fene
In what plite that I have livid full yore,
But now I hope that ye wollin no more
In these pains suffre me for to dwell,
For of all godenesse iwis ye be the well.

Lo, whiche a paintid procelle can ye make
These harmlesse creturis for to begile!
And when thei slepe ye painin you to wake,
And to beghinke you' on many' a wickid wile;
But ye shal se the daie that ye shal curse the while
That ye so busily did your entent
'Hem to begile that falsshed nevir ment.

For this ye know wel, though I woulidin lie,
In women is all trouthe and stedfastnesse,
For in gode faithe I nevir of 'hem sic
But moche worship, bounte, and gentillesse,
Right commyng, faire, and full of mekenesse,
Gode and glad, and lowlie I you ensure,
Is this godelie and angelike cature.

And if it happe a man be in disese
She doeth her businesse and her full paine
With al her might him to comfort and plesse,
If fro his disese the might hym restrain:
In worde ne dede iwis she woll not faine;
With al her might she doth her businesse
To bryngin hym out of his hevinesse.

Lo, here what gentillesse these women have!
If we could knowe it for our rudenesse
How busie thei be us to kepe and save
Bothe in hele and also in sickenesse,
And alwaie right sorie for our distresse;
In every manir thus shewe thei routh,
That in 'hem is all godenesse and all trouthe.

And sith we find in 'hem gentillesse, trouthe,
Worship, bounte, and kindnesse, evirmore,
Let nevir this gentillesse through your slouth
In ther kinde trouthe be evir aught forlore
That in women is and hath ben full yore,
For in reverence of heaven's quene

We ought to worship all women that bene;

For of all catures that were get and borne
This wote ye well a woman was the best;
By her was recovered the blis we had borne,
And through that woman shal we come to rest
And ben isavid, if that our self left;
Wherefore me thinkith if that we had grace
We oughten honour women in every place.

Therefore I rede that to our liv'is ende,
Fro this time forth while that we havin space,
That we have trespassed pursue to amende,
Praying our Ladie, the welles of all grace,
To bryngin us unto that blisfull place
There as the' and all gode women shal be in fere,
In hevin above, among the angels clere.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCY.

M. Aleyne, Secretary to the King of France, formed this dialogue between a gentleman and a gentlewoman, who finding no mercy at her hand, dyeth for sorrow.

HALFE in a dreame, not fully well awaked,
The goldin Slepe me wrapped undir his wyng,
Yet not forthy I rose, and well nigh naked,
Al sodainly my self rememberyng
Of a mattir, levyng all othir thyng,
Which I must doe withoutin more delaie
For them whiche I ne durst not disobaie.

My charge was this, to translate by and by,
(All thyng forgive) as parte of my penaunce,
A booke callid *La bel Dame sans Mercy*,
Whiche Maistir Aleine made of remembrance,
Chief Secretarie with the Kyng of Fraunce;
And hereupon a while I stode musing,
And in my self greatly imaginynge

What wife I should perform the said proccesse
Consideryng by gode advysement
My unconnyng and my grete simpleness,
And ayenward the straite commaundement
Whiche that I had; and thus in myne entent
I was vexid and tournid up and downe,
And yet at last, as in conclusioun,

I cast my clothis on, and went my waie,
This foresaid charge having in remembrance,
Till I came to a lustie grene valaie
Full of flouris, to se a grete plesaunce,
And so boldly, with ther benigne suffraunce
Which redin this boke, touching this matere
Thus I began, if it plesse you to here.

Not long ago, ridyng an esie paas,
I fell in thought of joyful desperate,
With grete disese and pain, so that I was
Of all lovirs the most unfortunate,
Sith by his darte moste cruill full of hate
The Deth hath take my ladie and maistresse,
And left me sole, thus discomfite and mate,
Sore languishyng and in waie of distresse.

Then said I thus, It fallith me to cesse
Eithir to rime or ditees for to make,
And surely to makin a full promesse
To laugh no more, but wepe in clothis blake
My joyfull tyme (alas!) now doeth it flake,
For in my self I fele no manir ese,
Let it be written, soche fortune (as I take)
Which neithir me nor non othir doth plesse.

If it were so my wyll or myne entent
Constrainid were a joyfull thing to write,
My penne could nevyr knowin what it ment,
To speke thereof my tongue hath no delite;
Tho with my mouthe I laugh mochil or lite
Mine eyin should make a countenance untrue,
My herte also would have therof despite,
The wepyng teris have so large issue.

These sicke lovirs I leve that to 'hem longes,
Which lede ther life in hope of elegeaunce,
This is to faie, to make balades and songes
Every of 'hem as thei fele ther grevaunce,
For the that was my joye and my plesaunce,
Whose soule I praie God of his mercie save!
She hath my will, myne hert's ordinance,
Which lyth here within this tombe igrave.

For this tyme forthe tyme is to hold my pees;
It werieth me this mattir for to trete;
Let othir lovirs put 'hem selfe in prees,
Their selson is, my tyme is now forgette;
Fortune by strength the forcir hath unshete
Wherein was sperde all my worldly richesse,
And all the godis which that I have gete
In my best tyme of youth and lustinesse.

Love hath me kept undir his goviraunce;
If I misdid God graunt me forgivenessse!
If I did well yet felt I no plesaunce,
It causid neithir joye nor bevinnesse,

For when the dyd that was my maistres
My welfare then ymade the same purchase;
The Deth hath thette my bondis of witnesse,
Which for nothing myne hert shal nevir pase.

In this grete thought fore troublid in my mind,
Alone thus rode I all the morrow tide,
Till at the last it happid me to finde
The place wherein I cast me to abide
When that I had no furthir for to ride,
And as I went my lodgyng to purvaie
Right sone I herd a litle me beside,
In a gardin, where minstrels gan to plaie:

With that anone I went me backir more,
My self and I, me thought we were inow,
But twaine that wer my frendis here before
Had me espied, and yet I wote not how
Thei came for me; awaiewarde I me drowe,
Somwhat by force, somewhat by ther request,
That in no wise I could my self rescowe,
But nedis I must come in and se the fest.

At my commyng the ladies everichone
Bad me welcome, God wote so gentillie,
And made me chere every one by one
A grete dele bettir than I was worthie,
And of ther grace shewed me grete curtise
With gode disport, bicause I should not mourne:
That daie I bode still in ther companie,
Whiche was to me a gracious sojourn.

The bordis were spred in right lityl space,
The ladies sat eche as she semid best;
There were no dedly servautes in the place,
But chosin men, right of the godelyest,
And some there wer, peraventure most freshest,
That sawin ther judgis right full demure,
Withoutin semblaunt eithir to moste or lest,
Notwithstandyng thei had 'hem undir cure.

Emong all othir one I gan espie
Which in grete thought ful oftin came and went,
As one that had ben ravished uttirly,
In his language not gretly diligent;
His countenance he kept with grete turment,
But his desire farre passid his reson,
For er his eye went astir his entent
Full many a tyme when it was no feson.

To makin chere forely hymself he pained,
And outwardly he fainid grete gladnesse;
To sing also by force he was constrained,
For no plesaunce but verie shamefastnesse,
For the complainte of his moste hevinesse
Came to his voice alwaie without request,
Like as the soun of birdis doeth expresse
When thei sing loude in fritte or in forest.

Othir there were that servid in the hall,
But none like hym, as astir myne advise,
For he was pale, and somewhat lene withall,
His speche also tremblid in ferfull wise,
And er alone but when he did serve;
All blacke he were, and no devise but plain;
Me thought by him, as my witte coud suffice,
His herte was nothyng in his owne remain.

To fest 'hem all he did his diligence,
And well he coud, right as it semid me,
But evirmore when he was in presence
His chere was doep, it n'olde none othir be;

His scholemaistir had soche authorite
That all the while he bode still in that place
Speke cou'd he not, but upon her beaute
He lokid still with a right pitous face.

With that his hedde he tournid at the last,
For to beholde the ladies everichone,
But er in one he set his eye stedfast
On her whiche that his thought was moste upon,
For of his eyen the shot I knewe anone,
Which ferfull was, with right humble requestes;
Then to my self I saied, by God alone
Soche one was I or that I sawe these jesses, I o'f

Out of the prese he went full esly
To make stable his hevie countenance,
And wote ye well he sighid wondirly
For his sorowes and wofull remembrance,
Then in hymself he made his ordinance,
And forthwithall came to bryng in the messe,
But for to judge his moste wofull penance
God wote it was a pitous entremesse.

Astir dinir anone thei 'hem avauced
To daunce above the folk everichone,
And forthwithal this hevie man he daunced
Somtime with twaine and somtims with one;
Unto 'hem all his chere was astirone,
Now here, now there, as fell by avinture,
Bur er among he drew to her alone
Whiche that he moste drede of livyng creature.

To mine advise gode was his purveiance
When he her chose to his maistresse alone,
If that her herte were set to his plesaunce
As moche as was her beauteous persone,
For who forevir setteth his trust upon
The report of the eyen withoutin more
He might be dedde and gravin undir stone
Or he should his hertis ese restore.

In her failid nothyng that I coud gesse
One wise nor othir, privie nor aperte;
A garison she was of godelinesse,
To make a frontier for a lovirs herte;
Right yong and freshe, a woman full coverte,
Aflurid wele of porte and eke of chere,
Wel at her ese, withoutin wo or finerte,
All underneth the standerde of Dangere.

To se the fest it weried me full sore,
For hevie joye doeth fore the herte travaille,
Out of the prese I me withdrawe therfore,
And set me doune alone behinde a traile
Full of levis, to se a grete mervaile,
With grene wrethis lboundin wondirly,
The levis were so thicke withoutin faile
That thoroughout no man might me espie.

To this ladie he came full curtisly
When he thought time to daunce with her a trace,
Set in an herbir made full plesantly,
Thei resid 'hem fro thens but lityl space,
Nigh 'hem were none of a certain compage,
But onely thei, as farre as I coud se;
Save the traile there I had ychose my place
Ther was no more betwene 'hem two and me.

I herd the lovir sighyng wondir fore,
For aie the more the sorir it hym fought,
His inward paine he coud not kepe in store,
Nor for-to speke sq hardie was he nought;

His leche was nere, the greetir was his thought: I
He mused sore to conquer his desire, I
For no man maie to more pteuance be brought
Then in his hete to bryng hym to the fire. I

The herte began to swell within his chest,
So fore strainid for anguisse and for pain, I
That all to petis almofte it to brest, I
When both at ones so fore it did constrain, I
Desire was bolde, but shame it gan refrain, I
That one wys large, the othir was full close; I
No little charge was laied on hym certain: I
To kepe soche weyre and have so many soles. I

Full oftyn times to speke himself he pained,
But shamefastnesse and drede saied evir naie, I
Yet at the last so fore he was constrained, I
When he full long had put it in delais, I
To this ladie right thus then gan he saie, I
With dredefull voice, wepyng, halfe in a rage; I
For me was purveyed an unhappie dajour, I
When I first had a sight of your visage. I

I suffre pain, God wote, full hote brenning,
To cause my deth, all for my true servise, I
And I se well ye recke thereof nothing, I
Nor take no hede of it in no kinde wise, I
But when I speke astir any best advise, I
Ye reke it nought, but make thereof a gamey, I
And though I sewe so grete an entirprise, I
Yet peirith not your worship nor your fame. I

Alas! what should it be to you prejudice I
If that a man doe love you faithfully, I
To your worship eschewing every vice, I
So I am yours, and will be verily; I
I challenge nought of right, and reson why, I
For I am whole submit to your service; I
Right as you list it be right so will I, I
To binde my self where I was in franchise. I

L'amant.
Though it be so that I can not deserve
To have your grace, but alwaie live in drede, I
Yet suffre me you for to love and serve
Without maugre of your moste godelihe; I
Both faith and trowth I give your womanhede
And my service without any callyng;
Love hath me bound withoutin wage or mede
To be your man and leve all othir thyng.

La Dame.
When this ladie had herd al this language
She gave answer full soft and demurely, I
Without chaungyng of colour or corage,
Nothing in hast, but full mesurably; I
Me thinkith, Sir, your thought is grete foly;
Purpose ye nought your labour for to cese,
For thinkith not whillis ye live and I
In this mattir to set your herte in pefe.

L'amant.
Ther maie none make the pece but onely ye,
Which are the ground and cause of all this war, I
For with your eyen the lettirs writtin be
By whiche I am defied and put asarre; I
Your pleisant loke, my very lodestare, I
Was made herade of thilke same defaunce
Whiche utterly behight me for to barre
My faithfull trust and all myne affyaunce.

La Dame.
To live in wo he hath grete fantasie,
And of his hert also but slipper holde, I
That onely for beholdyng of an eye
Can not abide in pece, as reson wolde; I
Other or me if ye list ye maie beholde;
Our eyen are made to loke, why should we spare?
I take no kepe neithir of yong ne elde;
Who felith smart I counsaile hym beware.

L'amant.
If it be so one hurte on othir fore
In his defaute that felith the grevaunce, I
Of very right a man may do no more,
Yet reson would it were in remembrance, I
And fith Fortune onely by her chaunce
Hath causid me to suffre all this pain
By your beaunie, with all the circumstance,
Why list ye have me in so grete disdain?

La Dame.
To your persone ne have I no disdain,
Nor nevir had trueclie, ne nought will have, I
Nor right grete love nor hatred in certain,
Nor your counsaile to knowe so God me save; I
If that soche love be in your minde igrave,
That lityl thyng maie doe you displeaunce,
You to begile or make you for to rave,
I will not causin no soche encombraunce.

L'amant.
What er it be that me hath thus purchafed
Weynyng hath not decevid me certain, I
But fervent love so fore hath me ichafed,
That I unware am castin in your chaine; I
And fith so is, as Fortune list ordaine,
All my welfare is in your handis fall,
In eschewing of more mischevous paine
Who sonist dieth his care is left of all.

La Dame.
This sicknesse is right esse to endure,
But fewe people it causith for to die, I
But what thei mene I knowe it very sure,
Of more comfort to drawe the remedie; I
Soche be there now plainyng fall pitouslie,
That fele, God wote, not althir gretist pain;
And if so be love hurte so grevoulle,
Lesse harme it wer one sorowful then twain.

L'amant.
Alas! Madame, if that it might you plect,
Moche bet it were by waie of gentillesse, I
Of one sorie to make twain well at ese
Then hym to destroe that liveth in distresse, I
For my desire is neithir more nor lesse
But my service to doe for your pleasaunce;
In eschewing all manir doulhenesse
To make two joies in stede of one grevaunce.

La Dame.
Of love I seke neithir pleasaunce nor ese,
Nor have I therein no grete affyaunce; I
Though ye be sick it doeth me nothing plect,
Also I take no hede of your pleasaunce;
Chefe who so will ther hertis to avaunce,
Free am I now and fre will I endure;
To be rulid by mann's govinaunce
For yerthly gode naie, that I you enquire.

L'amant.

Love, which that joy and sorow doth depart,
Hath set the ladies out of all servage;
And largely doeth graunt 'hem for ther part
Lordship and rule of every maner of age;
The pore servaunt nought hath of advantage
But what he maie get onely by purchesse,
And he that ones to Love doeth his homage
Full oftyn tymes dere bought is the richesse.

La Dame.

Ladies, be not so simple; thus I mene;
So dull of witte, so fottid in folie,
That for wordis which said be of the splene;
In faire language paintid full pleautlie,
Whiche ye and mo holde scholis of dailie,
To make 'hem all grète wondris to suppose,
But sone thei can awaie their heddis wrie,
And to faire speche lightly ther eris closo.

L'amant.

There is no man that janglith busilie,
And setteth his herte and al his minde therfore,
That by reson maie plain so pitoullie
As he that bath moche heviness in store;
Whose hedde is whole and faiech that it is fore
His fainid chere is harde to kepe in mewe,
But thought, whiche is unfainid evirmore,
The workis previth as the wordis shewe.

La Dame.

Love is subtile, and hath a grète awaite,
Sharp in working, in gabbing grète pleausance;
And can hym venge of soche as by disceite
Would fele and knowe his secrete govinaunce,
And makith 'hem to' obeie his ordinaunce
By cherefull waies, as in 'hem is supposed,
But when thei fallin into repentaunce
Then in a rage ther counsaile is disclosed.

L'amant.

Sith for as moche as God and eke Nature
Hath avaucid love to so hie degre,
Moche sharpe is the point, thus am I right sure,
Yet grevith more the faute, where er it be;
Who bath no colde of hete bath no deinte;
The' one for that othir alkid is expresse;
And of pleausance knowith none certainte
But it be one in thought and heviness.

La Dame.

As for pleausance; it is not alwaie one;
That you think swete I think it bittir pain;
Ye maie not me constrain, nor yet right none,
Alir your luste to love; that is but vain;
To chalenge love by right was never sein,
But herte assent, before bonde and promise,
For strength and force ne maie not er attain
A will that standeth enfeidd in franchise.

L'amant.

Right faire laide! God mote I never plesse
If that I seke othir right in this case
But for to shewe you plainly my disese,
And your mercie to abide and eke your grace;

VOL. I.

If I purpose your honour to deface,
Or evir did, God and Fortune me shende,
And that I ner unrightfully purchase
One onelic joye unto my liv'is ende.

La Dame.

Ye and othir that swere soche othis faste,
And so condempne and cursin to and fro,
Full sikirly ye weene your othis laste
No lengir then the wordis ben ago,
And God and eke his fainctis laugh also;
In soche sweryng there is no stedfastnesse,
And these wretchis that have ful trust thereto
Aftir thei wepe and wailin in diffresse.

L'amant.

He hath no courage of a man truelie
That sechith pleausance worship to dispeise,
Nor to be callid, for he' is not worthie
The yerth to touch, the aire in no kind wise,
A trustie herte, a mouthe without feintise,
Thus by the strength of every manir name,
And who that laieth his faith for little prife
He lefith both his worship and his fame.

La Dame.

A curfid herte, a mouthe that is curteise,
Full well ye wote thei be not accordyng,
Yet fainid chere right sone maie 'hem apeise,
Where of malice is set all ther workyng,
Full false semblaunt thei bere and true femyng,
Ther name, ther fame, ther tonguis, ben but fained,
Worship in 'hem is put in forgettyng,
Nought repentid, nor in no wife complained.

L'amant.

Who thinkith ill no gode maie him besall,
God of his grace graunt eche man his desert;
But for his love emong your thoughtis all
As thinke upon my wofull sorowes smert,
For of my paine whether your tendir hert
Of swete pitie be not therewith agreved,
And of your grace to me were discovert,
That by your mene sone should I be releved.

La Dame.

A lightfome herte, a folie of pleausance,
Are moche bettir the lesse while thei abide,
Thei make you think and bring you in a trauance,
But that sikenesse will sone be remedide;
Respite your thought, and put all this aside;
Full gode disporte ywerieth me all daie;
To helpe nor hurte my will is not aplide;
Who throweth me not I let hym passe awaie.

L'amant.

Who hath a birde, a faucon, or a hounde,
That soloweth hym for love in every place,
He cheriseth him and kepith him ful found,
Out of his sight he will not hym enchate,
And I, that set my wittis in this case
On you alone, withoutin any change,
Am put undir, moche farthir out of grace,
And lesse set by, then othir that be straunge.

F f

La Dame.

Though I make chere to every man about
For my worship and for myne own franchise,
To you I nill doe so withoutin doubt,
In eichewyng all manir prejudise,
For wote ye well Love is so litle wise,
And in bيلهve so tightly will be brought,
That he takith all at his owne devise
Of thing God wote that servith him of nought.

L'amant.

It I by love and by my true servise
Lesse the gode chere that straungirs have alwaie
Whereof shall serve my trouthe in any wise
Lesse then to him that cometh and goeth al daie,
Whiche holdeth of you nothing, that is no naie?
Also in you is loth, as to my temyng,
All curtise, whiche of reson will saie
That Love for love were lawfull desyng.

La Dame.

Curtise is alyd wondir nere
To worship, whiche hym lovith tendirly,
And he will not be bounde for no praire,
Nor for no giftes, I saie you verily,
But his gode chere depart full largily
Where hym lykith, as his conceit will fall;
Guerdon constrained, a gift doen thankfully,
These twain can ner accord, nor nevyr thal.

L'amant.

As for guerdon, I seke none in this case,
For that deserite to me it is to hie,
Wherefore I aske your pardon and your grace,
Sith me belovith deth or your mercede;
To give the gode where it wantith truly
That were reson and a curtise manere,
And to your own moche bettir were worthy
Then to straungirs to shew hem lovely chere.

La Dame.

What cal ye gode? fain would I that I wist;
That plesith one an othir smertith fore,
But of his owne to large is he that list
Give moche and lesin his gode name therfore;
One should not make a graunt, litle ne more,
But the request were right well accordyng;
If worship be not kept and set before
All that is lesse is but a litle thyng.

L'amant.

Into this worlde was foundin nevyr none,
Nor undir hevin creature ibere,
Nor nevyr shall, save onely your persone,
To whom your worship touchith halfe so fore
But me, whiche have no feson lesse ne more
Of youth ne age but fill in your service;
I have no eyen, no wit, nor mouthe, in store,
But all be givin to the same office.

La Dame.

A ful grete charge hath he withoutin faile
That his worship kepith in skirnesse,
But in daungir he settith his travail
That fessith it with othirs busynesse;

To hym that longith honour and noblese
Upon none othir should not be awaite,
For of his owne so moche hath he the lesse
That of othir moche foloweth the conceite.

L'amant.

Your eyen hath set the print which that I seke
Within my herte, that where so er I go
If I doe thyng that sounith unto wele
Nedes must it cum from you and fro no mo;
Fortune will this, that I for wele or wo
My life endure, your mercy abyding,
And verie right will that I thinke also
Of your worship above all othir thyng.

La Dame.

To your worship se wel, for that is nedee,
That ye spende not your feson all in vain;
As touchyng myne I rede you take no hede,
By your follie to put your selfe in pain;
To overcome is gode and to restrain
An herte which is deceivd follie;
For Worke it is to breke then bowe certain;
Bettr to bowe then to fall sodainly.

L'amant.

Now, faire ladie! thinke sith it first began
That Love hath set mine herte undir his cure
It nevyr might, ne truelie I ne can,
None othir serve while I shall here endure,
In most fre wife thereof I make you sure,
Which maie not be withdraw, this is no naie;
I must abide all manir adventuere,
For I ne maie put to nor take awaie.

La Dame.

I holde it for no gift in sothfastnesse
That one ossirith where it is forlake,
For soche a gifte is abandonyng expresse,
That with worship ayen maie not be take;
He hath an herte full fell that list to make
A gift lightlie that put is to refuse,
But he is wise that soche conceit will flake,
So that hym nede neithir studie ne muse.

L'amant.

He should not muse that hath his service spent
On her whiche is a ladie honourable,
And if I spende my time to that entent
Yet at the lest I am not reprovable
Of fainid harte, to thinke I am unable,
Or I mistoke when I made this request,
By whiche Love hath of enterprise notable
So many hertis gotin by conquest.

La Dame.

If that ye liste doe astir my counsaile
Seche a fair and of more highir fame,
Whiche in service of love will you prevaile,
Astir your thought, accordyng to the same;
He hurthith bothe his worship and his name,
That follily for twain himself will trouble,
And he also lesith his astir game
That surely can not set his poineis double.

L'amant.

This your counsaile, I ought that I can se,
Is better said than doen, to myne advise,
Though I beleve I cannot forgive it me:
Mine herte is soche, so whole without feintise,
That I ne maie give credence in no wise
To thyng whiche is not foundyng unto truth:
Othir counsaile I se is but fantasie
Save of your grace to shewe pitie and ruth.

La Dame.

I holde hym wise that workith no folie,
And when hym self can leve and part therfro,
But in conyng he is to lerne truelie
That would himself conduite and can not so;
And he that will not affir counsaile doe
His sute he putteth into desperaunce,
And all the gode that shoud fyall hym to
Is lost and dedde cleane out of remembraunce.

L'amant.

Yet well I shewe this matir faillfullie
Whillis I live, what evir be my chaunce,
And if it hap that in my trithe I die
Then deth shall doe to me no displeaunce,
But when that I by your hard sufferance
Shall die so true, and with to grete pain,
Yet shall it doe me moche the lesse grovaunce
Then for to live a false lovyr certain.

La Dame.

Of me get ye right noght, this is no fable,
I will to you be neither hard nor straite,
And right will not no man customable
To thinke ye should be sure of my conceite;
Who seith forowe his be the recite;
Othir counsaile can I not se nor se,
Nor for to lerne I cast me not to aweite,
Who will thereof let him assaie for me.

L'amant.

Ones must it be assaied, that is no naie,
With soche as be of reputacion,
And of true love the right honour to paie
Of fre hartis gottin by due raunsome,
For frewil holdith this opinion,
That it is grete durelle and discomforte
To kepe a herte in so straite a prison
That hath but one bodie for his disporte.

La Dame.

I knowe so many causis marvellous
That I must nede of reson thinke certain
Soche avinture is wondir perillous,
And yet well more the coming backe again,
Gode or worship thereof is seldome sene,
Where I ne will make any soche arae,
As for to finde a pleasaunce but baraine
When it shall cost so dere the first assaie.

L'amant.

Ye have no cause to doubt of this matter,
Nor you to move with no soche fantasie,
To put me farre all out as a straunger,
For your godenesse can thinke and well advise

That I have made aprise in every wise,
By whiche my trithe sheweth opin evidence;
My long abiding and my true service
Maie well be known by plain experience.

La Dame.

Of verie right he maie be callid true,
And so must he be take in every place,
That can discern and let as he ne knewe,
And kepe the gode if he it maie purchase,
For who that praith or swereth in any case
Right well ye wote in that no trouthe is preved;
Soch hath there ben and are that gettin grace,
And lest it sone when they have it achieve.

L'amant.

If trithe me cause, by verue for rain,
To shewe gode love and alwaie find contrarie,
And cherishe the whiche fleeth me with the pain,
This is to me a lovely adverstie,
When that Pitie, whiche long on slepe doth tarie,
Hath set the fine of all my heviness,
Yet her comfort, to me mooste necessary,
Shall set my will more sure in stableness.

La Dame.

The woful wight what maie he think or say,
The contrarie of all joye and gladnesse,
A sicke bodie, his thought is ferre alwaie
From hem that sefin no fore nor sickenesse;
Thus hurtis ben of divers businesse,
Whiche love hath put unto grete hinderaunce,
And trithe also put in forgetfulness,
When thei full fore begin to sigh askaunce.

L'amant.

Now God defende but he be harmelesse
Of all worship or gode that maie befall
That to werit tournith by his leudenesse
A gift of grace or any thyng at all
That his ladie vouchsafe upon hym call,
Or cherish hym in honourable wise;
In that defaute what er he be that fall
Deservith more than deth to suffre twise.

La Dame.

There is no judge ifet on soche trespase,
By whiche of right love maie recovered be,
One cursith fast, an othir doth minace,
Yet dyith none, as farre as I can se,
But kepe ther course alwaie in one degre,
And evirmore ther labour doeth encrese
To bryng ladies, by ther grete subtilte,
For othirs gilte, in forowe and disce.

L'amant.

All be it so one doeth so grete offence
And is not dedde nor put to no justice,
Right well I wote hym gainith no defence,
But he must ende in full mischevous wise,
And all ever saied God will hym dispise,
For falsheid is all full of cursidnesse,
That his worship may ner have entirprise
Where it reignith and hath the wilfulness.

L'Amant.

Of that have thei no grete fere now a daile,
Soche as will saie and maintain it thereto,
That stedfast truthe nothing for to praise
In 'hem that kepe it long in wele or wo,
Their busie hertie passin to and fro,
Thei be so well reclaimid to the lure,
So well lernid 'hem to withholde also,
And al to change when love should best endure.

L'Amant.

When one hath set his herte in stable wise
In soche a place as is bothe gode and true
He should not flit, but doe forthe his service
Alwaie withoutin change of any newe:
As sone as love beginnith to remewe
All plesauce goeth anone in lily space;
As for my partie that shall I eschue
While that the soule abidith in his place.

L'Amant.

To love truely there as it ought of right
Ye maie not be mistakin doubtlesse,
But ye be foule discevid in your fight
By your light understanding as I gesse,
Yet maie we well repele your businesse,
And unto reson have some attendaunce,
Moche bettir than to abide by simplices
The feble foccours of disperaunce.

L'Amant.

Reson, counsaile, wisedome, and gode advise,
Ben undir love arrestid everichone,
To whiche I can accorde in every wise,
For thei ben not rebell but still as stone;
Ther will and myne be medlid all in one,
And therewith boundin with so strong a chain,
That as in 'hem departyng shall be none,
But pitie breke the mightie bonde atwain.

L'Amant.

Ye love not your self, what evir ye be,
That in love stande subject in every place,
And of your wo if ye have no pite
Othirs pite bileve not to purchase,
But be fullie assured, as in this cace,
I am alwaie undir one ordinaunce;
To havin bettir trust not astir grace,
And all that levith take to your plesauce.

L'Amant.

I have my hope so sure and so stedfast
That soche a ladie should not lacke pitie,
But now, alas! it is flit up so fast
That Daungir sheweth on me his crueltie,
And if she se the virtue faile in me
Of true service, though she doe faile also
No wondir were; but this is my furete,
I must suffre whiche waie that er it go.

L'Amant.

Leve this purpose, I rede you for the best,
For the lengir ye kepe it is in vain,
The lesse ye get as of your hert's rest,
And to rejoyce it shall you ner attain;

When ye abide gode hope to make you fain
Ye shall be founde asottid in dotage,
And in the ende ye shall knowe for certain
That hope shall paie the wretchis for ther wage.

L'Amant.

Ye saie as fallith moste for your plesauce,
And your powir is grete, all this I se,
But hope shall ner out of my remembraunce,
By whiche I sele so grete adversite,
For when Nature hath set in you plente
Of all godenesse, by vertue and by grace,
He ner assemblid 'hem, as semid me,
To put Pitie out of his dwellyng place.

L'Amant.

Pitie of right ought to be resonable,
And to no wight do grete disavauntage,
There as is nede it should be profitable,
And to the pitous shewyng no damage:
If a ladie will doe so grete outrage
To shewe pitie and cause her owne debate,
Of soche pitie comith dispitous rage,
And of soche love also right dedly hate.

L'Amant.

To comfort 'hem that live all comfortlesse
That is no harme, but comfort to your name,
But ye that have a herte of soche durefesse,
And a faire ladie, I must affirme the same,
If I durst saie, ye winne all this defame
By crueltie, whiche fittith you full ill,
But if pitie, whiche maie all this attain,
In your high herte maie rest and tary fill.

L'Amant.

What er he be that saith he lovith me,
And paraventure I leve well it be so,
Ought he be wrothe, or should I blamid be,
Though I did not as he would have me doe?
If I medlid with soche or othir moe
It might be callid pitie mercilesse,
And aftirward if I should live in wo
Then to repent it were to late I gesse.

L'Amant.

O marble herte! and yet more harde perde,
Whiche mercie maie not perce for no labour,
More strong to bowe then is a mighty tre,
What availeth you to shewe so grete rigour!
Pleseth it you more to se me die this hour
Before your eyen, for your disport and plaie,
Then for to shewe some comfort and foccours
To respite deth, whiche chastith me alwaie?

L'Amant.

Of your diseafe ye may have allegeaunce,
And as for myne I let it ovir slake,
Also ye shall not die for my plesauce,
Nor for your hele I can no furetie make;
I will not hurte my self for othirs sake;
Wepe thei, laugh thei, or sing thei, I waraunt
For this mattir so will I undirtake
That none of 'hem shall make therof avaunt.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCY.

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L'amant.

I can not skill of love by God alone,
I have more cause to wepe in your presence,
And well ye wote avauntour am I none,
For certainly I love bettir silence:
One should not love by his hert's credence,
But he were sure to kepe it secretlie,
For a vauntour is of no revèrence
When that his tongue is his moste enemie.

La Dame.

Male bouch in court hath grete commaundement,
Eche man studieth to saie the worst he maie,
These false lovins in this tyme now present
Thei servin best to jangle as a jaie;
The moste secrete iwis yet some men saie
How he mistrustid is in some partise,
Wherefore to ladies when men speke or saie
It should not be bilevid in no wise.

L'amant.

Of gode and ill shall be and is alwaie,
The world is soche; *The yerth is not al plain*;
Thei that be gode the prose sheweth every daie,
And othir wise grete villonie certain;
It's not reson though one his tongue distain
With cursid speche to doe hymself a shame
That soche refuse should wrongfully remain
Upon the gode renomid in ther fame.

La Dame.

Soch as be nought, when thei here tidinges new
That eche trespas shall lightly have pardon,
Thei that pursuin to be gode and true
Will not set by none ill disposicion,
To continue' in every gode condicion
Thei are the first that fallin in damage,
And full frely the hertis habandon
To lityl faithe with soft and faire language.

L'amant.

Now knowe I well of verie certainte
If one doe truelie yet shall he be shente,
Sith all manir of justice and pite
Is banished out of a ladies entente;
I can not se but all is at one stente,
The gode, the ill, the vice, and eke the virtue;
Soche as be gode soche have the punishmente
For the trespas of 'hem that live untrue.

La Dame.

I have no powir you to do grevaunce,
Nor to punishe none othir creature,
But to eschewin the more encombraunce,
To kepe us from you all I hold it sure,
For False Semblaunce bath a face full demure,
Lightlie to catche these ladies in a waite,
Wherefore we must, if we will here endure,
Make right gode watch: lo! this is my conceite.

L'amant.

Sith that of grace a godely worde not one
Maie now be had, but alwaie kept in store,
I' appele to God, for he maie here my mone,
Of the durese which grevith me so fore,

And of pite I complaine furthirmore,
Whiche he forgate in all his ordinaunce,
Or els my life to have endid before,
Whiche so sone am put out of remembraunce.

La Dame.

My herte nor I have doen you no forfeite
By whiche ye should complaine in any kinde;
Nothyng hurtith you but your own conceite;
Be judge your self, for so ye shall it finde:
Thus alwaie let this sinke into your minde
That your desire shall ner recovered be;
Ye noye me fore in wasyng all this winde,
For I have saied enough, as semith me.

This wofull man rose up in all his paine,
And departid with wepyng countinaunce,
His wofull herte almoite to braste in twaine,
Full like to die, walkyng forthe in a trauance,
And sayid, Deth, come forthe, thy self avaunce,
Or that myne herte forget his propertie,
And make shortir all this wofull penaunce
Of my pore life, full of adversitie

Fro thens he went, but whichir wist I nought,
Nor to what part he drewe in sothfastnesse,
But he no more was in his ladie's thought,
For to the daunce anone she gan her dresse;
And astirward one tolde me thus expresse,
He rent his heer for anguise and for pain,
And in hymself toke so grete hevinessse
That he was dedde within a daie or twain.

L'ENVOY.

The true lovins thus I besche you all
Soche adventures flie 'hem in every wise,
And as peple defamid ye 'hem call,
For thei truelie do you grete prejudice
His castelles strong stuffid with ordinaunce,
For thei have had long tyme by their office
The whole cuntry of Love in obeisaunce.

And ye ladies, or what estate ye be,
Of whom Worship hath choise his dwellyng place,
For Godd's love doe no soche cruellie,
Nor in no wise ne folowe not the trace
Of her that here is namid right wifely,
Whiche by reson me semith in this case
Maie be callid *La belle Dame sans Mercy.*

Go, lityl Boke, God fende the gode passage!
Chese well thy waie, be simple of manere,
Loke thy clothyng be like thy pilgrimage,
And specially let this be thy priere
Unto 'hem all that the will rede or here,
Where thou art wrong after ther helpe to call
The to correcte in any parte or all.

Praie 'hem also with thine humble servise
Thy holdenesse to pardon in this case,
For els thou art not able in no wise
To make thy self appere in any place;
And furthirmore besche 'hem of ther grace
By ther favour and supportacion,
To take in gre this rude Translacion,

The which God wote standith full destitute
Of eloquence, of metre, and colours,
Like as a best nakid without refute

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LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCY.

Upon a plain to abide all manir showers:
I can no more but alke of 'hem focours
At whose request thou wer made in this wise,
Commaunding me with body and serfife.
Right thus I make an ende of this proffes,
Besefchyng hym that all hath in balauce

That no true man be void canſeſſe
As this man was, whiche is of remembrance;
And all that doen ther faithfull obſervance,
And in ther trouth purpoſe 'hem to endure
I praie God ſende 'hem bettir aſſurance.

THE ASSEMBLE OF LADIES.

A gentlewoman dreameth that she seeth a gréate number of Ladies put up their billes of complaint before a judge, who promifeth to relieue their grieuances.

In September, at the fallinge of the lefe,
The freshe feson was altogidir done,
And of the corne was gathirid the shefe,
In a gardine, aboute twayne afir none,
Ther were Ladies walking, as was ther wone,
Foure in nombre, as to my minde doth fall,
And I the fiftie, the simplist of 'hem al.

Of gentilwomen faire there were also
Disporting 'hem everiche afir her gife,
In crosse aleis walking by two and two,
And some alone, afir ther fantasies;
Thus occupied we were in diuerse wise,
And yet in trouthe we were nat al alone,
Ther werin knights and squiris many one.

Whereof I served? one of 'hem askid me:
I said ayen, as it fel in my thought,
To walke aboute the mase in certainte,
As a hedeles woman that nothing rought.
He askid me ayen whom that I sought,
And of my colour why I was so pale?
Forsothe (quod I) and therby lithe a tale.

That must me wete, (quod he) and that anone;
Tel on, let se, and make no taryng,
Abide, (quod I) ye ben a halle one;
I let you wete it is no lityl thing,
But for bicause ye have a grete longing
In your desire this proceffe for to here
I thal you tel the plaine of this matere.

It happid thus' that in an astirnone
My felauship and I by one assent,
Whan al othir besinnis were done,
To passe our time into this mase we went,
And toke our waies eche afir our entent,
Some went inward and went they had gon out,
Some stonde in the mid and loked all about.

And, soth to say, some were ful fenne behinde,
And right anon as ferforth as the best,
Othir ther were so masid in ther minde
Al waies were gode for 'hem both est and west;
Thus went they forth and had but lityl rest,
And some ther courage dyd 'hem fore assaile,
For very wrathe they dyd step o'er the raile;

And as they fought 'hem selvin to and fro,
I gate my self a lityl avauntage,
Al forweried I might no furthir go,
Though I had won right grete for my viage,
So came I forthe into a straite passage,
Which brought me to an herbir faire and grene,
Ymade with benchis ful crafty and clene;
That as me thoughtin there might no cature
Devise a bette by dewe proporcious,
Safe it was clofid wel I you ensure,
With masonrye of compace enviroun,
Ful secretly with stairis goyng down
In myddes the place with turning whele certain,
And upon that a potte of margelaine,

With margerettes growinge in ordinaunce
To shewe 'hem selfe as folke went to and fro,
That to beholde it was a grete plessaunce,
And how they were accompainid with mo,
Ne momblifnesse and sonenesse also,
The poure penis were not dislogid there,
Ne, God wote ther place was every where.

The flore and bench was pavid faire and smothe
With stonis square of many divers weys,
So wel joynid that for to say the soth
Al semid one, that no one othir knewe,
And undirnith the stremis newe and newe,
As silvir bright, springing in soche a wise,
That whence it came ye coude it not devise.

A lityl while ywas I al alone
Beholding wel this delectable place,
My felawship were coming everichone,
So muste we nedis abyde for a space,
Remembiring of many divers cace
Of tyme ypassid yore with sighis depe,
I set me downe, and there I fel aslepe.

And as I slept me thought there came to me
A gentylwoman metely of stature,
Of grete worship she semid for to be,
Atryd wel. not high, but by mesure,
Her countinaunce full sad was and demure,
Her colours blewle al that she had upon;
Ther ne came no mō but her selfe alone.

Her gowne wel was embraundid certainly
With stonis sette aftir her owne devise
In her purfills, her worde by and by
Bien & Loyalement, as I coude devise;
Than praide I her in any manir wise
That of her name I might have remembrance;
She said she was callid Perseverance.

So furthimre to spekin was I bolde,
Where she dwellid I prayed her for to say?
And she againe ful curtilly me tolde,
My dwelling is and hath be many a day
With a lady. What lady? I you pray.
Of gret estate, thus warne I you (quod she),
What cal ye her? Her name is Loyalte.

In what office stonde ye or what degre?
(Quod I to her) that would I wete right faine.
I am, (quod she) unworthy though I be,
Of her chambre her ushir in certaine,
This rodde I bere as for a token plaine,
Lyke as ye knowe the rule in' fochie service
Appertaining is to the same office.

She chargid me by her commaundement
To warne you and your felawes everichone
That ye shulde come there as she is present
For a counsaile whiche shall be nowe anone,
Or sevin dayis be comin and gone;
And furthimre, she bad that I shulde say
Excusis there might be none nor delay.

Anothir thing was not forget behinde,
Whiche in no wise I wolde but that ye knewe;
Remembre wel and bere it in your minde
Al your felawes and ye must come in blewle
Everlyche, your matirs for to sewe,
With more, whiche I pray you to thinke upon,
Your wordis on your selvis everychon.

And be not abashed in no manir wise,
As many ben, in soche an high presence;
Make your request as ye car best devise;
And she gladly wol yeve you audience:
Ther is no grete nor no manir offence
Wherin ye sele that your herte is dispised
But with her help right sone ye shal be esed.

I am right glad (quod I) ye tel me this,
But ther is non of us that knoweth the waie.
As of your way (quod she) ye shal not mis,
Ye shal have one to gyde you day by day
Of my felawes, I can not bettir say,
Soche one as shal tel you the way ful right,
And Diligence this gentylwoman hight,

A woman of right famous govirnaunce,
And wel cherished, I tel you in certaine,
Her selsauship shal do you grete plessaunce;
Her porte is foch, her manirs trewe and plaine,
She with glad chere wold do her besy paine
To bring you there. Now farewel; I have done.
Abyde, said I, ye may not go so sone.

Why so? (quod she) and I have ferre to go,
To yeve warning in many divers place
To your felawes and so to othir mo,
And well ye wote I have but lityl space,
Now yet, (quod I) ye must tel me this cace,
If ye shal any men unto us cal.

Not one (quod she) may come amonges you all,
Not one, than? said I; eigh, *Benedicite!*
What have I done? I pray you tel me that.
Nowe by my lyfe I trowe but wel, (quod she)
But er I can byleve there is somewhat,
And for to faye you trouthe more can I nat;
In questions I may nothing be to large;
I meddle must no furthir then my charge.

Than thus, (quod I) do me to undirstande
What place is there this lady is dwelling?
Forsothe (quod she) and one sought al this lande
Fairir is none, though it were for a king,
Devysid wel, and that in every thing,
The touris hie ful plessaunt shal ye finde,
With phanis fresh turning with every wynde;

The chambris and the parlirs of a sorte,
With bay windowes godely as may be thought,
As for daunsing and othir wise disporte
The galeries be all right well ywrought,
That wel I wote if ye were thydir brought,
And take gode hede therof in every wise,
Ye wol it thinke a very paradise.

What hight the place? (quod I) now say me that
Plessaunt Regarde, (quod she) to tell you plaine.
Of very trouth, (quod I) and wote ye what?
It may right wel be callid so certaine:
But furthimre this wold I wit right fain,
What I shulde do as sone as I come there,
And aftir whom that I may best enquire?

A gentylwoman portir of the yate
There shal ye finde, her name is Countinaunce,
If ye so hap ye come erly or late
Of her wer gode to have some acquintaunce,
She can you tel howe ye shal you avaunce,
And howe to come to her ladye's presence;
To her wordis I rede ye geve credence.

Now it is time that I shulde parte you fro,
For in gode faithe I have grete busynesse.
I wote right wel (quod I) that it is so,
And I thanke you of your grete gentilnesse,
Your comforte hath yevin me hardinesse,
That nowe I shal be bolde withoutin faile
To do' aftir your advice and gode counsaile.

Thus partid she, and I leste all alone;
With that I sawe (as I behelde aside)
A woman come, a verie godely one,
And forth withal as I had her aside
Me thought anone it shoulde be the gide,
And of her name anone I did enquire;
Ful womanly she yave me this answere:

I am (quod she) but a simple creture,
Sent from the courte, my name is Diligence;
As sone as I myght come, I you ensure,
I taried not affir I had licence:

And now that I am come to your presence,
Loke, what service I can you do or may
Commaundith me; I can no furthir say.

I thankid her, and prayed her to come nere,
Bycause I woulde se how she was araide;
Her gown was blew, dresid in gode manere,
With her devise, her worde also, that saide
Tant que je puis, and I was wel apaide;
And than wist I, withoutin any more,
It was ful trewe that I had herde before.

Though we toke now before a litil space
It were ful gode (quod she) as I coude gesse.
Howe farre (quod I) have we unto the place?
A daye's journey. (quod she) but litil lesse;
Wherfore I rede that now we outwarde dresse
For I suppose our felawship is past,
And for nothinge I wolde not we were the' last.

Then departid we' at springing of the daye,
And forthe we wente a softe and esy pace,
Til at the last we were on our journey
So far outwarde that we might se the place;
Nowe let us rest (quod I) a litil space,
And say we as devoutly as we can
A *Pater noster* for Saint Julian.

With all my herte; I assent with gode wil;
Moch bettir shal we spede whan we have done.
Than taried we and said it every dy;
And whan the day was fast farre aftir none
We sawe a place, and thidir came we sone,
Whiche rounde aboute was closid with a wal,
Seming to me full like an hospitall.

There found I one had brought all min aray,
(A gentil woman of mine acquaintance)
I have mervaille (quod I) what manir way
Ye had knowlege of al this ordinaunce.
Yes, yes, (quod she) I herde Perseverance
Howe the warnid her felawes everichone,
And what aray ye sholdin have upon.

Nowe for my love (quod I) this I you praye,
Sith ye have take upon you all the paine,
That ye wolde helpe me on with mine aray,
For wit ye wel I wolde be gone right faine.
Al this prayir us nedith not certaine,
(Quod she againe;) come of, and hye you sone,
And ye shal se anone it shall be done.

But this I doute me gretly, wote ye what?
That my felawes be passid by and gone.
I warne you (quod she) that are they nat,
For here they shall assemble everichone,
Notwithstandinge I counsaile you anone
Make you redy, and tary you no more,
It is no harme though ye be there before.

So than I dresid me in mine aray,
And asked her whethir it were wel or no?
It is right well (quod she) unto my pay,
Ye nede not care to what place er ye go:
And whilics that she and I debatid so
Came Diligence and fawe me al in blewe;
Sistir, (quod she) right wel broke ye your newe!

Discrecion Purveyour.

Than wente we forth and met an avinture
A yonge woman, an officir feminge;
What is your name? (quod I) tell, gode creture,
Discrecion, (quod she) without lesinge.
And where (quod I) is your most abidinge?
I have (quod she) this office of purchase,
Chefe Purveyour that longith to this place.

Acquayntaunce Herbigere.

Fair love! (quod I) in all your ordinaunce
What is her name that is the herbigere?
Forsothe (quod she) her name is Acquaintaunce,
A woman of right gracious manere.
Then thus, (quod I) what straungirs have ye here?
But fewe (quod she) of high degre ne lowe,
Ye be the first, as ferforth as I knowe.

Countinaunce Porter.

Thus with talis we came streight to the yate,
This yonge woman departid was and gone,
Came Diligence, and knockid fast thereat,
Who is without? (quod Countinaunce anone.)
Truly, (quod I) fayre sistir, here is one.
Which one? (quod she) and therewithal she lough,
I Diligence; ye knowe me wel ynowghe.

Than opened she the gate, and in we go;
With wordis faire she saide full gentilly,
Ye are welcome ywis; are ye no mo?
Nat one (quod she) save this woman and I.
Now than (quod she) I pray you hertily
Takith my chambre for a while to rest
Til your felawis come; I holde it best.

I thanked her, and forth we go everichone
Til her chambre withoutin wordis mo,
Came Diligence and toke her leve anone.
Where er ye lyst (quod I) nowe may ye go,
And I thanke you right hertily also
Of your labour, for whiche God do you mede;
I can no more, but Jesu be your spede!

Than Countinaunce thus askid me anone,
Your felawship where be they all? (quod she.)
For sothe (quod I) they' are cominge everichone,
But where they are I knowe no certaine,
Without I may 'hem at his window se;
Here wil I stande a waitinge here amonge,
For wel I wote they wil not hence be longe.

Thus as I stode musing ful busily,
I thought to take gode hede of her aray;
Her gowne was blewe, this wote I verily,
Of gode facyon, and furrid wel with gray,
Upon her sleeve her worde, this is no nay,
Whiche said thus, as my penn' can endite,
A moy, qui voy, writin with lettirs white.

Then forth withal she came streight unto me,
Your wordes (quod she) fain wold I that I knewe.
Forsothe (quod I) ye shal wel knowe and se,
And for my worde I have none, this is trew;
It is ynough that my clothing be blewe,
As here before I had commaundement,
And so to do I am right well content.

Largeffe Steward.

But tell me this I pray you hertilye,
The steward here, say me what is her name?
She hight Largeffe, I say you furly,
A faire lady, and of right noble fame;

Whan ye her se ye wil reporte the same,
And undir her to byd you welcome al
There is Belchier, marshal of the hal.

Now al this while that ye here tary still
Your own matris ye may wel have in mind;
But tel me this, have ye brought any bill?
Ye, ye, (quod I) and els I were behinde;
Where is there one, tel me, that I may finde
To whom that I may shewe my matris plaine?
Surely (quod she) unto the chambirlaine.

Remembraunce Chambirlaine.

The chambirlaine, (quod I) and say ye trewe?
Ye, verily, (said she); by myne advyse
Ben nat aferde; unto her lowlye fewe.
It shal be done (quod I) as ye devyse,
But I must knowe her name in any wise.
Trewly (quod she) to shewe you in substaunce,
Withouten fainyng, her name is Remembraunce.

The secretarie may not be forget.
For she dothe right moche in every thinge,
Wherefore I rede when ye have with her mete
Your matere whole tel her without fainyng;
Ye shal her synde ful gode and ful lovinge.
Tel me her name (quod I), of gentilnesse.
By my gode sothe (quod she) Avisenesse.

That name (quod I) for her is passing gode,
For every hyl and schedule she must fe.
Nowe gode, (quod I) come stande there as I stode,
My felawes be comyng; yondir they be.
Is it in jape, or say ye sothe? (quod she)
In jape! nay, nay, I say you for certayne;
Se how they come toghir twain and twaine.

Ye say ful sothe, (quod she) that is no nay,
I fe coming a godely company.
They ben toch folke, (quod I) dare I to say,
That lyst to love, thinkith it verily,
And for my love I pray you saythfully
At any tyme when they upon you call
That ye wolle be gode frende unto hem all.

Of my frendship (quod she) they shal not misse,
And for their ese to put therto my paine.
God yelde it you! (quod I) but take you this,
Howe shal we know who is the chambirlayne?
That shal ye wel know by her word certaine.
What is her worde, systir? I pray you say.
Plus ne furreye, thus writith she alwaye.

Thus as we stole togydir she and I,
Even at the yate my felawes were echone,
So met I hem (as me thought was godely).
And bade hem welcome al by one and one;
Then came forth Countinaunce to us anone,
Ful hertily, Fair sistirs al, (quod she)
Ye be right welcome into this countre.

I counsaile you to take a litil rest
In my chambre, if it be your plessaunce;
Whan ye be there me think it for the best
That I go in and cal Perseveraunce,
Bycause she is one of your acquaintaunce,
And she also wil tel you every thinge
Howe ye shal be ruler of your comyng.

My felawes al and I, by one advyse,
Were wel agreed to do lyke as she sayde;
Than we began to dresse us in our gise,
That folke shoulde say we were not unpurvide,
And gode wagirs among us there we laide

Which of us was atirid mooste godelest,
And of us al whiche shulde be praisid best.

The portir came and brought Perseveraunce,
She welcomid us in curteis manere;
Thinke not long (quod she) of your attendaunce,
I wil go speke unto the herbigerre,
That she may purvey for your lodging here,
Than wil I go unto the chambirlaine
To speke for you, and come anone againe.

And whan that she departid was and gone,
We sawe folkis coming without the wal,
So gret peple, that nombre coude we none,
Ladies they were, and gentil women al,
Clothid in blewe, echone her worde withal,
But for to knowe her worde or her devyse
They came so thicke I ne might in no wife.

With that anone came in Perseveraunce,
And where I stode she came streight unto me;
Ye ben (quod she) of min olde acquaintaunce,
You to enquire the boldir wolde I be
What worde they here eche aftir her degre;
I you pray tel it me in secret wise,
And I shal kepe it close on warrantise.

We ben five ladies (quod I) al in fere,
And gentil women four in company,
When they begin to opin ther matere
Than shal ye knowe ther wordis by and by;
But as for me I have none verily,
And so I tolde Countinaunce here before;
Al min aray is blewe, what nedith more?

Nowe then (quod she) I wol go backe againe
That ye may have knowlege what ye shuld do.
In soth (quod I) if ye wolde take the paine,
Ye dyd right moche for us if ye dyd so,
The rather spede the sonir may we go;
Grete coste alway there is in taryng,
And longe to fewe it is a wery thinge.

Then partid she and came againe anone;
Ye must (quod she) come to the chambirlaine,
We be nowe redy (quod I) everychone
To folowe you whan er ye list certaine;
We have none eloquence, to tel you plaine,
Beseching you we may be so excused
Our trewe meaning that it be not refused.

Then went we forth aftir Perseveraunce;
To fe the prees it was a wondir cace,
There for to passe it was a grete combraunce,
The peple stode so thicke in every place:
Nowe stande ye stil (quod she) a litil space,
And for your ese somewhat I shal assay
Yf I can make you any bettir way.

And forth she gothe among hem everychon,
Making a way that we might thorough passe
More at our ese, and whan she had so done
She beckende us to come where as she was,
So aftir her we folowed more and las;
She brought us freight unto the chambirlayne,
There leste she us, and than she went againe.

We salued her, as reson woulde it so,
Ful humble beseching her gret godenesse
In our mattirs that we had for to do
That she wolde be gode lady and maistresse.
Ye be welcome, (quod she) in sothfastenesse,
And fe, what I can do for to plesse
I am redy, that may be to your efe,

THE ASSEMBLE OF LADIES.

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We folowed her unto the chamber dore;
Sisters, (quod she) come ye in afirre me;
But wete ye wel there was a pavid floure;
The godlyist that any wight might se;
And furthermore about than lokid we;
On ech corner and upon every wal;
Whiche was ymade of burrell and crystal;
Wherein was graven of stories many one.

Firste how Phyllis, of womanly pite,
Dyed piteously for love of Demophone;
Next afir was the story of Thibbe;
Howe that she slewe her selfe undir a tre;
Yet sawe I more, howe in right pitous case;
For Antony was slaine Cleopatras;
Upon the othir side was Hawes the sheue,
Ful untrewly disevid in her baine;

There was also Annelida the Quene,
Upon Areite howe fore she did complaine;
Al these stories were gravid there certaine;
And many mo than I reherse you here;
It were to longe to tel you al in fere;
And bicause that the wallis shone so bright
With fine umple they were al over sprad;
To the entent folke shulde not harte ther sight;

And thorough it the stories might be radde;
Than fusthiemore I went as I was ladd;
And thero I sawe withoutin any falset;
A chaire yset with ful riche aparaile;
And five flagis it was set fro the grounde;
Of cassidony ful curiously wrought;
With foure pommelles of golde, and very rounde;
Set with saphire as gode as coude be thought;

That wot ye what? if it wer thorough sought;
As I suppose fro this countre to Inde;
Anothir soche it were right harde to finde;
For wete ye wel I was right nere to that;
So as I durst, beholding by and by,
Above there was a riche clothe of estate;
Ywrought with the needle ful fraungely;
Her worde thereon, and thus it said truly;

En Dieu est, to tel you in wordis fewe,
With grete lettirs, the bettir I hem knewe;
Thus as we stode a dore opened anone,
A gentilwoman semely of stature,
Bering a mace, came out her selfe alone,
Sothely me thought her a godely creature;
She spake nothinge to lowde, I you ensue,
Nor hastily, but with godely warninge;

Make rome, (quod she) my lady is cominge.
With that anone I sawe Perseverance
Howe he helde up the tapet in her hande,
I sawe also in godely ordinaunce
This gret lady within the tapet stonde,
Comyng outwarde I wol ye undirstande,
And afir her a noble company,
I coude not tel the nombre sikirly.

Of ther namis I wolde nothing enquire,
Furthir than soche as we wolde fewe unto,
Save a lady which was the chancellere,
Attemperance, sothely her name was so,
For us nedith with her have moche to do
In our mattirs, and alway more and more;
And so forthe to tellen you furthirmore

Of this lady, her beaute to differencen;
My conninge is to simple verily;
For never yet the dayis of my lyven;
So inly faire I have sene none trewly;
In her estate afford uttirly;
There wantid nought, I dare you well assure;
That longid to a most godely creature;

And furthirmore, to speke of her arraye,
I shal tel you the manir of her gowne;
Of clothe of golde ful riche, it is no nay;
The colour blew, of right godely facyoun;
In taberde wise, the sleeves hanging adown;
And what purfil there was, and in what wise;
So as I can I shal it you devise;

Afir a sorte the collar and the ventage;
Lyke as armine is made in purfilinge;
With grete perlis ful fine and orient;
They were couchid all afir one worching;
With diamondes in stede of powdwing;
The slevis and the purfil of a fise;
They werin made alike in every wise;

Aboute her necke a sorte of faire rubyes;
In white flours of right fine enamelle;
Upon her hed set in the fairest wise;
A circle of grete balais of entaile;
That in ernest, to speke withoutin faille;
For yonge and olde and every manir agens;
It was a worlde to loken on her visage;

Thus coming forth to sit in her estate;
In her presence we kneled down everychon;
Presenting our byllis; and wote ye what;
Ful humbly she toke hem by one and one;
Whan we had done than came they al anone;
And did the same eche afir her manere;
Kneling at ones and rising al in fere;

Whan this was don, and she set in her place,
The chambirlaine she did unto her calle;
And she godely coming to her apace;
Of her entent knowing nothing at al;
Voyde backe the prese (quod she) up to the wall;
Make large rome, but loken that ye do not tary,
And take these byllis to the secretary;

The chambirlaine did her commaundement,
And came againe as she was byd to do;
The secretary there beyng present;
The byllis were delivered her also;
Not onely ours but many othir mo;
Than the lady with gode advise againe;
Anone with al callid her chambirlaine;

We wol (quod she) the first thing that ye do
The secretary ye make come anone;
With ther bilis, and thus we wil also;
In our presence the rede hem everychon;
That we may takin gode advise thereon;
Of the ladies that ben of our counsaile;
Loken this be done withoutin any faille;

Whan the chambirlaine wiste of her entent
Anone she did the secretarye call;
Let your bilis (quod she) be here present;
My lady it wil. Madame (quod she) I shal;
And in presence she wil that ye hem call;
With right gode wil I am redy (quod she);
At her plesure, whan she commaundith me.

And upon that was made an ordinaunce;
 They that came first ther byllis shulde be red,
 Ful gentilly than said Perseverance;
 Reson it wil that they were sonis spedde;
 Anone withal, upon a tapet spredde,
 The secretarie layde hem downe echone;
 Our byllis first she redde tho one by one.

The first lady bering in her devise
Sans que jamais, thus wrote she on her byl,
 Complaining fore, and in ful pitous wife,
 Of promise made with faithful hert and wyll,
 And so brokin ayenst al manir skil,
 Without deserte alwaies on her partie,
 In this matir desiring remedye.

Her next folowing her word was in this wife,
Un sans changer, and thus she did complaine,
 Though she had be guerdoned for her service,
 Yet nothing like as she that toke the paine,
 Wherefore she coude in no wise her restraine,
 But in this case fewe until her presence,
 As reson wolde, to havin recompence.

So furthirmore, to speke of othir twaine,
 One of hem wrote astir her fantasy
Onques puis lever, and for to tel you plaine,
 Her complaint was ful pitous verily,
 For, as she said, there was grete reson why:
 As I can remembre in this matere
 I shal you tell the proecess al in fere.

Her byl was made complaining in her gife,
 That of her joye, her comforte, and gladnesse,
 Was no suretie, for in no manir wise
 She said therein no point of stableness;
 Now yl, now welc, out of al sikirnesse,
 Ful humbly desiring of her high grace,
 Some to shewe her remedy in this case.

Her felawe made her bil, and thus she said,
 In plaining wife, There as the lovid best,
 Whether that she were wrothe or weie apaide,
 She might not se whan that she wole fainest,
 And fulle wrothe she was in very earnest;
 To tel her worde, as ferforth as I wote,
Entierement vostre, right thus she wrote.

And upon that she made a grete request
 With hert and wil, and al that might be done,
 As until her that might redresse it best,
 For in her mynde there might she finde it sone
 The remedy of that whiche was her bone,
 Reherfing that that she had saide before,
 Beseching her it might be so no more.

And in like wise as they had done before
 The gentylwomen of our company
 Put ther byllis; and for to tell you more,
 One of hem wrote *C'est sans dire* verily,
 And her matere wholly to specify
 Within her byl she put it in writinge,
 And what it said ye shal yhave knowinge.

It said, God wote, and that ful pitously,
 Lyke as she was disposid in her herte,
 No misfortune that she toke grevously,
 Al one to her was the joy and the smerte,
 Sometime no thanks for al her gode deserte,
 Othir comforte she wantid none coming,
 And so usid it grevid her nothing;

Desiring her and lowly beseching,
 That she wolde for her seke a bettir way,
 As she that had yben her daies lyving
 Stedfast and trewe, and wil be so alway:
 Of her felawe somwhat I shal you say,
 Whose byl was red the nexte forthe withal,
 And what it ment reherfin you I shal.

Ex Dieu est she wrote in her devise,
 And thus she said withoutin any faile,
 Her trouthe ne might be takin in no wise,
 Like as she thought, wherfor she had mervaile,
 For trouthe somtyme was wont to take avail
 In every matere, but al that is ago,
 The more pyte that it is suffrid so.

Moche more there was, wherof she shuld com-
 But she thought it to gret an encombrance
 So moche to write, and therefore in certain
 In God and her she put all her affiaunce,
 As in her worde is made a remembrance,
 Beseching her that she wolde in this case
 Shewe unto her the favour of her grace.

The thirde she wrote reherfing her grevaunce,
 Ye, wote ye what a pitous thing to here?
 For as me thought she felt grete displeaunce,
 One might ryght wel perceive it by her chere;
 And no wondir, it sate her passyng nere,
 Yet lothe she was to put it in writinge,
 But *Nede root* havin course in every thinge.

Soyes assure, this was her word certain,
 And thus she wrote within a litil space;
 There she lovid her labor was in vaine,
 For he was set al in anothir place,
 Ful humilly desiring in that case
 Some gode comforte her sorowe to appele,
 That she might livin more at hert is ele.

The fourth surely me thought she likid welc,
 As in her porte and in her behavinge,
 And *Bien moneste*, as ferre as I coude sele,
 That was her worde, tyl her belonging,
 Wherefore to her she praied above al thing
 Ful hertily, to ay you in sustance,
 That she wold sendin her gode Countinaunce.

Ye have reherfid me these byllis all,
 But nowe let se somwhat of your entent;
 It may so hap paravinture ye shal;
 Nowe I pray you while I am here present
 Ye shal have knowlege parde what I ment,
 But thus I say in trouthe, and make no fable,
 The case it selfe is inly lamentable;

And wel I wote that ye wol thynke the same,
 Lyke as I say, whan ye have herde my byl;
 Now gode, tel on; I hate you by Saint Jame;
 Abyde a while, it is not yet my wil,
 Yet must ye wete by reson and by skil,
 Sith ye have knowlege of that was don before,
 And thus it is said, without wordis more:

Nothing so lefe as deth to come to me,
 For final ende of my sorowes and paine;
 What shuld I more desire as femich ye?
 And ye knewe al afore it for certaine
 I wote ye wolde, and for to tel you plaine,
 Without her helpe that hath al thinge in cure
 I can nat thinke that it may long endure.

As for my trowth it hath be provid wele,
To say the sothe, and I can say no more,
Of ful longe tyme, and suffrid every dele
In pacience, and kepe it all in flore,
Of her godenesse beseeching her therfore
That I might have my thanke in soche a wife
As my deserte yservith of justise.

Whan these billis were rad everyone
The ladie toke a gode adviſement,
And 'hem to answerin by one and one
She thought it was to moche in her entent,
Wherefore she yave to 'hem commaundement
In her presence to come both one and al
To yeve 'hem her answer in generall.

What dyd she than suppose ye verily?
She spake her selfe, and said in this manere:
We have wel sene your byllis by and by,
And some of 'hem be pitous for to here,
We wol therefore ye knowe al this in fere,
Within shorte tyme our court of parliment
Here shal be holde in our palays presente,

And in al this wherin you find you greved
There shall ye finde an opyn remedy,
In soche a wife as ye shal be releved
Of al that ye reherfin here thoroughly;
As for the date, ye shal knowe verily
That ye may have a space in your coming,
For Diligence shal tel you by writing.

We thankid her in our most humble wife
Our felawship eche one by one assent,
Submittinge us lowly til her service,
For as we thought we had our travaile spent
In soche wife as we heldin us content;
Than eche of us toke othir by the sleve,
And forth withal as we shulde take our leve.

Al sodainly the watir sprange anone
In my visage, and therewithal I woke:
Where am I now? thought I; al this is gone,
Al amafid; and up I began to loke:
With that anon I went and made this Boke,
Thus simplily reherfing the substaunce,
Bicause it shulde not be out of remembraunce.

Now verily your dreame is passing gode,
And worthy to be had in remembraunce,
For though I stand here as longe as I stode
It shulde not to me be none encombraunce,
I toke therin so inly grete plesaunce;
But tel me now what ye the boke do cal,
For I muste wete. Wyth right gode wyl ye shal.

As for this boke, to say you very right,
And of the name to tel you in certainte,
L'assemblee de Dames, thus it hight.
How thinkin ye? That name is gode parde.
Nowe go; farewell; for they cal aftir me
My felawes al, and I must aftir sone:
Rede wel my dreame, for now my tale is done.

And forth withal as we shuld take our leve,
I had eke of yowre own by the leve,
In toke wile as we held in content;
For as we thought we had our levande gone,
Sundering in lowly all her levande,
Our levande eke the poore levande,
We thankid her in our madde levande wile.

Thus humbly reciting the levande,
With this anon I went and made this leve,
Al smelid; and right began to leve;
Whereas I now thought I of this is gone,
In my levande and levande I wote;

I toke eke in my levande levande;
But I now wote, as I toke do eke;
I toke eke in my levande levande;
I toke eke in my levande levande;
I toke eke in my levande levande;

Never before the year 1597 printed: that which heretofore hath gone under the name of his Dreame, is The Booke of the Duchesse, or The Death of Blanch, Duchesse of Lancaster.

WHEN Flora, the queene of Pleasaunce,
Had whole achievid th' obeysaunce
Of the fresh and the new selson
Thorow out every region,
And with her mantle whole covert
That wintir made had discovert,
Of avinture withoutin light
In May I lay upon a night
Alone, and on my lady thought,
And how the Lord that her ywrought
Couth well entayle in imagery,
And shewid had grete maistriry,
When he in so litil a space
Made such a body and a face,
So grete beaute with swich fetures,
More than in othir crea'tures;
And in my thoughtis as I lay
Within a lodge out of the way,
Beside a well in a forest,
Where aftir hunting I toke rest,
Nature and kind so in me wrought
That halfe on slepe they me ybrought,
And gan to dreme to my thinking
With mind of knowliche like making,

* This Dreame, devised by Chaucer, semeth to be a covert report of the marriage of John of Gaunt, the king's sonne, with Blanch, the daughter of Henry, Duke of Lancaster, who after long love (during the time wherof the poet faineth them to be dead) were in the end by consent of friends happily married, figured by a bird bringing in her bill an herbe which restored them to life againe. Here also is shewed Chaucer's match with a certain gentlewoman, who although she was a stranger, was notwithstanding so well liked and loved of the Lady Blanch and her lord, as Chaucer himselfe also was, that gladly they concluded a marriage between them, &c.

For what I dremid, as me thought,
I saw it, and I sleptin nought,
Wherefore is yet my full beleve
That some gode spirit that ilke eve,
By mene of some curious port,
Bare me where I saw payne and sport;
But whether it were I woke or slept
Well wot I oft I lough and wept;
Wherefore I woll in remembrance
Put whole the payne and the pleasaunce,
Which was to me axin and hele;
Would God ye wist it everydele,
Or at the lest ye might o night
Of such anothir have a sight
Although it were to you a payne,
Yet on the mo'row ye would be fayne,
And wist that it might long endure,
Then might ye say ye had gode cure,
For he that dremes and wenes he se
Mochil the bettir yet maie he
Ywit what, and of whom, and where.
And eke the lasse it woll hindere
To thinke I se this with mine cene,
Iwis this may not dreme kene,
But signe or a signifaunce
Of halty thing souning pleasaunce;
For on this wise upon a night,
As ye have herd, withoutin light,
Not all wakyng ne full on slepe,
About such hour as lovirs wepe
And crie aftir ther ladies grace,
Befell me tho this wondir cace,
Which ye shall here, and all the wise,
So wholly as I can devise:

In playne English evill writtin;
 For slepe writir, well ye writin;
 Excusid is though he do mis
 More than one while that waking is;
 Wherefore here of your gentleness
 I you requyre my beifounesse
 Ye lettin passe as thinge rude,
 And herith what I woll conclude,
 And of the' endityng taketh no hede,
 Ne of the termes, so God you speede,
 But let all passe as nothing were,
 For thus befall, as you shall here.

Within an yle methought I was
 Where wall and yate was all of glasse,
 And so was cloid round about
 That levelesse none come in ne out,
 Uncouth and straunge to behold,
 For every yate of fine gold
 A thousand fanis ale turning
 Entuned had, and briddes singing
 Divers, and on eche fane a paire
 With opyn mouth again the aye;
 And of a fute were all the toures,
 Subtlylly corvin' affir floures,
 Of uncouth colours during aye,
 That never ben none sene in May,
 With many a small turret hie;
 But man on live could I non see,
 Ne curretis, save ladies play,
 Which werin such of ther array
 That as he thought of goddelihed
 They passeden all and womanhed,
 For to behold them daunce and sing
 It semid like none earthly thing;
 Such was ther uncouth countenance
 In every play of right auaunce;
 And of one age everichone
 They semid all have onely one,
 Which had of yeris fresshaunce,
 For the might neyther sing ne daunce,
 But yet her countenance was so glad,
 And she so fewe yeris had had
 As any ladie that was there,
 And as litil it did her dere
 Of lustines to laugh and tale
 As she had full stuffid a male
 Of disportis and new plays;
 Faire had she ben in her dayis,
 And maistresse semid well to be
 Of all that lusty companie,
 And so she might, I you ensue,
 For one the conningist creature
 She was, and so said everichone,
 That er her knew, there fauld none,
 For she was sober, and well avised,
 And from every fault disguised,
 And nothing used but faith and truth;
 That she n'as young it was grete ruth,
 For every where and in ech place
 She govirnid her, that in grace
 She stode alway with pore and riche,
 That a word was none herliche,
 Ne halfe so' able maistress to be
 To such a lusty companie.

Befell me so, when I avised
 Yhad the yle that me suffised,
 And whole th' estate every where
 That in the lusty yle was there,
 Which was more wondir to devise
 Than is the joyous paradise,
 I dare well say, for floure ne tre,
 Ne thing wherein pleasaunce might be,
 There faylid none, for every wight,
 Had they desirid day and night
 Richis and hele, beauty and eke;
 With every thing that them might plete,
 But thinke and have, it cost no more;
 In such a country there before
 Had I not ben ne herdin tell
 That livis creature might dwell
 And when I had thus all about
 The yle avised thoroughout
 The state, and how they were arrayed,
 In my hert I weke well appayed,
 And in my selfe I me assured
 That in my body I was well ured;
 Sithin I might have such a grace
 To se the ladies and the place,
 Which were so faire, I you ensue,
 That to my dome though that Nature
 Would evir strive and do her paine,
 She should not con ne now attaine
 The lest feture for to amend,
 Though she would all her conning spende,
 That unto beauteie might availe,
 It were but paine and lost travaile,
 Such part in ther nativite
 Was then largid of beauteie;
 And eke they had a thing notable
 Unto ther deth ay durable,
 And was, that ther beauteie should dure,
 Which was never sene in creature,
 Save onily there (as I trow)
 It ne hath not be wist ne know,
 Wherefore I praise with ther conning
 That during beauteie, riche thing,
 Had they ben of ther lives certaine
 They had ben quite of every paine.
 And when I wend thus all have sene
 The state, the riches, that might bene,
 That me thought impossible were
 To se one thing more than was there
 That to beauteie or glad conning
 Serve or availe might any thing,
 All sodainly as I there stode
 This lady, that couth so much gode,
 Unto me came with smiling chere,
 And said, *Benedicite!* this yere
 Saw I never man here but you;
 Tell me how ye come hidir now,
 And your name, and where that ye dwell,
 And whom ye seke eke mote ye tell,
 And how ye come be to this place;
 The soth well told my cause you grace,
 And ellis ye mote prisoner be
 Unto the ladies here and me,
 That have the governaunce of this yle,
 And with that word she gan to smile,

And so did all the lusty rout
Of ladies that stode her about.
Madame, (quod I) this night ypast
Lodgid I was and slepte fast
In a forest beside a well,
And now am here, how should I tell?
Wot I not by whose ordinance,
But onely Fortune's purveiance,
Which puttith many, as I gesse,
To travaille, paine, and businesse,
And lettith nothing for ther truth,
But some sleeth eke; and that is ruth,
Wherefore I doubt her brittilnes,
Her variance and unfedfastnes,
So that I am as yet afraid,
And of my beyng here amaid,
For wondir thing it semith me,
Thus many fresh ladies to se
So faire, so cunning, and so yong,
And no man dwelling them among;
N'ot I not how I hidir come,
Madame, (quod I) this all and some:
What should I faine a long processe
To you, that seme such a princeesse?
What plesith you commaund or say,
Here I am redy to obey
To my powir, and all fulfill,
And prisonir bide at your will,
Till you duly enformid be
Of every thing ye aske me.

This lady there right well apaid
Me by the hande ytoke, and said,
Welcome, prisonir adventurus,
Right glad am I ye have said thus,
And for ye doubt me to displese
I will assay to do you ese:
And with that word, ye, right anon,
She and the ladies everichon
Assemblid, and to counsaile went,
And aftir that sone for me sent,
And to me said on this manere,
All word for word, as ye shall here:

To fe you here us thinke marvaile,
And how withoutin bete or faile,
By any subtilty or wyle,
Ye get have entre in this yle,
But not for that yet shall ye se
That we gentill women ybe,
Loth to displein any wight,
Notwithstanding our greté right;
And for ye shall well undirstond
The oldé custome of this lond,
Which hath continued many yere,
Ye shall well wete that with us here
Ye may not bide, for causis twaine
Which we be purposed you to faine.

The one is this; our ordinance,
Which is of long continuance,
Ne wolle not, sothly we you tell,
That no man here among us dwell,
Wherefore ye mote nedis retourne;
In no wise may ye here sojourne.

The othir is eke, that our quene
Out of the relme, as ye maie se,

Is, and may be to us a charge
If we let goe you here at large,
For whiché cause the more we doubt
To doe a fault while she is out,
Or suffir that may be noyissance
Againe our old accustomed.

And when I had these causis twaine
Yherd, o God! what mochil paine
All sodainly about mine hert
There came at onis, and how smert!
In creping soft as who should stele
Or doe me robbe of all mine hele,
And made me in my thought so afraid
That in courage I stode dismayd;
And standing thus, as was my grace,
A lady came more than apace,
With a huge preiße her about,
And told how that the quene without
Was arivid, and would come in;
Well were they that hidir might twin;
They hied so they would not abide
The bridiling ther horse to ride,
By five, by sixe, by two, by thre;
There was not one abode with me;
The quene to mete everichone
They went, and bode with me not one;

And I went aftir a soft pafe,
Imagining how to purchase
Grace of the quene there to abide
Till gode fortune some happy guide
Me sendin might, that would me bring
Where I was borne, to my winning.
For way ne fote ne knew I none,
Ne whithirward I nist to gone,
For all was se about the yle;
No wondir though me list not smile,
Seing the case uncouth and straunge;
And so in like a perilous change,
Imagin'ing thus walking alone
I saw the ladies everichone,
So that I might fomewhat offer,
Sone aftir that I drew me nere,
And tho I was ware of the quene,
And how the ladies on ther knene
With joyous words gladly advised
Her welcomed so that it suffised
Though she the princes whole had be
Of all environed is with fe;
And thus avising with chere sad
All sodainly I was right glad,
That getrir joy, as mote I thrive,
I trow had never man on live
Than I tho, ne an hert more light,
When of my lady I had sight,
Which with the quene ycome was there,
And in one clothing both they were;
A knight aldo there well befene
I saw that come was with the quene,
Of whom the ladies of that yle
Had hugé wondir a long while,
Till at the last right sobirly
The quene her self full cunningly,
With softé wordis in gode wile,
Said to the ladies yong and nise,

My sistir, how it hath befall
I trow ye know it one and all
That of long time here have I bene
Within this yle biding as quene,
Living at ese, that never wight
More parfit joy havin ne might,
And to you ben of govynance
Such as you found in whole plesance;
In every thing as ye know
Astir our custome and our low,
Which how they first yfoundin were
I trow ye wote all the manere;
And who the quene is of this yle,
As I have ben this longe while,
Ech sevin yeres mote of usage
Visit the heavenly armitage
Which on a rock so high ykonds,
In strange se out from all londs,
That to makin the pilgrimage
Is called a long perillous viage;
For if the wind be not gode frend
The journey duris to the end
Of him whiche that it undirtakes;
Of twenty thousand one not scapes;
Upon which rock growith a tre
That certayne yeres beres applis thre;
Which thre applis who so may have on
Ben from all displeaunce ysave
That in the sevin yere may fall,
This wote ye well bothe one and all,
For the first apple and the hert
Which ygrowith unto you next
Yhath thre vertues notable,
And kepith youth aie durable,
Beauty and loke evir in one,
And is the best in everichone.

The second apple red and grene,
Onely with lokis of your yene
You nourishis in grete plesance
Bettir than partridge or fesaunce,
And fedis every liv'is wight
Plesantly onely with the sight.

And the third apple of the thre;
Which growith lowist on the tre,
Who it beris he may not faile
That to his plesance may availe;
So your plesure and beauty rich
Your during youth evir yliche,
Your truth, your cunning, and your wele,
Hath aye flourid, and your gode hele,
Without sicknes or displeaunce,
Or thing that to you was noyfaunce,
So that you have as goddesse
Livid above all princefess;
Now is befall, as ye may se,
To gathir these said applis thre,
I have not failed againe the day
Thithirwardis to take the way,
Wening to spede as I had oft;
But when I come I find aloft
My sistir, which that here ystands,
Having those applis in her hands,
Avising them, and nothing said,
But lokid as she were well paid;

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And as I stode her to behold,
Thinking how my joyis were cold
Sith I those applis have ne might,
Evin with that so came this knight;
And in his armes of me aware,
Me toke, and to his ship me bare,
And said, though him I ner had sene,
Yet had I long his lady ben,
Wherefore I shold with him ywend,
And he would to his liv'is end
My servant be, and gan to sing
As one that had wonne a rich thing;
Tho were my spirits fro me gone
So sodainly everichone
That in me apperid but deth,
For I felt neithir life ne breth,
Ne gode ne harme none I knewe;
The sodaine paine me was so new,
That had not the hasty grace be
Of this lady, that fro the tre
Of her gentilnesse so hyid
Me to comfort I had dyid,
And of her thre applis the one
Into mine hand there put anon,
Which brought againe my mind and breth,
And me recovered from the deth;
Wherefore to her so am I hold
That for her all things do I wold,
For she was lech of all my smert,
And from grete paine so quite mine hert,
And, as God wote, right as ye here
Me to comfort with frendly chere
She did her prowesse and her might;
And truly eke so did this knight
In that he couth, and oftyn said
That of my wo he was ill paid,
And cursed the ship that them there brought,
The mast, the mastir, that it wrought;
And as ech thing mote have an end,
My sistir here, your brothir frend,
Con with her words so womanly
This knight entrete and conningly,
For mine honour and his also,
And said that with her we should go
Both in her ship, where she was brought,
Which was so wondrously wrought,
So clene, so rich, and so araid,
That we were both content and paid;
And me to comfort and to plesse,
And mine hert for to put at ese,
She toke grete paine in litil while,
And thus hath brought us to this yle,
As ye may se; wherefore echone
I pray you thanke her one and one
As hertly as ye can devise
Or imagine in any wise.
At once there thre men mightin seene
A world of ladies fall on kneen
'Fore my lady, that there about
Was left none standing in the rout,
But altogether they went at ones
To knele; they spared not for the stones,
Ne for estate, ne for ther blode;
Well shewid there they couth much gode:

G g

To my lady they made such feyt,
 And with such wordis, that the left
 So frendly and so faithfully
 Yfayd was and so cunningly,
 That wondir was, feing ther youth,
 To here the language that they couth,
 And wholly how they governed were
 In thanking of my lady there,
 And said by will and maundement
 They were at her commaundement,
 Which was to me as grete a joy
 As winning of the toune of Troy
 Was to the hardy Grekis strong
 When they it wan with sieg long,
 To se my lady in such a place,
 And so receivd as she was.
 And when they talkid had a while
 Of this and that, and of the yle,
 My lady and the ladies there,
 Althogithir as they ywere,
 The queene her self began to play,
 And to the agid lady say,
 Now semith you not gode it were,
 Sith we be althogithir here,
 To ordaine and devise the best
 To fet this knight and me at rest,
 For *Woman is a feble wight*
 To vere a warre against a knight,
 And sith he here is in this place,
 At my left in dangir or grace,
 It were to me grete villany
 To do him any tyranny,
 But faine I would, now will ye here,
 In his owne country that he were,
 And I in pece and he at ease,
 This were a way us both to pleser,
 If it might be I you beseeche
 With him hereof you fall in speche.
 This lady tho-began to smile,
 Avising her a lilk while,
 And with glad chere she said anon,
 Madam, I will unto him gone,
 And with him speke, and oftin fele,
 What he desirith every dele,
 And sobirly this lady tho
 Her selfe, and othir ladies two
 She toke with her, and with lad chere,
 Said to the knight on this manere,
 Sir, the grete princes of this yle,
 Whom for your plesance many a mile
 Ye sought have, as I undirstond,
 Till at the last ye have her fond,
 Me sent hath here, and ladies twaine,
 To herin all thing that ye faine,
 And for what cause ye have her soughte,
 Faine would she wote, and whole your thought,
 And why you do her all this wote,
 And for what cause you be her fothel to blowe,
 And why of every wight unware,
 By force ye to your ship her bare,
 That the so nigh ywas agone,
 That mind ne spech ne had she none,
 But as a painfull creature
 Dying abode her adventure,

That her to se indure that paine
 Here we all say unto you plaine
 Right on your selfe ye did amisse,
 Seing how she a princes is.
 This knight, the which ycowth his gode,
 Right of his truth mevid his blode,
 That pale he woxe as any led,
 And lok't as tho he wold be ded;
 Blode was there none in nothir cheke,
 Wordlesse he was, and semid sicke;
 And so it provid well he was,
 For without moving any paas,
 All sodainly as thing dying,
 He fell at onis downe fowning;
 That for his wo this lady fraid
 Unto the queene her hyed, and said,
 Cometh on anon, as have you blisse,
 But ye be wise; thing is amisse;
 This knight is ded or will be fone,
 Lo! where he lyith in a fwoone
 Withoutin word or answiring,
 To that I have said any thing;
 Wherefore I doubt moche that the blame
 Might be hindiring to your name,
 Which flourid hath so many yere,
 So longe that for nothing here
 I would in no wife that he dyed,
 Wherefore it gode were that ye hyed,
 His life to favin at the best;
 And afir that his wo be cest
 Commaundith him to voide or dwell,
 For in no wife dare I more mell
 Of thing wherein such perill is
 As like is now to fall of this;
 This queene right tho, full of grete fere,
 With all the ladies present there,
 Unto the knight came where he lay,
 And made a lady to him say,
 Lo! here the queene awake, for shame
 What will you doe? is this gode game?
 Why lye you here? what is your mind?
 Now is well fene your wit is blind,
 To se so many ladies here,
 And ye to make none othir chere;
 But as ye set them all at nought,
 Arise for his love that you bought,
 But what she said a word not one
 He spake, ne answere gave her none.
 The queene of very pity tho,
 Her worship and his life also
 To favin, there she did her paine,
 And quoke for fere, and gan to faine,
 For woe, alas! what shall I doe!
 What shall I say this man unto?
 If he die here lost is my name;
 How shal I play this perillous game?
 If any thing be here amisse,
 It shall be said it rigour is,
 Whereby my name impayrin might;
 And like to die eke is this knight;
 And with that word her hand the lady
 Upon his brest, and to him said,
 Awake, my knight! lo! it am I
 That to you speke: now tell me why

Ye fare thus, and this paine endure,
 Seing you be in country sure,
 Among such frends that would you hele,
 Your hert is eke eke and your wele?
 And if I wist what you might ese,
 Or know the thing that you might plesse,
 I you ensure it should not faile;
 That to your hele you might availle;
 Wherefore with all my hert I pray
 Ye rise, and let us talke and play;
 And se how many ladies here
 Be comin for to make gode chere!
 All was for nought; for still as stone
 He lay, and word ne spoke he none;
 Long while was or he might braide,
 And of all that the quene had said
 He wist no word; but at the last
 O mercy! twise he cryd fast,
 That pittie was his voice to here,
 Or to behold his painefull chere,
 Which was not feined was well to sein
 Both by his visage and his cyn,
 Which on the quene at once he cast,
 And sighid as he would to brast,
 And aftir that eke he fright for
 That wondir was to se his wo,
 For sithin that payne was first named
 Was ner more wofull payne attained,
 For with voyce did he gan to plaine,
 And to himselfe these wordis faine;
 I, wofull wight full of malure,
 And worse than ded, and yet I dure,
 And maugre any paine or deth
 Against my will I fele my breth;
 Why n'am I ded, sith I ne serve,
 And sith my lady will me serve?
 Where art thou, Deth? art thou agast?
 Well shall we mete yet at the last
 Though thou the hide it is for nought,
 For where thou dwelst thou shalt be fought;
 Maugre thy subtill double face
 Here will I die right in this place;
 To thy dishonour and myn ese
 Thy mannir is no wight to plesse;
 What nedis the, sith I the seeche,
 So the to hide; my paine to etche?
 And well wost thou I will not live
 Who would me all this world here give;
 For I have with my cowardise
 Lost joy, and hele, and my servise,
 And made my soveraigne lady for
 That while she lives I trow my for
 She will be evir to her end;
 Thus have I neither joy ne frend;
 Wote I not whethir hast or sloth
 Hath caufid this now by my troth;
 For at the hermitage full hie,
 When I her saw first with myne eye,
 I hyd till I was aloft,
 And made my pace small and soft,
 Till in mine armes I had her fast,
 And to my ship bare at the last,
 Wherof she was displeid for
 That endles there femid her wo,

And I thereof had for grete fere
 That me repent that I come there,
 Which hast I trow gan her displese,
 And is the cause of my disese,
 And with that word he gan to cry,
 Now Deth, Deth, come, twis or thry,
 And motrid I n'ot whar of sloth;
 And even with that the quene of routh
 Him in her armis toke; and ftyd,
 Now, mine owne knight! be not ill apayd
 That I a lady to you sent
 To have knowledge of your entent,
 For in gode faith I men't but well,
 And would ye will it every dele,
 Nor will not do to you ywis
 And with that word she gan him kisse,
 And prayed him rise, and said she would
 His welfare by her truth, and told
 Him how she was for his disese
 Right sory, and faine would him plesse,
 His lyfe to save. These wordis tho
 She said to him, and many mo;
 In comfortung for from the paine
 She would he delivered faine,
 The knight tho up ycast his een,
 And when he saw it was the quene
 That to him had these wordis said,
 Right in his wo he gan to braid,
 And him up dresse for to knele,
 The quene avising wondir wele;
 But as he rose he ovrthrew,
 Wherefore the quene yet eft anew
 Him in her armis anone toke,
 And pitously gan on him loken;
 But for all that nothyng she sayd,
 Ne spake not like she were well payd,
 Ne no chere made nor sad ne light,
 But all in one to every wight
 There was fene conning with estate
 In her without noyse or debate,
 For save onely a loken piteous
 Of womenhed undispitous,
 That she showid in continance,
 Far semed her hert from obissance,
 And not for that she did her reinge
 Him to recovir from the peine,
 And his hert for to put at large,
 For her entent was to his barge
 Him for to bryng agaynst the eve,
 With certeine ladies, and take leve,
 And pray him of his gentilnesse
 To suffir her thenceforth in pece,
 As othir princis had before
 And from thenceforth for evirmore
 She would him worship in all wise
 That gentilnesse ymight devise
 And payne her wholy to fulfill
 In honour his plesure and will,
 And during thus this knights wo,
 Present the quene and othir mo,
 My lady and many an othir wight,
 Ten thousand shippis at a sight
 I saw come oer the wavy flode
 With sayle and ore, that as a flode

Them to behold I gan marvaile
 From whom might come so many a fail,
 For sith the tyme that I was bore
 Such a navie there n'ere before
 Had I not sene, ne so arayed,
 That for the fight my hert yplayed
 Aye to and fro within my brest
 For joy; long was or it would rest;
 For there was saylis full of floures,
 Astir casils with huge rours,
 Yfeming full of armis bright,
 That wondir lusty was the fight,
 With large toppis and mastis long,
 Richly depeint, and reare among
 At certaine timis gan repayre
 Smale birdis doune from the aire,
 And on the shippis bounds about
 Yfate and song with voyce full out,
 Ballades and layes right joyously,
 As they couth in ther harmony,
 That you to write that I there se
 Mine excuse is it may not be;
 For why? the mattir were to long
 To name the birds and write song;
 Whereof anon the tydings there,
 Unto the queene sone brought, ywrote,
 With many' alas and many, a doubt,
 Shewing the shippis there without;
 Tho gan the agid lady wepe,
 And said, Alas! our joy on slepe
 Sone shal be brought, ye, long or night,
 For we discried hen by this knight,
 For certes it may none othir be
 But he is of yond companie;
 And they be come him here to seche;
 And with that word her faylid speche
 Without remedy we be desfroid,
 Ful oft said all, and gan conclude
 Wholy at onis at the last
 That best was shif ther yatis fast,
 And arme them all in gode langage,
 As they had done of old usage,
 And of fayre wordis make ther shot;
 This was ther counsaile and the knot,
 And othir purpose toke they none,
 But armid thus forth they all gone
 Toward the wallis of the yle;
 But or they comin there long while
 They mettin the grete lord of bove
 That callid is the god of Love,
 That them avifid with such chere,
 Right as he with them angry were;
 Avayled them not ther wals of glasse;
 This mighty lord let not to passe
 The shutting of ther yatis fast;
 All they had ordained was but wast;
 For when his ships had foundin land
 This lord anon, with bow in hand,
 Into this yle with huge prefe
 Yhyd fast and would not cese
 Till he came there the knight ylay;
 Of queene ne lady by the way
 Toke he no hede, but forth he pass;
 And yet all folowed at the last.

And when he came where lay the knight
 Well shewid he he had grete might,
 And forth the queene callid anon
 And all the ladies everichone,
 And to them said, Is not this routh,
 To se my servaunt for his trowth
 Thus lene, thus sicke, and in this payne,
 And wot not unto whom to playne,
 Save onely one withoutin mo,
 Which might him hele, and is his fo?
 And with that word his hevvy brow
 He shewid the queene, and lokid row,
 This mighty lord forth tho anon
 With a loker her, faultis echone
 He can her shew in litil spech,
 Commanding her to be his lech,
 Withoutin more, shortly to say,
 He thought the queene sone should obay,
 And in his hond he froke his bow,
 And said right sone he would be know;
 And for she had so long refused
 His service, and his lawes not used,
 He let her wit that he was wroth,
 And bent his bow, and forth he goth
 A pace or two, and evin there
 A large draught up to his ere
 He drew, and with an arrow ground
 Both sharpe and newe the queene a wound
 He gave that perfed unto the hert,
 Which aftirward full fore gan smert,
 And was not whole of many yere;
 And even with that Be of gode chere,
 My knight, quod he; I will the hele,
 And the restore to parsite wele,
 And for ech payne thou hast endured
 To have two joies thou art enured;
 And forth he passid by the rout,
 With fobir chere walking about,
 And what he said I thought to here;
 Well wist he whiche his servaunts were;
 And as he passid anon he fond
 My lady, and her toke by the hond,
 And made her chere as a goddes,
 And of Beaute called her Princes,
 Of Bounty eke gave her the name,
 And sayd there was nothyng to blame
 In her, but she was vertuous,
 Saving she would no pity use,
 Which was the cause that he her sought;
 To put that far out of her thought;
 And fithin she had whole richelle
 Of womanhed and frendlinesse,
 He said it was nothing sitting
 To void Pity his owne leggyng;
 And gan her prech and with her play,
 And of her beauty told her aie,
 And said she was a creature;
 Of whom the pame shoulk endure,
 And in his bokis full of plesaunce
 Be put for er in remembraunce;
 And as me thoughtin more frendly,
 Unto my lady and godelly more,
 He spake than any that was there;
 And for the applis I trow it were

That she had in possession,
Wherefore long in procession
Many a pace arme undir other
He welke, and so did with none other:
But what he would commaund or say
Forwith nedis all must obay,
And what he desired at the lest
Of my lady was by request:
And when they long together had bene,
He brought my lady to the quene,
And to her said, So God you spede
Shew grace and consent, that is nede.
My lady tho full conningly,
Right well avised and womanly,
Downe gan to knele upon the floures
Which Aprill nourished had with floures,
And to this mighty lord gan say,
That plesith you I woll obay,
And me refraine from othir thought;
As ye woll al thyng shall be wrought:
And with that word knesing the quoke.
That mighty lord in armes her toke,
And said, You have a servaunt, one
That truir living is ther none,
Wherefore gode were, seing his trouth,
That on his painis ye had routh,
And purpose you to here his spech,
Fully avised him to lech,
For of one thyng ye may be sure,
He will be yours while he may dure.
And with that word right on his game
Me thought he lough, and told my name,
Which was to me marvaile and fere,
That what to do I ne wist there,
Ne whether was me bet or none
There to abide or thus to gone,
For well wend I my lady wold
Imagin or deme I had told
My counsaile whole, or made complaint
Unto that lord, that mighty faint,
So verily ech thing unsought
He said as he had knowne my thought,
And told my trouth and mine unese
Bet than I couth have for mine ese,
Though I had studied all a weke:
Well wist that lord that I was feke,
And would be lechid wondir faine;
No man me blame, mine was the paine.
And when this lord had all ysaid,
And long while with my lady plaid,
She gan to smile with spirit glade;
This was the answer that she made,
Which put me there in double peine,
That what to do ne what to feine
Wist I not, ne what was the best;
Ferre was my hert then fro his rest,
For as I thought that smiling signe
Was token that the hert encline
Would to requestis refonable,
Because *Smiling is favorable*
To every thing that shall thrive,
So thoughtin I tho anon blive
That *Worldesse answer is no toun*
Was tane for obligacioun,

Ne callid surety in no wife
Amongst them that callid ben wife:
Thus was I in a joyous dour,
Sure and unsurif of that rout:
Right as mine hert ythought it were,
So more or lesse wexin my fere,
That if one thought ymade it welc,
Anothir slepe it everydele,
Till at the last I couth no more,
But purposed as I did before,
To serve truly my lyv's space,
Awaiting er the yere of grace,
Which may yfall yet or I sterve,
If that it plesce her that I serve,
And servid have, and wold do ever,
For thyng is none that me is lever
Than is her service, whose presence
Mine heven is whole, and her absence
An hell all full of divers paines,
Whych to the deth full oft me straines,
Thus in my thoughtis as I stode,
That unneth felt I harme ne gode,
I saw the quene a litil paas
Come where this mighty lord ywas,
And knelid downe in presence there
Of all the ladies that there were,
With sobir continaunce avised,
In few wordis that well suffised,
And to this lord anon present
A bill, wherein whole her entente
Was writtin, and how she befought,
As he knew every will and thought,
That of his godhed and his grace
He would fergeve all old trespase,
And undispleid be of time past,
For the wold evir be stedfast,
And in his service to the deth
Use every thought while she had brethid
And fight and wept, and said no more,
Within was writtin all the fore:
At whyche bill the lord gan smile,
And said he would within that yle
Be lord and syre both est and west,
And call'd it there his new conquest,
And in grete councell toke the quene;
Long were the tales them betwene:
And ovir her bill he red thrixe,
And wondir gladly gan devise
Her fetures faire and her visage,
And bad gode thrift on that image,
And saied he trowid her complaint
Should afix cause her be corseint;
And in his sleve he put the bill,
Was there none that yknew his will,
And forthe he walke apace about,
Beholding all the lusty rout,
Halfe in a thought with smiling chere,
Till at the last, as ye shall here,
He turned unto the quene ageine,
And said, To morne here in this plene
I woll that ye be and all yours,
That purposed ben to were flours,
Of my lusty colour use,
It may not be to you excuse,

Ne to none of yours in no wife,
 That able be to my servise;
 For as I said have here before
 I will be lord for evirmore
 Of you, and of this yle, and all,
 And of all yours that havin shall
 Joy, pece, or ese, or in plefaunce;
 Your livis use without noyfaunce;
 Here will I in state be yfene,
 And turned his vilage to the quene,
 And you give knowledge of my will,
 And a full answer of your bill.
 Was there no nay, ne wordis none,
 But very obeisaunt femed echone;
 The quene and othir that were there
 Well semid it they had grete fere,
 And there toke lodging every knight,
 Was none departid of that night,
 And some to rede old romances,
 Them occupied for ther plesances,
 Some to make verelaies and laies,
 And some to othir diverse plaies,
 And I to me a romance toke,
 And as I reding was the boke,
 Methought the spherid had so run
 That it was rising of the sun,
 And such a pres into the plaine
 Assemble gone, that with grete paine
 One might for othir go ne stand,
 Ne none take othir by the hand,
 Withoutin they distourbid were,
 So huge and gret the pres was there,
 And afir that within two houres,
 This mighty lord clad all in floures
 Of divers colours many a paire
 In his estate up in the aire
 Well nigh two fathom, as his hight,
 He set him there in all ther sight,
 And for the quene and for the knight,
 And for my lady and every wight,
 In hast he sent, so that ner one
 Was there absent, but come echone;
 And when they thus assemblid were,
 As ye have herd me say you here,
 Without more tarrying on hight,
 There to be sene of every wight,
 Up stode among the pres above
 A counsailir, servaunt of Love,
 Which semid well of gret estate,
 And shewed there how no debate
 Othir then godely might be used
 In gentilnesse and be excused,
 Wherefore he said his lord's will
 Was every wight there should be fill
 And in pees, and of one accord,
 And thus commaundid at a word,
 And can his tongue to swiche language
 To turne, that yet in all mine age
 Herd I never so conningly
 Man speke, ne halse so faithfully,
 For every thing he said there
 Semid as it insid were,
 Or providid for very trow;
 Swiche was his cunning language newe,

And well according to his chere,
 That where I be me thinke I here,
 Him yet alway, when I mine one
 In any place may be alone:
 First con he of the lusty yle
 All the estate in lityl whyle
 Reherse, and wholly every thing
 That causid there his lord's comming,
 And every wele and every wo,
 And for what cause eche thing was so
 Well shewed he there in esie spech,
 And how the sick had nede of lech;
 And that whiche whole was and in grace
 He told plainly why ech thing was,
 And at the last he con conclude,
 Voidid every language rude,
 And said, That prince, that mighty lord,
 Or his departing would accord
 All the parties were there present,
 And was the fine of his entent,
 Witnesse his presence in your sight,
 Which sits among you in his might;
 And knelid downe withoutin more,
 And not o word yspake he more.
 Tho gan this mighty lord him dresse,
 With chere avised, to do largesse,
 And said unto this knight and me,
 Ye shall to joy restorid be,
 And for ye have ben true ye twaine
 I graunt you here for every paine
 A thousand joies every weke,
 And loke ye be no lengir seke,
 And both your ladies, lo hem here!
 Take ech his own; beth of gode chere,
 Your happie day is new begun
 Sith it was rising of the sun,
 And to all othir in this place
 I graunt wholly to stand in grace
 That servith truely without slouth,
 And to avauncid be by trowth.
 Tho gan this knight and I downe knele,
 Wening to doin wondir wele,
 Seing, O lord! your grete mercy
 Us hath enriched so opinly
 That we deserve may never more
 The leste part, but evirmore
 With soule and body truely serve
 You and yours till that we ysterve;
 And to ther ladies there they stode.
 This knight, that coult so mikil gode,
 Ywent in hast, and I also;
 Joyous and glad werin we tho,
 And al so rich in every thought
 As he that all hath and ought nought,
 And them besought in humble wile
 Us to accept to ther service,
 And shew us of ther frendly cheres,
 Which in ther tresure many yerres
 They keptin had, us to grete paine,
 And told how ther servauntis twaine
 We were, would be, and so had ever,
 And to the deth change would we never,
 Ne doe offence, ne thinke like ill,
 But fill ther ordinance and will;

And made our othis freshe and new,
Our old service for to renew,
And wholly ther's for evirmore
We there become; what might we more?
And well awaiting that in flouth
We made no fault ne in our trouthe,
Ne thought not do, I you ensue,
With our will, whilis we may dure.

This feson past, againe an even
This lord of the quene toke his leve,
And said he would hastily returne,
And at godeleisure there sojourne,
Both for his honour and his ese,
Commaunding fast the knight to plesse,
And gave his statutes in papirs,
And orderit divers officers,
And forth to ship the same night
He went, and sone was out of sight.
And on the morowe when the aire
Attemprid was and wondir faire,
Erly at rising of the sun,
Afir the night away was run,
Yplaying us on the rivage,
My lady spake of her voyage,
And said the madin small journeis,
And held her in straunge counteries,
And forthwith to the quene went,
And shewed her wholly her entent,
And toke her leve with chere weping,
That pity was to se that parting,
For to the quene it was a paine,
As to a martyr new ysaine,
That for her woe, and she so tender,
Yet I wepe oft when I remember:
She offerid there to resigne
To my lady eight times or nine
Th' astate, the yle, shortly to tell,
If it might plesse her there to dwell,
And said, for evir her lineage
Should to my lady doe homage,
And hers be whole withoutin more,
Ye, and all thers for evirmore.
Nay, God forbid! my lady est,
With many cunning word and soft,
Said, that evir such a thing should bene,
That I consent should that a quene
Of your estate, and so well named,
In any wise should be attamed,
But would be faine with all my hert,
What so befall or how me smert,
To doin thing that you might plesse
In any wife or be your ese,
And kistid there, and bad gode night,
For which leve wept many a wight,
There might men here my lady praised,
And such a name of her araised,
What of cunning and frendlinesse,
What of beauty with gentlinesse,
And what of glad and frendly cheres,
That the usid in all her yeres,
That wondir was here every wight,
To say well how they did her might,
And with a pres upon the morow
To ship her brought, and what a sorow

They made when she should undir saile,
That and ye wist ye would mervaille.
Forth goeth the ship, out goeth the sond,
And I as a wode man unbond,
For doubt to be left behind there,
Into the se withoutin fere
Anon I ran, till with a waw
All sodenly I was oerthrow,
And with the watir to and fro
Backward and forward travailed so
That mind and breth nigh was ygone,
For gode ne harme ne knew I none,
Til at the last with hokis tweine
Men of the ship with mekil peine
To save my life did such cravaile
That and ye wist ye would mervaille,
And in the ship me drewe on hie,
And saidin all that I would die,
And laid me long downe by the mast,
And of ther clothis on me cast,
And there I made my testament,
And wist my selfe not what I ment,
But when I said had what I would,
And to the mast my we all told,
And tane my leve of every wight,
And closed mine eyen and lost my sight,
Avised to die without more spech,
Or any remedy to feschment
Or grace new, as was grete nede,
My lady of my paine toke hede,
And her bethought how that for trouthe
To se me die it were grete routh,
And to me came in sobir wise,
And softly said, I pray you rise,
Come on with me; let be this fare;
All shall be wel; have ye no care;
I will obey ye and fulfillis
Wholly in al that lordis will
That you and me not long ago
Afir his list commaundid so,
That there againe no resistance
May be withoutin gret offence,
And therefore now luke what I say,
I am and will be frendly aye;
Rise up, behold this avauntage,
I grauntin you in heritage
All peceably withoutin striver
During the dayis of your live;
And of her applis in my sleeves
One she ypur, and toke her leve;
In wordis few, and said, God hele
He that all made you fend, and welle!
Wherewith my pains all at ones
Tokin such leve, that all my bones
For the new durense plesaunce,
So as they couth desired to daunce,
And I as whole as any wight
Up rose with joyous hert and light,
Whole and unlikke, right welle at ese,
And all forget had my difese,
And to my lady where she plaid
I went anone, and to her said;
He that all joies pertona to plesse
First ordainid with parfit ese,

And every plesure can depart,
 Send you, Madame, as large a party,
 And of his godis such plenty,
 As he has done you of beauty,
 With hele, and all that may be thought,
 He send you all as he all wrought.
 And God tofore, ye shall be there,
 Have I ben long, and yet will new,
 Withoutin change or repentaunce
 In any wise or variaunce,
 And so will do, as thrive I ever,
 For thing is none that me is fever,
 Than you to pleshe how'er I fare,
 Mine hert's lady and my welfare,
 My life, mine hele, my lech also
 Of every thing that doth me wo,
 My helpe at nede, and my surete
 Of every joy that longs to me,
 My succours whole in alle wise
 That may be thought or man devise,
 Your grace, Madame, such have I found,
 Now in my nede, that I am bound
 To you for er, so Christ me save,
 For hele and live of you I have,
 Wherefore is refoun I you serve
 With due obeisaunce till I sterve,
 And ded and quicke be evir yours,
 Late, erly, and at alle hours.
 'Tho came my lady small alite,
 And in plaine Englich con confite,
 In wordis few whole her entent
 She shewed me there, and how the ment
 To me ward in every wise,
 Wholly she came at ther devise,
 Without proceffe or long travell,
 Charging me to kepin counsell,
 As I would to her grace attaine,
 Of which commaundement I was faine;
 Wherefore I passe oer at this time,
 For counsell cords not well in rime,
 And eke the oth that I have swore
 To breke me were bettir unbores;
 Why? for untrue for evirmore
 I should be hold, that nevirmore
 Of me in place should be report
 Thing that avails might, or comfort
 To mewardis in any wise,
 And eche wight wouldin me dispise
 In that they couth, and me repreve,
 Which were a thing fore to greve,
 Wherefore hereof more mencion
 Make I not now ne long sermon,
 But shortly thus I me excuse,
 To rime a counsell I refuse,
 Sailing thus two dayis or thre
 My lady towards her countree,
 Ovir the wavis high and grene,
 Which werin large and depe betwene,
 Upon a time me called and fide,
 'That of my hele she was well paid,
 And of the quene and of the yle
 She talkid with me a long while,
 And of all that she there had fene,
 And of th' estate and of the quene,

And of the ladies name by name,
 Two houres or mo this was her game,
 Till at the last the wind can rise,
 And blew fo fast and in such wise
 The ship, that every wight can say,
 Madame, er eve be of this day,
 And God tofore, ye shall be there,
 As ye would fainist that ye were,
 And doubtith not within fixe hours
 Ye shall be there as all is yours:
 At which wordis she gan to smile,
 And said that was no long'e while
 That they her set; and up she rose,
 And all about the ship she gose,
 And made gode chere to every wight,
 Till of the land she had a sight,
 Of which'e sight glad, God it wot,
 She was abasfid and abote,
 And forth goeth, shortly you to tell,
 Where she accustomed was to dwell,
 And recevid was, as gode right,
 With joyous chere and hertis light,
 And as a glad new ayinture
 Plesant to every creature;
 With which landing tho I awoke,
 And found my chambir full of smoke,
 My chekis eke unto the eres,
 And all my body, wet with teres,
 And all fo feble and in such wise
 I was, that unneth might I rise,
 So far travailid and so faint,
 That neithir knew I kirke ne faine,
 Ne what was what ne who was who,
 Ne avised what way I would go;
 But by an adventurous grace
 I rise and walkt, sought pace and pace,
 Till I a winding staire yfound,
 And held the vice aye in my hond,
 And upward softly so can crepe
 Till I came where I thought to slepe
 More at mine ese, and out of pece,
 At my gode leifure and in pece,
 Till somwhat I recomfort were
 Of the travill and the grete fere
 That I endurid had before,
 This was my thought withoutin more;
 And as a wight witlesse and faint,
 Without more in a chambir paint
 Full of flories old and divers,
 More than I can as now reherse,
 Unto a bed full sobirly,
 So as I mightin, full fouthly,
 Pace afir other, and nothing said,
 Till at the last downe I me laid,
 And as my mind would give me leve
 All that I dremid had that eve
 Before that all I can reherse,
 Right as a child at schole his verfe
 Doth afir that he thinketh to thrive,
 Right fo did I for all my live,
 I thought to have in remembraunce
 Both the paine and eke the plessaunce,
 The Dreme whole as it me befell,
 Which was as ye herin me tell:

Thus in my thoughtis as I lay
 That happy or unhappy day,
 Ne wot I not, so have I blame,
 Of the two which shulde be the name,
 Befell me so that there a thought
 By proceffe new on slepe me brought,
 And me governed so in a while
 That ones againe within the yle
 Me thought I was, where of the knight
 And of the ladies I had fight,
 And were assemblid on a grene;
 Bothe knight and lady with the quene,
 At which assembly there was said
 How that they all content and paid
 Werin wholly as in that thing
 That the knight there shoulde be the king,
 And they would all for sure witnesse
 Yweddid be both more and lesse,
 In remembrance, withoutin more,
 Thus they consent for evirmore,
 And was concludid that the knight
 Departin shoulde the same night,
 And forthwith there toke his voiage
 To journey for his marriage,
 And returnin with such an host
 That weddid might be left and most:
 This was concluded, written and feled,
 That it ne might not be repeled
 In no wise, but continue firme,
 And all shoulde be within a terme,
 Withoutin more excusation,
 Both fest and coronation.
 This knight, which had thereof the charge,
 Anon into a little barge
 Ybrought was late against an eve,
 Where of all he ytoke his leve,
 Which barge was as a man's thought
 Affir his plesure to him brought,
 The quene her selfe accustomed aye
 In the same barge oft for to play,
 It nedith neithir mast ne rothir,
 I have not herd of such another,
 No maistr for the govirnaunce,
 He saylid by thought and plesauce,
 Withoutin labour est and west,
 All ywas one calme or tempest,
 And I went with at his request,
 And was the first praid to the fest.
 When he came into his cowntre,
 And passid had the wavy fe,
 In an havin bothe depe and large
 He left his rich and noble barge,
 And to the court, shortly to tell,
 He went where he was wont to dwell,
 And was recevid, as gode right,
 As heire, and for a worthy knight,
 With all the statis of the lond,
 Which came anon at his first fond,
 With glad spiritis full of trowth,
 Loth to do fault, or with a slouth
 Attaint to be in any wise,
 Ther richis was ther old servise,
 Which evir trew had ben yfond
 Sith first inhabit was the lond;

And so recevid thei ther king
 That forgottin ywas no thing
 That ought to be done ne might plesse,
 Ne ther soveraine lord do ese;
 And with them so, shortly to say,
 As they of custome had done aye,
 For seven yere past was and more,
 The father, the old, wife, and more,
 King of the land, ytoke his leve
 Of all his barons on an eve,
 And told them how his dayis past
 Were all, and comin was the fast,
 And hart'ly prayed 'hem to remember
 His sonnè, which yong was and tender,
 That borne ywas ther prince to be,
 If he returne to that cowntre
 Might by adventure or by grace
 Within any shorte time or space,
 And to be true and frendly aye,
 As they to him had ben alway:
 Thus he them prayd withoutin more,
 And toke his leve for evirmore;
 Knowin was how tendir in age
 This yongè prince a grete viage
 Uncouth and straunge, honours to seche,
 Ytoke in hond with lityl speche,
 Which was to sekin a princes
 That he desired more than riches,
 For her grete name that flourid so
 That in that time there was no mo'
 Of her estate, ne so well named,
 For borne was none that er her blamed,
 Of which princes somwhat before
 Here have I spoke, and some will more.
 So thus befell as ye shall here;
 Unto ther lord they made such chere
 That joy was there to be present
 To se ther troth and how they ment;
 So very glad they were ech one
 That them among there was no one
 Whiche that desired more riches
 Than for ther lord such a princes
 That they might plesse, and that were faire,
 For fast desired they an heire,
 And said grete surety were ywis.
 And as they were spekin of this
 The prince himselfin him aviseid,
 And in plaine English undisguised
 Them shewid wholly his journey,
 And of ther counsell can them prey,
 And told how he ensurid was,
 And how his day he might not passe
 Withoutin diffame and grete blame,
 And to him for evir a shame;
 And of ther counsell and avise
 There he prayith them once or twice,
 And that they would within ten daies
 Avise and ordaine him such waies,
 So that it were no displeaunce,
 Ne to this relme oer grete greivaunce,
 And that he might have to his fest
 Sixty thousand gestes at the lest,
 For his intent within short while
 Was to returne unto this yle

That he came fro, and kepe his day;
 For nothing would he be away.
 To counsaile the the lords anon
 Into a chambir everychone
 Togithir went, them to devise
 How they might best and in what wise
 Purvey for their lord's plessaunce,
 And the rehm's continuance
 Of honor, which in it before
 Had continuid evirmore.
 So at the last they found the waies,
 How that within the next ten daies
 All might with paine and diligence
 Be done, and cast what the dispence
 Might draw, and, in conclusion,
 Made for ech thing provision.
 When this was done, wholly tofore
 The prince the lordis all before
 CAME, and shewed what they had done,
 And how they couth by no reson
 Findin that within the ten daies
 He might departin by no waies,
 But would be fiftene at the left
 Or he returne might to his left
 And shewed him every reson why,
 It might not be so hastily
 As he desirid, ne his day
 He might not kepe by no way,
 For divers causis wondir grete;
 Which when he herd in such an hete
 He fell for sorow, and was feke,
 Still in his bed whole that weke,
 And nigh the tothir for the shame,
 And for the doubt and for the blame
 That mightin on him be aret,
 And oft upon his brest he bet,
 And said, Alas! mine honour for aye
 Have I here lost clenely this day;
 Ded would I be; alas! my name
 Shall aye be more henceforth in shame,
 And I dishonoured and reprieved,
 And never more shall be believed;
 And made swich sorow, that in trouth
 Him to behold it was grete routh;
 And so endured the dayes fiftene,
 Till that the lords on an even
 Him come and told they redy were,
 And shewed in few wordis there
 How and what wife they had purvey'd
 For his estate, and to him said
 That twenty thousand knights of name,
 And fourty thousand without blame,
 All come of noble lignage,
 Togidir in a compaign,
 Were lodgid on a river's side,
 Him and his plesure there t'abide.
 The prince tho for joy up arose,
 And where they lodgid were he goes
 Withoutin more that same night,
 And these his suppir made to dight,
 And with them bode till it was dey,
 And forthwith to take his journey,
 Levyn the freight, holding the large,
 Till he came to his noble barge:

And when this prince, this lustie knight,
 With his peple in armis bright,
 Was comin where he thought to pas,
 And knew well none abiding was
 Behind, but all were there present,
 Forthwith anon all his intent
 He told them there, and made his cries
 Thorough his hoste that day twise,
 Commanding every livis wight
 There being present in his sight
 To be the morow on the rivage,
 Where he begin would his viage.
 The morow come, the cry was kept,
 But few was there that night that slept,
 But trussed and purveid for the morow,
 For fault of ships was all ther sorow,
 For save the barge and othir two
 Of shippis ther saw I no mo.
 Thus in ther doubtis as they stode,
 Waxing the se, comming the fode,
 Was cried, To ship goe every wight,
 Then was but he that he him might;
 And to the barge me thought echone
 They went, without was leit not one,
 Ne horse ne male, trusse ne baggage,
 Salad ne spere, gardbrace ne page,
 But was lodgid, and rome ynough;
 At which shipping me thought I lough,
 And gan to marvaile in my thought,
 How evir such a ship was wrought,
 For what peple that can encrefe,
 Ne ner so thicke might be the prefe,
 But all had rome at ther will,
 There was not one was lodgid ill;
 For as I trowe my selfe the last
 Was one, and lodgid by the mast,
 And where I lokid I saw such rome
 As all were lodgid in a towne,
 Forth goth the ship, said was the crede,
 And on ther knees for ther gode spede
 Downe knelid every wight a while,
 And prayid fast that to the yle
 They mightin comin in safety,
 The prince and all the company,
 With worship and withoutin blame,
 Of disclaundir of his gode name,
 Of the promise he should retourne,
 Within the time he did sojourne,
 In his londé bidding his host,
 This was ther prayir left and most:
 To kepe the day it might not ben
 That he' appointed had with the quene
 To returnin withoutin slouth,
 And so assurid had his trouth,
 For which default this prince, this knight,
 During the time slept not a night,
 Such was his wo and his disefe,
 For doubt he should the quene displefe,
 Forth goth the ship with such spede
 Right as the prince for his grete nede
 Desirid would after his thought,
 Till it unto the yle him brought,
 Where all in hast upon the land
 He and his peple toke the land

With hertis glad and chere light,
 Wening to be in heven that night;
 But or they passid had a while,
 Entring in towards that yle,
 All clad in blacke, with chere piteous,
 A lady which ner dispiteous
 Had be in all her life tofore
 With sory chere and hert to tore
 Unto this prince where he gan ride
 Ycome and said, Abide, abide,
 And have no hast, but fast retourne,
 No refon is ye here sojourne,
 For your untruth hath us discried;
 Wo worth the time we us allid
 With you, that are so sone untrew;
 Alas the day that we you knew!
 Alas the time that ye were bore!
 For all this lond ye you is lore;
 Accursed be he you hidir brought
 For all our joy is turnd to nought;
 Your acquaintance we may complain,
 Which is the cause of all our paine,
 Alas! Madame, quod tho this knight,
 And with that from his horse he light,
 With colour pale and chekis lene,
 Alas! what is this for to mene?
 What have ye said? why be ye wroth?
 You to displesse I would be loth;
 Knowe ye not full well the promesse
 Which I made have to your princeffe,
 Which to perfourme is mine intent,
 So mote I spede as I have ment,
 And as I am her very trew,
 Withoutin change or thoughtis new,
 And al so fully her servand
 As creature or man livand
 May be to lady or princeffe,
 For the mine heven and whole richeffe
 Is, and the lady of mine hele,
 My worldis joy and all my wele.
 What may this be, whence comes this spech?
 Tell me, Madame, I you besech,
 For sith the first of my living
 Was I so ferefull of nothing
 As I am now to here you speke,
 For doubt I fele mine hert to breke:
 Say on, Madame, tell me your will;
 The remnaunt is it gode or ill?
 Alas (quod she) that ye were bore!
 For for your love this land is lore;
 The queene is ded, and that is ruth,
 For sorow of your gret untruth:
 Of two partes of the lusty rout
 Of ladies that were there about,
 That wont werin to talk and play,
 Now are thei ded and clene away,
 And undir earth tane lodging newe;
 Alas that er ye were untrew!
 For when the time ye fet was past
 The queene toke counsaile sone in hast
 What was to doe, and said Grete blame
 Your acquaintance cause would and shame,
 And the ladies of this avife
 Prayid, for nede was to be wise,

In eschewing talis and songs,
 That by them makin would ill tonges,
 And sey they were lightly conquest,
 And prayid to a pore fust,
 And foully had ther worship weved,
 When so unwisely they conceived
 Ther rich trefour and ther hele,
 Ther famous name and ther wele
 To put in such an avinture,
 Of which the sclaundir ever dure
 Was like, without helpe of appele,
 Wherefore they nede had of counsele,
 For every wight of them would say,
 Ther clofid yle an opyn way
 Was become to every wight,
 And well apprevyd by a knight,
 Which he, alas! without paylaunce
 Had sone achevid th' obeidance:
 All this was moved at counsell thrile,
 And was concludid daily twife,
 That bet was dig withoutin blame
 Than lose the riches of ther name;
 Wherefore the deth is acquaintance
 They chese, and left have ther pleasaunce,
 For doubt to livin as reprevyd,
 In that they you so sone beleved,
 And made ther othes with one accord,
 That ete ne drinke, ne speke o word,
 They should hevir, but er weping
 Bide in a place without parring,
 And use ther dayis in penaunce,
 Without desire of allegeaunce,
 Of which the truth anon can preve;
 For why? the queene forthwith her leve
 Toke at them all that were present,
 Of her defaults fully repent.
 And dyd there withoutin more,
 Thus are we lost for evirmore;
 What should I more hereof reherse?
 Comin within, come se her herse
 Where ye shall se the piteous sight
 That er yet was shewin to knight,
 For ye shall sein ladies stond
 Ech with a grete rod in her hond,
 Yclad in black with visage white,
 Redy ech othir for to smite;
 If any be that will not wepe,
 Or who that makes countenance to slepe,
 They be so bet, that all so blew
 They be as cloth that died is new,
 Such is ther parfite repentance,
 And thus they kepe ther ordinance,
 And will do evir to the deth,
 While them enduris any breth.
 This knight tho in his armis twaine
 This lady toke, and gan her faine,
 Alas my birth! wo worth my life!
 And even with that he drew a knife,
 And thorough gown, doublet, and hert,
 He made the blode come from his hert,
 And set him doune upon the grene,
 And full repent clofid his ene,
 And save that ones he drew his breth
 Without more thus he toke his deth;

For which cause the lusty host,
Which in a bataille on the coast
At once for sorrow such a cry
Can rene throw the company,
That to the heven herd was the sowne,
And undir th' erth als fer adowne,
That wilde bestis for the fere
So sodainly a frayid were,
That for the doubt while they might dure
They ran, as of their lives unsure
From the wodis unto the plaine,
And from valleys the high mountaine
They fought, and ran as bestis blind
That clene forgottin had ther kind.
This wo not cefed, to counsaile went
These lordis, and for that lady sent,
And of avise what was to done
They her besought the say would sone,
Weping full fore, all clad in blake,
This lady softly to them spake,
And said, My Lordis, by my trouth
This mischefe it is of your slouth,
And if ye had that judge would right
A prince that were a very knight,
Ye that ben of estate echone
Die for his fault should one and one;
And if he hold had the promesse,
And done that longes to gentilnesse,
And fulfilled the princes behest,
This hastie farme had ben a fest,
And now is unrecoverable,
And us a slaundir aye durable,
Wherefore I say, as of counsaile
In me is none that may availe,
But if ye list for remembraunce
Purvey and make such ordinaunce
That the queene whiche that was so meke,
With all her women dede or seke,
Might in your land a chappill have,
With some remembraunce of her grave,
Shewing her end with the pity
In some notable old city,
And nigh unto an high way,
Where every wight might for her pray,
And for all hers that have ben trew:
And even with that she changid hew,
And twise wishid after the deth,
And sight, and thus passid her breth.
Then said the lordis of the host,
And so concludid lest and most,
That they would in housis of thacke
Ther livis lede, and were but blacke,
And forsake all ther plesaunces,
And turne all joy to penaunces,
And bere the ded prince to the barge,
And namid them should have the charge;
And to the herse where lay the queene
The remnaunt went and doune on knene,
Holding ther honds, on high con cric,
Mercy, mercy! everich thrie,
And cursed the time that evir slouth
Should have soche mastirdome of trouth,
And to the barge a longe mile
They bare her forth, and in a while

All the ladies one and one
By companies were brought echone,
And past the se and toke the land,
And in new herlis on a fand,
Put and brought werin all anon
Unto a city closed with stone,
Where it yhad ben usid aye
The kingis of the land to lay,
After they raigned in honours,
And writ was which were conquerours,
In an abbey of nunnis blake,
Which accusomid were to wake,
And of usage rise ech a night
To pray for every livis wight:
And so befell, as is the guise,
Ordeint and said was the servise
Of the prince and eke of the queene
So devoutly as might yben,
And aftir that about the herfes
Full many orisons and verses
Withoutin note ful hertily
Said were, and that full softly
That all the night till it was day
The peple in the church con pray
Unto the holy Trinite
Of those soules to have pitie.

And when the night ypast and ronne
Was, and the newe day begonne,
The yong morow with rayis red,
Which from the sonne eer all con spred,
Atempirid clere was and faire,
And made a tyme of wholsome aire,
Befell a wondir case and strange
Among the peple, and gan change
Sone the word and every wo
Unto a joy, and some to two;
A bird all fedrid blew and grene,
With bright rayis like gold betwene,
As small thred ovir every joynt,
All full of colour strange and coint,
Uncouth, and wondirfull to sight,
Upon the quen's herse con light,
And song full low and softly
Thre songis in her harmony,
Unlettid of every wight,
Til at the last an agid knight,
Which semid a man in grete thought,
Like as he set all thing at nought,
With visage and ein all forwept,
And pale, as a man long unslept;
By the herfis as he ystode
With hasty hondling of his hode
Unto a prince that by him past
Ymade the bridle somewhat agast,
Wherefore the rose and left her song,
And departed from us among,
And spred her wingis for to passe
By the place where he entrid was,
And in his hast, shortly to tell,
Him hurt, that backward downe he fell
From a window richly ypeint
With lives of many divers feint,
And bet his wingis and bled fast,
And of the hurt thus died and past,

And lay there well an hour and more,
Till at the last of brides a score
Come and assemblid at the place
Where the window ybrokin was,
And made swiche wementacioun
That pity was to here the foun,
And the warblis of ther throtis
And the complaint of ther notis,
Which from joy clene ywas reversed;
And of them one the glas sone perfed,
And in his boke of colours nine
An herbe he brought flourellesse, all grene,
All full of small levis and plaine,
Swart, and long with many a vaine,
And where his fellow lay this dede,
This herbe he down laid by his hede,
And dresid it full softly,
And hong his hed and stode thereby,
Which herb in lesse than half an houre
Can oer all knit, and aftir floure
Full out, and wexin ripe the fede,
And right as one anothir fede
Would, in his beke he toke the graine,
And in his fellowes beke certaine
It put, and thus within the third
Up stode and prunid him the bird
Which ded had be in all our sight,
And both toghithir forth ther flight
Toke, singin' from us, and ther leve
Was none disturbe 'hem would ne greve.
And when they partid were and gone
Th' abbess the fedis sone echone
Gathirid had, and in her hand
The herbe the toke, well avifand
The lese, the fede, the stalke, the floure,
And said it had a gode favour,
And was no common herb to find,
And well approved of uncouth kind,
And than othir more vertuouse;
Who so have it might for to use
In his nede floure, or lese, or graine,
Of ther hele might ybe certaine;
And laid it downe upon the herse
Where lay the quene, and gan reherse
Echone to' othir that they had sene;
And taling thus the fede wex grene,
And on the drie herse gan to spring,
Which me thought was a wondrous thing,
And aftir that floure and new fede,
Of which the peple all toke hede,
And said it was some grete miracle,
Or medicine fine more than triacle.
And were well done there to assay
If it might ese in any way
The corsis, which with torches light
They wakid had there all that night;
Sone did the lordis their consent,
And all the peple thereto content
With ese words and litil fare,
And made the quen's visage bare,
Which shewid was to all about,
Wherefore in swone fell whole the rout,
And were so fory most and lest
That long of weping they not cest,

For of ther lord the remembraunce
Unto them was such displeaunce
That for to live they called a paine,
So were they very true and plaine.
And after this the gode abbess
Of the graine gan to chele and dresse
Thre, with her fingirs clene and smale,
And in the quen's mouth by tale
One aftir othir esly
She put 'hem and full conningly,
Which shewid sone such vertue
That previd was the medicine true,
For with a smiling countinaunce
The quene uprofe, and of usfaunce,
As she was wont to every wight,
She made gode chere, for which light
The peple kneling on the stones
Thought they in heven were soules and bones
And to the prince where he ylay
They went to make the same assay,
And when the quene it undirstode,
And how the medicine was gode,
She preyid she might have the graines
To relevin him from the paines
Which she and he had both endured,
And to him went and so him cured,
That streight within a litil space
Lusty and freshe on live he was,
And in gode hele, and whole of spech,
And lough, and said, Gramercy, lech!
For which the joy throughout the town
So gret was that the bellis soun
Afraied the peple a journey
About the cite every way,
And come and askid cause and why
They rongin were so statily?
And aftir that the quene th' abbess,
Made diligence or they would cesse,
Such that of ladies sone a rout
Sewing the quene was all about,
And called by name echone and told,
Was none forgettin young ne old;
There mightin men se joyis new
When the medicine fine and trew
Thus restorid had every wight,
So well the quene as the knight,
Unto full perfit joy and hele,
That fleting they were in such wele
As folke that wouldin in no wise
Desire more parfit paradise.
And thus when passed was the sorow,
With mikil joye sone on the morow
The king, the quene, and every lord,
With all the ladies, by' one accord
Helde a generall assembly:
Gret cry was made through the country,
The which aftir as ther intent
Was turnid to a parliament,
Where was ordainid and avised
Every thing and wel devised
That pleyn might to most and lest,
And there concludid was the fest
Within the yle for to behold
With full consent of young and old,

All in the same wise as before,
 As thing should be withoutin more,
 And thei shippid and thithir went,
 And into straunge relmis fent,
 To kingis, queenes, and duchesies,
 To divers princees and princeesses,
 Of ther linage, and can them pray
 That it might like them at that day
 Of mariage, for ther dispor.
 Come se the yle and them disport,
 Where should be joustis and turnaies,
 And armis done in othir waies,
 Signifying oer all the day
 Afir Aprilis within May,
 And was avised that ladies tweine,
 Of gode estate and well befine,
 With certaine knightis and squiers,
 And of the quen's officers,
 In mannir of an embassade,
 With certain lettirs closed and made,
 Should take the barge and depart,
 And seke my lady every part
 Till they her found for any thing
 Both chargid have the quene and king,
 And as ther lady and maistres
 Her to besefie of gentilnes
 At the day there for to yben,
 And oft her recommaund the quene,
 And prays for all loves to hast,
 For but she come all woll be wast,
 And the fest but a businesse
 Withoutin joy or lustinesse.
 And toke them tokins, and gode sped
 Praid God fend hem afir ther nede.
 Forth went the ladies and the knights,
 And were out fourteen daies and nights,
 And brought my lady in ther barge,
 And had well sped and done ther charge;
 Whereof the quene so hertily glad
 Was, that in soth such joy she had
 When that the ship approachid lond
 That the my lady on the fond
 Met, and in armis so constraine,
 That wondir was behold them twaine,
 Which to my dome during twelve houres
 Neithir for hete ne watry floures
 Departid not no company
 Saving themselfe, but none them by,
 But gave them layfour at ther ese
 To reherfin joy and disese
 Afir the plesure and couragis
 Of ther young and tendir agis;
 And afir with many a knight
 Brought thei were where as for that night
 They partid not, for to plesauce
 Content was hert and countinaunce
 Both of the quene and my maistresse;
 This was that night ther businesse;
 And on the morow with huge rowt
 This prince of lordis him about
 Come, and unto my lady said,
 Of her comming glad and well paid
 He was, and full right commingly
 Her thankid and full hertily,

And lough and smiled, and said, Ywis
 That was in doubt in safety is;
 And commaundid do diligence,
 And spare for neithir gold ne spence,
 But make redy, for on the morow
 Yweddid, with Saint John to borow,
 He would ybe withoutin more,
 And let them wite this lese and more.
 The morow come, and the service
 Of mariage in such a wise
 Ysaid was, that with more honour
 Was never prince ne conquerour
 Ywedde, ne with such company
 Of gentillesse in chivalry,
 Ne of ladies so grette routs,
 Ne so besefen as all abouts
 They werin there, I certifie
 You on my life, withoutin lie.

And the fest hold was in tennis,
 As to tell you mine entent is,
 In a rome in a large plaine,
 Undir a wode in a champaine,
 Betwixt a rivir and a well,
 Where never had abbay ne fell
 Yben, ne kirke, house, ne village,
 In time of any man's age,
 And durid thre moniths the fest
 In one estate, and never cest
 From erly rising of the sonne
 Till the day spent was and yronne
 In jousting, dauncing, lustinesse,
 And all that sowned to gentillesse.

And as me thought the second morow,
 Whan endid was all old forow,
 And in surety every wight
 Had with his lady slept a night,
 The prince, the quene, and all the rest,
 Unto my lady made request,
 And her besought oft and praied
 To mewardes to be well apaid,
 And considir mine olde trouth,
 And on my painis havin routh,
 And me accept to her servise
 In such forme and in such wise
 That we both mightin be as one;
 Thus praied the quene and everichone;
 And for there should ne be no nay
 They stentin justing all a day
 To pray my lady, and requere
 To be content and out of fere,
 And with gode hert make friendly chere,
 And said it was a happy yere;
 At which she smiled, and said, Ywis
 I trow well he my servaunt is,
 And would my welfare, as I trist,
 So would I his, and would he wist
 I w and I knewe that his trouth
 Continue woud withoutin slouth,
 And be such as ye here report,
 Restraining both courage and sport,
 I couth consent at your request
 To be ynamid of your fest,
 And doin afir your unsaunce
 In obeying of your plesauce:

At your request this I consent,
 To plesin you in your entent,
 And eke the foveraine above,
 Commandid hath me for to love,
 And before othir him prefer,
 Against which prince may be no wer,
 For his powir ovir all raiguneth,
 That othir would for nought him paineth;
 And fith his will and yours is one
 Contrary in me shall be none:
 Tho (as me thoughtin) the promise
 Of marriage before the mese
 Desirid was of every wight
 To be madin the same night,
 To put away all manir doubts
 Of every wight thereabouts;
 And so was do: and on the morow,
 When every thought and every sorrow
 Dislodgid was out of mine hert,
 With every wo and every smert,
 Unto a tent prince and princes
 Me thought brought me and my maistres,
 And said we werin at full age
 There to conclude our marriage,
 With ladies, knightis, and squiers,
 And a gret host of ministers,
 With instruments and sounes diverse,
 That long werin here to reherse;
 Which tent was church parochiall,
 Ordaint was in especiall
 For the fest and for the sacre,
 Where archbishop and archdiacre
 Ylongin full out the servise
 Afir the custome and the guise
 And holie church's ordinance:
 And afir that to dine and daunce
 Brought were we, and to divers plaies,
 And for our sped ech wight praies,
 And merry was both most and left,
 And said axendid was the fest,
 And were right glad lady and lord
 Of the marriage and the accord;
 And withid us here is plesunce,
 In joy and hele continuance,
 And to the ministrils made request
 That in encrefing of the fest
 They wouldin touchin ther cordis
 And with some new joyeux accordis
 Ymove the peple to gladnesse,
 And praidin of all gentilnesse
 Ech to painin them for the day
 To shew his cunning and his play:
 Tho began sounis marvelous,
 Entunid with accords joyous,
 Round about and in all the tents,
 With thousandis of instruments,
 That every wight to daunce them painid;
 To be merry was none that faynid;
 Which sounie me troublid in my slepe,
 That fro my bed anon I lepe,
 Wening to have be at the fest;
 But when I woke all was yest,
 For there n'as lady ne creature,
 Save on the wals old portraiture
 Of horsmen, hawkis, and houndis,
 And hurt dere all full of woundis,

Some like bittin, some hurt with shot,
 And as my dreme semed that was not.
 And when I wake and knew the trouth,
 And ye had seen, of very routh
 I trow ye would have wept a weke,
 For nevir man yet halfe so seke
 Iwent escapid with the life,
 And was for fault that sword ne knife
 I find ne might my life t'abridge,
 Ne thing that kervid ne had edge,
 Wherewith I might my wofull pains
 Have voidid with bleding of vains.
 Lo, here my blisse! lo, here my paine!
 Which to my lady I do complaine,
 And grace and mercy her requere
 To end my wo and busie fere,
 And me accept to her servise,
 And to her service in such wise,
 That of my Dremè the substaunce
 Might turnin once to cognisaunce,
 And cognisaunce to very preve,
 By full consent and by gode leve;
 Or els withoutin more I pray
 That this same night or it be day
 I mote unto my Dremè retourne,
 And sleping so forthe aie sojourn
 Aboutin the yle of plessaunce
 Undir my ladie's obeisaunce,
 In her service, and in such wise
 As it plesse her may to devise,
 And grace onis to be accept
 Like as I dremid when I slept,
 And dure a thousand yere and ten
 In her gode will. Amen, Amen

L'ENVOI.

Fairist of faire, and godelyist on live,
 All my sece to you I plaine and thrive,
 Requiring grace, and of my fore complaint:
 To be be helid or martirid as a saint,
 For by my trouth I swere, and by this boke,
 Ye may both hele and sle me with a loken.
 Go forth, mine owne true hert innocent,
 And with humblenesse do thine observaunce,
 And to thy lady on thy knees present
 Thy service new, and think how grette plessaunce
 It is to live undir the obeisaunce,
 Of her which that may with her lokis softe
 Give the the blisse that thou desirist oft.
 Be diligent, awake, obey, and drede,
 And be not wild of thy countinaunce,
 But meke and glad, and thy nature yfede,
 To do ech thing that may her doe plessaunce;
 When thou shalt slepe have aie in remembraunce
 Th' image of her which may with lokis softe
 Give the the blisse that thou desirist oft.
 And if so be that thou her name find
 Writtin in boke, or ellis upon wall,
 Loke that thou do, as servaunt true and kind,
 Thine obeisaunce as the were therewithall:
 Rayning in love is breeding of a fall
 From the grace of her whose lokis softe
 May give the blisse that thou desirist oft.
 Ye which that this ballade yredin shall
 I pray you that you kepe you fro the fall.

THE DREME OF CHAUCER.*

I HAVE grete wonder, by this light;
How that I lyve, for day ne night
I maye not slepin welny nought;
I have so many' an ydle thought;
Purely for the defaute of slepe,
That by my trouth I take no kepe
Of nothing howe it cometh or gothe,
Ne me n'ys nothing lese nor lothe;
Al is ilichè gode to me
Joye or sorowe where so it be,
For I have felinge in nothing,
But as it were a masif thing
Al day in pointe to fall adoun,
For sorowful ymaginacioun
Is alway wholly in my minde.

And well ye wote that againste kinde
It were to livin in this wile,
For nature ne wolde not suffice
Unto none erthy creature
Not longe tyme to endure
Withoutin slepe and be in sorowe,
And I ne may ne night ne morowe
Slepin, and this melancolye
And drede I havin for to die;
Defaute of slepe add heviness,
Hath slaine my spirite of quickness,
That I have lost al lustihed;
Soche fantasies ben in mine hed
So I n'ot what is best to do:
But men might askin me whi so
I may not slepe, and what me is?
But natheles who askith thys
Lefeth his askyng trewly;
My selvin can not telling why
The sothe, but trewly, as I geffe,
I holde it be a fikeness.

* By the perfon of a mourning knight sitting under an oak, is meant John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, greatly lamenting the deth of one whom he entirely loved, supposed to be Blanch the Dutcheffe, Urry.

That I have suffrid this eyght yere,
And yet my bote is ner the nere,
For there is philicien but one
That may me hele; but that is done;
Passin we ovir until este;
That will not be mote nedes be leste:
Our first matir is gode to kepe.

So whan sawe I might not slepe
Til now of late this othir night
Upon my bedde I fate upright,
And bade one rechyn me a boke,
A romaunce and it me toke

To rede, and drive the night away;
For why? me thought it betir playn
Than play either at chesse or tables.

And in this boke were writtin fables
That clerkis had in olde tyme,
And other poetes put in rhyme
To rede, and for to be in minde,
While men lovid the lawe of kinde:
This boke ne spake but of soche thinges,
Of quenis livis and of kinges,
And many othir thingis smale;
Amonge al this I fond a tale
Whiche that me thought a wondir thing.

This was the tale. There was a king
That hight Ceix, and had a wise
The best that mightin berin lyfe,
And this quene hight Alcyone;
So it befel thereaftert fone
This king wol wendin ovir se:
To tellin shortly whan that he
Was in the se thus in this wile
Soche a tempest began to ryse
That brake ther masse and made it fal,
And clefte ther ship and dreint them al,
That nevir was founde, as it telles,
Ne borde ne man, ne nothing elles:
Right thus this king yloste his lile.

Nowe for to spekin of his wile.

This ladie that was leste at home
 Hath wondir that the kinge ne come
 Home, for it was a longe terme;
 Anone her herte began to yerne,
 And for that her thought evirmo
 It was not wele, her thoughtin fo,
 She longid fo aftir the king,
 That certes it were a pitous thing
 To tell her hertely sorowful lyfe
 Whiche that she had this noble wife,
 For him she lovid aldirbest;
 Anon she sent both est and west
 To seke him but they founde him nought.

Alas (quod she) that I was wrought!
 And where my lorde my love be ded
 Certis I n'yl never ete bred,
 I make a vowe to my God here,
 But I mowe of my lorde here.

Soch forowe this lady to her toke,
 That trewly I, that made this boke,
 Yhad soche pite and soche routhie
 To rede her forowe, that by my trouthe
 I farid the worse al the morowe
 Aftir to thinkin on her forowe.

So whan that she coude here no worde
 That no man myghtin finde her lorde
 Ful ofte she swounded, and saide Alas!

For sorow ful nigh wode she was,
 Ne she ne coude no rede but one,
 But downe on knees she fate anone
 And wept, that pitie was to here.

A! mercy, my swete lady dere!
 Quod she to Juno, her goddesse,
 Helpith me out of this distresse,
 And yeve me grace, my lorde to se
 Sone, or to wete where so he be,
 Or howe he fareth, or in what wise,
 And I shal make you sacrifice,
 And wholly yours become I shal,
 With gode wil, body, herte, and al;
 And but thou wolte this, lady swete
 Sendin me grace to slepe, and mete
 In my slepe some certaine swevin
 Where through that I may knowe evin
 Whether my lorde be quicke or ded

With that worde she hinge down the hed,
 And fel in a swonne as colde as stone;
 Her women caught her up anone,
 And broughtin her in bed al naked,
 And she for wepid and forwaked
 Was wery, and thus the ded slepe
 Yfel on her or she toke kepe,
 Through Juno that had herde her bone,
 That madin her to slepe sone;
 For as she praide right so was don
 In dede, for Juno right anon
 Ycallid thus her messangere
 To do' her craunde, and he come nere:
 Whan he was come she bad him thus;
 Go bet (quod Juno) to Morpheus,
 Thou knowest him wel, the god of Slepe;
 Nowe understande wel, and take kepe,
 Say thus on my behalfe, that he
 Go fast into the gret se,

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And bid him that on all thinge
 He take up Ceix body the kinge,
 That lieth ful pale and nothinge rody;
 Byd him crepin into the body,
 And do it gone to Alcyone
 The quene, there she lyth alone,
 And shewe her shortly' it is no nay
 Howe it was dreint this othir day,
 And do the body speke right fo
 Right as it was wonnid to do
 The whilis that it was alyve:
 Goith nowe fast, and hye the blive.

This messanger toke leve and went
 Upon his way, and nevere' he stente
 Tyl he came to the darke valley
 That stante betwixt in rokis twey,
 There never yet grewe corne ne gras,
 Ne tre, ne nothing that ought was,
 Ne best ne man, ne nothing elles,
 Save that there werin a fewe welles
 Came renning from the clyffes adowne
 That made a dedly slepinge fowne,
 And rennin downe right by a cave
 That was undir a rocke ygrave
 Amyd the valey wondir depe
 There as these goddis lay allepe,
 Morpheus and Eclympasteire,
 That was the god of Slep's heire,
 That slepte and did none othir werke.

This cave ywas also as derke
 As hel pitte; ovir all aboute
 They had gode leyfire for to route
 To vye who mightin slepe best;
 Some hinge ther chinne upon ther brest,
 And slepte upright ther hed yhed,
 And some lay nakid in ther bed,
 And sleptin whiles their dayis last.

This messaunger come renning fast,
 And cried, Ho, ho! awake anone!
 It was for naught; there herde him none;
 Awake, (quod he) who lyth there?
 And blewe his horne right in ther ere,
 And cried Awakith! wondir hie.

This god of Slepe with his one eye
 Cast up, and asked Who clepith there?
 It am I, (quod this messangere)
 Juno bade that thou shouldist gone,
 And toldin him what he should done
 As I have tolde you here before,
 It is no nede reherse it more,
 And wente his way whan he had saide.
 Anone this god of Slepe abraide
 Out of his slepe and gau to go,
 And did as he had bidde him do;
 He toke up the ded body sone,
 And bare it forthe to Alcyone
 His wife, the quene, there as she lay,
 Right even a quartir before day,
 And stode right at her bedd's fete,
 And callid her right as she hete
 By name, and said; My swete wife!
 Awake, let be your sorowful lyfe,
 For in your sorow there lyth no rede,
 For certes, swet: love! I am but dede;

H h

Ye shall me ner on lyve yfe :
 But, gode swete herte ! I praye that ye
 Bury my body ; soche a tide
 Ye mowe it finde the se beside :
 And farewel swete ! my world's blisse !
 I pray that God your sorowe lyffe :
 To lytel while our blisse ylasteth.

With that her eyin up she casteth,
 And fawe naught. Alas ! for sorowe
 She died within the thirde morowe.

But what she said more in that swowe
 I may nat tellin you as now ;
 It were to longe for to dwell :
 My first matere I wil you tel
 Wherefore I have ytold this thinge
 Of Alcyone and Ceix the kinge.

For this moche dare I sayin well,
 I had be dolvin everidel,
 And ded, right through defeaute of slepe,
 Yf I ne had red and take kepe
 Of this ilke tale next before,
 And I wil tellin you wherefore,
 For I ne might for bote ne bale
 Slepyn or I had redde this tale
 Of this ydreinte Ceix the kinge,
 And of the goddis of Slepinge,

Whan I had red this talé wele,
 And overloked it everidele,
 Me thought wondir if it were so,
 For I had ner herde speke or tho-
 Of no goddis that couldin make
 Men for to slepe ne for to wake,
 And I ne knewe ner God but one,
 And in my game I said anone,
 (And yet me lyst right il to play)
 Rather than that I shuldin dey
 Thorough defeaute of slepinge thus.
 I woldin gyve thiike Morpheus,
 Or that goddesse hight Dame Juno,
 Of some wight els, I ne rought who,
 To make me slepe and have some rest
 I will gyve him the althir best
 Yeste that er he abode his lyve
 And hereonwarde right now as blyve,
 If he wold make me slepe a lite,
 Of downe of puré doves white
 I wol yeve him a fethir bed.
 Rayid with gold, and right wel cled
 In fine blacke sattin dourtemere,
 And many a pilowe, and every bere
 Of clothe of kaines to slepe on softe,
 Him thare not nede to turnin ofte;
 And I wol yeve him al that falles
 To his chambre and to his halles,
 I wol do painte hem with pure golde,
 And tapite hem ful many folde;
 Of one sute this shal he yhave,
 If that I wile where were his cave,
 If he can make me slepin sone,
 As did the goddesse Quene Alcyone;
 And thus this yke god Morpheus
 May winnin of me mo fees thus
 Than er he wanne; and to Juno
 That 'is his goddesse I shall so do,

I trowe that she shal holde her paide.

I had unneth that worde ifaide,
 Right thus as I have toldin you,
 Than sodeinly, I ne wiste howe,
 Soche a luste anone me ytoke
 To slepe, that right upon my boke
 I fel allepe, and therwith even
 Me mette so inly soche a sweven,
 So wondirfull, that nevir yet
 I trowe no man ne had the wit
 To connin wel my swevin rede,

No, nought Josciph withoutin drede
 Of Egypt, he which that rad fo
 The king's metinge Pharao,
 No more than coude the leste of us,

Ne nat scarly Macrobeus,
 He that wrote al the' avision
 Whiche that he met Kinge Scipion,
 The noble man, the Affrican,
 Soche mervailis fortunid than
 I trowe, arede my dremis even ;
 Lo ! thus it was, this was my sweven :

Me thoughtin thus, that it was Maye,
 And in the dawning there I lay
 Me met thus in my bed al naked,
 And lokid forth, for I was waked
 With smal' foulis a gret hepe,
 That had afraied me' out of my slepe
 Through noise and swetnesse of ther songe ;
 And as me met they fate amonge
 Upon my chambre rose without,
 Upon the tylesovre' al about,
 And everiche songe in his wile
 The moste swete and solempe servise
 By note that evir man I trowe
 Had herde, for some of hem songe lowe,
 Some high, and al of one accorde :
 To tellin shortly, at o worde,
 Was nevir herde so swete a steven,
 But it had be a thinge of heven,
 So merie' a fowne, so swete entunes,
 That certis for the towne of Tewnes
 I n'olde but I had herde hem finge,
 For al my chambre gan to ringe
 Through singin of ther harmony,
 For instrument nor melody
 Was no where herde yet halfe so swete,
 Nor of acordé halfe so mete,
 For there was none of hem that fained
 To finge, for eche of hem him painid
 To finde out many crafty notes,
 They ne ysparid nat ther throtes;
 And, soth to saine, my chambre was
 Ful wel depaintid, and with glas
 Were al the windowes wel yglafed
 Ful clere, and nat an hole ycrased,
 That to beholde it was grete joy,
 For wholly al the story' of Troy
 Was in the glaifinge ywrought thus,
 Of Hector and Kinge Priamus,
 Achilles and Kinge Lamedon,
 And eke Medea and Jafon,
 Of Paris, Heleine and Lavine;
 And all the wallis with colours fine

Were paintid, bothe texte and glofe,
 And al The Romaunte of the Rose :
 My wyndowes werin shet ech one,
 And through the glasse the sunne yshone
 Upon my bed with bright bemis,
 With many glad gildy stremis ;
 And eke the welkin was so faire,
 Blewe, bright, and clere, ywas the ayre,
 And ful attempre', in sothe it was,
 For neithir colde ne hote it n'as,
 Ne' in al the welkin was no clowde.

And as I lay thus, wondir lowde
 Me thought I herde an huntir blowe
 T' affay his gret horne, and to knowe
 Whethre' it was clere or horse of sowne ;

And I herde goynge up and downe
 Men, horsis, houndes, and othir thinge,
 And al men spekin of huntinge,
 How they wolde fle the harte with strenght,
 And how the harte had upon length
 So moche enbosed, I n'ot nowe what.

Anon right whan I herdin that,
 How that they wolde on huntinge gone,
 I was right glad, and up anone
 I toke my horse, and forth I wente
 Out of chambre ; I nevir stente
 Tyl I come to the felde without,
 There ovrtoke I a grette rout
 Of huntirs and of foresters,
 And many relaies and limers,
 That hied 'hem to the forest fast,
 And I with 'hem : so at the last
 I askid one lad, a lymere,
 Say, felowe, who shal huntin here ?
 (Quod I) and he answered ayen,
 Sir, the Emperour O'Gonyen,
 (Quod he) and he is here faste by.

A goddes halfe, in gode tyme, (quod I)
 Than go we fast, and gan to ride :
 Whan we come to the forest side
 Ev'ry man ydyd right sone
 As unto huntinge fel to done.

The maistr hunt' anone fote hote
 With his clere horne yblewe thremote
 At the uncouplinge of his houndis.
 Within a while the harte founde is :
 I halowed and rechafid fast
 A longe time : and so at the last
 This harte roufid and stale away
 Fro al the houndes a privy way.

The houndes had ovrshot him all,
 And were on a defaulte yfal,
 Therwith the hont full wondir fast
 Yblewe a forloyn at the laste :
 I was go walkid fro my tre,
 And as I went there came by me
 A whelpe, that fawned me as I stode,
 That had folowed and coude no gode ;
 It came and crepte to me as lowe,
 Right as it had me wele yknowe,
 Helde down his hed and joyned his eres,
 And laide al smothe adowne his here.

I wolde have caught it up anone ;
 It fled, and was fro me ygone :

As I folowed and it forth went,
 Downe by a floury grene it went
 Ful thick of grasse ful softe and swete,
 With flouris fele fare undir fete,
 And lytil used, it semid thus,
 For bothe Flora and Zephyrus,
 They two that makin flouris growe,
 Had made ther dwelling there I trowe,
 For it was on for to beholde
 As though the erthe there envye wolde
 To be gayir than is the heaven,
 To havin mo flouris soche seven
 As in the welkin steris be,
 It had forget the povirte
 Of Wintir, through his cold morowes
 That made it suffre, and his sorowes
 All was forieten, and that was sene,
 For all the wode was woxin grene,
 Swetnesse of dewe had made it waxe.

It is no nedde eke for to axe
 Where there were many grene greves,
 Or thicke of trees so ful of leves,
 And every tree stode by him selve
 Fro othir wel ten fote or twelve,
 So grette trees and so huge of strenght,
 Of fourty' or fifty fadome length,
 All clene withoutin bowe or sticke,
 With croppis brode, and eke as thicke ;
 They werin not an ynche afonder,
 That it was shadde ovir all under ;
 And many' an hart and many' an hinde
 Was both before me and behinde,
 Of fawnis, fowirs, buckis, does,
 Was ful the wodde, and many rocs,
 And many squirilis, that sete
 Ful high upon the trees and ete,
 And in ther manir madin festes :
 Shortly, it was so ful of bestes
 That though Argus the noble countour
 Yfate to rekin in his countour,
 And rekin with his figures ten,
 For by tho figures newe al ken
 If they be crafty, reken and nombre,
 And tel of every thing the nombre,
 Yet shulde he faille to rekin even
 The wonders me met in my sweven :
 Rut forthe I romed right wondir faste
 Downe through the wode ; so at the laste
 I was ware of a man in blacke,
 That fete, and had yturned his backe
 Unto an ooke and huge tre ;
 Lord ! tho thought I, who may that be ?
 What eylich him to sittin here ?
 And anon right I went him nere ;
 Than founde I sitte evin upright
 A wondir faire welfaring knight,
 By the manir me thoughtin so
 Of gode mokil, right yonge therto,
 Of the' age of foure-and-twenty yere,
 Upon his berde but litil here,
 And he was clothid al in blacke ;
 I stalkid even unto his backe ;
 And there I stode as stil as ought,
 The sothe to say he saw me nought ;

For why? he henge his hed adowne,
 And with a dedly sorowful sowne
 He made of rime ten verses or twelve
 Of a complainte unto himselfe,
 The moste pite and the most routhie
 That evir I herde, for by trouthe
 It was grete wondir that Nature
 Might suffre any creature
 'To have soche sorow' and he not ded;
 Ful pitous pale, and nothing red,
 He said a lay, a manir songe,
 Withoutin note, withoutin songe,
 And was this, for ful wel I can
 Reherse it; right thus it began:

I have of sorowfe so grete wone,
 That joye ne get I nevir none,
 Nowe that I se my lady bright,
 Which I have loved with all my might,
 Is fro me ded, and is agone,
 And thus in sorowfe leste me alone:
 Alas! o Dethe! what eylyth the
 That thou n'oldist have takin me
 When that thou toke my lady swete?
 Of all godenes she had none mete,
 That was so faire, so freshe, so fre,
 So gode, that men may wel yfe.

When he had made thus his complainte
 His sorowful hert gan fast fainte,
 And his spiritis wexin dede,
 The blode was fledde for pure drede
 Downe to his herte to makin him warme,
 For wel it feled the herte had harme,
 To wete eke why it was adradde,
 By kinde, and for to make it gladdie,
 For it is membre principal
 Of the body, and that made al
 His hewe ychaunge, and wexin grene
 And pale for there no blode is sene
 Within no manir lymme of his.

Anon therewith, whan I sawe this,
 He farde thus yvil there he sete,
 I went and stode right at his sete,
 And grette him, but he spake right nought
 But arguid with his owne thought,
 And in his witte disputid faste
 Bothe why and howe his lyfe might laste,
 Him thought his sorowes were so smerte,
 And lay so colde upon his herte.

So through his sorowfe and holy thought
 Made him that he ne herde me nought,
 For he had welnye lost his minde,
 Though Pan, that men clepe god of Kinde
 Were for his sorowes ner so wrothe.

But at the last, to saine right sothe,
 He was ware of me howe I stode
 Before him and did of my hode,
 And had gret him as I best coude
 Debonairly and nothing loudie;
 He said, I pray the be not wrothe,
 I herde the not, to saine the sothe,
 Ne I sawe the not, Sir, truly.

Ah, gode Sir! tho no force (quod I)
 I am right sory if I have ought
 Distroublid you out of your thought;

Forieve me if I have myselfetake.

Yes, the amendes is light to make,
 (Quod he) for there lithe non therto;
 There is nothing misfaide nor do.

Lo howe godely yspake this knight,
 As it had be another wight,
 And made it neithir tough ne queint!
 And I sawe that, and gan me' aqueint
 With him, and founde him so tretable,
 Right wondir skylful and reso'nable,
 As me thoughtin, for all his bale,
 Anon right I gan finde a tale
 To him, to loke where I might ought
 Have more knowleging of his thought.

Sir, (quod I) this game is ydone,
 I holde that this hart be ygone,
 These huntis can him no where se.

I do no force therof, (quod he)
 My thought is theron ner a dele.
 By' our Lorde (quod I) I trowe you welc,
 Right so me thinkith by your chere;
 But, Sir, o thing wollin ye here?
 Me thinketh in gret sorowfe I you se,
 But certis, Sir, and if that ye
 Wolde aught discovir me your wo
 I wolde, as wife God helpe me so,
 Amende it if I can or may,

Ye mowin prove it by assay,
 For by my trouthe, to make you whole
 I wol do al my powir whole;
 And telleth me of your sorowes smert,
 Paraunter it may eke your herte,
 That semeth ful syke undir your side.
 With that he lokod on me affide,
 As who faith the nay, that n'yl not be.

Graunt mercy, my gode frendel! (quod he)
 I thanke the that thou woldist so,
 But it may ner the rather be do;
 No man ne may my sorowfe glade,
 That maketh my hewe to fal and fade,
 And hath myn understanding lorne,
 That me is wo that I was borne:
 May nought make my sorowis flyde,
 Not all the rem'edies of Ovide,
 Ne Orpheus, god of Melodie,
 Ne Dadalus, with his playes flye,
 Ne hele me may no physicien,
 Nought Hippocrates ne Galen;
 Me' is wo that I live houris twelve;
 But whofo wol assaye him selve
 Whether his hert can have pite
 Of any sorowfe let him se me,
 I wretche, that dethe hath made al naked
 Of al the blisse that er was made,
 I wrothe, the werste of all' nightes,
 That hate my dayis and my nightes;
 My lyfe, my lustis, be me lothe,
 For all' fare and I be wrothe;
 The pure deth is so ful my foe
 That I wolde die it wil not foe,
 For whan I folowe' it it wil flye,
 I wold have him it n'il not me;
 And this is paine withoutin rede,
 Alway dyinge and be not dede,

That Sisyphus that lyeth in hel
 Nay may not of more sorowe tel;
 And who so wylle al, by my trouthe;
 Al my sorowe, but he hadde routhe
 And pyte of my sorowes smerte
 That man ythath a fendely herte,
 For who so seeth me first on morowe
 May sayne that he hath met with Sorowe,
 For I am Sorowe, and Sorowe is I,
 Alas! and I wyl tel the why,
 My sorowe is tournid to playnyng,
 And al my laughtir to weping,
 My glad thoughtis to hevynesse,
 In travaile is myn ydlenesse,
 And eke my rest, my wele is wo,
 My gode is harme, and evirmo
 In wrahte is tournid my playnyng,
 And my delite in forowing,
 Myn hele is turned into sickenesse,
 In drede is al my fyckernesse,
 To derke is turnid al my lyght,
 My wytte is foly; my day night,
 My love is hate, my slepe wakyng,
 My mirth and melis is fastyng,
 My countinaunce is nicete,
 And al abawed where so I be,
 My pece is pleding, and in werre,
 Alas, howe might I fare in werre!

My boldenesse is turnid to shame,
 For false Fortune hath played a game
 At chesse with me, alas the while!
 The trayteresse false and ful of gyle,
 That al behoteth and nothing halte,
 She gothe upright and yet she halte,
 That baggith foule and lokith fayre,
 The dispitous and debonaire,
 That scornith many a cecture;
 An ydole of false purtraiture
 Is she, for the wol soné wryen;
 She is the monstri's hed ywryen,
 As filthe, ovr ystrowed with floures,
 Her molte worship, and her floures,
 To lyen, for that is her nature,
 Withoutin faith, lawe, or mesure,
 She false is, and evir laughing
 With one eye, and that othir weping,
 That is brought up the fet al downe;
 I likin her to the scorpiowne,
 That is a false and flateriing best,
 For with his hed he maketh fest,
 But al amynd his flateringe
 With his taile he wil forely styng,
 And envenim, and so wil she;
 She is the envious Charite,
 That is aye false and femith wele,
 So turnith she her false whele
 About, for it is nothing stable,
 Nowe by the fyre nowe at the table;
 Ful many' one hath she thus yblent;
 She is playe of enchauntement,
 That femith one and is not so:
 The false thefe what hath she do
 Trowest thou? by' our Lorde I wil the say.
 At chesse with me she gan to play;

With her false draughtis ful divers
 She stale on me, and toke my fers;
 And whan I sawe my fers away,
 Alas! I couth no lengir play,
 But sayid, Farewel swete! ywis,
 And farewel al that er there is;
 Therwith Fortune ysayid Cheke here,
 And mate in the myd poynt of the checkere
 With a pauné errant. Alas!
 Ful craftyir to play she was
 Than Athalus, that made the game
 First of the chesse, so was his name;
 But God wolde I had ones or twise
 Iconde and knowe the jeoperdise
 That coude the Greke Pythagores,
 I shulde have plaide the bet at ches,
 And kept my fers the bet therby;
 And though wherto? for trewily
 I holde that wishe not worthe a fire;
 It had be ner the bet for me,
 For Fortune can so many' a wyle
 Ther be but fewe can her begile,
 And eke she is the lasse to blame,
 My selfe I wolde have do the same,
 Before God, had I ben as she;
 She ought the more excusid be;
 For this I say yet more therto,
 Had I be God, and might have do
 My wyl, whan she my fers ycaught
 I wolde have drawn the same draught,
 For al so wise God gve me reste
 I dare wel swere she toke the beste,
 But throughte that draught I have ylorne
 My blyss, alas that I was borne!
 For evirmore I trowe trewily,
 For al my wil, my luste wholly
 Is turne, but wote ye what to done?
 By' our Lorde it is to dyin sone,
 For nothinge I ne leve it nought
 But lyve and dye right in this thought;
 There n'ys planet in firmamente,
 Ne' in ayre ne' in erthe none elemente,
 That they ne yeve me' a yeste echone
 Of wepyng whan I am alone,
 For whan that I advise me wele,
 And bethinke me everydele
 How that there lieth in rekininge
 In my sorowis for nothinge,
 And howe there livith no gladnehe
 May gladdin me of my distresse,
 And howe I have losse suffisaunce,
 And therto I have no pleisaunce,
 Than may I say I have right nought;
 And whan al this falleth in my thought,
 Alas! than am I ovircome,
 For that is done this not to come:
 I have more sorowe than Tantalé.
 And whan I herde him tel this tale
 Thus pitously as I you tell,
 Unnethis myght I lengir dwell,
 It did myn herte so mochill wo.
 A, gode Sir! (quod I) say nat so,
 Have some pite on your nature,
 That fourmid you to a cecture;

Remembrith you of Socrates,
For he ne countith not thre strecs
Of nought that Fortune coude ydo.

No, (quod he) I ne can not so.
Why, gode Sir, yes parde, (quod I)
Ne say not so, for truly

Though ye had lost the ferfis twelve,
And for sorowe murdrid your selve,
Ye shulde be dampnid in this case,
By as gode right as Medea was,
That slough her childrin for Jason,
And Phyllis for Demophon,
That hing her self, so welaway!
For he had brokin his terme day
To come to her. Another rage
Had Dido, the Queene of Carthage,
That slough her self for Eneas
Was false, for whiche a folé she was;
And Echo dyed for Narcissus
Ne wolde nat love her; and right thus
Hath many' an othir folý done,
And for Dalila died Sampson,
That sloughe him selfe with a pilere;
But there is no man alive here
Wolde for ther feris make this wo.

Why so? (quod he) it is not so,
Thou wotest ful lytil what thou menest,
For I have loste more than thou weneest.
And howe may that ybe? (quod I)
Gode Sir, tellith me al wholly
In what wise, howe, why, and wherfore,
That ye have thus your blisse ylore.

Blithely, (quod he;) come, sit the doun;
I tel the on condicioun
Thou shalte wholly with all thy wit
Do thyne entente to herkin it.

Yes, Sir. Than swere they trouthe therto,
Gladly to holdin the hereto.
I shal right blithe, so God me save,
Wholly with all the witte I have
Here you as wel as er I can.

A Godde's halfe, (quod he) and began.

Sir, (quod he) fithins firste I couthe
Have any manir witte fro youthe,
Or kindly understandinge
To comprehende in any thinge
What love was in mine owne wit,
Dredileffe I have evir yet
Be tributary and yeve rente
To Love wholly, with gode entente,
And through plesauce become his thral
With gode wil, body, herte, and al;
Al this I put in his servage
As to my lorde, and dyd homage;
And full devoutly I praide hym tho
He shulde beset myne herté so
That it plesauce unto him were
And worship to my lady dere.

And this was long and many' a yere
(Er that min hert was set o where)
That I dyd thus, and ne wist why,
I trowe it came me kindly;
Paraunter I was thereto most able
As a white wal or a table,

For it' is redy to catche and take
Al that men wollin therein make,
Whether men will portrey or painte
Be the werkis never so quainte.

And thilke tyme I farid right so,
I was able to have lernid tho,
And to have conde as wel or better
Paraunfir eithir arte or lettir,
But for love came first in my thought
Therefore I ne forgate it nought;
I chees love to be my first craste,
And therefore it is with me laste;
For why? I toke' it of so yonge age
That malice ne had my corage,
Not that time turnid to nothing
Thorough to mokil knowleging,
For that tyme Youth my maistrefse
Governid me in ydilnesse,
For it was in my firste youth,
And though ful litil gode I couthe,
For al my werkis were flittingyng
That time, and al my thought varyng,
Al thinges were to me yliche gode,
That knewe I tho, but thus it fode:

It happed that I came on a day
In to a place there that I sey
Trewly the fairist companie
Of ladies that er man with eye
Had sene togheters in o place;
Shal I clepe it happe eithir grace
That brought me there? nought but Fortune;
That is to lyin ful comune,
The false traitrefse perverse,
God wolde that I coude clepe her werse,
For now she worchith me ful wo,
And I wol tel the sone why so.

Amonges these ladies thus echone,
The sothe to sayin, I sawe one
That ne was lyke none of the route,
For I dare swere, withoutin doute,
That as the sommer's fonné bright
Is fairer, clerer, and hath more lyght,
Than any other planet in heaven,
The moné or the sterris seven,
For al the worlde right so had she,
Surmountin 'hem al of beaute,
Of manir, and of comlynesse
Of stature, and wel set gladnesse,
Of godelyhede, and so wel besey,
Shortly, what shal I more ysey?
By God, and by his holowes twelve,
It was my swete right al her selve;
She had so stedfast countenance,
So noble porte and maintenaunce,
And Love, that wel yherde my bone,
Yhad espyid me thus sone
That she fill fonné in my thought;
As helpe me God so was I cought
So sodainly, that I ne toke
No maner counsaile but at her loke
And at min herte; for why? her eyen
So gladly I trowe myn herte seyne,
That purely tho min owne thought
Said it were but serve her for nought

Than with anothir to be wele;
 And it was sothe, for every dele
 I wil anone right tel the why:
 I sawe her daunce so comly,
 Carol and sing so swetly,
 And laugh and play so womanly,
 And lokin so debonairly,
 So godely speke and so frendely,
 That certes I trowe that evirmore
 N'as sene so blisful a trefore;
 For every here on her hed,
 The sothe to say, it was not red,
 Ne neithir yelowne ne browne it n'as,
 Me thought moste like to golde it was;
 And whiche eyin my lady had,
 Debonaire, gode, and glad, and sad,
 Simple', of gode mokil, not to wide;
 Therto her loke n'as not aside,
 Ne ovirthwart, but beset so wele
 It drewe and toke up everydele
 Al whiche that on her gan beholde;
 Her eyin-semed anone she wolde
 Have mercy, Folly wendin so,
 But it was ner the rathir do;
 It n'as no counterfetid thinge,
 It was her owné pure looking,
 Whiche that the goddesse Dame Nature
 Had made 'hem opin by mesure
 And close, for were she ner so glad
 Her lokin was not solifhe sprad
 Ne wildily though that she plaide,
 But er me thought her eyin saide
 By God my wrathe is al forieue;
 Therwith her liste so well to live
 That Dulnesse was of her adrad;
 She n'as to sobre ne to glad;
 In allé thingis more mesure
 Ne had nevir I trowe cature;
 But many' one with her loke she herte,
 And that fate her full lyte at herte,
 For she knewe nothinge of ther thought;
 But wher she knewe or knewe it nought
 Algate she ne' rought of 'hem a stre;
 To get her love no nere n'as he
 That woned at home than he in Inde;
 The formist was alway behinde;
 But gode folke ovir al othir
 She loved as man may his brothir,
 Of whiche love she was wondir large
 In skilful placis that bere charge;
 But whiche a visage had she therto!
 Alas! my herte is wondir wo
 That I ne can discrinin it,
 Me lackith bothe Englishe and wit
 For to undo it at the ful,
 And eke my spirites ben so dull
 So gret a thinge for to devise;
 I have no wyt that can suffyse
 To comprehendin her beaute;
 But thus moche I dare faine, that she
 Was white, rody, freshe, lifely hewed,
 And every day her beaute newed;
 And nyghe her face was aldirbeste,
 For certis Nature had soche leste

To make that faire, that trewly she
 Was her chefe patron of beaute,
 And chefe ensample' of al her werke
 And monstre, for be' it ner so derke
 Me thinketh I se her evirmore;
 And yet moreovir, though al tho
 That ever lived were now a lyve
 Ne wolde thei have founde to discrive
 In al her face a wickid signe,
 For it was sad, simple', and benigne.

And soche a godely swete speche
 Yhad that swete, my lyv'is leche
 So frendely, and so well ygrounded,
 Upon reson so wel founded,
 And so trefable to al gode,
 That I dare swere wel by the rode
 Of eloquence was nevir fonde
 So swete a fowning and faconde,
 Ne trewir tonged, ne scornid lasse,
 Ne bet coude hele, that by the masse
 I durste swere, though the Pope it fonge,
 That ther was ner yet through her tonge
 Man ne woman gretly harmid,
 As for her was al harme yhid,
 Ne lasse flatir in her worde,
 That purely her simple recorde
 Was founde as trewe as any bonde
 Or trouthe of any man's honde.

Ne chide she coude nevir a dele,
 That knowith al the worlde ful wele.
 But soche a fairenesse of a necke
 Yhad that swete, that bone nor brecke
 N'as there none sein that misfette,
 It was white, smothe, streight, and pure fette,
 Withouthin hole or canel bone,
 And by seming she ne had none.

Her throte, as I have nowé memoire,
 Semed as a rounde tour of yvoire,
 Of gode gretnesse, and not to gree;
 And Faire White ywas the herte,
 That was my ladies name right,
 And she was therto faire and bright;
 She ne had not her name wronge:
 Right faire sholdirs and body longe
 She had, and armis evir lich,
 Fattishe, fleshy, nat grete ther with;
 Right white handis, and nailis rede;
 Rounde brestis; and of a gode brede
 Her hippis were; a streight fette backe,
 I knewe on her none othir lacke,
 That al her limmis n'ere pure sewing,
 In as ferre as I had knowing:
 Therto she coude so wel yplaye
 What that her lyst, that I dare saye
 That she was lyke to torché bright,
 That every man may take of light
 Ynough, and it hath ner the lesse
 Of manir and of comlynesse.

Right so farid my lady dere,
 For every wight of her manere
 Moght catche ynough if that he wolde,
 Yf he had eyen her to beholde,
 For I dare swere wel if that she
 Had amonge tenne thousande ybe

She woldin have be at the beste
 A chefe myroure of al the fesse,
 Though they had stondin in a rowe
 To mennis eyen that coude have knowe;
 For where so men had plaide or waked
 Me thought the felowshippe as naked
 Withoutin her that I sawe ones
 As a corowne withoutin stones;
 Trewly she was to min eye
 The' solein phenix of Arabye,
 For there livith never but one,
 Ne fuche as she ne knowe I none:
 To speke of godenesse, trewly she
 Had as mochil debonaire
 As er had Hester in the Bible,
 And more, if more were possible;
 And, sothe to fayn, therewithal
 She hadde a witte so general,
 So whole enclind to al gode,
 That al her witte was sette by the' rode
 Without malyce, upon gladnesse;
 And therto I sawe ner yet a lesse
 Harmful than she was in doing;
 I fay not that she n' hadde knowyng
 What harme ywas, or ellis she
 Had coude no gode, so thinkith me;
 And trewly for to speke of trouthe,
 But she had had it had be routhe,
 Therof she had so moche her dele,
 And I dare saine and swere it wele,
 That Trouthe him selfe over al and al
 Had chose his manor principal
 In her, that was his resting place;
 Therto she had the moste grace
 To have stedfaste perseveraunce,
 And esy' attempre governaunce,
 That evir I knewe or wiste yet,
 So pure sufferaunt was her wit;
 And reison gladly she' understode,
 It folowid wel she coude gode;
 She usid gladly to do wele:
 These were her manirs every dele.

Therwith the lovid so wel right
 She wronge do woldin to no wight;
 No wight ne might do her no shame,
 She lovid so wel her owne name.

Her lust to holde no wight in honde,
 Ne be thou flikir she wolde not fonde
 To holdin no wight in balaunce
 By half wordes ne by counnaunce,
 But if men wolde upon her lye,
 Ne sende men into Walakye,
 To Pruise and to Tartarie,
 To Alisaundrie ne Turkye,
 And bidde him fast anon that he
 Go hodelesse into the drie fe,
 And come home by the Carrenare;

And, Sir, be ye nowe full ryght ware
 That I may of you here men saine
 Wurshippe or that ye come againe.

She ne used no fische knackis finale:
 But therfore that I tel my tale,
 Right on this fame, as I have saide,
 Was wholly al my love ylaide,

For certis she was that swete wife,
 My suffaunce, my luste, my life,
 Min hope, min hele, and al my blesse,
 My worlde's welfare and my goddesse,
 And I wholly' hers, and every dele.

By' our Lorde! (quod I) I trowe you wele,
 Hardly your love was wel beset,
 I n'ot howe it might have do bet.
 Bettir! ne not so wel (quod he.)
 I trowe it, Sir, (quod I) parde.

Nay leve it wel, Sir, so do I;
 I leve you wel that trewly
 You thought that she ywas the best,
 And to beholde the alderfairest,
 Who so had lokid her with your eyen.

With myn! nay, al whiche that her seyen
 Sayid and swore that it was so,
 And though they ne had I wolde tho,
 Have lovid best my lady fre
 Though I had had al the beaute
 That er had Alcibiades,
 And al the strength of Hercules,
 And thereto had the worthinesse
 Of Alisaundre, and al the' richesse

That evir was in Babyloine,
 In Carthage or in Macedoine,
 Or in Rome or in Nineve,
 And therto al so hardy be
 As was Hector, so have I joye,
 That Achilles yfough at Troye,
 And therefore was he slayne also
 In a temple, for bothe two
 Were slaine, he' and Antilegius,
 And so saithe Darius Fregius,
 For the love of Polyxena,
 Or ben as wise as Minerva,
 I wolde evir withoutin drede
 Have lovid her, for I must nede.

Nede! nay, trewly I gabbe nowe;
 Nought nede, and I wol tellin howe,
 For of golde wil min herte it wolde,
 And eke to love her I was holde,
 As for the fairist and the beste;
 She was as gode, so have I reise,
 As was Penelope of Grece,
 Or as the noble wife Lucrece,
 That was the beste, he tellith thus
 The Roman Titus Livius,
 She was as gode, and nothing like,
 Though ther stories be autenlike,
 Algate she was as trewe as she.

But wherfore that I tellin the,
 Whan that I first my lady sey
 I was right yonge, the sothe to sey,
 And ful grete nede I had to lerne,
 Whan that myn herte woldin yerne;
 To love it was a gret emprise,
 But as my wite wolde beste suffice;
 Affir my yonge and childly wit
 Withoutin drede I beset it
 To lovin her in my beste wife,
 To do' her wurship and the servise
 Whiche that I coude tho, by my trouthe,
 Withoutin faining cithir sponthe,

For wondir false I wolde her see;
So mokil it amendid me,
That when I sawe her a morowe
I was warisshid of al my sorowe
Of al day aftir tel' it were eve;
Me thoughtin nothings might me greve;
Were my sorowes never so smerte,
And yet she fyte so in min herte
That by my trouthe I n'oldde nought
For al this worlde out of my thought
Yleve my lady; no trewly.

Now by my trouthe, Sir, (quod I)
Me thinkith you have soche a chaunce
As shrifte without in repentaunce.

Repentaunce, nay, nay; fyre! (quod he)
Shuldin I now repentin me?
To love? nay, certes, than were I wel
Worse than ywas Archiphol
Or Antenor, so have I joye,
The traitour that betrayid Troye,
Or than the false Ganelion,
He that purchasid the traifon
Of Roulande and of Oliver:
Nay, while that I am alive here
I n'yl foriet her nevermo.

Nowe, gode Sir, quod I to him tho,
Ye have wel tolde me here before,
It is no neede to reherse it more,
Howe that ye sawe her first, and where,
But wolde ye tel me the manere

To her whiche was your first speche,
Therof I wolde you beseeche,
And howe that she knewe first your thought,
Whether ye lovid her or nought,
And telliche me eke what ye have lore;
I herde you tellen here before,
Ye saide thou n'otist what thou menest;
For I have losse more than thou weneest?
And what losse is that? (quod I tho);
N'il the not love you? is it so?
Or havin ye ought done amis,
That she hath left you? is it this?
For Godd's love telliche me al.

Before God (quod she) and I shal.
I say right as I have ysaide,
On her was al my love ylaide,
And yet she n'iste it ner a dele
No longè tyme, levith it wele,
For be right fykir I durst nought
For al this worlde tel her my thought,
Ne' I wolde have wrathid her trewly;
For wost thou why? she was lady
Of the body that had the herte,
And whofo' hath that may not asterte.

But for to kepe me fro' ydleness
Trewly I dyd my businesse
To make songis as I best coude,
And oftin time I songe 'hem loude,
And made songis this a grette dele,
Although I coud nat make so wele
Songis, ne knewe the arte so al,
As coude Lamek's fone Tubal,
That founde out firste the arte of songe,
For as his brothir's hamirs ronge

Upon his anvelt up and downe
Therof he toke the firste sowne.

But Grekes saine of Pythagoras
That he the first findir ywas
Of the' arte, Aurore teltith so;
But therof no force of 'hem two;
Algatis songis thus I made
Of my felyng, min herte to gladd,
And lo! this was the althir first,

I n'ot whethir it were the worst
Lorde! it makith min herte light
When that I thinke on that swete wight
That is so femely on to fere;
And wishe to God it might so be
That she wolde holde me for her knight,
My lady, that' is so faire and bright.

Nowe have I tolde the, toth to say,
My firste songe. Upon a day
I bethought me what mochi wo
And sorowe that I suffrid tho
For her, and yet she wiste it nought;
Ne tel her durst I not my thought;
Alas! thought I, I can no rede,
And but I tel her, I am but dede,
And if I tel her, to say sothe

I am adradde the wol be wrothe;
Alas! what shal I than ydo?
In this debate I was so wo
Me thought myne herte brast atwain,
So at the last, sothe for to faine,

I bethought me that Dame Nature
Ne formid never in creature
So mochi beauty trewly
And bountie withoutin mercy.

In hope of that my tale I tolde
With sorowe, as that I ner sholde
For nedis, and maugre myne hed
I must have tolde her or be ded.
I n'ot wel howe that I began,

Ful yvil reherse it I can,
And eke, as helpe me God wical,
I trowe it was in the diffinal,
That was the ten woundes of Egypte.

For many a worde I ovirkipte
In telling my tale, for pure fere
Left that my wordis myselfet were;
With sorowful hert and woundes dede,
Softely, and quaking for pure drede
And shame, and stinting in my tale
For ferde, and min hewe alle paie;
Ful ofte I wexte bothe pale and red,
Bowling to her i hinge the hed;
I durst not onis loke her on,
For wit, manir, and al, was gone;
I saide, Mercy, swete! and no more:
It n'as no game; it sate me fore.

So at the laste, the sothe to faine,
When that myne herte was come againe,
To tellin shortly al my speche,
With whole herte I gan her beseeche
That she wolde be my lady swete,
And fwere and hertely gan her bete
Evir to be stedfaste and trewe,
And love her alway freschly newe,

And nevir othir lady have,
 And al her worship for to save
 As I beste coude, I swere her this,
 For yours is al that er ther is,
 For evirmore, myne herte swete!
 And ner to false you but I mete
 I n'yl, as wise God helpe me so.

And whan I had my tale ydo
 God wote she' accompid not a fire
 Of al my tale, so thoughtin me:
 To tel shortly, right as it is,
 Trewly her answerere it was this;

I can not nowre wel confesete
 Her wordis, but this was the grette
 Of her answer: she sayd Nay
 All utter. Alas that day
 The sorowe' I suffrid and the wol

That trewly Cassandra, that so
 Bewaylid the distruccion
 Of Troye and of Hion
 Had ner soche sorowe as I tho;

I durstin no more say therto
 For pure fere, but yfale away,
 And thus I lyved ful many a day
 That trewly I had no nede
 Ferthir than at my bedd'is hede
 Nevir a day to feschin sorowe,
 I founde it redy every morowe;
 For why? I loved her in no gere.

So it befell an othir yere
 I thought onis I wouldin fonde
 To doe her knowe and undirstonde
 My wo; and she well undirstode
 That I ne wilnid thyng but gode

And worship, and to kepe her name
 Ovir all thynges, and drede her shame,
 And was so busie her to serve,
 And pitie were I shoudin sterve,
 Sithe that I wilned none harme iwis.

So when my ladie knewe all this,
 My ladie yave me all whollie
 The noble yest of her mercie,
 Savyng her worship by al waies;
 Dredelesse I mené none othir waies,
 And therewith she yave me a ryng,
 I trowe it was the firste thyng:
 But if myne herte was iwaxe
 Glad that it is no nede to axe.

As helpe me God I was as blive
 Yrafid as fro deth to live,
 Of all happis the aldirbest,
 The gladdist and the moske at rest
 For trullie that swete wight,
 When I had wrong and she the right,
 She wouldin alwaie so godelic
 Foryeve me so debonairlie;
 In alle my youth, in alle chaunce,
 She toke me in her gouvinaunce;
 Therewith she was alwaie so true,
 Our joye was evir iliche newe;
 Our hertis werne so even a paire,
 That nevir n'as that one contraire
 Unto that othir for no wo,
 For sothe iliche thei suffrid tho.

O blisse, and eke o sorowe bothe!
 Illiche thei were bothe glad and wrothe.

All was us one withoutin were;
 And thus we lived full many a yere
 So well I can not tellin how.

Sir, (quod I) and where is she now?
 N. w! quod he, and ystinte anone,
 Therewith he woxe as dedde as stone,
 And faied, Alas that I was bore!
 That was the losse that here before
 I tolde the that I had ylorne.

Bethinke the how I faied beforene
 Thou wote ful lilyl what thou menest,
 For I have losse more then thou weneft.

God wot, alas! right that was she.
 Alas, Sir! how? what maie that be?
 She is dedde! Naie! Yes, by my trouthe.

Is that your losse? by God it' is routhel!
 And with that wordé right anone
 Thei gan to frake forthe; all was done
 For that tymé the hart huntynge.

With that me thoughtin that this kyng
 Began homewardis for to ride
 Unto a place was there beside,
 Whiche that was from us but a lile,
 A long castill with wallis white,
 By Saint John, on a riché hill,
 As me mette; but thus it befill:

Right thus me mette, as I you tell,
 That in the castell there was a bell,
 As it had smittin houris twelve,
 And therewith I awoke my felve,
 And found me lying in my bedde,
 And the boke whiche that I had redde
 Of Alcyone and Ceix the kyng,
 And of the goddis of Sleepyng,
 I found it in myne hond ful evin;
 Thought I this is so quaint a swevin
 That I would by processe of tyme
 Fonde to put this swevin in rime
 As I can best, and that anon:
 This was my swevin, now it' is doen.

*This seems an envoy to the Duke of Lancaster after his
 loss of Blanch.*

My master, &c. When of Christ our kyng
 Was askid, What is trothe or sothfastnesse,
 He not a worde answerde to that alkyng,
 As who saieth, no manne is all true I gesse;
 And therefore though I hight for to expresse
 The sorowe' and wo that is in mariage,
 I dare not written of it no wickidnesse,
 Lest I my self fall eft in soche dotage.

I woll not saie how that it is the chaine
 Of Sathanas on whiche he knawith ever,
 But I dare saie were he out of his paine
 As by his will he would be boundin never;
 But thilké dotid fole that eft hath lever
 Ichainid be than out of prisone crepe,
 God let hym nevir fro his wooe discever,
 Ne no man hym bewailin though he wepe.

THE ASSEMBLY

THE ASSEMBLE OF FOULES.

All Fowles are gathered before Nature on St. Valentine's Day to chuse their mates. A formal eagle being beloved of three tercelles requireth a year's respite to make her choice, upon this triall, Qui bien aime tard oublie, he that loveth well is slow to forget.

THE life so short, the craft so long to lerne,
The assaye so hard, so sharp the conquering,
The dredefull joy, alwaie that flit so yerne,
All this mene I by Love, that my felyng
Astonieth with his wonderfull werkyng
So sore iwis, that when I on him thinke
Naught wete I well whether I flete or sink.

For all be that I knowe not Love in dede,
Ne wot how that he quitith folke ther hire,
Yet happith me full ofte in bokis rede
Of his miraclis and his cruill ire,
There rede I well he wolle be lorde and fire :
I dare not faie his strokis be so fore,
But God save soche a lorde! I can no more.

Of usage, what for lust and what for lore,
On bokis rede I oft, as I you tolde,
But wherfore that I speke all this, naught yore
Agon it happid me for to beholde
Upon a boke iwrite with lettirs old,
And thereupon a certain thing to lerne,
The longè daie full fast I radde and yerne;

For out of the old feldis, as men faieith,
Comith all this newe corne fro yere to yere,
And out of oldè bokis, in gode faieith,
Comith all this newe science that men lere :
But now to purpose : as of this matter
To redin forth, it gan me so delite
That all the daie me thought it but a lite.

This boke of which I makin mencion
Entitlid thus, as I shall tell,
Tullius of the Drame of Scipion;
Chapters seven it had of heven and hell.
And yerth, and soulis that therein do dwell,
Of whiche, as shortly as I can it trete,
Of this sentence I woll you faine the grete.

First tellith it when Scipion was come
In Affrike how he metith Maffinisse,
That hym for joie in armis hath inome;
Then tellith he her speche and all the blisse
That was betwixt 'hem till the daie gan misse,
And how his auncester Affrikan so dere
Gan in his slepe that night till hym appere :

Then tellith it that from a starrie place
How Affrikan hath hym Carthage yshewed,
And warnid hym before of all his grace,
And saied hym, What man, lerid eithir leude,
That lovith common profite well itheude,
He shoud into a blisfull place ywende,
There as joye is that last withoutin ende :

Then askid he if folke that here ben dede
Have life and dwellyng in an othir place?
And Affrikan saied Ye, withoutin drede,
And how our present worly liv'is space
N'is but a manir deth, what waie we trace,
And rightfull folke shull gon afir the die
To heven, and shewid hym the Galaxie :

Then shewed he him the little yerth that here is
To regarde of the hevin's quantite,
And after shewid he hym the nine speris,
And afir that the melodie herd he
That comith of thylke speris thryis thre,
That welles of musike ben and melodie
In this worlde here and cause of harmonie :

Then saied he him, Sens that yerth was so lite,
And full of tourment and of harde grace,
That he ne shuld hym in this worlde delite;
Then told he him in certain yeris space
That every sterre shoud come into his place
There it was first, and all shoud out of mind
That in this world is doen of all mankynd :

Then praised hym Scipion to tell hym all
The waie to come into that hevin blisse;
And he saied, First knowe thyself immortall,
And loke aie busely that thou werche and wisse
To common profite, and thou shalt not misse
To come swiftly unto that place dere
That full of blisse is and of soules clere.

And brekirs of the lawe, the sothe to faine,
And likerous folke astir that thei ben dede,
Shull whirle about the worlde alwaie in pain
Till many a worlde be passed, out of drede,
And then soryevyn all ther wickid dede;
Then shullin thei come to that blisfull place,
To whiche to comin God sendin the grace.

The daie gan failin; and the darke night,
That revith bestis from their businesse,
Berafte me my boke for lacke of light,
And to my bedde I gan me for to dresse,
Fulfilled of thought and busie hevinesse,
For bothe I had thyng whiche that I ne wolde,
And eke I ne had that thyng that I wolde.

But, finally, my spirite at the laste,
For werie of my labour all that daie,
Toke rest, that madin me to slepin faste,
And in my slepe I met as that I laie
How Affrikan, right in the self araie
That Scipion hym sawe before that tide,
Was come, and stode right at my bedd's side.

The werie huntir slepyng in his bedde
The wodde ayen his minde goith anone,
The judge ydremith how his ples be spedde,
The cartir dremith how his cartis gone,
The rich of gold, the knight fight with his sone,
The sicke ymette he drinkith of the tonne,
The lovir mette he hath his ladie wonne.

Can I not faine if that the cause were
For I had radde of Affrikan beforne
That madin me to mete that he stode there,
But thus saide he; Thou hast the so wel borne
In loking of myne olde boke all to torne,
Of which Macrobie ne raught not a lite,
That somecele of thy labour would I quite.

Thou Citherea, blisfull ladie swete!
That with thy fire brond dauntist when the lest,
That madist me this swevin for to mete,
Be thou my helpe in this, for thou maist best,
As wisely as I seigh the north northwest
When I began my swevin for to write,
So yeve me might to rime it and endite.

This foresaid Affrikan me hent anone,
And forthe with hym unto a gate ybrought
Right of a parke ywallid with grene stone,
And o'er the gate with lettirs large ywrought
There werin versis writtin, as me thought,
On eithir halfe, of full grete difference,
On which I shall you saie the plain sentence.

Through me men gon into that blisful place
Of hertis hele and dedly woundis cure,
Through me men gone into the well of grace,
There grene and lustie Maie shall er endure;
This is the waie to all gode avinture:
Be glad, thou reader, and thy sorowe of cast,
All open am I; passie in, and spede the fast.

Through me men gon, then spake that othir side,
Unto the mortall strokis of the spere,
Of whiche Disdain and Daungir is the gide,
There never tre shall fruct ne levis here;
This fireme you ledith to the sorowfull were
There as the fishe in prison is all drie;
Th' eschewyng is onely the remedie.

These versis of gold and asure writte were,
Of whiche I gan astonied to beholde,
For with that one encreid all my fere,
And with that othir gan my herte to bolde;
That one me het, that othir did me colde:
No wit had I for errour for to chese
To entre' or fle, or me to save or lese.

Right as betwixin adamantis two
Of evin weight a pece of yron set
Ne hath no might to movin to ne fro,
For what that one maie hale that othir let;
So fared I, that I n'ist where me was bet
To entre' or leve, til Affrikan my gide
Me hent, and shove in at the gatis wide.

And saied, It standith writtin in thy face
Thyne errour, though thou tell it not to me,
But dred the not to come into this place,
For this writyng is nothyng mente by the,
Ne by none but he Lov'is servaunt be,
For thou of love hast lost thy tast I gesse,
As sicke man hath of swete and bittirnesse.

But natheles, although that thou be dull,
That which thou canst not doe yet maist thou so,
For many a man that maie not stande a pull
Yet liketh it hym at wrestlyng for to be,
And demith whethir he doe bet or he;
And if thou haddist connyng for t' endite
I shall the shewin mattir of to write.

With that my hand in his he toke anon,
Of whiche I comfort caught, and went in fast;
But Lorde! so I was glad and well begon!
For ovir all where I myne eyin cast
Were treis clad with leves that aie shal last,
Eche in his kinde, with colour freshe and grene
As emeraude, that joie it was to fene.

The bildir oke, and eke the hardie ashe,
The pillir elme, the coffir unto caraine,
The boxe pipetre, the holme to whippis lashe,
The failing firre, the cypres deth to plaine,
The shotir ewe, the aspe for shaftis plaine,
The' olive of pece, and eke the dronkin vine,
The victor palme, the laurir to divine.

A gardein sawe I full of blofomed bowis
Upon a rivir in a grené mede
There as swetenesse evirmore inough is,
With flouris white and blew, yelow and rede,
And colde and clere wellestremis nothyng dede,
That swommin full of smale fishis light,
With finnis rede and scalis silvir bright.

On every bough the birdis herd I syng
With voice of angell in their harmonic,
That busied hem ther birdis forthe to bryng,
The little pretie conies to ther plaie gan hie,
And furthir all about I gan espie
The dredfull roe, the buck, the hart, and hind,
Squirils, and bestis small of gentle kind.

Of instruments of stringis in accorde
 Herd I so plaie a ravishyng swetnesse
 That God, that makir is of all and lorde;
 Ne herd nevyr a bettir, as I gesse,
 Therewith a winde, unneth it might be lesse,
 Made in the levis grene a noyse soft
 Accordant to the Foulis song on loft.

The aire of the place so attempre was
 That ner was ther grevaunce of hot ne cold,
 There was eke every wholfome spice and gras,
 Ne no man maie there waxin sike ne old;
 Yet was there more joie a thousande fold
 Then I can tell, or evir could or might;
 There is evir clere daie and nevyr night.

Undir a tre beside a well I feye
 Cupide our lorde his arrowes forge and file,
 And at his sete his bowe all redie laye,
 And well his doughtir temprid all the while
 The heddis in the well, and with her wile
 She couchid 'hem aftir as thei should serve,
 Some for to flea, and some to wound and carve.

Tho was I ware of Plefance anon right,
 And of Arrai, Luste, Beaute', and Curtise,
 And of the craft that can yhave the might
 To doen-by force a wight to doen folie;
 Disfigurid was she, I will not lie;
 And by hirself, undir an oak I gesse,
 Sawe I delite, that stode with Gentilnesse :

Then sawe I Beautie with a nice atire,
 And Youth, all full of game and jolite,
 Fole Hardinesse, Plattirie, and Desfire,
 Messagerie, and Mede, and othir thre,
 Ther namis shall not here be tolde for me,
 And upon pillars grete of jaspir long
 I sawe a temple' of brasse ifoundit strong :

And about the temple dauncid alwaie
 Women inow, of which some there ywere
 Faire of 'hemself, and some of 'hem were gaie;
 In kirtils all disheveled went thei there,
 That was ther office er fro yere to yere;
 And on the temple sawe I white and faire
 Of dovis sittynge many' a thousande paire.

Before the temple dore full fobirlic
 Dame Pece yfat, a curtaine in her honde;
 And her besidis wondir discretlie
 Dame Pacience yfittynge there I fonde,
 With face pale, upon an hille of fonde,
 And althir nexte, within and eke without,
 Behest and Arte, and of ther folke a rout.

Within the temple' of sighis hote as fire
 I herd a swough that gan about to ren,
 Whiche sighis were engendrid with desire
 That madin every herte for to bren
 Of newe flambe; and well espied I then
 That all the cause of sorowes that thei drie
 Come of the bittir goddis Jelousie.

The god Priapus sawe I as I went
 Within the temple' in soveraine place yfonde
 In soche arraie as when the affe hym shent
 With erie by night, and with sceptr in honde;
 Full busilie men ban affaie and fonde
 Upon his hedde to set of fondric hewe
 Garlandis full of freshe flouris newe :

And in a privie corner in disport
 Found I Venus and her portir Richeffe,
 That was full noble' and hautin of her port;
 Darke was that place, but aftirwarde lightnesse
 I sawe a lite, unnethes it might be lesse,
 And on a bed of golde she laie to reste
 Till that the hote sonne began to weste.

Her gildid heris with a goldin threde
 Iboundin were, untressed as she laie,
 And nakid from the brest unto the hede
 Men might her se, and, sothly for to saie,
 The remenaunt covired well to my paie
 Right with a lityl kerchele of Valence;
 There n'as no thickir clothe of no defence.

The place gave a thousande favours sote,
 And Bacchus, god of Wine, fate her beside,
 And Ceres next, that doeth of hunger bote,
 And, as I saied, amiddis laie Cypride,
 To whom on kneis the yong folkis cride
 To be ther helpe: but thus I let her lie,
 And farthir in the temple' I gan espie,

That in dispite of Diana the chaste
 Full many a bowe ibroke hing on the wall
 Of maidins, soche as gone ther tymis waste
 In her service, and paintid ovir all
 Of many' a storie', of whiche I touchin shall
 A fewe, as of Calisto' and Atalante,
 And many' a maide of which the name I want.

Semeramis, Candace', and Hercules,
 Biblis, Dido, Thisebe, and Pyramus,
 Tristram, Ifoude, Paris, and Achilles,
 Helaine, Cleopatra, and Troilus,
 Scylla, and eke the mother of Romulus;
 All these were paintid on that othir side,
 And all ther love, and in what plite thei did.

When I was comen ayen into the place
 That I of spake, that was sote and grene,
 Forthe walked I tho my selvin to solace,
 Tho was I ware where there yfate a quene,
 That as of light the sommir sonne shene
 Passith the sterre, right fo ovir mesure
 She fairir was then any other cature.

And in a launde, upon a hill of flourés,
 Was set this quene, this noble goddesse Nature;
 Of braunchis were her hallis and her boures
 Iwrought after her crost and her mesure;
 Neither n'as Foule that cometh of engendrur
 That there ne were yprest in her presence
 To take her dome and yeve her audience;

For this was on Saint Valentin's daie,
 When every Foule comith to chese her make
 Of every kinde that men ythinkin maie,
 And that fo huge a noyse gan thei to make
 The yerth, the fe, and tre, and every lake,
 So full was, that unnethis there was space
 For me to stande, so full was all the place.

And right as Alaine in The Plaint of Kinde
 Deviseith Nature of soche araie and face,
 In soche araie men mightin her there finde.
 This noble empresse, full of alle grace,
 Bad every Foule takin her owne place
 As thei were wont alwaie fro yere to yere
 On Saint Valentines daie to standin there :

That is to saie, the Foulis of ravine
Were highist set, and then the Foulis smale,
That etin as them Nature would encline,
As worme or thing, of which I tell no tale,
And watirfoule fate lowist in the dale,
And Foulis that liveth by fede sat on the grene,
And that so fele that wondir was to sene.

There mightin men the roiall egle finde,
That with his sharpe loke perfith the son,
And othir egles of a lowir kinde,
Of whiche that clerkis well devisin con;
There was the tirant with his fethirs don
And grene, I mene the goshaue, that doth pine
To birdes for his outrageous ravine;

The gentle faucon, that with his fete distreineth
The kyng's hand, the hardie sperhaue eke,
The qual's foe, the merlion, that peineth
Hymself full oft, the lark for to seke,
There was the dove, with her eyin so meke,
The jelous swan, ayenst his deth that singeth,
The oule eke, that of deth the bode ybringeth;

The crane, the geant, with his tromp's sonne,
The thief the chough, and eke the chattring pie,
The scornynge jaie, the cle's foe the heroune,
The false lapwing, alle full of trechirie,
The starling, that the counsaile can bewrie,
The tame ruddocke, and the cowarde kite,
The cocke, that horiloge is of thropes lite;

The sparow, Venus son, the nightingale,
That clepith forth the freshe levis newe,
The swalowe, murdrer of the beis smale,
That maken honie of flouris freshe of hewe,
The weddid turtell with his herte true,
The peacocke with his angell fethirs bright,
The felaunt, scornir of the cocke by night;

The waker gose, the cuckowe, er unkinde,
The popingeie, full of delicafie,
The drake, destroyir of his owne kinde,
The storke, the wrekir of advouterie,
The hote cormeraunt, full of glotonie,
The ravin wif, the crowe, with voice of care,
The throstill olde, and frostie feldesare.

What should I saie? of Foulis of every kind
That in this world have fethirs and stature
Men mightin in that place assemblid finde
Before that noble goddesse of nature,
And eche of them ydid his busie cure
Benignelie to chese or for to take
By her accorde his formell or his make.

But to the point. Nature held on her hond
A formell egle, of shape the gentillest
That evir she emong her workis fonde,
The moste benigne and eke the godeliest;
In her was every vertue at his rest
So farforth, that Nature her self had blisse
To loke on her, and oft her becke to kisse.

Nature, the vicare of the' almightie Lorde,
That hote and colde, hevie, light, moiste, and drie,
Hath knit by evin nombir of accorde,
In esie voice began to speke and saie,
Foulis, take hede of my sentence I praie,
And for your ese, in fording of your nede,
As fast as I maie speke I will me spede.

Ye know well how on S. Valentine's daie,
By my statute and through my govinaunce,
Ye chese your makes, and aftir fle awaie
With 'hem as I doe pricke you with plesaunce,
But nathelesse, as by rightfull ordinaunce,
Maie I not let, for all this worlde to win,
But he that moste worthiest is shall begin.

The tercell egle, as ye knowe full wele,
The Foule roiall, above you' all in degre,
The wif and worthie, secret, true as stele,
The whiche I have formid, as ye maie se,
In every parte as it best likith me,
It nedith not his shape you to devise,
He shall first chese and spekin in his gise.

And after hym by ordir shall ye chese
Aftir your kinde, everiche as you likith,
And as your hap is shall ye win or lese,
But which of you that love most entrikith
God sende hym her that forest for hym sikith;
And therwithall the tercell can she call,
And saied, My sonne, the choise is to the fall.

But nathelesse in this condicion
Muste be the choise of everiche that is here,
That she agre to his election,
Who so he be, that should yben her fere;
This is our usage aye fro yere to yere,
And who so maie at this time have his grace
In blisfull tyme he came into this place.

With hed enclined and with full humble chere
This roiall tercell spake, and taried nought,
Unto my soveraine ladie, and not my fere,
I chose and chese with will, and hert, and thought,
The formell on your hand so well iwrought,
Whose I am all, and evir will her serve,
Doe what her luste to doe me live or sterve;

Besechyng her of mercie and of grace,
As she that is my ladie soverain,
Or let me die here present in this place,
For certis long maie I not live in pain,
For in my herte is corvin every vain,
Havyng regarde onily to my trouthe:
My dere herte! havith on my wo some routhe,

And if that I be founde to her untrue,
Disobeisfaunt, or wilfull negligent,
Avauntour, or in procasse love anewe,
I praie to you this be my judgement,
That with these Foulis I be all to rent
That ilk daie that she me evir finde
To her untrue or in my gilte unkinde.

And sith none lovith her so well as I,
Although she nevir of love me behet,
Then ought she to be mine through her mercie,
For othir bonde can I none on her knet,
For for wele nor wo nevir shall I let
To servin her, how far so that she wende:
Saie what you list, my tale is at an ende.

Full right as the fote and freshe redde rose newe
Against the sommir sunne ycoloured is,
Right so for shame all waxin gan the hewe
Of this formell when that she herd all this;
Neithir she answerde well ne saied amis,
So fore abashed was she, till that Nature
Saied, Doughtir, drede you not, I you assure.

And othir tercell egle spake anon
Of lowir kind, and said that should not be;
I love her bet then ye doe by Saint John,
Or at the lest I love as well as ye,
And lengir have served her in my degre,
And if she should have loved for long lovyng
To me alone had be the guerdonyng.

I dare eke saie, if she me findin false,
Unkinde, jangler, rebell, in any wise,
Or jelous, doe me hangin by the halse;
And but I berin me in her servise
As well aye as my wit can me suffice
Fro point to point, her honour for to save,
Take she my life and all the gode I have.

The thirde tercell egle answerid tho,
Now, Sirs, ye se the lityl lefir here,
For every Foule crieth out to be ago
Forth with his make or with his lady dere,
And eke Nature her self ne will not here,
For taryng her, not half that I would seie,
And but I speke I must for sorowe deie.

Of longe service avaunt I me nothing,
But as possible is me to die to day
For wo as he that hath be languishing
This twenty wintre, and wel it happin may
A man may serve bettir and more to pay
In half a yere, although it were no more,
Than some man doth that hath served ful yore.

I say not this by me, for I ne can
Do no servise that may my lady plesse,
But I dare say I am her trewist man,
As to my dome, and fainist wolde her plesse:
At shorte wordis, til that dethe me cese
I wil be hers whether I wake or winke,
And trewe in al that herte may bethinke.

Of al my lyfe syth that day I was borne
So gentle ple in love or othir thinge
Ne herdin never no man me beforen,
Who so that had right lefir and conninge
For to rerherf ther chere and ther spekyng,
And from the morowe gan this speche laste
Till downward went the sonne wondir faste.

The noise of Foulis for to be deliverde
So loudé range, Have don and let us wende,
That wel wende I the wode had all to shivered:
Come of, they cried; alas! ye wil us shende;
Whan shal your curfid pleding have an ende?
How shulde a judge on eithir partie leve
For ye or nay withoutin any preve?

The gofe, the cuckowe, and the ducke also,
So cryid Keke, keke, Cuckow, Queke, queke, hye,
Thorough myne eris the noyse wente tho;
The gofe sayd than, Al this n'ys worthe a flye,
But I can shape herof a remedye,
And wil ysay my verditte faire and swithe
For watir Foule, who so be wrothe or blithe.

And I for worme Foule, said the sole cuckow,
For I wil of min owne autorite,
For common spede, take on me the charge now
For to deliver us is grete charite,
Ye may abydin a while yet perde.
(Quod the turtel) If that it be your wil
A wight may speke it were as gode be stil.

I am a fede Foule, one the unworthyest,
That wot I wel, and the lest of connyng,
But bettir is that a wight is tonge rest
Than entremetin him of soche doyng,
Of whiche he neigir redin can nor finge,
And who so it doth ful foule him self acloyeth,
For Office uncommittid ofte anyeth.

Nature, whiche that alway yhad an erowd
To murmure of the leudeneffe behinde,
With faconde voice said, Hold your tongis there,
And I shal sone I hope a counsaile finde
You to deliver and fro this noyse unbynde:
I charge of every flocke ye shall one call
To say the verditte of you Foulis all.

Assentid were to this conclusyon
The birdis al, and Foulis of ravine
Have chosin first by plaine election,
The tercelet of the faucon to define,
Al ther sentence, and as him lest to termine,
And to Nature him gan they to presente,
And she acceptith him with glad entente.

The tercelet sayd than in this manere:
Ful hard it were to prove it by reson
Who lovith best this gentil formel here,
For everiche hath soche replicacion
That by skillis may non be brought adoun;
I cannot fe that argumentes availle,
Than semith it there must be a bataille.

Al redy, quod these egles tercelles tho,
Nay, Sirs, (quod he) if that I durst I say
Ye do me wronge, my tale is not ydo;
For, Sirs, ne takith nat a grese I pray,
It may not be as ye wolde in this way;
Ours is the voice that have the charge in hande,
And to the judg'is dome ye must ystande.

And therfore pece: I say as to my wit
Me woldin thinke how that the worthiest
Of knyghthode, and lengist had usid it,
Most of estate, of blode the gentillest,
Were sittingest for her, if that her lest,
And of these thre she wote her selfe I trowe
Whiche that he be, for it is light to knowe.

The watir Foulis have ther hedis laide
Togidir, and of shorte avisement
Whan everiche had his verditte ysaide,
They saidin sothely al by one assent
How that the gofe, with the facondé gent,
That so desirith to pronounce our nede,
Shal tel our tale, and prayed to God her spede.

And for these watir Foulis tho began
The gofe to speke, and in her cakelynge
She said, Pece now, take kepe every man,
And herken whiche reson I shal forth bring;
My witte is sharpe; I love no taryng;
I say I rede him, tho he were my brother,
But she wil love him let him love another.

Lo here a parfite reson of a gofe!
Tho (quod the sperhauke) never mote she the;
Lo soche a thing it is to have a tonge lose!
Nowe parde sole yet were it bet for the
Have holde thy pece than shewde thy nicete;
It lyeth nat in his wit nor in his wil,
But sothe is saide, A sole can not be still.

The laughtir arofe of gentil Foulis al,
And right anone the fede Foules chofin had
The turtel trewe, and gan her to 'hem call,
And prayid her to fay the sothè sad
Of this matir, and askid what she rad?
And she answered that plainly her entent
She woldè shewe, and sothly what she ment.

Nay, God forbede a lovir shuldè chaunge,
The turtel said, and wexte for shame al rede;
Though that his lady evirmore be straunge,
Yet let him serve her ay tyl he be dede;
Forsothe I ne praisè not the gos'is rede,
For tho she dyed I wold none othir make;
I wil be hers tyl that the dethe me take.

Wel ybourdid (quod the ducce) by my hat;
That men shouldin love alway causelesse
Who can a reson finde or wit in that?
Dauncith he mery that is mirthlesse?
Who shuldin recke of that is rechellesse?
Ye queke yet (quod the ducce) ful wel and faire,
There be mo sterres in the skeye than a paire.

Nowe fye, churle! (quod the gentil tercèlet)
Out of the donghil came that word aright;
Thou canst not se which thinge is wel beset;
Thou farest by love as owlis do by light,
The day 'hem blindeth, ful wel they fey by night;
Thy kinde is of so lowe a wretchidnesse
That what love is thou canst not se nor gesse.

Thou gan the cuckow put him forthe in prece
For Foule that etich worme, and sayid blyve,
So I (quod he) may have my make in pece
I ne retche nought howe longè that ye strive;
Let eche of 'hem be soleine al ther lyve:
This is my rede sens they may nat acorde;
This shorte lesson nedith not recorde.

Ye have the glutton filde inow his paunche,
Then are we wel, sayid the emerlon,
Thou murdrir of the heisfuge, on the braunche,
That brought the forth, thou most rufull glutton,
Live thou solein, worraiss corrupcion!
For no foree is of lacke of thy nature;
Go, leude be thou while that the world may dure!

Nowe pece (quod Nature) I commandin here,
For I have herde al your opinion,
And in effecte yet be we ner the nere;
But, finally, this is my conclusion,
That she her selfe shal have her election
Of whom her list, who so be wroth or blithe,
Him that she cheseth he shal her have as swithe:

For sithe it may not here discussid be
Who loveth her best, as said the tercèlet,
Than wol I done this favour to' her, that she
Shal have right him on whom her hert is set,
And he her that his hert hath on her knet;
This judge I Nature, for I may not lye,
To none estate I have none othir eye.

But as for counsaile for to chose a make,
Yf I were Reson, certis than woulde I
Counsailein you the royal tercèl take,
As sayd the tercèlet sai skilfully,
As for the gentilist and most worthy,

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Which I have wrought so wel to my plesaunce
That to you it ought ben a suffisaunce.

With drefull voice the formell her answerde;
My rightfull lady, goddesse of Nature,
Soth is that I am er undir your yerde,
As is als' evèriche othir cature,
And must be yours while that my life may dure,
And therfore grauntith me my firstè bone,
And myne entent you wol I say right fone.

I graunt it you (quod she.) And right anone
This formel egle spake in this degre;
Almighty quene! unto this yere be done
I aske respite for to avylin me,
And aftir that to have my choyce all fre:
This al and some that I wold speke and sey;
Ye get no more although ye do me dey:

I wol not servin Venus ne Cupide
Forsothe as yet by no manir of way.
Nowe sens it may none othir wayes betide
(Quod Dame Nature), here is no more to say;
Than wolde I that these Foulis were away
Eche with his make for taryng lengir here,
And said 'hem thus, as ye shal aftir here:

To you speke I, ye tercèlets (quod Nature),
Bethe of gode herte, and servith allè thre.
A yere is not so longe for to endure,
And eche of you paine him in his degre
For to do wel, for God wote quit is the
Fro you this yere, what aftir so befall;
This entremes is dresid for you all.

And whan this werk ybrought was to an ende
To evèry Foule Nature yave his make
By even acorde, and on ther way they wende,
And Lordethe blisse and joye which that they make!
For ech gan othir in his wingis take,
And with ther neckis eche gan othir winde,
Thankynge aye the noble goddesse of Kinde.

But first were chofin Foulis for to singe,
As yere by yere was alway ther usance,
To singe a roundel at ther departing,
To do to Nature honour and plesaunce;
The note I trowe ymakid was in Fraunce;
The wordis were soche as ye may here find
The nextè vers, as I nowe have in minde,

Qui bien aime tard oublie.

Now welcom somir! with thy sonnis soft,
That haste this wintir wethirs ovirshake;
Saint Valentine! thou arte full hye on losfe,
Which drivist away the longe nightis blake,
Thus singin finalè Foulis for thy sake;
Well havin they cause for to gladin ofte
Sens eche of 'hem recovered hath his make,
Ful blisful maie they sing when they awake.

And with the shouting when ther songe was do
That the Foulis made at ther flight away
I woke, and othir bokis toke me to
To rede upon, and yet I rede alway;
I hope ywis to redin so some day
That I shal metin some thinge for to fare
The bet, and thus to rede I n'il not spare.

OF THE

CUCKOWE AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

Chaucer dreameth that he heareth the Cuckowe and the Nightingale contend for excellency in singing.

THE god of Love, ah, *bonedicite* !
Howe mighty and howe gret a lorde is he !
For he can makin of lowe hertis hie,
And of hye lowe and lykè for to die,
And hardè hertis he can makin fre :

He can makin within a litil sounde
Of fickle folke whole, and fresue, and founde,
And of the whole he can ymake feke ;
He can ybindin and unbindin eke
That he wol have yboundin or unbounde.

To tel his might my wit may not suffise,
For he can makin of wife folke ful nice,
For he may do al that he wol device,
And lithy folke to distroyin vice,
And proude hertis he can make agrise.

Shortly, al that evir he wol he may ;
Against him there dare no wight say naye,
For he can glad and greve whom him lykith,
And who that he wol he loweth or skith,
And most his might he shedith er in May ;

For every true gentle herte fre,
That with him is or thinkith for to be,
Against May now shal have some sterige,
Or to joye or ellis to some mourning,
In no feson so moche, as thinkith me :

For whan that they may here the birdis singe,
And se the flouris and the levis springe,
That bringith into ther remembraunce
A manir etc ymedlid with grevaunce,
And lusty thoughtis ful of grete longing ;

And of that longing comith hevinessse,
And therof growith oft grete fikenessse,
And for the lacke of that that they desire ;
And thus in May ben hertis fet on fire,
So that they brennin forth in gret distresse.

I speke this of feling trewly :
What ! tho that I be elde and unlusty
Yet I have felte of the sickenesse through May
Bothe hote and cold, and axis every day,
How fore iwis there wote no wight but I.

I am so shakin with the fevris white
Of al this May, ne slepe I but a lite ;
And also it is not lyke unto me
That any herte shoulkin slepy be
In whom that Love his firy darte wol smite.

But as I lay this othir night waking
I thought howe lovirs had a tokining,
And amonge 'hem it was a commune tale
That it were gode to here the Nightingale
Mochè rather than the leude Cuckowe singe.

And than I thought anon as it was day
I woldè faine go fomwhere to assay
If that I might a Nightingale yhere,
For yet had I none herde of al that yere,
And it was tho the thirde night of May.

And right anon as I the day aspide
No lengir would I in my bedde abide,
But unto a wodde that was me fast by
I went forthe my self alone boldly,
And helde the way downe by a broke side.

Tyl I came to a launde of white and grene,
So faire an one had I nevir in bene;
The grounde was grene, ypoudrid with daifye,
The flouris and the grevis alike hic,
Al grene and white, was nothing ellis fene.

There fate I downe among the faire flouris,
And sawe the birdes trippe out of ther bowris
There as they restid 'hem had al the night;
They were so joyful of the day's lyght
They began of Maye for to done honouris :

They coudin wel that service al by rote,
And there was many a full lovely note;
Some songin loudè as they had yplained,
And some in othir manir voice yfained,
And some songin al out with the ful throte.

They proynid 'hem and madin 'hem right gay,
And daunfudin and leptin on the spray,
And evirmore were two and two in fere,
Right so as they had chofin 'hem to yere
In Feverere on Saint Valentine's day.

And the rivir whiche that I sat upon
It madin soche a noisc as it ron,
Accordaunt with the birdis armony,
Me thought that it was the best melody
That mightin ben yherde of any mon.

And for delyte, I ne wotte nevir howe,
I fel in soche a slobre and a fowwe,
Nat al aslepe ne fully awaking,
And in that fwowe me thought I herdè singe
The fory birde, I mene the leude Cuckowe,

And that was upon a tre right fast by;
But who was than evil apaide but I?
Now God (quod I) that dyid on the crois
Yeve forthe on the and on thy leude vois!
Ful litil have I now of thy crie.

And as I the Cuckow thus gan childe,
I herdin nextè bush beside
A Nyghtingale so lustily yfinge,
That with his clere voice she madin ringe,
Echoing theroth al the grene wode wide.

Ah! gode fwete Nightingale! (quod I) then,
A litil hast thou ben to longè hen,
For here hath ben the leude fory Cuckow,
And songin songis rathir than hast thou;
I pray to God that evil fire her bren!

But now I wol you tel a wondre thing;
As longè as I lay in that fwouning,
Me thought I wist what that the birdis ment,
And what they sayd, and what was ther entent,
And of ther speche I had full gode knowing.

There herdin I the Nightingale yfay,
Now, gode Cuckow! goith some where awaye,
And let us that can singin dwellin here,
For every wight efchevith the to here,
Thy songis ben so elenge, in gode fay.

What! (quod she) what may the aylin as nowè?
It thinkith me I singe as wel as thou,
For my songè is both true and eke plaine,
And though I can not crakil so in vaine
As thou dost in thy throte, I wot ner how.

And every wight may undirstandin me;
But, Nightingale, so may they not done the,
For thou hast many a nice queintè crie;
I have the herdè faine Ocy, ocy:
Howe might I knowin what that should ybe?

Ah, fole! (quod she) wost thou not what it is?
Whan that I say Ocy, ocy, ywys
Than menin I that I would wondre faine
That al they werin shamfully yflaine
That menin ought againist love amis;

And also' I would that al tho had the dede
That thinkin not in love ther life to lede,
For who so wol not the god of Love serve
I dare wel say he is worthy to sterve,
And for that stil Ocy, ocy, I grede.

Eye! (quod the Cuckow) this is a queint lawe,
That every wight shal love or be to draw;
But I forsakin al soche company,
For myne entent ne is not for to die,
Ne ner while I live on Love's yoke to draw;

For lovirs ben the folke that ben on lyve
That most disese yhave and most unthrive,
And most endurin sorow, wo, and care,
And that the left yfelin of welfare;
What nedith it ayenist trowth to strive?

What! (quod she) thou art alle out of thy minde;
How might thou in thy churlinesse yfynde
To speke of Lov's servautes in this wise?
For in this world is none so gode service
To every wight that gentile is of kinde;

For therof truly comith al godenesse,
Therof al honour and al gentilnesse,
Therof worship, eke, and al hert'is lust,
And parfite joye and ful affurid trust,
And jolytie, and plessaunce, and freshenesse,

And lowlyhed, largesse, and curtisye,
And femelyhed, and trew company,
And drede of shamè for to done amys,
For he that truly Lov'is fervaunt is
Were lothir to be shamid than to die.

And that thys is the sothe whiche that I fey
In that beleve I wil bothe live and deye;
And, Cuckow, so I rede thou do ywys.
Than (quod he) let me nevir havin blisse
Yf evir I to that counsaile obey.

Nyghtingale, thou yspeskist wondre faire,
But for al that is the soth contrayre,
For Love ne is in yongè folke but rage,
And is in oldè folke a grete dotage;
Who most it ufith he most shal enpaire;

For therof commeth disese and hevinesse,
So sorow', and care, and many' a grete fikenesse,
Despite, debate, and angre, and envy,
Depraving, shame, untrust, and jelousie,
Pride, milchese, povertie, and wodenesse.

Loving is aye an office of dispaire,
And one thing is therin that is not faire,
For who that getteth of Love a litil blisse,
But if he be alwaie therewith, iwis
He maie full sone of age yhave his haire :

And, Nyghtingale, therefore held the nie,
For leve me well, for all thy quaintè crie,
If thou be ferre or longè fro thy make
Thou shalt be as othir that ben forsake,
And then thou shalt yhotin as do I.

Fie! (quod she) on thy namè and on the,
The god of Love ne let the nevir the,
For thou art worse a thousandfolde than wode,
For many' one is full worthie and full gode
That had be naught ne haddin Love ibee;

For evirmore Love his servautes amendeth,
And from all evill tachs 'hem defendeth,
And makith 'hem to brenne right in a fire
In trouthe and in worshipfull desire,
And when him likith joy inough 'hem fendeth.

Thou, Nyghtingale, he sayid, be still,
For Love have no reson but it is will,
For oft tymis untrue folke he esith
And true folke so bitterly displeisith
That for defaute of courage he let 'hem spill.

Then toke I of the Nyghtingale kepe I shal
How that she cast a sigh out of her depe,
And faied, Alas that evir I was bore!
I can for tene not faie one wordè more;
And right with that wordè she braut out to wepe.

Alas! (quod she) my hertè woll to breke,
To herin thus this leudè birdè speke
Of Love, and of his worshipfull service;
Now god of Love, thou helpe me in some wise
That I maie on this Cuckowe ben awreke.

Me thoughtin then that he sterte up anon,
And glad was I tho that he was agon,
And evirmore the Cuckowe as he flaie
Yfayid, Farewell, farewell, poppingaie,
As though he had yfornid me alone.

And then ycame the Nyghtingale to me,
And sayid, Frende, forsoth I thanke the
That thou hast likid me for to rescowe,
And one avowe to Love ymake I now,
That all this Maie I woll thy fingir be.

I thankid her, and was right well apaid.
Ye, (quod she) and ne be thou not dismaied
Tho thou have herd the Cuckow erst than me,
For if I live it shall amendid be
The nextè Maie, if I be not affraied.

And one thing I woll redin the also,
Ne leve thou not the Cuckow ne' his loves so,
For all that he hath faied is strong lesyng.
Naie, (quod I) therto shall nothyng me bryng
For love, and it hath do me mochil wo.

Ye, hath it? Use (quod she) this medicine,
Every daie this Maie or that thou dine
Go lokin upon the freshe daise,
And though thou be for wo in point to die
That shall full gretly lessen the of thy pine.

And loke alwaie that thou be gode and true,
And I woll sing one of the songis newe
For love of the, as loude as I maie crie;
And then she began this songè full hie,
I shrewè all 'hem that ben of love untrue.

And when she had yfong it to the ende,
Now farewell, (quod she) for I motè wende,
And god of Love, that can right well and may,
As mochil joyè fendè the this daie
As any yet lovir he ever fende.

Thus taketh the Nyghtingale her leve of me,
I prairie to God alwaie with her to be,
And joye of love he sende her evirmore,
And shilde us fro the Cuckowe and his lore!
For there is not so false a birdè as he.

Forthe she yflew the gentill Nightingale
To all the birdis that were in that daie,
And gate 'hem all into a place in fere,
And besoughtin 'hem that they wouldin here
Her disefe; and thus she began her tale :

The Cuckowe, well it is not for to hide
How the Cuckowe and I fast havin chide
Evir sithin that it ywas daie light;
I praie you all that ye doin me right
Of that foule, and false, and unkindē bride.

'Then speke o birde for all by one assent;
This mattir askith gode avisement,
For we ben allē birdis here in fere,
And forthe it is the Cuckowe is not here,
And therefore we woll have a parliamt;

And thereat shall the egle be our lorde,
And othir peris that ben of recorde,
And the Cuckowe shall be aftir ysent,
And there shall be yevin the judgement,
Or els we shall finally make accorde.

And this shall be ydone withoutin naie
The morowe aftir Sainct Valentine's daie,
Undir a maple that is faire and grene,
Before the chambir windowe of the queene
At Wodestocke upon the grenē laie.

She thankid 'hem, and then her levē toke,
And flew into an hauthorne by that broke,
And there she sate and song upon that tre,
For terme of life love hath withholde me,
So loude, that I wicha that song awoke.

O leudē boke ! with thy foule rudēnesse,
Sithe thou hast neithir beaute ne' eloquence
Who hath the caused or yeve the hardinesse
For to appere in my ladie's presence?
I' am ful sikir thou knowist her benevo'lence,
Full agreable to all her abyng,
For of all gode she is the best livyng,

Alas ! that thou ne haddist worthinesse
To shewin to her some plefaunt sentence,
Sith that she hath thorough her gentillesse
Acceptid the servaunt to her digne reve'rence.
O ! me repentith that I ne' had sciēce
And lesir als to make the more florishyng,
For of all gode she is the best livyng.

Beseche her mekely with all lowlinesse,
Though that I be ferre from her in absence,
To thinke on my trowth to' her and stedfastnesse,
And to' abridge of my sorowes the violence
Which caused is, wherof knowith your sapience,
She like emong to notifie me' her likyng,
For of all gode she is the best livyng.

L'ENNOY.

Aurore of gladnesse, daie of lustinesse,
Lucerne aight with hevenlie influence
Illumined, rote of beantie and godenesse,
Suspiris, whiche I effunde in silence
Of grace I beseche aledge let your writyng,
New of all gode sith ye best livyng.

And when that I by length of certayne dayes
Had care in one lookit a time to speke,
To the place that I all beleaguerd with care
To prayn her on my heart, and on my face,
That on I might with my words and prayers
Or tel her any of my paines inward,
I found her dead and buried in an herse.
A downe I fel when that I saw the herse,
Died as a stone while that the woman me tolde,
But my role with colour fast diverse,
And proudly on her myne eyes I cast,
And hearth the corse I kan preserue fast,
And for the soule I hope me lot to pray,
I was not torme; there was no more to say.
Thus am I mine rich that Pite is dead;
Alas that day that ever it shal be said!
What manie minn that now hold up his head,
To whom that now any toke will heart call,
Nowe Christe hath call to the wall,
In the hope toke redoubte of paine,
Sith this is dead, to whom that we complaine,
But yet cansthe me this woe in new,
That no right wote that this is dead but I,
So many men as in her time her knowe,
And yet the day shal be to bidely,
For I have sought her er full bidely,
Sith that I had first wote of mind,
But this was dead er that I coude her find.

HEREAFTER FOLOWETH

HOW PYTE IS DEDE,

AND BURIED IN GENTYLE HERTE.

PYTE, that I have sought so yore ago
With herte sore, and full of bely paine,
That in this worlde was nevir wight so wo
Withoutin dethe, and yf I shal nat saine
My purpose was to Pite to complaine
Upon the crueltie and tyrannye
Of Love, that for my trouthe doth me to die.

And whan that I by length of certaine yeres
Had evir in one fought a time to speke,
To Pite ran I all bespreint with teres
To prayin her on Cruelte me' a-wreke;
But or I might with any worde out breke,
Or tel her any of my painis smerte,
I found her ded and buried in an herte.

A downe I fel whan that I saw the herse
Ded as a stone while that the swonne me laste,
But up I rose with coloure ful diverse,
And pitously on her myne eyen I cast,
And nerir the corse I gan presin fast,
And for the soule I shepe me for to pray;
I was but lorne; there was no more to say.

Thus am I flaine sith that Pite is ded;
Alas that day that evir it shulde fal!
What manir man dare now hold up his hed,
To whom shal now any foro'wfull hert call,
Nowe Cruelte hath cast to fle us al,
In ydle hope folke redelesse of paine,
Sith she is ded, to whom shal we complaine?

But yet encresith me this wondir newe,
That no wight wote that she is ded but I,
So many men as in her tyme her knewe,
And yet she dyid all so sodainly,
For I have sought her er full befily,
Sithins that I had firste witte or mind,
But she was ded er that I coude her find.

Aboute her herse there stodin lustily,
Withoutin any mo as thoughtin me,
Bountie, perfetly well armed and richely,
And freshe Beaute, and Lust, and Jolite,
Assurid Manir, Youthe, and Honeste,
Wisdome, Estate, with Drede and Govirnaunce,
Confedrid both by bonde and aliaunce.

A complainte had I writin in my honde
To have yput to Pyte as a byl,
But I there al this company yfonde
That rathir wouldin all my cause spill
Then do me help, I held my plainte still,
For to those folke withoutin any faile
Without Pite there maie no bill availe.

Then leave all vertues save onely Pite,
Keping the corse, as ye have herd me saine,
Confedrid by bonde unto Crueltie,
And be assentid when I shall be flaine,
And I have put my compleinte up againe,
For to my foes my bill I dare not shewe
The' effect, which sayith thus in wordis fewe:

Humblist of herte, hyist of reverence,
Flowir benigne, coroune of vertues alle!
Shewith unto your roiall excellence
Your servaunt; if I durstin me so call,
His mortall harme in which he is ifall,
And nought all onely for his wofull fare
But for your renome, as he shall declare.

It standeth thus; that your contary Crueltie
Allyid is ayenst your regalie,
Undir colour of womanly beautie,
For men shoulidin not knowe her tyrannie,
With Bountie, Gentillese, and Curtesie,
And hath deprivid you thus of your place,
That is hie Beaute' apertenant to your grace:

For kindly by your heritage and right
Ye be annexid evir to Bountie,
And verily ye ought to doe your might
To helpin Trouthe in his adversitie;
Ye be also the coroune of Beautie,
And certis if that ye want in these twaine
The worlde is lore; there is no more to faine.

Eke what availeth manir and gentileffe
Withoutin you, o most benigne creture!
Shall Crueltie ybe your governesse?
Alas! what herte maie it long endure?
Wherefore but ye rather ytake cure
To brekin that perillous aliaunce
Ye seen hem that ben in your obeisaunce.

And furthir ovir, if ye suffir this
All your renome is fordoe in a throwe,
There shall no man ywete what pitie is;
Alas that your renome is fall so lowe!
Ye be' also fro your heritage ithrowe
By Crueltie, that occupieth your place,
And we dispaired that sekyn your grace.

Have mercie on me, thou herenús quene,
That you have fought so tenderly and fore,
O let some streame of light on me be sene,
That love and drede you er longir the more!
For, sothly to faine, I bere so fore;

And though I be not connyng for to plaine
For God's love have mercie on my paine.

My paine is this, that what so I desire
That have I not, no nothyng like thereto,
And evir setteth desire mine herte on fire;
Eke on that othir side, where that I go
What manir thing that may encrese my wo
That have I redy unfought every where;
Me lackith but my deth and then my bere.

What nedith to shewe percel of my paine,
Sith every wo that herte maie bethinke
I suffir, and yet dare not to you plaine?
For well I wote though that I wake or winke
Ye recke not whethir that I slete or stinke;
And nathelesse yet my trowth I shall susteine
Unto my deth, and that shall well be sene:

This is to faine, that I will be yours ever,
Though ye me flea by Crueltie your fo,
Algate my spirite shall never discevir
Fro your service for any paine or wo,
Sith ye be dedde, alas that it is so!
Thus for your deth I maie wepin and plain
With herte fore and full of besie pain.

Whithin my trowth I have bette that is
So mucht we and eke to this hille
That we is for the love I was bore!
For al that thing which I desire I will
Add al that evir I wille not wile
That harte ready to me comfore;
And of all this I n' to whom the plaine
For the last night not one of this pyng
No recheit thought what I wepe or sing
Sothly touth hath like upon my paine!

Alas! when hopeinge tyme is nigh I wake
When I shold dance for love to than I quake;
This heavy hille I lode, for I for your sake,
Though ye thert in no wille hede take,
My harte's harte and whole my herte's danc
For truly durst I say as that I lete
Mclemish that your trowth herte of this
Is wherit now againe me to kepe.

My deth herte and best beloved for!
Why I shold you to do me al this wo?
What have I don that greiveth you or hilde?
But for I serve and love you and no hilde
And whilom I like I will evir do so.
And whilom I like I will evir do so.
And whilom I like I will evir do so.
And whilom I like I will evir do so.
And whilom I like I will evir do so.
And whilom I like I will evir do so.

The laste thought the laste till the morow
And from the morow forth till the eve
There nedith me no care for to bere
For both I have gods hille and gods love;
There is no wight that will my wo bereave
To wepe enough and wein all my hille
The laste speke of being now deth me gill.

This love, that hath me set in speke a place
That my deth he will never hille
For neither this Morow, neither Grace
Can I not hille and yet my wolle hille
For to be dedde I can it not wille
The more I love the more the deth me hille
I knowe whiche I to withoute remede
That from the deth I may no wille astute.

Now sothly what the right I wol reperte
Her name is Bountie, let in womanshed,
Bates in youth and beaute pithelless
And pleasure under governance and drede
And her name is eke faire Rochelle
The wille that into gods wille
That for I love her the both me pithelless
Her love I best, and shall while I may danc.

Best than my self a hundred thousand dote
Than al this worlde's riches or covete;
Now best not I love me beloved wot.

These Verses next folowing were compiled by Geoff. Chaucer, and in the written copies folowe at the ende of The Complainte of Pite.

THE longe nyghtis, when every creture
Shuld have ther rest in fomwhat as by kind,
Or ellis ne may ther life not long endure,
It fallith moste into my woful minde
How I so farre have brought my self behind,
That safe the deth ther may nothing me liffe,
So dispaird I am from alle blisse.

This same thought me lastith til the morow,
And from the morowe forth til it be eve;
There nedith me no care for to borow.
For both I have gode laisir and gode leve;
There is no wight that will my wo byreve,
To wepe enough and wailin all my fyll;
The fore sparke of peine now doth me spil.

This Love, that hath me set in foché a place
That my desire he wil nevir fulfyl,
For neithir Pite, Mercy, neithir Grace.
Can I not finde, and yet my wofull herte
For to be dede I can it not arace,
The more I love the more she doth me smerte,
Thorowe whiche I fe withoute remedie
That from the deth I may no wife afterte.

Now sothly what she hight I wol reherse;
Her name is Bountie, set in womanhed,
Sadnes in youth, and beantie priddelesse,
And plefaunce undir gouvraunce and drede,
And her surname is eke faire Ruthelless,
The wise knit unto gode avinture,
That for I love her she sleth me gitleesse;
Her love I best, and shall while I may dure;

Bett than my selfe a hundrid thousand dele,
Than al this world's richis or creture;
Now hath not Love me bestowid wel,

To lovin there I nevir shal have parte?
Alas, right thus is turnid me the whele
Thus am I slaine with Lov's furious darte?
I can but love her best my swete so,
Love hath me taught no more of his arte
But servin alwaye and flint for no wo.

Within my trewe carefull herte ther is
So mochil we and eke so litil blisse
That wo is me that evir I was bore!
For al that thinge which I desire I misse,
And al that evir I wolde not iwis
That finde I redy to me evirmore;
And of all this I n'ot to whom me plaine,
For she that might me out of this ybring
Ne rechith nought whethir I wepe or sing,
So litil routh hath she upon my paine!

Alas! whan slepinge tyme is then I wake,
Whan I shuld daunce for fere lo than I quake;
This hevy life I lede, lo! for your sake,
Though ye therof in no wise hedde take,
Myn hert's lady and whole my live's quene
For truly durst I say as that I fele
Me semeth that your swete herte of stele
Is whettid now againist me to kene.

My deré herte and best beloved fo!
Why lykith you to do me al this wo?
What have I don that grevith you, or faide?
But for I serve and love you and no mo,
And whilest I live I wil evir do so,
And therfore, swete! ne bethe not il apaide;
For so gode and so faire as that ye be
It wer a right gret wondir but ye had
Of al servauntis both of gode and badde,
And best worthy of al them I am he.

But nevir the lesse, my righte lady swete!
Though that I be unkonninge and unmete
To serve as I coud best aye your highnes,
Yet is ther none fainir, that would I hete,
Than I to do you ese or ellis bete,
What so I wist that were to your highnes;
And had I might as gode as I have wil,
Than should ye fele wher it were so or none,
For in this world livinge than is ther none
That fainir wolde your hert's wil fulfil.

For both I love and eke drede you so fore,
And algates mote and have don you ful yore,
That bettir loved is none ne nevir shal,
And yet I would besече you of no more
But lovith wel, and be not wroth therfore,
And let me serve you forth, lo! this is al;
For I am nought so hardy ne so wode
For to desire that ye should lovyn me,
For wel I wotte, alas! that may not be,
I am so litil worthy' and ye so gode,
For ye be one the worthyist on live,
And I the most unlikely for to thrive.

Yet for al this wetith ye ful righte wel
That ye ne should me from your servyce drive,
That I ne wil aye with my witis five

Serve you truly what wo so that I fele,
For I am set so hy upon your whele
That though ye nevir wil upon me rew
I must you love, and bene evir as trewe
As any man ycan or maye on live.

But the more that I love you, godely fre!
The lassè finde I that ye lovyn me;
Alas! whan shal that hardè wit amende?
Wher is now al your womanly pite,
Your gentilnes and your debonaire?
Wil ye nothinge therof upon me spend,
And so whole, swete! as I am youris all,
And so grete wil as I have to you serve?
Now certis and ye let me thus ysserve
Yet have ye wonnin therupon but small,

For at my knowing I do nothing why:
And thus I wil besече you hertly,
That if evir ye finde whilis ye live
A truir servaunte to you than am I,
Levith than, and sleith me hardily,
And I my deth to you wil al forgive;
And yf ye finde no trewir verily,
Wollin ye suffir than that I thus spil,
And for no manir gilt but my gode will
As gode were than untrue as true to be
Paine the not eke crokid to redress
In trust of her that cometh as a dalle;
Gave to rest handid in hill and dale;
Swaire also to fayne again a dalle;

For I am late by upon your wale
That though ye never will upon the wale
I will you love and here ever as newe
As any man can or may so live.

The lady hille I list to love me;
Alas! when that that hardy wit amende
What is now at your wondrous site
Your gentilles and your debonaire?

Will ye nothing more upon me spend
And to whole love; as I am young
And have ye woman thirson but small
For at my knowing I do nothing why;

And that I will believe you hardy
That can so find within ye live
For at my knowing I do nothing why;

FLIE fro the preef and dwell with sothfastnesse;
Suffise unto thy gode though it be small,
For horde hath hate, and climbyng tikilnesse,
Prece hath envie, and wele is blent oer all;
Savour no more than the behoven shall;
Rede well thy self, that othir folke canst rede,
And trouthe the shall delivir it' is no drede.

Paine the not eche crokid to redresse
In trust of her that torneth as a balle;
Crete rest standith in litil businesse;
Beware also to spurne again a nalle;

And does the more, that I list to love me;
Alas! when that that hardy wit amende
What is now at your wondrous site
Your gentilles and your debonaire?

The lady hille I list to love me;
Alas! when that that hardy wit amende
What is now at your wondrous site
Your gentilles and your debonaire?

Will ye nothing more upon me spend
And to whole love; as I am young
And have ye woman thirson but small
For at my knowing I do nothing why;

And that I will believe you hardy
That can so find within ye live
For at my knowing I do nothing why;

Now hille I list to love me;
Alas! when that that hardy wit amende
What is now at your wondrous site
Your gentilles and your debonaire?

For I am late by upon your wale
That though ye never will upon the wale
I will you love and here ever as newe
As any man can or may so live.

The lady hille I list to love me;
Alas! when that that hardy wit amende
What is now at your wondrous site
Your gentilles and your debonaire?

Will ye nothing more upon me spend
And to whole love; as I am young
And have ye woman thirson but small
For at my knowing I do nothing why;

And that I will believe you hardy
That can so find within ye live
For at my knowing I do nothing why;

Strive not as doith a crocke with a walle;
Demith thy self that demith othir's dede,
And trouthe the shall deliver it' is no drede.

That the is sent receve in buxomenesse;
The wrafflyng of this worlde askith a fall;
Here is no home, here is but wildirnesse;
Forthe pilgrim, forthe o best out of thy stall;
Loke up on high, and thanke thy God of all;
Weivith thy luste and let thy ghost the lede,
And trouthe the shall delivir it' is no drede.

And does the more, that I list to love me;
Alas! when that that hardy wit amende
What is now at your wondrous site
Your gentilles and your debonaire?

The lady hille I list to love me;
Alas! when that that hardy wit amende
What is now at your wondrous site
Your gentilles and your debonaire?

Will ye nothing more upon me spend
And to whole love; as I am young
And have ye woman thirson but small
For at my knowing I do nothing why;

And that I will believe you hardy
That can so find within ye live
For at my knowing I do nothing why;

Now hille I list to love me;
Alas! when that that hardy wit amende
What is now at your wondrous site
Your gentilles and your debonaire?

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CHAUCER'S A, B, C.

CALLED LA PRIERE DE NOSTRE DAME.

Chaucer's A, B, C, called La Priere de nostre Dame, made, as some say, at the request of Blanch Duchesse of Lancaster, as a prayer for her private use, being a woman in her religion very devout.

A.

ALMIGHTIE and allmerciable Quene!
To whom all this world fleith for foccour,
To have relese of sinne, of sorow, of tene,
Glorious Virgine! of all flouris flour,
To the I fle, confoundid in error;
Helpe and releve, almightie debonaire!
Have mercy of mine perillous langour,
Venquist me hath my cruill adversaire.

B.

Bountie so fixe hath in my hert his tent,
That well I wote thou wilt my succour be;
Thou canst not warnin that with gode entent
Axith thine helpe, thine hert is aye so fre,
Thou art largeffe of plaine felicitye,
Havin and refute of quiete and rest;
Lo how that thevis sevin chasyn me;
Helpe, Ladie bright! or that mine ship to brest.

C.

Comfort is none but in you, Lady dere!
For lo! mine sinne and mine confusioun,
Which ought not in thin presence for to apere,
Han taken on me a grevous actioun,
Of veray right and disperatioun,
And as by right they mightin well sustene
That I were worthy mine damnatioun,
Ne were it of thy mercy, blisfull Quene!

D.

Dout is there none, o Quene of misericord!
That thou n'art cause of grace and mercy here,

God vouchidese through the with us to accord;
For certis, Christ is blisfull modir dere!
Were now the bow ybent in swiche manere
As it was first of justice and of ire,
The rightfull God would of no mercy here;
But through the han we grace as we desire.

E.

Ever' hath mine hope of refute in the be,
For here beforne full oft in many a wise
Unto mercy hast thou receivid me,
But mercy, Lady! at the gret assise,
When we shall come before the High Justise,
So litil frent shall then in me ben found
That but thou or that day correctin me
Of very right mine werke will me confound.

F.

Flying I fle for succour to thine tent,
Me for to hide fro tempest full of drede,
Beseking you that ye you not absent,
Though I be wicke: o help yet at this nede!
All have I ben a best in wit and dede,
Yet, Lady! thou me close with thine owne grace;
Thine enemye and mine (Lady, take hede)
Unto mine deth in point is me to chafe.

G.

Gracious maid and modir! which that never
Were bittir nor in erth nor in the se,
But full of swetenesse and of mercy ever,
Helpe, that mine Fadir be not wroth with me

Speke thou, for I ne dare him not yfe :
So have I done in erth, alas the while !
That certis but if thou mine succour be
To sinke eterne he will mine ghost exile.

H.

He vouchidesafe, tell him, as was his will,
Become a man as for our alliaunce,
And with his blode he wrote that blisful bill
Upon the crosse as generall acquitaunce
To every penitent in full cryaunce;
And therefore, Lady bright ! thou for us prey,
Then shalt thou stentin alle his grevaunce,
And maken our foe to saylin of his prey.

I.

I wote well thou wilt ben our succour,
Thou art so full of bountie in certaine,
For when a soule fallith in errour
Thine pitie goeth and halith him againe,
Then makist thou his pece with his Soverain,
And bringist him out of the crokide strete :
Whofo the lovith shall not love in vaine,
That shall he find as he the life shall lete.

K.

Kalendis enluminid ben they
That in this world ben lightid with thine name,
And who so goith with the the right wey
Him dar not dreden in soule to ben lame.
Now Quene of comfort ! sith thou art the same
To whom I sechin for my medicipe,
Let not mine fo no more mine wound entame,
Mine hele into thine hond all I refene.

L.

Lady ! thine sorrow can I not portrey
Undir the crosse, ne his grevous pennaunce ;
But for your bothis peine I you do prey
Let not our aldri so make his bostaunce
That he hath in his lestis, with mischaunce !
Convict that that ye both han bought so dere :
As I said erst, thou ground of all substaunce !
Continue' on us thin pitous eyin clere.

M.

Moyfes, that saw the both of flambis rede
Brenning, of which then never a sticke brend,
Was signe of thine unwemmid maidinhede ;
Thou art the both on which there can descend
The Holy Ghost, the which that Moyfes wend
Had ben on fire ; and this was in figure ;
Now Lady ! fro the fire us defend
Which that in hell eternally shall dure.

N.

Noble Princeffe ! that never haddist pere,
Certis if any comfort in us be
That commith of the, Christis modir dere !
We han none othir melodie ne gle
Us to rejoyce in our adversite,
Ne advocat that will and dare so prey
For us, and that for as lite hire as ye,
That helpin for an Ave'mary or twey.

O.

O very light of eyin tho ben blind !
O very lust of labour and distresse !
O trefore of bountie to mankind !
The whom God cheste to moder for humbleste,
From his ancille he made the maistresse

Of heven and erth, our bill up for to bede,
This world awatith ay on thine godenes,
For thou ne failed'est never wight at nede.

P.

Purpose I have sometime for to enquire
Wherefore and why the Holy Ghost the fought ;
When Gabriel's voice come to thine ere
He not to werre us swich a wondir wrought,
But for to save us that he sithin bought ;
Then nedith us no wepon us to save,
But only there we did not as us ought
Do penitence, and mercy aske and have.

Q.

Quene of comfort ! right when I me bethinke
That I agiltid have both him and the,
And that mine soule is worthy for to sinke,
Alas ! I caiteise, whedir shall I fle ?
Who shall unto thine sonne mine menè be ?
Who but thine selfe, that art of pitie well ?
Thou hast more routh on our adversite
Than in this world might any tonguè tell.

R.

Redresse me, modir ! and eke me chastise,
For certainly my Fadir's chastising
Ne dare I not abidin in no wise,
So hideous is his full reckining.
Modir ! of whom our joy began to spring,
Be ye mine judge and eke my soul's lech,
For ay in you is pitie abounding
To each that will of pity you besech.

S.

Soth is that he ne grauntith no pite
Withoutin the, for God of his godenesse
Forgivith none but it like unto the :
He hath the made vicaire and maistresse
Of all this world, and eke govirneresse
Of hevin, and repressith his justise
Aftir thine will, and therefore in witness
He hath the crownid in so royall wise.

T.

Temple devout ! ther God cheste his wonning,
Fro which these misbelevd deprivid ben,
To you mine soule penitent I bring ;
Receve me, for I can no ferthir fleen.
With thornis venomous, o hevin Quene !
For which the erth accursed was full yore,
I am so woundid, as ye may well sene,
That I am lost almost, it smert so fore.

V.

Virgine ! that art so noble of apparaie,
That ledist us into the highe toure
Of Paradise, thou me wile and counsaile
How I may have thy grace and thy succour,
All have I ben in filth and in errour :
Lady ! on that cuntry thou me adjourne
That clepid is thine bench of freshe flour,
There as that mercy evir shall sojourne.

X.

Xpen thine sonne, that in this world alight
Upon a crosse to suffer his passioun,
And suffred eke that Longeus his hert pight,
And made his hert's blode renne adoun,
And all this was for my salvatioun ;
And I to him am fals and eke unkind,

Y.

Ysaac was figure of his deth certaine,
That so ferreforth his fadir would obey
That him ne rought nothing for to be flaine;
Right so thy sonne list a lambe to dey:
Now Lady full of mercy! I you prey,
Sith he his mercy surid me so large,
Be ye not scant, for all we sing or say,
That ye beo fro vengeance alway our targe.

2.

Zacharie you clepeth the opin well
That wiſht his finfull ſoule out of his guilt,
Therefore this leſſoun out I will to tell,
That n'ere thine tendir hert we werin ſpilt.
Now Lady bright! fiſh that thou canſt and wilt,
Ben to the fede of Adam merciab;e;
Bring us unto that paleis that is built
To penitents, that ben to m'ercie able.

ANNEIDA AND FALSE ARCHITE

O F Q U E N E

ANNELIDA AND FALSE ARCITE.

Arcite, a Theban knight, forsaketh Queen Annelida, who loved him entirely, and taketh a new lady, whereupon Annelida maketh this great complaint.

O thou fiers god of Armis, Mars the Rede,
That in thy frostie countrey callid Thrace
Within thy grisly templis full of drede
Honourid art as patrone of that place,
With the Bellona, Pallas full of grace,
Be present, and my song continue' and gie;
At my beginnyng thus to the I crie.

For it full depe is sonkin in mynde
With pitous herte in Englishe to endite
This olde storie, in Latine whiche I finde,
Of Quene Annelida and false Arcite,
That elde, whiche all thingis can frete and bite,
And it hath fretin many' a noble storie,
Hath nigh devourid out of our memorie.

Be favourable eke thou Polymnia,
On Parnassus that with thy sustirs glade
By Helicon, and not ferre from Cirrha,
Singist with voice memoriall in the shade,
Undir the laurir, which that maie not fade,
And doe that I my ship to havin winne:
First followe' I Stace, and after him Corinne.

*Jamque domos patrias, Scythiacæ post aspera gentis
Prælia, laurigero subeuntem Thesea curru
Lætifici plausus, missusque ad sidera vulgi, &c.*

When Theseus with warris long and grete
The aspre folke of Scythe hath ovircome,
The laurir crounid, in his chaire golde bete
Home to his cuntry housis is icome,
For whiche the peple blisfull all and some
So cridin that to the steris it went,
And hym to honourin did all ther entent.

Before this duke in signe of victorie
The trompis come, and in his banir large
The' image of Mars; and in token' of glorie
Men mightin se of trefure many' a charge,
Many' a bright helme, and many' a spere and targe,
Many' a freshe knight, and many' a blisfull rout
On horse and fote, in all the field about.

Hyppolyta his wife, the hardie Quene
Of Scythia, that he conquerid had,
With Emelie her younge sustir shene,
Faire in a chare of golde he with him lad,
That al the ground about her chare she sprad
With brightnesse of the beautie in her face,
Fulfillid all of largesse and of grace.

With his triumph and laurir coronud thus
In all the floure of Fortun'is yevyng
Lete I this noble prince, this Theseus,
Toward Athenis in his waie ridyng,
And sonde I woll in shortly for to bryng
The slie waie of that I began to write
Of Quene Annelida and false Arcite.

Mars, that through his furious course of ire,
The oldè wrathe of Juno to fulfill,
Hath set the peplis hertis bothe on fire
Of Thebes and Grece everich othir to kill
With blodie speris, resist nevir still,
But throng now here now there among 'hem both,
That everiche othir slue, so were thei wroth:

For when Amphiorax and Tydeus,
Hippomedon and Parthenope' also
Were dedde, and slain was the proude Capaneus,

And when the wretchid Thebans brethrin two
Were slain, and Kyng Adraffus home ago,
So desolate stode Thebis and so bare
That no wight could remedie of his care.

And when that the old Creon gan espie
How that the blode roiall was brought adoun
He helde the cite by his tyrannie,
And did the gentils of that regioun
To ben his frendis and dwell in the toun;
So what for love of him, and what for awe
The noble folke were to the toun idrawe.

Among all these Annelida the Quene
Of Ermonie was in that toun dwelling,
That fairir ferre was than the sonnè shene;
Throughout the worlde so gan her name to spryng,
That her to se had every wight likyng,
For as of trouthe ne is there none herliche
Of all the women in this worlde riche.

Yong was this quene, of twentie yeris olde,
Of middle stature, and of soche fairenesse
That Nature had a joye her to beholde;
And for to spekin of her stedfastnesse,
She passid hath Penelope and Lucresse;
And, shortlic, if she shall ben comprehended,
In her there mightin nothyng ben amended.

This Theban knight Arcyte eke, sothe to faine,
Was yong, and therewithal a lustie knight,
But he was double in love and nothing plaine,
And subtil in that crafte ovre any wight,
And with his connyng wan this ladie bright,
For so ferforth he gan her trouth assure
That she hym trustith o'er any creture.

What should I faine? she lovith Arcyte so
That when that he was absent any throwe
Anone her thought her herte brast a two,
For in her sight to her he bare hym lowe,
So that she wende have all his herte iknowe;
But he was false, it n'as but fainid chere,
As nedith not soche craffis men to lere.

But nerthelesse full mikill busynesse
Had he er that he might his ladie winne,
And swore that he would dyin for distresse
Or from his witte he sayid he would twinne;
Alas the while! for it was routh and finne
That she upon his sorowis would rue;
But *Nothing thinkith the false as doth the true.*

Her fredome found Arcyte in soche manere
That al was his that she hath, moche or lite,
Ne to no manir creture made she chere
Furthir then as it likid to Arcyte;
There was no lack with which he might her wite;
She was so ferforth yevin him to pleie
That al that likid hym did her to ese.

There n'as to her no manir lettir sent,
That touchid love, from any manir wight,
That she ne shewid hym or it was brent,
So plain she was, and dyd her fullè might
That she n'll hidin nothyng from her knight,
Left he of any untrouth her upbreide;
Withoutin bode his herte she obeide.

And eke he made hym jelous ovir her,
That what that any man had to her faied
Anon he would yprayn her to fwere

What was that worde, or make him ill apaid;
Then wendid she out of her witte have braied;
But all was nought but sleight and flattirie;
Withoutin love he fainid jelousie.

And all this toke she so debonairly
That al his wil her thought it skilful thyng,
And er the lengir loved hym tenderly,
And did hym honour as he were a kyng;
Her herte was to hym weddid with a ryng,
For so ferforth on trouthe is her entent
That where he goith her hert with him went.

Whan she shal ete on him is so her thought
That wel unnethis of mete toke she kepe,
And whan that she was to her rest ybrought
On him she thought alway tyl that she slepe,
Whan he was absent prively dothe the wepe:
Thus liveth faire Annelida the Quene
For false Arcyte, that dyd her al this tene.

This false Arcyte, of his newfanglenesse,
For she to him so lowly was and trewe,
Ytoke lesse deintè for her stedfastnesse,
And sawe anothir lady proude and newe,
And right anon he clad him in her hewe,
Wote I not whethir in white, red, or grene,
And falsid faire Annelida the Quene.

But nerthelesse, grete wondir was it none
Though he were false, for it is the kinde of man
Sithe Lamech was, that is so longe agone,
To be in love as false as er he can;
He was the firste fathir that began
To lovin two, and was in bigamie,
And he founde tentis first but yf men lye:

This false Arcyte somewhat must he nede faine
Whan he was false to coveren his traitourie,
Right as an horsè that can both bite and plaine,
For he bare her in honde of trechirie,
And swore he coude her doublenesse espye,
And al was fallenesse that she to him ment;
Thus swore this thefe, and forth his way he went.

Alas! what herte might endurin it
For routh or wo her sorowe for to tel,
Or what man hath the conning or the wit,
Or what man might within the chambre dwell,
If I to him reherfin shall the hel

That suffrich faire Annelida the Quene,
For false Arcyte, that did her al this tene?

She wepith, wallith, swounith, pitoufly;
To grounde as ded the fallith as a stone;
She crampifith her limmis crokidly;
She spekith as her witte were al agone;
Othir colour than ashin hath she none,
Ne none othir worde spekith she moch or lite
But *Mercy, cruil herte min, Arcyte!*

And thus endureth til that she was so mate
That she ne hath sote on which she may sustene,
But forth languishing er in this estate,
Of whiche Arcyte hath neither rothe ne tene;
His herte was ellifwhere sette new and grene,
That on her wo ne deineth him not to think;
Him reckith ner whethir she flete or sinke.

This newè lady holdith him so narowe
Up by the bridil at the stav's ende,
That every worde he dred it is as an arowe;
Her daungir made him bothè bowe and bende,

And as her luste madin him turne or wende,
For she ne grauntid him in her living;
No grace why that he hath thereof to singe,

But drove him forth; unneth list her to knowe
That he was servaunt to her ladyship;
But lest that he were proude she held him lowe;
Thus servith he withoutin mete or sip;
She sente him nowe to lande and nowe to ship,
And for she yave him daungir al his fil
Therefore she had him at her ownè wil.

Ensample of this, ye thrifite women al,
Take hede of Annelida and false Arcite,
That for her list him her dere, hertè call,
And was so meke, therefore he loved her lité;
The kinde of mann^{is} herte is to delite
On thing that straunge is, al so God me save,
For what they may not get that wold they have.

Now turne we to Annelida ayen,
That pinich day by day in languishing;
But whan she sawe that her ne gate no geyn,
Upon a day ful sorowfully weping,
She cast her for to make a complaining,
And with her ownè hande she gan it write,
And sente it to her Theban knight Arcyte.

The Complaint of Annelida to false Arcite.

So thirld with the point of remembraunce
The swerde of sorowe, whette with false plesaunce,
Myne hertè bare of blisse and black of hewe,
That turnid is to quaking all my daunce,
My sewertye in wapid countinaunce,
Sens it availith nothing to ben trewe,
For who so trewe is certes it shall her rewe
That servith Love, and dothe her observaunce
Alway to one, and chaungith for no newe.

I wote my selfe as well as any wight,
For I loved one with al min hert and might,
More than my self an hundred thousande sith,
And callid him my hert^{is} lyfe, my knight,
And was al his as ferre as it was right,
And whan that he was glad than was I blythe,
And his disese ywas my dethe as swithe,
And he ayen his trouthe hath to me plight
For evirmore his lady me to kithe.

Now is he false, alas! and causeles,
And of my wo he is so routheles
That with a worde him list not onis daine
To bring ayen my sorowful herte in pees,
For he is caught up in an othir lees;
Right as hym lyst he laughith at my paine,
And I ne can min hertè not refraine
For to love him yet alway nertheles,
And of all this I n'ot to whom to plaine.

And shulde I plain, alas the hardè stounde!
Unto my foe that yave myn herte a wounde,
And yet desirith that myne harme be more?
Now certis ferthir woll I never founde
None othir helpe my foris for to founde,
My Destiny hath shapid so ful yore,
I woll none othir medecyne ne lore,
I woll ben aye there I was onis bounde,
That I have said be said for evirmore.

Alas! where is become your gentillnesse,
Your wordes full of plesaunce and humblenesse,
Your observaunce in so lowe a manere,
Your awaitinge, and eke your besinesse,
On me, that ye tho callid your maistresse,
Your soveraine lady in this worldè here?
Alas! is there now neithir worde ne chere
Ye vouchsafin upon myn hevinesse?
Alas! your love I bye it al to dere!

Now certis, swete Arcitè! though that ye
Thus causelesse the rufull cause ybe
Of all my pyne and dedly advesite,
Your manly trefaoun ought it to respite
To fle your sothefast frende, and namely me,
Whiche that have never yet in no degre
Offendid you in ought, as wisly he
That all thinges wote of wo my soule quite.

But for I was so plain to the Arcite
In all my wordes and workis moche and lit,
And was so besy aye you to delite,
Myne honpou only save, meke, kinde, and fre,
Therefore, Arcite, ye put in me this wite:
Alas! alas! ye rechin not a mite
Though that the percing swerde of sorow byte
My woful hert thorough your cruilte.

My swetè foe! why do ye so for shame?
And thinkin ye that furthered be your name
To lovin a newe and ben untrewè aye,
And putin you in slaundir nowe and blame,
And do to me advesyte and grame
That love you most, God thou wotist alwaye?
Yet turne ayen, and yet be plaine some daye,
And then shall this that now is mis ben game,
And al forgevin whilis I lyve maye.

Lo, hertè myne! al this is for to saine,
As whethir shal I praye or ellis plaine?
Which is the way to done you to be trewe?
For eithir mote I have you in my chaine
Or with the deth ye mote depart us twayne,
There beth none othir mene ne wayis newe,
For God so wyfely on my soule rewe
As verily ye slaine me with the paine,
That mowe ye se unfainid on mine hewe.

For thus ferforth have I my deth ysought;
My selfe I murdir with my privie thought;
For sorowe and routhe of your unkindenesse
I wepe, I waille, I fast; al helpith naught;
I voide alle joy that is to speak of aught,
I voide alle company, I flye gladnesse;
Who may avaunt her bet of hevinesse
Than I? and to this plite have me ye brought
Withoutin gilte; me nedith no witnesse.

And shoulde I pray and weivin womanhede?
Nay, rathir deth than do so foule a dede;
And aske mercy and gyltelesse? what nede?
And if that I complaine what life I lede
You reckith not, that know I out of drede;
And if I unto you mine othis bede
For mine excuse, a scorne shal be my mede;
Your cherè yflourith but it woll not fede;
Ful longe agon I might have takin hede:

For though I had you to morowe agayne
I might as well hold Aprilis from raine
As holdin you to makin you fledfast:

Almyghty God! of trouthe the soveraine,
Wher is the trouth of man? who hath it slaine?
She that 'hem lovith shall 'hemi finde as fast
As in a tempest is a rottin mast.

Is that a tame best that is evir faine
To renne away when he is left agast?

Nowe mercy, swete Arcite! if I mislay;
Whethir have I aught said out of the way
I n'ot; my witte is wastid al away:
I fare as both the fonge of chantepleure,
For nowe I plaine and nowe agene I play;

I am so masid that I dey, I dey;
Arcite, Arcite, hath born away the key
Of al my wele and my gode avinture:

For in this world there ne is no creature
Walking, alas! in more discomfiture
Than I, ne that more sorowe doth endure,
For yf I slepe a furlonge way or twey
Than thinkith me anon that your figure
Suppliant before me stante clad in asure,
Redy este to profe a newe assure
For to ben trewe, and mercy me to prey.

The longe night this wondir fyght I drie,
That on the day for soche affray I dye;

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And of al this right naught iwys ye retche;
Ne nevirmore myne eyen two ben drye;
And to your routhe and to your trouthe I crye,
But wel away! to ferre ben they to fetche:
Thus holdith me my Destiny a wretche;
But me to rede out of this drede or gye
Ne may my wit (so weke is it) not stretche.

Than ende I thus, sithe I may do no more,
I yeve it up for nowe and evirmore,
For I shall nevir este putten in balance
My sikirnes, ne lerne of love the lore,
But as the swan, I have herde say ful yore,
Ayenst his deth wol sing in his penance,
So singe I here the destinie and chaunce
Howe that Arcite Annelida so fore

Hath thrillid with the poynt of remembraunce.

Whan that Annelida, this woful Quene,
Hath of her hande ywritin in this wise,
With face all dede, betwixin pale and grene,
She fel a swoone, and sithe she gan to rise,
And unto Mars avowith sacrifice
Within the temple, with a sorowfull chere,
That shapin was as ye may plainly here.

KL

THE COMPLAINT

OF THE BLACKE KNIGHT.

The heavy Complaint of a knight for that he can not win his lady's grace.

N Maie, when Flora the freshe lustie quene
The soile hath cladde in grene, and red, and whight,
And Phœbus gan to shede his streamis shene
Amidde the Bulle with al the bemis bright,
And Lucifer to chace awaie the night,
Ayen the morowe our orizont hath take
To bid all lovors out of slepe awake,

And hertis hevie for to recomforte
From drierihed of hevie night is sorowe,
Nature bad 'hem rise, and 'hem disporte
Ayen the godelie and the glad greie morowe,
And hope also, with Sainct Ithon to borowe,
Bad in despite of daungir and dispaire
For to takin the wholfome lustie aire;

And with a sigh I gan for to abreide
Out of my slombre, and sodainly up sterte,
As he (alas) that nigh for sorowe deide,
My sikenesse fate aye so nie my herte,
But for to findin foccour of my smerte,
Or at the lest some relese of my paine,
That me so sore yhalte in every veine.

I rose anone, and thought I wouldè gone
Into the wodde to here the birdis syng
When that the mistie vapour was agone,
And cleare and faire ywas the morownyng,
The dewe also like silvir in shynyng
Upon the levis, as any baume swete,
Till frie Titan with his persfaunt hete

Had dryid up the lustie licour newe
Upon the herbis in the grenè mede,
And that the floures of many divers hewe
Upon ther stalkis gonin for to sprede,
And for to splaie out ther levis in brede
Agaïne the sonne, golde burnid in his spere,
That down to 'hem ycast his bemis clere.

And by a rivir forthe I gan coffie
Of watir clere as birell or cristall,
Till at the last I founde a little weie
Toward a parke, enclosid with a wall,
In compace rounde, and by a gatè small:
Who so that would he freslie mightin gone!
Into this parke, ywallid with grene stone:

And in I went to here the birdis song,
Which on the braunchis both in plain and vale
So loude ysang that all the wode yrong
Like as it should shivir in pecis smale,
And as methoughtin that the nightingale
With so great might her voice began out wrest
Right as her harte for love would all to brest.

The soile was plain and smoth, and wondir soft,
All oversprad with tapettes that Nature
Had made her self, covirid eke aloft
With bowis grene, the flouris for to cure,
That in their beauteie thei maie long endure
From all assaulte of Phœbus fervent fere,
Whiche in his sphere so hotte yshone and clere.

The aire attempte, and the smothè winde
Of Zephyrus emong the blosomes white
So wholfome was and nourishing by kinde,
That smale buddis and round blosomis lite
In maner gan of her brethe to delite,
To yeve us hope that there frucht shall ytake
Ayenist autumpne redy for to shake.

I sawe the Daphne clofid undir rinde,
With the grene laurir and the wholfome pine,
The Mirre also, that wepith ever of kinde,
The cedris hic, as upright as a line,
The filbert eke, that love doith encline
Her bowis grene unto the yerth adoun
Unto her knight callid Demophoon.

There sawe I growing eke the freshe hauthorne
In white motley; that so fote doeth yfemell,
Alhe, firre, and oke, with many a yong acorn;
And many a tre mo then I can tell,
And me beforne I saw a little well,
That had his course, as I could wele beholde,
Undir an hill, with quicke stremis and colde,

The gravill gold, the watir pure as glasse,
The bankis rounde the well invironing,
And soft as velvet was the yonge grasle,
That thereupon lustilie came springyng,
The sute of trees aboutin compassyng
Ther shadowe cast, closyng the wel aounde,
And all the herbis growyng on the grounde.

The water was so wholsome and so vertuous
Through might of herbis growyng it beside,
Not like to the welle where as Narcissus
Hail was through the vengeance of Cupide,
Where so wondir covertly he did hide
The grain of deth upon eche fatal brinke
That deth mote folowe who that ever drinke;

Ne like unto the pitte of the Pegace
Undir Parnassus, where poetis slepe,
Nor like to the welle of pure chastite
Which that Diana with her nymphis kept,
When the nakid into the watir lepte,
That slowe Actæon with her handis fell,
Only for he came so nigh the well:

But this welle which that I now here reherse
So wholsome was that it wouldin aswage
Wightes bollin hertis, and the venim perce
Of Pensifched, withall the cruill rage,
And ovir more refreshin the visage
Of them that were in any werinesse
Of grete labour, or fallin in distresse.

And I that had through daungir and disdain
So drie a thirst, thought that I would assaie
To tastin a draught of this welle or twain,
My bittir langour if it might alaie,
And on the banke anone me doune I laie,
And with mine hed unto the welle I raught,
And of the watir dranke I a gode draught,

Whereof me thought I was refreshid wele
Of the brennyng that fate so nigh my herte,
That verily anone I gan to sele
An hugè parte relefid of my smerte,
And therewithall anone up I aerte,
And thought that I would walkin and se more
Forthe in the parke and in the holtis hore.

And thorough a launde as I yede apace,
And gan aboutin fast for to beholde,
I founde anone a delectable place
That was beset with treis young and olde,
Whose namis here for me shal not be tolde,
Amidde of whiche there stode an herbir grene
That benchid was with coloures new and clene.

This herbir was all full of flouris gende,
Into the whiche as I beholde began,
Betwixt an hulfere and a wodè bende,
As I was ware, I sawe where laie a man
In blacke, and of white colour pale and wan,
And wondir dedly also of his hewe,
Of hurtis grene and freshè woundis newe,

And ovirmore distrainid with sicknesse
Beside all this he was full grevouslie,
For upon hym he had an hote accesse
That daie by daie hym shoke ful pitoullie,
So that for constraint of his maladie
And hertely wo, thus lying all alone,
It was a deth for one to here hym grone.

Whereof astained, my fote I gan withdrawe,
Full gretly wondirng what it might be
That he so laye and haddin no felawe,
Ne that I coude no wight with him yse,
Wherof I had grete routhe and eke pite,
And gan anone, so softly as I coude,
Amonge the bushis prively me to shroude,

If that I myght in any wise espie
What was the cause of this his dedly wo,
Or why that he so petously gan crie
On his fortune, and on his ure also;
With all my myght I layid an ere to
Evèry worde, to marke wel what he saide,
Out of his swough anon as he abraide.

But first, if I shulde makin mencion
Of his persone, and plainly him discrive,
He was in sothe, without excepcion,
To speke of manhode one of the best on live,
There may no man ayen the trouth ystrive,
For of his time and of his age also
He provid was there men shuld have ado.

One of the best therto of brede and length,
So wel ymade by gode proporcion,
If he had be in his delivir strength,
But thought and sicknesse were occasyon
That he thus lay in lamentacyon
Grouffe on the grounde, in place so desolate,
Sole by him self, awhapid and amate.

And for me semith that it is fitting
His wordis al to put in remembraunce,
To me that herdin all his complaining,
And al the grounde of this his woful chaunce,
If there withall I maye you do plessaunce,
I wol to you so as I can anone,
Lyke as he saide, reherce everichone.

But who shal helpin me now to complaine,
Or who shal now me stille gie or lede?
O Niobe! let now thy teris rayne
Into my penne, and helpe me eke in nede
Thou woful Myre! that felist mine herte blede
Of pitous sorowe, and mayne hande eke quake,
What that I writin for this mann's sake;

For unto wo accordith complaining,
And doleful chere unto hevinesse,
To sorowe also sighing and weping,
And pitous mourning unto drerinesse;
And whofo that shal writin of distresse
In party nedith to knowe felyng
The cause and rote of al soche malady.

But I, alas! that am of witte but dul,
And that have no knowing of soche matere,
For to discrive and writin at the ful
The woful Complainte which that ye shal here,
But even like as doth a skryvinere,
That can no more tell what that he shal write
But as his maistr beside dothe endite;

Ryght so fare I, that of no sentement
Can sayin right naught in conclusioun,
But as I herde whan that I was present
This man complin with a pitous soun,
For even like without addicioun
Or disencrese eythir of more or lesse
For to reherse anone I wol me dresse.

And if that any now be in this place
That felith in love breninge or fervence,
Or hindrid were to his ladie's grace
With falsē tongis, that with pestilence
Sle trewē men, that nevir did offence
In worde nor dede, ne yet in ther entent,
If any soche there be here nowe present,

Let him of rōthe lay him to audience
With dolesful chere and sobre countinaunce,
To herin this man by ful hie sentence
Hys mortal wo and his dire perturbatione
Complaining, and nowē lying in a trauunce
With lokis upcast and with rusful chere,
Th' effecte of which was as ye now shal here.

The thought oppressed with inward sighis sore,
The painful lyfe, the body languishing,
The woful gost, the hertē rent and tore,
The pitous chere, all pale in complaining
The dedly face, like ashis in shining,
The false teris that from min eyin fall,
Parcel declare grounde of my painis al.

Whose herte is grounde to blede in hevynesse
The thought receite of wo and of complainte,
The brest is cheft of dole and drerinesse,
The body eke so feble and so fainte,
With hote and colde mine axis is so mainte,
That nowe I chivir for defaute of hete,
And hote as glede nowe sodainly I wete;

Nowe hote as fire, nowe cold as ashis ded,
Now hote for colde, now cold for hete again,
Now cold as yfe, and now as colis red
For hete I brenne; and thus betwixin twaine
I possid am and al forcaite in paine,
So that my hete ful plainly as I fele
Of grevous colde is cause every dele.

This the colde of inward hie disdaine,
Cold of dispite, and colde of cruil hate,
This is the colde that doth his besy payne
Ayenist trouthe to fight and to debate,
This is the colde that doth the fyre abate
Of trewe mening, alas the harde while!
This is the coldē that wol me begile:

For er the bettir that in trouth I mente
With al my myght her fathfully to serve,
With hert and al to be right diligent,
The lessē thanke, alas! I can deserve;
Thus for my trouthe Daungir doth me sterve,
For one that shuld my deth of mercy let
Hath made Despite anew his swardē to whet

Against me, and his arowis to fyle,
To take vengeance of wilful cruilte,
And tongis falsē thorough ther slightly wyle
Han gone a werre, that wil not stintid be,
And falsē Envie, with Wrathe and Envyte,
Have conspired against al right and lawe
Of ther malyce that Trouth shal be yslawe.

And Malēbouche gan first the talē tel,
To sclaudir Trouth of indignacion,
And Falsē Reporte so land yrange the bel,
That Misbylese and Falsē Suspectiō
Have Trouthe ybrought to his dampnacion,
So that, alas! wrongfully he dyith,
And Falsenesse nowē his place occupyith,

And entrid is into Trouth's londe,
And hath thereof the ful possession.
O rightful God! that first the trouthe fonde,
Howe maie thou suffre soche oppressiō,
That Falshe shulde have jurisdiction
In Trouth's right to sle him giltles!
In his franchise he may not live in pecc,

Falsly accused, and of his sone forjuged,
Withoutin answer, while he was absent,
He damnid was, and maie not be excused,
For Cruilte ysate in judgēnt
Of Hastinesse without advisēnt,
And badde Disdaine do execute anone
His judgēnt in presence of his sone.

Attorney there maye none admittid ben
To excuse Trouthe, ne a worde to speke;
To faith or othe the judge ne liste not sene;
There ne is no gaine but he will be wreke.
O Lorde of Trouthe! to the I cal and clepe,
Howe may thou sein thus in thy presence
Withoutin mercy murdrid Innocence!

Nowe God, that art of trouthe soveraine,
And seist how I lie for trouthe bounde,
So fore yknitte in lov's fyric chaine, (wounde,
Even at the deth, through gyrtē with many a
That lykly are nevir for to founde,
And for my trouthe am dampnid to the deth,
And not abyde, but drawe along the breth,

Considre' and se in thine eternal right
Howe that min herte professid whilom was
For to be trewē with al my ful myght
Only to one, the whiche nowē, alas!
Of volunte without any trespas
Myne accusours hath takin unto grace,
And cherifith 'hem my deth to purchase.

What menith this? what is this wondir ure
Of purveiaunce, yf so I shal it cal,
Of god of Love, that falsē 'hem so assure,
And trewe, alas! downe of the whele ben fall!
And yet in sothe this is the worst of al,
That falsed wrongfully' of troth hath name,
And trouth ayenward of falsed the blame.

This blindē chaunce, this stormy avinture,
In love hath mostly his experience,
For who that doth with trouthe most his cure
Shal for his mede yfindin moste offence
That servith Love with al his diligence,
For who can fainin undir lowly hede
Ne-failith not to findin grace and spede:

For I lovid one ful longe sythe agone
With all mine herte, and body, and ful might,
And to be ded my herte can not gone
From his behestē, but hold that he hath hyght;
Though I be banishid out of her fyght,
And by her mouth dampnid that I shal dey,
To my behestē yet I will er obey:

For evir fithins that the worlde began,
Who so lyste lokin and in story rede,
He shal aye findin that the trewe man
Was put abacke there where as the falshe
Yfurthered was; for Love takith none hede
To sle the trew, and bath of hem no charge,
Where as the false gothe frely at ther large.

I take recorde of true Palamedes,
The gitlefs man, the noble worthy knight,
That evir lovid and had no reles,
Norwithstanding his manhode and his might,
Yet Love unto him dyd ful gret unright,
For aye the bet he dyd in chivalrye
The more he still was hindrid by envye;

And aye the bett he did in every place,
Thorough his knighthode and his busy paine,
The ferdir was he from his ladye's grace,
For to her mercy might he ner attaine,
And to his deth he coude it not refraine
For no daungere, but aye obey and serve
As he beste coude, plainly tyl that he sterve.

What was the fyne also of Hercules
For al his conquest and his worthinesse,
That was of manly strength alone pereles?
For lyke as bokis of him liste expresse
He set pillars thorough his hye prowesse
Away at Gades, for to fynnfie
That no man might him passe in chivalrye;

The whichè pilliris ferre beyonde Inde
Befet of golde for a remembrance,
And for al that yet was he set behinde
With hem that love lyste feble to avauce;
For him, alas! set last upon a daunce
Against whom there helpè may no strife.
And so for al his trouthe he losse his life.

Phæbus also, for al his plesaut lyght,
Whan that he wouid here in yerthe belowe,
Unto the very herte with Venus fight
Ywoundid was thorough Cupidis bowe,
And yet his lady lyst him not to knowe:
Though for the love of her his herte dy'd blede
She let him go, and toke of him no hede.

What shal I sayin of yonge Pyramus,
Of trewe Tristram, for al his hye renowne,
Of Achilles or of Antonius,
Of Arcytè, or of him Pelomowne?
What was the ende of ther passiowne
But astir sorowe deth and than ther grave?
Lo, here the guerdon that these lovirs have!

But false Jason with his doublenesse,
That was untrue at Colchos to Medee,
And Theseus, rote of unkindenesse,
And with these two also the false Enee,
Lo! thus the false evir in one degre
Haddin in love ther lust and al ther wil,
And save falshode there was none othir skil.

Of Thebis city eke the false Arcite,
And falsir Demophon eke for his flouthe,
They had ther lust and al that myght delite
For al ther falshode and ther gret untrouthes;
Thus evir Love, alas! and that is route,
His falshe liegis forthirith what he may,
And sleeth the trewe ungodely day by day:

For trewe Adonis was slayne with the bore
Amidde the forest in the grenè shade,
For Venus love he seltin al the fore,
But Vulcanus with her no mercy made,
The soule chorde had many nightis glade,
Where Mars Armipotent, her knight and man,
To fyndin mercy comforte none he can.

Also the yonge freshe Hippomenes,
So lustly fre he was of his corage
That for to serve with al his hert he ches
Atalanta, so faire of her visage,
But Love, alas! quite him so ill his wage,
With cruil daungir plainly at the laste.
That with the dethè guerdonlesse he passe.

Lo here, alas! the fine of Love's service!
Lo howe that Love can his servauntis quite!
Low how he can his faithful men dispise,
To sle the trewe men and false to respite!
Lo howe he dothe the swerde of sorowe byte
In hert's soche as moste his luste obey,
To save the false and do the trewe to dey!

For faith, nor othe nor worde, ne assuraunce,
Trewe mening, nor awaite, nor busynesse,
Neithir stil porte ne faithful attendance,
Manhode, ne might in armis, worthinesse,
Nor pursute of worship nor hic prowesse,
Nor in straunge landis riding ne travaille,
Ful lytil or nought in love dothe availle.

Peril of dethe neithir in se ne lande,
Hungir ne thirst, sorowe ne syknesse,
Ne gret emprifis for to take on hande,
Sheding of blode, ne manful hardinesse,
Ne ofte wounding at sautis by distresse,
Nor in parting of life, nor deth also,
Al is for nought; Love taketh no hedè therto.

But lesingoures with ther base flattiric,
Through ther falshe, and with ther doublenesse,
With talis newe, and many fainid lie,
By false semblaunt and counterfeit humbleffe,
Undir colour depainte with stedfastnesse,
With fraude covered under a pitous face,
Acceptid be nowe rathist unto grace,

And can themselvin nowe best magnifie
With fainid porte and ther presumpcion;
They hauncin ther cause with false surquidrie,
Undir menyng of double entencion,
To thinkin one in ther opion,
And saye' anothir to set them self alofte,
And hindir trouthe, as it is sene ful ofte.

The whichè thinge I bye nowe al to dere,
Thankid be Venus and the god Cupide,
As it is sene by mine oppressid there,
And by his arowes that stycken in my side,
That save my deth I nothinge elles abide
Fro day to day, alas the hardè while!
Whenevir his darte that hym lyst to file,

My woful hertè for to rive atwo,
For faute of mercy and lack of pite
Of her that causith al my paine and wo,
And lyste not onis of grace for to se
Unto my trothe thorough her cruelte;
And most of al for this I me complaine,
That she hath joy to laughin at my paine,

And wilfully she hath my deth ysworne
Al gyltlesse, and wote no cause why,
Save for the trouthe that I had aforne
To her alone to servin faithfully.
O god of Love! all unto the I crye,
And to thy blynde and double deite
Of this my gret wronge I complaine me,

And to thy stormy wilful variance,
Inment with chaunge and gret unstablenessse,
Now up now doune, so renning is thy chaunce,
That the to trust may be no sikirnesse,
I write it nothinge but thy doublenessse;
And who that is an archir and is blende
Markith nothinge, but shotith ay by wende;

And for that he hath no discrecion
Without advise he let his arowe go;
For lacke of sight and also of reson,
In his shoting it happith oftin so
To hurte his frendist rather than his fo:
So doith this blind god with his sharpe stone,
The trew he sleeth and lettith the false gone.

And of his wounding this is worst of al,
Whan he hurt doith to so cruil wretche,
And makith the sycke for to crie and cal
Unto his very foe to be his leche;
And harde it is, sothe, for a man to seche,
Upon the point of deth in jeoperdye,
Unto his foe to findin remedie.

Right thus farith it now evin by me,
That to my foe that gave my herte a wounde
Mote askin grace, and mercy, and pite,
And namly there where none may be founde,
For nowe my sore my lech wil confounde,
And god of Kinde so ill hath set mine ure
My lyv's foe to have my wounde in cure.

Alas the while nowe that I was borne,
Or that I evir sawe the brighte sonne!
For nowe I se plaine that ful longe aforne
Or I was borne my destiny was sponne
By the Siserne, to sle me yf they conne,
For they my deth had shopin or my sherte,
Onely for trouth I may it not asterte.

The mighty goddesse also of Nature,
That undir God hath the whole govraunce
Of worldely things committid to her cure,
Disposid have through her wise purveiaunce
To give my lady so moche suffisaunce
Of al vertues, and therwithal purvyde
To murdre Trouth hath take Daungir to gide:

For bounte, beaute, shape, and semeliheede,
For prudence, wit, and passingly fairenesse,
For benigne porte, glad chere, with lowlyhede,
Of womanhede right plenteous largenesse,
Dame Nature dyd in her fully empreffe
Whan she her wrought, and althir last Disdaine
To hindir Trouthe she made her chambirlaine;

Whan Mistrust eke and False Suspeccion,
With Misbeleve, she madin for to be
Chefe of counsaile, to this conclusion,
For to exilin Trouthe and eke Pite,
Out of her courte to makin Mercy sle,
So that Dispite now holdith forthe her reine
Through hasty bileve of tales that men feine.

And thus I am, only for my trouth, alas!
Murdrid and slayn with wordis sharp and kene,
Although gyltlesse God wote of al trespas,
And lye and blede upon this colde grene,
Nowe mercy, swete! mercy, my liv'is quene!
And to your grace of mercye yet I preye
In your service that your true man may deye.

But if so be that I shal die algate,
And that I shal none other mercy have,
Yet of my deth let this yben the date,
That by your wil I was brought to my grave,
Or hastily, if that you lyste me save,
My sharpe woundis, that akin so and blede,
Of mercy charme and also of womanhede:

For othir charme plainly ne is there none
But onely mercy to helpe in this case,
For though my woundis blede evir in one
My lyfe, my deth, ystandith in your grace;
And though my gilte ybe nothings, alas!
I aske mercy in all my best entente,
Redy to dyin if that ye assente:

For there against shal I never strive
In worde ne werke, plainly I ne may,
For levir I have then to be alive
To dye sothly, and it be to her paye,
Ye, though it shuld be this same day,
Or whan that evir her lyste to devise;
Suffisith me to die in your service.

Thou, God! that knowest the thought of every
Right as it is, in every thing maist se,
Yet er I dyd with al my ful myght
Lowly I pray to grauntin unto me
That ye, lady godely, faire, freshe, and fre!
Which onely sle me for defaute of routhe,
Or that I dyin ye may knowe my trouthe:

For that in sothe inow suffisith me
And she it knowe in every circumstance,
And aftir I am wel apaide that she,
If that her lyst of deth to do vengeance,
Unto me that am undir her lygeaunce;
It fit me not her dome to disobeie,
But at her luste fulle wilfully to deye.

Withoutin grutchinge or rebellion
In wil or wordis wholly I assente,
Or any manir contradiction,
Fully to be at her commaundement;
And if I dyin, in my testament
My herte I sende and my spirite also,
What so evir she lyste with 'hem to do.

And aldir last unto her womanhede
And to her mercy me I recommaunde,
That lye nowe here betwixin hope and drede,
Abidinge plainly what she list commaunde,
For uttirly this ne is no demaunde;
Welcome to me whilis me lastith breth,
Ryght at her choise, where it be lyfe or deth.

And in this matir more what might I faine,
Sithe in her hand and in her wil is al,
Bothe lyfe and deth, my joye and al my peine?
And, finally, my heste holdin I shall
Tyl my spirite by destinye fatal,
Whan that her lystith fro my body wende,
Have here my trouth; and thus I make an ende.

And with that worde he gan to fighe as fore,
Like as his hert yryvin would atwaine,
And helde his pece, and spake no wordẽ more;
But for to se his wo and mortal paine
The teris gonin fro mine eyin raine
Ful piteously, for very inwarde rothe
That I him sawe so long wishyng for troth.

And al this while my selfe I kepte close
Amonge the bowis, and my selfe gonne hide,
Tyl at the last the woful man arose,
And to a lodge ywent there close beside,
Where al the May his custome was t'abyde,
Sole to complainin of his painis kene
From yere to yere undir the bowis grene.

And for bycause that it drewe to the night,
And that the sonne his arke diurnal
Ypassid was, so that his persaunt lyght,
His brighte bemis and his stremis al,
Were in the wavis of the watir fal
Undir the bordure of our ocean,
His chare of golde his course so swiftly ran;

And while the twilight and the rowis rede
Of Phœbus light were deaurat alite
A penne I toke, and gan me fast to spede
The woful plaintis of this man to write
All worde by worde right as he did endite;
Like as I herde and coude him tho reporte
I have here set, your hertis to disporte.

If ought be misse laye all the wite on me,
For I am worthy for to bere the blame;
If any thinge amyffe reportid be
To make this ditte for to semẽ lame,
Through myne unconning for to fain the same
Like as this man his Complaint dyd expresse,
I aske you mercy and forgiveneſſe.

And as I wrote me thought I sawe aserre,
Aferre in the west, lustily appere
Esperus, the so bright and godely sterre,
So glade, so faire, so persaunte, eke of chere,
I menẽ Venus, with her bemis clere,
That hevly hertis only to releve
Is wonte of custome for to shewe at eve;

And I as fast fel adowne on my kne,
And evin thus to her gan I to prey;
O lady Venus, so feire on to se!
Let not this sothfast man for his trouthe deye,
For that joy which thou haddist whan thou leye
With Mars thy knight when Vulcanus yfonde,
And with a chaine unvisibile you bonde

Togidur bothẽ tway, in the same whyle
That al the courte above celestial
At your shamẽ began to laughe and smyle:
Ah! fairist lady! willy fonde at al,
Comforte to careful goddis immortal
Be helping now, and do thy diligence
To let the stremis of thine influence

Discendin downe in forthering of the trouthe,
Namely of 'hem that lye in forowe bounde;
Shew now thy might, and on ther wo have routh
Er that false Daungir sle 'hem and confounde;
And special let thy might in this be founde
For to help and socour what that thou may
The trewe man that in the herbir lay,

And al that trewe are forthir for his sake,
O gladẽ sterre! o lady Venus myne!
And cause his lady him to grace to take;
Her hert of stele to mercy so encline,
Er that thy bemis go up to declyne,
And er that thou nowe go fro us adowne,
For that love which thou haddist to Adowne.

And whan that she was gone unto her rest
I rose anone, and home to bed wente,
For wery' I was, me thought it for the best,
Desiring thus in al my best entente
That al trewe men that be with daungir shente
With mercy may, in relese of their paine,
Recurid be er Maye come este againe.

And for that I ne may no lengir wake
Farewel, ye lovirs al that be trewe,
Praying to God, and thus my leve I take,
That er the sonne to morowe be ryfen newe,
And er he have ayen his rosin hewe,
That eche of you may havin soche a grace
His owne lady in armis to embrace;

I mene thus only, in al honeste,
Withoutin more, ye may togidur speke
What so ye lystin at gode liberte,
That eche may to othir ther herte ybreke,
On Jelousie only to be awreke,
That hath so long of malice and envy
Ywerrid Trouthe with his tyranny.

L'ENVOY.

Princeſſe! plesith it your benignite
This lityl dyte for to have in minde
Of your womanhede, also for to se
That your trew man may of you mercy finde
And pite eke, that longe hath be behinde;
Let him againe be provokid to grace,
For by my trouthe it is against alle kinde
That false Daungere should occupye his place.

Go, lityl quaire, unto my liv'is quene,
And to my very hert'is soveraine,
And be right glad for that she shal the sene;
Soche is thy grace: but I, alas! in paine
And left behinde, and n'ot to whom to plaine,
For mercy, Ruthe, and Grace, and eke Pyte,
Exilid be, that I may not attaine
Recure to finde of mine adverſite.

Kkiiiij

T H E

COMPLAINT OF MARS AND VENUS.

GLADITH ye lovirs in the morowe graie;
Lo Venus risen among yon rowis rede!
And flouris freshe honour ye this daie,
For when the sonne uprist then would thei sprede;
But ye lovirs that lie in any drede
Flyith, lest wickid tonguis you aspie:
Lo, yonde the sonne, the candle of Jelousie!

With teris blewe and with a woundid hert
Taketith your lève, and with Sainct Ihon to borowe
Apefith somwhat of your painis smert,
Time comith eft that cessin shall your sorow;
The glad night is worthe an hevie morowe.
Sainct Valentine, a foule thus herde I sing
Upon thy daie or sonnè gan up spring:

Yet sang this foule; I rede you all awake,
And ye that have not chosin in humble wife,
Without repenting, chesith now your make,
Yet at the lest renoveleth your service,
And ye that have full chosin, as I devise,
Confermith it perpetually to dure,
And pacientlie takith your avinture.

And for the worship of this highè feste
Yet woll I in my bridd'is wise yfying
The sentence of the Complaint at the leste
That wofull Mars made at the departing
Fro freshe Venus in a morownyng,
When Phœbus with his firie torchis rede
Ransaked hath every lovir in his drede.

Whilome the thre hevenis lorde above,
As well by hevenliche revolucion
As by deserte, hath wonne Venus his love,
And the hath take him in subjection,
And as a maistresse taught him his lesson,
Commaundyng hym nevyr in her service
He were so bolde no lovir to dispise:

For she forbade hym jelousie at all,
And crultyie, and bofte, and tirannie;
She made him at her luste so humble and thrall,
That when she denied to cast on him her eye
He toke in pacience to live or die;
And thus she bridlith him in her manere
With nothing but with scorning of her chere.

Who reignith nowe in blisse but faire Venus,
That hath this worthi knight in goyrnaunce?
Who singith nowe but Mars, that serveth thus
The fayre Venus, the causir of plesaunce?

He bint him to perpetuel obeisaunce,
And she binte her to lovin him for ever,
But so be that his trespase it discerver.

Thus be they knitte, and reigin as in heven,
By lokyng most, as it fel on a tide,
That by ther bothe assent was set a steven
That Mars shall entre' as fast as he may glyde
Into her nexte palays to abyde,
Walking his course til she had hym ytake,
And he prayed her to haste her for his sake.

Than laide he thus; Myne hert' is lady swete!
Ye knowin wel my myschefe in that place,
For sikirly tyl that I with you mete
My lyfe stante there in avinture and grace,
But whan I se the beaute of your face
There is no drede of deth may do me smerte,
For al your luste is ese unto mine herte.

She hath so grette compassion of her knight,
That dwellith in solitude til she come,
For it flode so that ylkè time no wight
Counsaillid him, ne said to him welcome,
That nigh her wit for sorowe was oercome,
Wherfore she spedd her as fast in her way
Almoste in one daye as he did in tway.

The gret joye that ywas betwixe 'hem two
Whan they be mette there may no tonge tel,
There is no more but unto bedde they go,
And thus in joye and blisse I lette 'hem dwel;
This worthy Mars, that is of knighthode wel,
The flour of fairnesse happith in his armes,
And Venus kyflith Mars the god of Armes.

Sojournid hath this Mars, of which I rede,
In chambre amydde the palais privily
A certaine time, til that him fel a drede
Through Phœbus, that was comin hastily
Within the palais yatis sturdily
With torch in honde, of which the stremis bright
On Venus chambre knockidin ful light.

The chambre there as laye this freshè quene
 Depaintid was with whitè bolis grete,
 And by the light she knew that thou so shene
 That Phœbus came to bre'n 'hem with his hete;
 This silly Venus, ny dreint in teres wete,
 Enbrasth Mars, and said, Alas I die!
 The torch is come that all this worlde wol wrie.

Up sterte tho Mars, him listid not to slepe
 Whan he his lady herdin fo complaine,
 But for his nature was not for to wepe,
 In stede of teris from his eyin twaine
 The fire sparelis sprongin out for paine,
 And hente his hauberke that lay him beside;
 Fly wold he nought, ne might him selfin hide.

He throwith on his helme of hugè weight,
 And girt him with his swerde, and in his honde
 His mighty spere, as he was wont to feight,
 He shakith so that it almost to wonde;
 Ful hevy was he to walken ovir londe;
 He may not holde with Venus company,
 But badde her flye, leste Phœbus her espy.

O woful Mars, alas! what maist thou sain?
 That in the palace of thy disturbaunce
 Arte leste behind in paril to be slaine,
 And yet thereto is double thy penaunce,
 For she that hath thine hert in govrinaunce
 Is passid halfe the streamis of thine eyen;
 That you n'ere swift wel maist thou wepe and crien.

Nowe flyeth Venus into Ciclinus tour
 With voidè corse, for fere of Phœbus light;
 Alas! and there ne hath she no socour,
 For she ne fonde ne sey no manir wight,
 And eke as there she had but lital might,
 Wherefore her selvin for to hide and save
 Within the gate she fledde into a cave.

Darke was this cave, and smoking as the hel,
 Nat but two paas within the yate it stode;
 A naturel day in darke I let her dwel.
 Now wol I speke of Mars, furious and wode,
 For forowe he wolde have seen his hert blode;
 Sith that he might done her no companie
 He ne rought not a mitè for to die.

So feble he wext for hete and for his wo
 That nigh he swelt; he might unnèth endure;
 He passith but a sterre in dayis two;
 But nertheles for al his hevy armure
 He foloweth her that is his liv'is cure,
 For whose departing he toke gretir yre
 Than he did for his brenning in the fire.

Aftir he walkith softly a paas,
 Complaining that it pite was to here;
 He saide, O lady bright, Venus! alas
 That er so wide a compas is my sphere!
 Alas, whan shal I mete you, hertè dere!
 This twelve dayis of April I endure
 Through jelous Phœbus this misfaviture.

Now God helpe fely Venus all alone!
 But as God wolde it happid for to be
 That while that weping Venus made her mone
 Ciclinus riding in his chyvaunche
 Fro Venus, Valanus might this palais se,
 And Venus he salvith and makith chere,
 And her recevith as his frende ful dere.

Mars dwellith forth in his adversitie,
 Complaining evir in her departing,
 And what his complaint was remembrith me,
 And therefore in this lustie morowning,
 As I best can, I wol it faine and sing,
 And aftir that I wol my leve ytake,
 And God yeve every wight joy of his make!

THE COMPLAINT OF MARS.

THE ordir of Complaynt requireth skilfully
That if a wight shall plainin pitously
Ther mote be cause wherfore that men yplaine,
Or men may deme he playnith folily
And caufles: alas! that am not I,
Wherfore the grounde and cause of all my paine,
So as my troublid witte may it attaine,
I wol reherse, not for to have redresse,
But to declare my grounde of hevynesse.

The first time, alas! that I was ywrought,
And for certain effectis hidir brought
By him that lordith eche intelligence,
I yave my trewe service and my thought
For evirmo, how dere I have it bought!
To her that is of so gret excellence
That what wight that shewith first her offence,
Whan she is wrothe and taketh of him no cure,
He may not longe in joye of love endure.

This is no fainid matir that I tel;
My lady is the very fours and wel
Of beaute, luste, fredome, and gentilnesse,
Of riche array howe dere so men it fel,
Of al disporte in whiche men frendly dwel,
Of love and play, and of benigne humbleesse,
Of sowne of instrumentes of al swetnesse,
And thereto so wel fortunated and thewid
That through the world her godenes is shewid:

What wondir is than though that I befette
My service on soche one that may me knette
To wele or wo, sithe it lithe in her might?
Therefore myne herte for er I to her hette,
Ne trewly for my deth shall I not lette,
To ben her trewist servant and her knight;
I flattir nat, that may wete every wight,
For this day in her service shall I dye;
But grace be I fe her nevir with eye.

To whom shal I plainin of my distresse?
Who may me help, who may my hert redresse?
Shal I complaine unto my lady fre?
Nay, certis, for she hath soche hevynesse
For fere and eke for wo, that as I gesse

In litil time it would her bane ybe,
But were she safe it were no force of me:
Alas that evir lovirs mote endure
For love so many per'ilous aventure!

For though so be that lovirs be as trewe
As any metal that is forgid newe,
In many' a case 'hem tidith oft forowe;
Somtime ther ladies wol nat on 'hem rewe,
Somtimes if that Jelousy it knewe
They mightin lightly lay ther hed to borowe;
Somtime envious folke with tongis horowe
Depravin 'hem: alas! whom may they plese?
But he be false no lovir hath his eke.

But what availith soch a long fermoun
Of aventuris of love up and down?
I wol retourne and spekin of my paine:
The point is this, of my distructioun
My right lady and my salviacioun
Is in affray, and n'ot to whom to plaine:
O herte swete! o lady soverayne!
For your difese I ought wel swoun and swelt,
Though I none othir harme ne drede yfelt.
Beneth him othir love or companye,
And strainith folke to love maugre ther hed?
And then ther joye for aught I can espie
Ne lastith not the twinkeling of an eye,
And some have nevir joye til they be ded;
What menith this, what is this mistified?
Wherto constrainith he his folke so fast
Thing to desirin but it should ylast?

And though he made a lovir love a thing,
And makith it seme stedfast and during,
Yet putteth he in it soche misaventure
That rest ne is ther none in his yeving;
And that is wondir that so juste a king
Ydothe soche hardnesse unto his cature;
Thus whethir love breke or ellis dure
Algatis he that hath with love to done
Hath oftir wo than chaungid is the mone.

It semeth he hath to lovirs enemyte,
And lyke a fishe, as men may al day fe,
Baitith his anglehoke with some plesaunce,
Till many' a fishe is wode to that he be
Cesid therwith, and then at erst hath he
Al his desire, and therewithal mischaunce,
And though the line ybreke he hath penaunce,
For with that hoke he woundid is so fere
That he his wagis hath for evirmore.

The broche of Thebis was of soche a kinde,
So ful of rubyes and of stoness of Inde
That every wight that sette on it an eye
He wende anone to worthy out of his mynde;
So fere the beaute would his hert ybynde
Til it he had him thought he must ydie;
And when that it was his than should he drie
Soche wo for drede aye while that he it had
That welnigh for the fere he should be mad;

And whan it was fro his possession
Than had he double wo and passion
That he so faire a jewil hath forgo;
But yet this broche, as in conclusion,
Was not the cause of his confusion,
But he that wrought it enfortuned it so
That every wight that had it should have wo,
And therefore in the worchir was the vice,
And in the coveitour, that was so nice.

So farith it by lovirs and by me,
For though my lady have so grete beaute
That I was mad to I had gette her grace
She was not cause of mine adversite,
But he that wroughtin her, as mote I the,

That put so gret a beaute in her face
That made me coveitin and so purchase
Myne own deth; him wite I that I die,
And mine unwit that er I clambe so hie.

But to you hardy knights of renowne,
Sithe that ye be of my devisyowne,
Al be' I not worthy to so gret a name,
Yet faine these clerkis I am your patrone,
Therefore ye ought have some compassion
Of my difese, and take it nat agame,
The proudest of you may be made ful tame,
Wherefore I pray you of your gentillesse
That ye complainin for mine hevinesse.

And ye, my ladyes, that ben trew and stable,
By way of kinde ye oughtin to ben able
To have pitie of folke that ben in paine;
Nowe have ye cause to clothin you in sable;
Sith that your empèress the honorable
Is desolate wel oughtin ye to plaine;
Nowe shoude your holy teris fal and raine:
Alas! your honour and your emperice
Nigh ded for drede ne can her not chevice.

Complainith eke ye lovirs al in fere
For her that with unfainid humble chere
Was evir redy to do you socour,
Complainith her that er hath be you dere,
Complainith beaute, fredome, and manere,
Complainith her that endith your labour,
Complainith thilke enfample' of al honour,
That nevir yet dyd ought but gentillesse;
Kythith therefore in her some kindenesse.

THE COMPLAINT OF VENUS.

There n'ys so high comfort to my plesance,
 When that I am in my heviness,
 As for to have leyfir of remembrance
 Upon the manhode and the worthynesse,
 Upon the trouthe and on the stedfastnes,
 Of him whose I am al while I maye dure;
 There ought to blamin me no creature,
 For every wight praisith his gentillesse.

In him is bounte, wisdom, govinaunce,
 Well more than any mann's witte can gesse,
 For Grace hath wolde so ferforth him avaunce
 That of knightthod he is parfitte richesse,
 Honour honourith him for his noblesse,
 Therto so wel hath fourmid him Nature
 That I am his for er I him ensure,
 For every wight praisith his gentillesse.

And natwithstanding al his suffisaunce
 His gentil herte is of so gret humblesse
 To me in worde, in werke, and in countenance,
 And me to serve is al his besinesse,
 That I am sette in very sykynesse;
 Thus ought I to blisse wel mine avintour,
 Sith that him liste me servin and honour,
 For every wight praisith his gentillesse.

Nowe certis, Love, it is right covenable
 That men ful dere aby thy noble thinges,
 As wake abedde and fastin at the table,
 Weping to laugh, and singe in complainynges,
 And downe to castin visage and lokynges,
 Oftin to chaunge visage and countinaunce
 Playe in slepyng, and dremyn at the daunce,
 Al the revers of any gladde feling.

Jelousy he hangid by a cable,
 She wolde al knowin through her espyng,
 There dothe no wight nothing so resonable
 That al n'is harme in her ymagining;
 Thus dere abought is Love in his yevyng,
 Whiche ofte he yevith without ordinaunce,
 As forowe' ynough and litil of plesance,
 Al the revers of any glade feling.

A litil tyme his yest is agreeable,
 But ful accomberous is the usinge,
 For subtil Jelousy the discevable

Ful oftyn tyme yeaufith disfourbinge;
 Thus ben we evir in drede and suffring:
 In no certaine we languishen in penaunce,
 And have wel ofte many an harde mischaunce,
 Al the revers of any gladde feling.

But certis, Love, I saye not in soche wise
 That for to scape out of your lace I ment,
 For I so longe have ben in your service
 That for to lere of wil I ner assent,
 No force though jelousye me doe tourment;
 Suffisith me to se him when I may,
 And therfore certis to mine ending day
 To love him best shal me never repent.

And certis, Love, when I me wel advise
 Of any' estate that man may represent
 Than have ye made me thorough your franchise
 Chesein the best that evir in erthe went;
 Nowe love well, hert, and loke thou never stent,
 And lette the jelous putte it in assaye
 That for no paine ne wol I not say naye;
 To love him best shall I never repent.

O herte! to the it ought ynoughe suffice
 That Love so highe a grace hath to you sent
 To chose the worthyist in alle wise,
 And most agreable to mine entent;
 Sekith no ferthir neithir way ne went,
 Sith ye have suffisaunce unto my paye:
 Thus wol I ende this Complaint or this lay;
 To love him best shal I never repent.

L'ENVOYE.

Princes, receveth this complainyng in gre,
 Unto your excellent benigrite
 Directe asfir my litil suffisaunce,
 For elde, that in my spirite dullith me,
 Hath of enditing al the subtilte
 Weligh beraste out of my remembrance;
 And eke to me it is a grete penaunce,
 Sith rime in Englishe hath soche scarcite,
 To' folowe worde by worde the curiosite
 Of Granfon, flour of 'hem that make in Fraunce.

THE LAMENTACION

OF MARIE MAGDALEINE.

This treatise is taken out of St. Origen, wherein Mary Magdalen lamenteth the cruell death of her Saviour Christ.

Plow in the wawe of mortall distresse,
Alas for wo! to whom shal I complaine?
Or who shall devoide this grete hevinesse
Fro me, wofull Marie, wofull Magalein!
My Lord is gon; alas! who wrought this tein?
This fodain chaunce perfish my herte so depe
That nothing can I do but waile and wepe.

My Lorde is gone that here in grave was laied
Aftir his grete passion and deth cruell;
Alas! who hath hym thus again betraied?
Or what man here aboutin can me tell
Where he' is become the Prince of Israell,
Jesus of Naz'areth, my ghostly succour,
My parfitte love, and hope of all honour!

What creture hath hym hennis caryid,
Or how might this so fodainly befall?
I would I had here with him taryid,
And so should I have had my purpose all:
I bought ointmentes ful precious and roial,
Where with I hoped his corps to have anointed,
But he thus gone my minde is disapointed.

While I therefore advertise and beholde
This pitous chaunce here in my prefence
Full little marvaile though my hert be colde,
Confidiryng, lo! my Lord's absente:
Alas that I so full of negligence
Should be foundin! because I come so late
All men maie faie I am unfortunate.

Cause of my sorowe you maie undirstonde,
Quia tulerunt Dominum meum,
An othir is that I ne maie him fonde,
I wote nere *ubi posuerunt eum*;

Thus I muste bewaile *dolorem meum*
With hertie wepyng I can no bet deserve
Till Deth approche my herte for to kerve.

My herte opprest with fodain avinture
By fervent anguise is bewrappid so
That long this life I ne maie not endure,
Soche is my pain, soch is my mortall wo;
Nevirthelesse to what parte shall I go
In hope to findin myne owne turtill true,
My liv'is joye, my soverain Lorde Jesu!

Sith all my joye, that I call his prefence,
Is thus removed, now I am full of mone;
Alas the while I made no providence
For this mishap! wherefore I sigh and grone;
Succour to finde to what place might I gone!
Fain I would to some man my herte breke;
I n'ot to whom I maie complain or speke.

Alone I stande full forie and full sad,
Which hopid to have seen my Lorde and Kyng;
Small cause have I to be merie or glad
Remembryng this bittirful departyng:
In this worlde ne is no creture livyng
That was to me so gode and gracious,
His love also then golde more precious.

Full fore I sigh without comfort again,
There is no cure to my salvacion,
His brenning love my hert so doth constrain,
Alas, here is a wofull permutacion!
Wherof I finde no joye nor consolacion,
Therefore my pain all onely to confesse
With deth I sere woll ende my hevinesse,

This wo and anguish is intollerable;
 If I bide here, life can I not sustain,
 If I go hence my paines be uncurable;
 Where him to finde I knowe no place certain,
 And thus I ne wote of these thingis twain
 Whiche I maie take and which I maie refuse:
 My hert is wounded heron to thinke or muse,
 A while I shall stande in this morowning
 In hope if any vision would appere
 That of my love might tell some gode tyding,
 Whiche into joy might chaunge my wepyng cher;
 I trust in his grace and his mercy dere;
 But at the lest, though I therewith me kill,
 I shall not spare to waile and wepe my fill.

And if that I die in soche avinture
 I can no more but welcome as my chaunce;
 My bones shal rest here in this sepulture;
 My life, my deth, is at his ordinaunce;
 It shal be tolde in lasting remembraunce:
 Thus to departin is to me no shame,
 And also thereof I 'am nothing to blame.

Hope against me so hath her course itake
 That there is no more, but thus shall I die:
 I fe right well my Lorde hath me forsake,
 But in my conceipt cause know I none why:
 Although he be farre hence and nothing nye
 Yet my wofull herte after hym doeth seke,
 And causeth teres to ren down by my cheke.

Thinking, alas! I have lost his presence,
 Which in this worlde was all my sustinaunce;
 I crie and call with hertie diligence,
 But there is no wight givith attendaunce,
 Me to certifie of myne enquirance,
 Wherefore I will to all this world bewraie
 How that my Lorde is slain and born awaie.

Though that I mourne it ne is no grete wonder,
 Sithe he is all my joye in speciall;
 And nowe I thinke we be so farre asonder
 That hym to se I fere nevyr I shall;
 It helpith no more aftir hym to call,
 Ne after hym to enquire in any coste:
 Alas! how is he thus ygone and lost?

The Jewis I thinke full of miserie,
 Yset in malice by ther busy cure
 With force and might of gilefull trecherie
 Hath entermined my Lord's sepulture,
 And borne awaie that precious figure,
 Levying of it nothyng; if thei' have doon so
 Marriad I am; alas, what shall I do!

With ther vengeance infaciabie
 Now have thei hym gitless entretid so
 That to reporte it is to lamentable,
 Thei bete his bodie from toppe to the toe,
 Nevyr man was yborne that felte soche woe;
 Thei woundid hym, alas! with all grevaunce,
 The blode doun reilid in most habundaunce;

The blodie rowis stremed doun ovir all,
 Thei him assailid so malicioussie
 With ther scourgis and strokis bestiall;
 Thei sparid not, but smote incessauntlie;
 To satisfie ther malice thei were busie:
 Thei spit in his face, thei smote here and there;
 He groned full sore, and swete many a tere.

Thei crounid hym with thornis sharpe and kene,
 The vains rent, the blode ran doun apace,
 With blode ovirme were bothe his eyen,
 And bolne with strokis was his bleffid face;
 Thei hym entretid as men without grace,
 Thei knelid to hym, and made many a scoorne;
 Like helhoundis they have hym all to torne:

Upon a mightie crosse in length and brede
 (These turmentours shewid ther curfidnesse)
 Thei nailid hym without pitie or drede,
 His precious blode braist out in largenessie,
 Thei strained hym along as men mercileffe;
 The verie jointes all to myne apparence
 Rived asondir for ther grete violence.

All this I beholding with mine eyen twain
 Stode there beside with rufull attendaunce,
 And er me thought he beyng in that pain
 Lokid on me with dedly countinaunce,
 As he' had said in his speciall remembraunce
 Farwell Magdalen, depart must I nedes hens,
 My herte is *tangam cera liquefens*.

Whiche rufull sight when that I gan beholde
 Out of my witte I almoste tho distraught,
 I tare my here, my handis wrang and folde,
 And of the sight my hert dranke soche a draught
 That many a fall swoounyng there I caught;
 I brusid my bodie fallyng on the grounde,
 Whereof I fele many a grevous wounde.

Then these wretchis, full of all frowardnesse,
 Gave hym to drinke cysell temprid with gall;
 Alas! that poison cysell of bittirnesse
 My lov'is chere causid them to appall,
 And yet thereof might he not drinke at all,
 But spake these wordis, as him thought it best,
 Fathir of hevin! *consummatus est*.

Then knelid I doune in pain'is outrage,
 Clipping the crosse within myne armis twain,
 His blode distillid doune on my visage,
 My clothis eke the droppis did distain;
 To have dyid for hym I would full fain,
 But what shoulde it availe if I did so
 Sith he' is *suspensus in patibulo*?

And thus my Lorde full dere was all disgised
 With blode, and pain, and woundis many one,
 His veins braist, his jointis all to rived,
 Partying asondir the fleshe fro the bone;
 But I sawe that he hing not there alone,
 For *cum iniquis deputatus est*,
 Not like a man but like a leprous best.

A blinde knight men ycallid Longias
 With a spere aproched to my Sovrain,
 Lannfying his hide full pitoussie, alas!
 That his precious herte he clave in twain,
 The purple blode eke fro the hertis vain
 Doune railid right fast in moste rufull wise,
 With chrital water brought fro Paradise.

When I behelde this wofull passion,
 I wote not how, by sodain avinture
 My hert was perfyd with very compassion,
 That in me remained no life of nature,
 Strokis of dethe I felt without-mesure,
 My deth'is wounde I caught with woe opprest,
 And brought to point as my hert shuld ybrest.

The wounde, the hert, and blode, of my darling
Shal never slide fro my memorial,
The byttir paines also of tourmenting
Within my soule be gravin principal;
The spere, alas! that was so sharpe withall
So thrillid my herte, as to my feling,
That body and soule were at departing.

Sone as I might I releved up againe,
My brette I coude not very wel restore,
Feling my self drownd in so grete paine,
Both body and soule me thought wer al to tore,
Violent fallis grevid me right fore;
I wept, I bledde, and with my selfe I fared
As one that for his life nothing had cared.

I lokung up unto that rusll rode
Sawe first the visage pale of that figure,
But so pitous a sight spottid with blode
Sawe nevyr yet no living creature;
So it excedid the boundes of mesure,
That mann's minde with al his wittis five
Is nothing able that paine to discrive.

Than gan I there min armis to unbrace,
Up lifting my handis ful mourningly
I sighid and fore sobbid in that place,
Both hevyn and erthe might have herde me crie
Weping, and said Alas! incessantly
Ah, my swete herte, my gottly paramour!
Alas, I may nat thy body focour!

O blefid Lorde! how fierle and how cruel
These curfid wightis now have the yllaine,
Kerving, alas! thy body eviridel
Wounde within wounde, full byttir is thy pain;
Nowe wolde God that I might to the attaine
To naile my body fast unto thy tre,
So that of this paine thou mightist go fre!

I can nat reporte ne make reheraile
Of my demening with the circumstance,
But wel I wote the spere with every naile
Thirld my soule by inwarde ressemblaunce,
Which nevyr shall out of my remembraunce;
During my life it woll cause me to waile
As ofte as I remembre that bataile.

Ah, ye Jewes! worse than dogges rabiate,
What moved you thus cruilly him to aray?
He nevyr displeyd you, nor caused debate,
Your love and true hertes he conveytid aye;
He preched, he teched, he shewid the right way,
Wherefore ye lyke tyrantes wode and way-warde,
Nowe have him thus yllaine for his reward.

Ye ought to have remembrid one thing special,
His favour, grace, and his magnificence;
He was your prince borne, and lorde ovir all,
Howe be it ye toke him in smal reverence;
He was ful meke in suffring your offence,
Nertheless ye devoured him with one assent,
As hungry wolves doth the lambe innocent.

Where was your pite, o peple mercilless!
Arming your selfe with falsheid and treson,
On my Lorde ye have shewid your wodeness,
Like no men but bestis without reson;
Your malyce he suffrid for the feson:
Your paine wol come, ne thinke it nat to slacke;
Man without mercy of mercy shal lacke.

O traitours and maintainers of madnesse!
Unto your foly I ascribe al my paine,
Ye have me deprived of joye and gladnesse
So deling with my Lorde and foveraine;
Nothing ne shulde I nede thus to complaine
If he had lived in pece and tranquillite
Whom ye have slaine through your inquite.

Farewel, your noblenesse that somtime did raine!
Farewel your worship, your glory, and fame!
Hereaftir to lyve in hate and dissaine
Marvaile ye not; for your trespase and blame
Unto shame is tournid al your gode name:
Upon you now wol wondir every nation
As peple of a most vile reputation.

These wickid wretchis, these houndes of hel,
As I have tolde plaine here in this sentence,
Were not content my dere love thus to quel,
But yet they must embesle his presence,
As I perceive; by covert violence
They have him conveyed to my displeure,
For here is laste but nakid sepulture:

Wherefore of trowth and sightfull judgement,
That ther malice againe maye be acquired,
Astir my verditte and avisement,
Of false murdre they shullid be endited,
Of theft also, which shal not be respited,
And in al haste they shal be hanged and drawe;
I wol my selfe plede this cause in the lawe.

Alas! yf I with a trewe attendaunce
Had styl abiddin with my Lord's corse,
And kept it stil with trewe perseveraunce,
Than had nat befall this woful devorse;
But as for my paine welcome, and no force:
This shal be my songe where so er I go,
Departing is the grounde of al my wo.

I se right wel now in my painis smerte
There is no wounde of so grevous dolour
As is the wounde of my careful herte;
Sithin I have losse thus my paramour
Al my swetnesse is tournid into sour;
Mirthe to my herte nothing ne maie convey
But he that bereth therof bothe locke and key.

The joye excellent of blifed Paradise
Maye me, alas! in no wise re-comforte,
Songe of angel nothing maye me suffice,
As in min herte nowe to make disporte;
Al I refuse but that I might resorte
Unto my love, the wel of godelihede,
For whose longing I trowe I shal be ded.

Of painful labour and tourment corpo'ral
I ne make therof none exception,
Painis of hel I wol passe ovir al
My love to finde in myne affection;
So grete to him is my delectacion,
A thousande timis martrid wolde I be
His blefid body ones if I might se.

About this worlde, so large in all compace,
I shal not spare to renne my life during,
My fete also shal not rest in one place
Tyl of my love I may here some tiding;
For whose absence my handis now I wring;
To thinke on him cese shal nevyr my minde:
O gentill Jesu! where shal I the finde?

Jerusalem I wol serche place fro place,
 Sion, the Vale of Josaphath also,
 And if I finde him not in al this space
 By Mount Olivet to Beth'any woll I go;
 These waies wol I wandir and many mo,
 Nazareth, Bethleem, Mountana Jude;
 No travaile shal me paine him for to se.

His blisful face if I might se and finde
 Serche I wolde every coste and countrey;
 The fardist parte of Egypt or hote Inde
 Shulde be to me but a litil journey.
 Howe is he thus gone or takin away!
 If I knewe the ful trouth and certente
 Yet from this care relest might I be.

Into wildirnesse I thinke best to go,
 Sithe I can no more tidinges of him here,
 There may I my lyfe ledin to and fro,
 There may I dwel and to no man apere;
 To towne ne village woll I not come nere;
 Alone in wodes, in rockes, and in caves depe,
 I may at mine owne will both waile and wepe.

Myn eyen twaine withoutin variaunce
 Shal never cese, I promise faithfully,
 There for to wepin with gret abundance
 Byttir teris renning incessantly,
 The whiche teris medlid ful petously
 With the very blode er shall renne also,
 Expressing in mine hert the grevous wo.

Worldely fode and sustenance I desire none,
 Soche living as I finde soch wol I take,
 Rotis that growin on the craggy stone
 Shal me suffice, with watir of the lake;
 Than thus may I say for my Lord's sake,
Fuerunt mihi lacryme mea
In deserto panes, die ac nocte.

My body to clothe it makith no force,
 A mourning mantil shal be sufficient,
 The grevous woundis of his pitous corse
 Shal be to me a ful royal garnement,
 He departed thus I am best content;
 His crosse with nailis and scourgis withal
 Shal be my thought and paine especial.

Thus wol I live, as I have here ytolde,
 If I may any longè time endure,
 But I fere Deth is ovir me so bolde
 That of my purpose I can not be sure;
 My painis encreasin without mesure,
 For of longe lyfe who can lay any reson?
 Al thing is mortal, and hath but a seson.

I sigh ful sore, and it is ferre yfet;
 Myne hert I fele now bledith inwardly,
 The bloody teres I may in no wise let;
 Sithe of my paine I finde no remedye
 I thank God of al if that I nowe dye;
 His wil perfourmid I holde me content;
 My soule let him have that hath it me lent,

For lengir to endure it 'is intollerable,
 My woful herte is inflamid so huge,
 That no sorow to myne is comparable,
 Sithe of my minde I ne finde no refuge,
 Yet I him require as a rightful juge
 To devoide for me the inwarde sorowe,
 Lest that I live not to the nexte morowe.

Within mine hert is impreslid ful fore
 His royal forme, his shappe, his femelines,
 His porte, his chere, his godenes evirmore,
 His noble persone, with al gentilnes;
 He is the wellle of alle parfines,
 The very Redemir of al mankinde,
 Him love I best with herte, and soule, and minde,

In his absence my paines ful bittir be,
 Right wel I may it fele nowe inwardly,
 No wondir is though they hurte or fle me,
 They causin me to crie so rufully;
 Myne herte oppressed is so wondirfully
 Onely for him, which fo is bright of ble,
 Alas, I trowe I shal him never se!

My joye is translate full farre in exile,
 My myrthe is chaungid into paynis colde;
 My lyfe I think endureth but a while;
 Anguifhe and paine is that that I beholde,
 Wherefore my handis thus I wringe and folde;
 Into this grave I loke, I cal, I pray,
 Deth remainith and life is borne away.

Now must I walk and wandir here and there,
 God wot to what partis I shal me dresse,
 With quaking hert wepinge many a tere,
 To seke out my love and all my swetnes;
 I wolde he wytt what mortal hevines
 About min herte renewith more and more,
 Than wolde he nat kepe pite long in store.

Withoutin him I may not longe endure,
 His love fo sore workith within my brest,
 And er I wepe before this sepulture
 Sighing ful sore, as mine herte shulde ybrest;
 During my lyfe I shal obtaine no rest,
 But mourne and wepe where that evir I go,
 Making complaint of al my mortal wo.

Faith I crie, but there is no audience,
 My comming hidir was him for to plesse,
 My soule opprest is here with his absence;
 Alas, he list not set mine herte in cese!
 Wherefore to paine my selfe with al disese
 I shal not spare tyl he take me to grace,
 Or ellis I shal sterve here in this place.

But onis if that I might with him speke
 It were al my joy, with parfite plessaunce;
 So that I might to him myne herte breke
 I shulde anone devoide al my grevaunce,
 For he' is the blisse of very recreaunce;
 But now, alas! I can nothing do so,
 For in stede of joy naught have I but wo.

His noble corse within min hert's rote
 Depe is ygravid, whiche shal never flake;
 Nowe is he gone, to what place I ne wote,
 I mourne, I wepe, and al is for his sake:
 Sithin he is paste here a vowe I make
 With hertely promise, and therto me binde,
 Never to cese til that I may him finde.

Unto his mothir I thinke for to go,
 Of her haply some comforte may I take;
 But one thinge yet me ferith and no mo,
 Yf that I any mention of him make
 Of my wordis she wolde trimble and quake;
 And who coude her blame, she having but one?
 The sonne borne away the mothir wol monne.

Sorowes many hath she suffrid trewly
 Sith that the first conceivid him and bare,
 And seven thinges there be most specially
 That drownith her hert in sorowe and care,
 Yet lo! in no wise maye they not compare
 With this one now, the whiche if that she knew
 She wolde her painis everichone renewe.

Gret was her sorowe by mennis sayng
 Whan in the temple Simeon Justus
 Shewid to her these wordis, prophesieng,
Tuam animam pertransibit gladius;
 Also whan Herode, that tyrant furious,
 Her childe pursuid in every place;
 For his life went neithir mercy ne grace.

She mournid fore whan that she knewe him gone;
 Full longe she fought or she him founde ayen;
 Whan he went to deth his crosse him upon
 It was to her sight a full reful paine;
 Whan he hong theron betwene thevis twaine,
 And the spere unto his herte thrust was right,
 She swounid, and to the grounde there ypyght:

Whan ded and bloody in her lappè lay
 His blissid body, bothe handes and fete al tore,
 She cryid, out and said, Now, welaway!
 Thus arayid was nevyr man before:
 Whan hast was made his body to be bore
 Unto sepulture here for to remaine
 Unnethis for wo she coude her sustaine.

The sorowes seven like swerdes every one
 His mothir's herte woundid fro syde to syde,
 But if she knewe her sonne thus ygone
 Out of this worlde she shuld with deth yride,
 For care she coude no lengir here abide,
 Having no more joy nor consolacioun
 Than I here standing in this stacioun:

Wherefore her to se I dare nat presume;
 Fro her presence I wol my selfe refraine;
 Yet had I levir to dye and consume
 Than his mothir shulde have any more paine,
 Nethelses her sonne I wolde se ful faine;
 His presence was very joye and swetnes,
 His absence is but sorowe and hevinesse.

There is no more, sith I may him nat mete
 Whom I desire above al othir thing;
 Nede I must take the four with the swete,
 For of 'his noble corse I here no tiding;
 Ful oftyn I crie, and my handis wring.
 Myne herte, alas! relenthith al in paine,
 Whiche wol ybrastin both finewe and vaine.

Alas, howe unhappy was this woful hour
 Wherin is thus mispendid my service!
 For min entent and eke my true labour
 To none effecte may come in any wise;
 Alas! I thinke if he do me dispise,
 And list not take my simple observance,
 There is no more, but deth is my faince.

I have him called, *sed non respondet mihi,*
 Wherefore my mirth is tournid to mourning;
 O, my dere Lord! *quid mali feci tibi,*
 That me to comforte I finde no' erthly thing?
 Alas! have compassion of my cryng;
 Yf fro me *fatiem tuam abscondis*
 There is no more but *consumere me vis.*

VOL. I.

Within myne hert is groundid thy figure,
 That al this world's horrible tourment
 May' it not awfage, it' is so without mesure,
 It is so brenning, it is so fervent:
 Remembir, Lorde, I have ben diligent
 Evir the to plesse onely and no mo;
 Myne herte is with the where so er I go.

Therefore, my dere darling! *trahere me post te,*
 And lette me not standin thus desolate;
Quia non est qui consoletur me,
 Myne herte for the is so disconsolate,
 My paines also nothing me moderate;
 Nowe if it list the to speke with me' alyve
 Come in hast; my herte afondir will rive.

To the I profir, lo! my pore service,
 The for to plesse afir mine owne entent;
 I offre' here, as in devoute sacrifice,
 My boxe replete with precious oyntment,
 Myne eyin twaine weping sufficient,
 Myne herte with anguisse fulfilled is, alas!
 My soule eke red; for love out to pas.

Naught ellis have I the to plesse or pay,
 For if min herte were golde or precious stone
 It shulde be thine without any delay,
 With hertely chere thou shulde have it anone,
 Why suffrist thou me than to stande alone?
 Thou hast I trowe my weping in dissaine,
 Or els thou knowist nat what is my paine.

If thou withdrawe thy noble daliaunce
 For ought that evir I displeid the,
 Thou knowest right wel it is but ignoraunce,
 And of no knowlege for a certainte;
 If I have offendid, Lorde, forgive it me;
 Gladde I am for to make ful repentaunce
 Of all thing that hath ben to thy grevaunce.

Myne herte, alas! swellieth within my brest,
 So fore opprest with anguisse and with payne,
 That al to pecis forsothe it wol brest
 But if I se thy blissid corse againe;
 For lyfe ne deth I can nat me refraine:
 If that thou make delay thou maist be sure
 Myne hert wol lepe into this sepulture.

Alas, my Lorde, why farest thou thus with me!
 My tribulacion yet have in minde;
 Where is thy mercy? where is thy pite?
 Whiche evir I trustid in the to finde:
 Sometime thou were to me both gode and kinde;
 Lette it plesse the my prayir to accept,
 Whiche with my teris I have here bewept.

On me thou oughtist to have very routh,
 Sith for the onely is al this mourning,
 For sith I to the plightid firste my trouthe,
 I nevyr varyid with discording,
 And that knowist thou best my owne darling!
 Why constrainist thou me thus for to wayle?
 My wo forsothe can the nothing avail.

I have endurid without variaunce,
 Right as thou knowst, thy lovyr just and trew,
 With hert and thought aye at thyn ordinaunce,
 Lyke to the saphire, always in one hewe;
 I nevyr woulde chaungin the for no newe:
 Why withdrawist thou the fro my presence,
 Sithins al my thought is for thine absence?

L 1

With hert intier, swere Lorde! I crie to the,
Encline thine eres to my peticioun,
And come *velociter exaudi me*;
Remembre mine hert'is disposicioun,
It may not endure in this condicioun,
Therefore out of these paines libera me,
And where thou arte *pone me juxta te*.

Let me beholde, o Jesu! thy blissed face,
Thy faire thy glorious angelike visage;
Bowe thine eris to my complaint, alas!
For to convey me out of this wode rage:
Alas, my Lorde! take fro me this damage;
To my desire for mercy condiscende,
For non but thou may my grevaunce amende.

Now yet, gode Lorde! I the besech and pray,
As thou raisid my brothir Lazarous
From deth to life, that upon the fourth day
Came ayen in body and soule precious,
As gret a thing maist thou shewe unto us
Of thy self by powir of thy godhed
As thou dyd of him lyinge in grave ded.

Myne hert is woundid with thy charite,
It brennith, it flamith, incessantly;
Come, my dere Lorde! *ad adiuvandum me*;
Nowe be not longe, my paine to multiplie,
Left in the mene time I departe and die:
In thy grace I put hope and confidence
To do as pleisith thy magnificence.

Flodis of dethe and tribulacioun
Into thy soule I sele entrid ful depe,
Alas, that here' is no consolacioun!
Evir I waille, evir I mourne and wepe,
And sorow hath woundid myn hert ful depe:
O dere love! no marvaile though that I die,
Sagitta tua infixæ sunt mihi.

Wandringe in this place, as in wildirnesse,
No comforte have I ne yet assuraunce,
Desolate of joys, replete with faintnesse,
No' answere receving of mine enquirance,
Myne herte also greivd with displeaunce,
Wherfore I may saye, *O Deus, Deus!*
Non est dolor sicut dolor meus.

Myne hert expressith *quod dilexi multum*,
I may nat endure although I wold faine,
For now *solum superest sepulchrum*,
I know it right wel by my huge paine,
And thus for love I may not life sustaine;
But, o my God! I muse what alyth the,
Quid sic repente præcipitas me.

Alas! I fe' it wil none othirwise be,
Nowe must I take my leve for evirmore,
'This fore paine hath almost discomfite me,
My love's corse I can in no wise restore;
Alas to this wo that er I was bore!
Here at this tombe nowe must I die and starve,
Deth is aboutin my hert for to carve.

My testament I wol begin to make;
'To God the Fathir my soule I commende,
'To Jesu my love, that died for my sake;
My herte and al both I gyve and yfende;
In whose dere love my lyfe ymakith ende,
My body also to this monument
I here bequeth, bothe boxe and oyntment,

Of al my willes, lo! nowe I make the last;
Right in this place within this sepulture
I wold be buried whan I'm ded and past,
And on my grave I wol have this scripture,
*Here within restith a gossly creature,
Christis true lovir, Mary Magdalaine,
Whose herte for love ybracke in pecis twaine.*

Ye vertuous women, tendir of nature,
Ful of pite and of compassion,
Resorte I pray you to my sepulture
To singe my dirge with grete devocioun,
Shewe your charite' in this condicioun;
Sing with pite and let your hertis wepe,
Remembring I am ded, and layd to slepe:

Than whan that ye begin to parte me fro,
And endid have your mourning obsevaunce,
Remembre where so evir that ye go
Alway to ferche and make due enquirance
Aftir my love, mine hert'is sustinaunce,
In every towne and in every village,
If ye may here of his noble ymage;

And if it happe by any grace at laste
That ye my trew love finde in any cost,
Say that his Magdalaine is ded and paste,
For his pure love hath yeldid up the gost;
Say that of al thing I lov'd him most,
And that I ne might not this deth eschewe,
My painis so fore dyd evir renewe.

And in token of love perpetual,
Whan I am buried in this place present,
Take out myne hert, the very rote and al,
And close it within this boxe of oyntment,
To my dere love make therof a present,
Kneling downe with wordis lamentable
Do your message, speke faire and trefable:

Say that to him my selfin I commende
A thousand timis, and with herte so fre
'This povir token say to him I sende,
Plesith his godenesse to take it in gre,
It is his owne of right, it is his fe,
Whiche he askid whan he said longe before
Gyve me thy hert and I desire no more.

Adue, my Lorde! my love so faire of face!
Adué, my turtle dove so freshe of hue!
Adué, my mirthe! adué, al my solace!
Adué, alas! my Saviour Lorde Jesu!
Adué, the gentillist that er I knewe!
Adué, my most excellent paramour!
Fairir than rose, swetir than lylly flour!

Adué, my hope of plesure eternal!
My lyfe, my welth, and my prosperite!
Mine herte of golde, my perle oriental!
Myne adamant of parfite charite!
My chere refuge and my felycite!
My comforte and my recreacioun!
Farewel, my perpetual salvacioun!

Farewel, mine emperour celestial!
And most beautiful prince of al mankinde!
Adué, my Lord! of hert moste lyberal!
Farewel, my sweetist both soule and minde!
So loving a spouse shal I never finde!
Adué, my soveraine, very gentilman!
Farewel, dere herte! as hertely as I can.

THE LAMENTACION OF MARIE MAGDALEINE.

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Thy wordes eloquent flowinge in swetnesse
Shal no more, alas! my minde recomforte,
Wherfore my life must ende in bittirnesse,
For in this worlde shal I nevir reforte
To the, whiche was mine hevily disporte;
I fe, alas! it wol none othir be:
Nowe farewel, the grounde of al dignite!
Aduē, the fairist that evir was bore!
Alas, I may nat fe your bleffid face!
Nowe welaway that I shal fe no more
Thy bleffid visage, so replete with grace,
Wherin is printid my parfitte solace!

Aduē, mine hert'is rote and al for ever!
Nowe farith wel, I must from the discover!
My soule for anguish is nowe ful thrusty;
I faint, I faint, right fore for hevines;
My Lorde, my spouse! *cur me dereliquisti?*
Sith I for the suffre al this distresse
What causith the to seme thus mercilesse?
Sith it the pleseth of me to make an ende
In manus tuas my spirite I commende.

Lij

THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.

WRITTEN BY GEOFFERY CHAUCER.

THE ARGUMENT.

A gentlewoman out of an arbour in a grove seeth a great company of knights and ladies in a dance upon the green grafs, the which being ended, they all kneel down and do honour to the daifie, some to the Flower, and some to the Leaf: afterward this gentlewoman learneth by one of these ladies the meaning hereof, which is this; they which honour the Flower, a thing fading with every blast, are such as look after beauty and wordly pleasure, but they that honour the Leaf, which abideth with the root notwithstanding the frosts and winter storms, are they which follow virtue and during qualities, without regard of worldly respects.

WHEN that Phœbus his chair of gold to hie
Had whirled up the sterrie sky aloft,
And in the Bole was entrid certainly,
When shouris fote of rain descendid soft,
Causing the ground felé timis and oft
Up for to give many an wholesome air,
And every plain was yclothid faire

With newé grenc, and makith smalé flours
To springin here and there in field and mede,
So very gode and wholesome be the flours,
That they renewin that was old and dede
In wintir time, and out of every fede
Springith the herbé, so that every wight
Of this sefon wexith richt glade and licht;

And I so gladdé of the sefon swete,
Was happid thus; upon a certain night
As I lay in my bed slepe full unmete
Was unto me, but why that I ne might
Rest I ne wist, for there n'as erthly wight
[As I suppose] had more of hertis efe
Than I, for I n'ad sicknesse nor difese;

Wherefore I mervaille gretly of my self
That I so long withoutin slepe lay,
And up I rose thre houris aftir twelwe,
About the springing of the gladfome day,
And on I put my gear and mine aray,
And to a plefant grove I gan to pas
Long or the bright sonnè uprisin was,

In which were okis grete, streight as a line,
Undir the which the grafs so freshe of hew
Was newly sprong, and an eight fote or nine
Every tre well fro his fellow grew,
With braunchis brodé ladin with levis new,
That sprongin out agen the sonnè shene,
Some very rede, and some a glad light grene,

Which [as me thought] was a right plefant
And eke the birdis songis for to here [light;
Would have rejoicid any erthly wight,
And I, that couth not yet in no manere
Herin the nightingale of all the yere,
Full busily herk'nid with hert and ere
If I her voice perceve could any where :

And at the last path of lital brede
I found, that gretly had not usid be,
For it forgrowin was with grafs and wede,
That well unneithis a wight might it fe;
Thought I, this path some whidir doth parde;
And so I followid till it me brought
To a right plefaunt herbir wel ywrought,

Which that benchid was, and with turfis new
Freshly turvid, whereof the grene grafs
So small, so thick, so short, so fresh of hew,
That most like to grene woll wot I it was;
The hegge also, that yedin in compas,
And clofid in alle the grene herbere,
With sycamor was set and eglatere

Within, in fere so well and cunningly,
That every braunch and lefe grew by mesure
Plain as a bord, of an height by and by;
I se nevir a thing [I you ensure]
So well ydone, for he that toke the cure
It for to make [I trowe] did all his peine
To make it pas all tho that men have seine.

And shapin was this herber rose and all
As is a pretty parlour, and also
The hegge as thick as is a castil wall,
That who that list without to stond or go,
Thogh he wold all day pryin to and fro
He should not se if there were any wight
Within or no, but one within well might

Perceve all tho that ydin there without
Into the field, that was on every side
Cover'd with corin and grafs, that out of doubt
Tho one would sekin all the world wide
So rich a feld could not be espyde
Upon no cost, as of the quantity,
For of alle gode thing there was plenty.

And I, that all these plefaunt sightis fe,
Thought suddainly I felt so swete an air
Of the eglatere, that certainly
There is no hert [I deme] in such dispair,
Ne yet with thoughtis froward and constraire
So overlaid, but it should fone have bote
If it had onis felt this favour sote.

And as I stode and cast aside mine eye
I was ware of the fairist medler tre
That evir yet in all my life I se,
As full of blossomis as it might be,
Therein a goldfinch leping pretily
From bough to bough, and as him list he ete
Here and there of buddis and flours swete.

And to the herbir side was adjoyning
This fairist tre of which I have you told,
And at the last the bird began to sing
[Whan he had etin what he etin would]
So passing swetely that by many fold
It was more plefaunt than I couth devise;
And whan his song was endid in this wise

The nightingale with so mery a note
Answerid him, that alle the wode yrong
So sodainly, that as it were a sote
I stode astonied, and was with the song
Thorow ravishid, that till late and long
I ne wist in what place I was ne where,
Ayen methought the song e'en by mine ere:

Wherefore I waited about busily
On every side if I her might se,
And at the last I gan full well espy
Where she sate in a fresh grene laury tre,
On the furthir side evin right by me,
That gave so passing a delicious smell,
According to the eglantere full well;

Whereof I had so inly grete pleisure,
As methought I surely ravishid was
Into Paradise, wherein my desire
Was for to be, and no fether to pas
As for that day, and on the sote grafs
I sat me down, for as for mine entent
The birdis song was more convenient

And more plefaunt to me by many fold
Than mete or drink, or any other thing,
Thereto the herbir was so fresh and cold,
The wholsome favours eke so comforting,
That [as I demid] sith the beginning
Of the world was nevir seen er than
So plefaunt a ground of none erthly man.

And as I sat the birdis herkening thus,
Methought that I herd voicis suddainly,
The most swetest and most delicious
That ever any wight I trow trewly
Herdin in ther life, for the armony
And swete accord was in so gode musike
That the voicis to angels most were like.

At the last out of a grove evin by
[That was right godely and plefaunt to sight]
I se where there came singin lustily
A world of ladies, but to tell aright
Ther beauty grete lyith not in my might,
Ne ther array; nevirtheless I shall
Tell you a part, tho' I speke not of all:

The surcots white of velvet well fitting
They werin clad, and the semis eche one,
As it werin a mannir garnishing,
Was set with emeraudis one and one
By and by, but many a riche stone
Was set on the purflis out of dout
Of collours, sleeves, and trainis, round about;

As of grete perlis round and orient,
And diamondis fine and rubys red,
And many othir stone of which I went
The namis now; and everich on her hede
A rich fret of gold, which withoutin drede
Was full of statly rich stonys set,
And every lady had a chapelet

On ther hedis of braunchis fresh and grene,
So wele ywrought, and so marvelously,
That it was a right noble sight to sene,
Some of laurir, and some full plefauntly
Had chapelets of wodebind, and sadly
Some of agnus castus werin also,
Chapelets fresh; but there were many of tho

That dauncid and eke song full sobirly,
But all they yede in maner of compace;
But one there yede in mid the company
Sole by herself; but all follow'd the pace
That she kept, whose hevynly figured face
So plefaunt was, and her wele shape person,
That of beauty she past them everichone.

And more richly beſeen by manyfold
 he was alſo in every manir thing;
 Upon her hede full pleaſant to behold
 A coron of gold rich for any king,
 A braunch of agnus caſtus eke bering
 In her hand, and to my ſight trewily
 She lady was of all the company;

And ſhe began a roundell luſtily
That Sus le foye de vert moy men call
Sine & mon joly cuer eſt endormy,
 And than the company answerid all,
 With voicis ſwete entunid and ſo ſmall,
 That methought it the ſwetest melody
 That evir I herd in my life ſothly.

And thus they all came dauncing and ſinging
 Into the middis of the mede echone
 Before the herbir where I was ſitting,
 And God wot I thought I was well bigone,
 For than I might aſiſe them one by one
 Who fairiſt was, who beſt could dance or ſing,
 Or who moſt womanly was in all thing.

They had not dauncid but a little throw
 When that I herd not ſer of ſodainly
 So grete a noiſe of thundering trumpis blow
 As though it ſhould have departid the ſkie,
 And aſtir that within a while I ſie
 From the ſame grove where the ladies came out
 Of men of armis coming ſuch a rout

As all men on erth had ben aſſembrid,
 On that place well horſid for the nonis,
 Stering ſo faſt that all the erth trembrid;
 But for to ſpeke of richis and ſtonis,
 And men and horſe, I trow the large wonis
 Of Pretir John, ne all his treſory,
 Might not ungeth have bought the tenth party.

Of their array whoſo liſt to here more,
 I ſhall reherſe ſo as I can a lite,

Out of the grove that I ſpeke of before
 I ſe come firſt, all in their clokis white,
 A company that wore for ther delite
 Chapelets freſh of okis ſerial

But newly ſprong, and trumpets were they all;

On every trump hanging a brode bannere
 Of fine tartarium, full richly bete,
 Every trumpet his lord's armis bere
 About ther neckis, with grete perlis ſete,
 Collaris brode, for coſt they wou'd not lete,
 As it would ſeem, for ther ſcochons echone
 Were ſet above with many a precious ſtone;

Ther horſis harnais was all white alſo;

And aſtir them next in one company
 Camin kingis at armis and no mo,
 In clokis of white cloth with gold richly,
 Chaplets of grene on ther heds on hye,
 The crownis that they on ther ſcochons bere
 Were ſet with perl, and ruby, and ſaphere,

And eke grete diamondis many one;
 But all ther horſis harnais and other gere
 Was in a ſute according everichone,
 As ye have herd the forſaid trumpets were,
 And by ſeming they were nothing to lere,
 And ther guiding they did ſo manirly;
 And aſtir them came a gret company

Of heraudeis and purſevauntis eke,
 Arrayid in clothis of white velvet,
 And hardily they were nothing to ſeke
 How they on them ſhouldin the harnais ſet,
 And every man had on a chapelet,
 Scotchonis and eke horſe harnais in dede
 They had in ſute of them that 'fore them yede.

Next after theſe appere in armour bright,
 All ſave ther hedis, ſemelty knightis nine,
 And every claſp and nail, as to my ſight,
 Of ther harnais were of red gold ſo fine,
 With cloth of gold, and furrid with ermine,
 Were the tappouris of their ſtedis ſtrong,
 Both wide and large, that to the ground did hong;

And every boſs of bridle and paitrel
 That they had on was worth, as I would wene,
 A thouſand pound; and on ther hedis well
 Dreſſid were crounis of the laurir grene,
 The beſt ymade that evir I had ſene;
 And every knight had aſtir him riding
 Thre henchmen, ſtill upon him awaiting;

Of which every (firſt) on a ſhort trunchon
 His lord's helmet bore ſo richly dight
 That the worſt of them was worth the ranſonne
 Of any king; the ſecond a ſhield bright
 Bare at his back; the thred barin upright
 A mighty ſpere, full ſharp yground and kene,
 And evry child ware of levis grene

A freſh chaplet upon his hairis bright;
 And clokis white of fine velvet they were,
 Ther ſtedis trappid and arayid right,
 Without difference as ther lordis were;
 And aſtir them on many a freſh courſere
 There came of armid knightis ſuch a rout
 That they beſprad the large ſield about;
 And all they werin, aſtir ther degrees,
 Chapelets new, or made of laurir grene,
 Or ſome of oke, or ſome of othir trees,
 Some in ther hondis barin boughis ſhene,
 Some of laurir, and ſome of okis bene,
 Some of hawthorne, and ſome of the wodebind,
 And many mo which I have not in mind.

And ſo they came ther horſe freſhly ſtirring
 With bloody ſownis of ther trompis loud;
 There ſe I many an uncouth diſguiſing
 In the array of thilke knightis proud;
 And at the laſt as evenly as they cou'd
 They toke ther place in middis of the mede,
 And every knight turnid his horſis hede

To his ſelow, and lightly laid a ſpere
 Into the reſt, and ſo juſtis began
 On ev'ry part aboutin here and there; [man,
 Some brake his ſpere, ſome threw down horſe and
 About the ſelde aſtray the ſtedis ran;
 And to behold their rule and govrnauce
 I you enſure it was a grete pleaſaunce.

And ſo the juſtis laſt an hour and more,
 But tho that crownid were in laurir grene
 Did win the priſe; their dintis were ſo ſore
 That there was none agenſt them might ſuſtene,
 And the juſting alle was left off clene;
 And fro ther horſe the nine alight anon,
 And ſo did all the remnaunt everichone,

And forth they yede togidir twain and twain,
That to behold it was a worthy sight,
Toward the ladies on the grene plain,
That song and dauncid, as I said now right;
The ladies as sone as they godely might
They brakin off both the song and the daunce,
And yede to mete them with full glad semblaunce:

And every lady toke full womanly
By the hond a knight, and so forth they yede
Unto a faire laurir that stode fast by,
With levis laid, the boughis of grete brede,
And to my dome ther nevir was indede
A man that had sene half so faire a tre,
For undirneath it there might well have be

An hundrid persons at ther own plesauce
Shadowid fro the hete of Phoebus bright,
So that they shoudlin have felt no grevaunce
Neithir for rain, ne haile, that them hurt might;
The favour eke rejoyce would any wight
That hed be sick or melancholious,
It was so very gode and vertuous.

And with grete rev'rence they enclinid low
Unto the tre so sote and fair of hew,
And astir that within a litil throw
They all began to sing and daunce of new;
Some song of love, some plaining of untrew,
Environing the tre that stode upright,
And evir yede a lady and a knight.

And at the last I cast mine eie aside,
And was ware of a lusty company
That came roming out of the feldë wide,
And hond in hond a knight and a lady,
The ladies all in furcotes, that richly
Purslid were with many a rich stone,
And every knight of grene ware mantlis on,

Embroulid wele, so as the furcotes were,
And everich had a chapellet on her hed,
[Which did right wele upon the shining here]
Makid of godely flouris white and red,
The knightis eke that they in hondë led
In sute of them ware chaplets everichone,
And before them went minstrels many one,

As harpis, pipis, lutes, and fautory,
Allë in grene, and on ther hedis bare
Of diverse flouris made full craftuly,
All in a sute, godely chaplets they ware,
And so dauncing into the mede they fare,
In mid the which they found a tuft that was
All ovirsprad with flouris in compas,

Whereto they enclined everichone
With grete reverence, and that full humbly;
And at the last there tho began anon
A lady for to sing right womanly
A bargaret in praising the daisie,
For (as methought) among her notis swete
She said *Si douce est la Margarete!*

Then they allë answerid her in fere
So passingly well and so plesauntly,
That it was a most blisfull noyse to here;
But I 'not how it happid, sodainly
As about none the sonn so fervently
Waxe hotë that the pretty tendir floures
Had lost the beauty of their fresh collours.

For shronke with hete the ladies eke to brent,
That they ne wist where they them might bestow,
The knightis swelt, for lack of shade nie shent,
And astir that within a litil throw
The wind began so sturdily to blow
That down goth all the flowris everichone,
So that in all the mede there last not one,

Save such as succoured were among the leves
Fro every storme that mightë them assaile,
Growing undir the heggis and thick greves;
And astir that there came a storme of haile
And rain in fere, so that withoutin faile
The ladies ne the knightis n'ade o' thred
Dry on them, so drooping wet was ther wede.

And when the storme was clene passid away
Tho in the white, that stode undir the tre,
They felt nothing of all the grete affray
That they in grene without had in ybe;
To them they yede for routh and for pite,
Them to comfort astir ther grete difese,
So fain they were the helplesse for to ese.

Than I was ware how one of them in grene
Had on a coron rich and well-sitting,
Wherefore I demid well she was a quene,
And tho in grene on her were awaiting;
The ladies then in white that were coming
Towardis them, and the knightis in fere,
Began to comfort them and make them chere.

The quene in white, that was of grete beauty,
Toke by the honde the quene that was in grene,
And seide, Suster, I have grete pity
Of your annoy and of your troublous tene
Wherein ye and your company have bene
So long, alas! and if that it you plesë
To go with me I shall do you the ese

In al the plesure that I can or may;
Whereof that othir, humbly as she might,
Thankid her, for in right evil array
She was with storme and hete I you behight;
And every lady then anon right
That were in white one of them toke in grene
By the hond, which when the knightis had sene

In like manir eche of them toke a knight
Clad in the grene, and forth with them they fare
To an hegge, where that they anon right
To makin these justis they would not spare
Boughis to hew down, and eke trees to square,
Wherewith they made them stately firs grete
To dry ther clothis, that were wringing wete;

And astir that of herbis that there grew
They made for blisirs of the sonne brenning
Ointmentis very gode, wholsome and new,
Where that they yede the sick fast anointing;
And astir that they yede about gadring
Plesant saladis, which they made them ete
For to refreshe ther grete, unkindly hete.

The lady of the Lesë then gan to pray
Her of the Floure [for so to my seming
They should be callid as by ther array]
To soupe with her, and eke for any thing
That she should with her all her pepill bringe,
And she ayen in right godely manere
Thankith her fast of her most frendly chere,

Saying plainly that she would obey
With all her hert all her commandement;
And then anon without lengir delay
The lady of the Lefe hath one ysent
To bring a palfrey astir her intent,
Arrayid wele in fair harnes of gold,
For nothing lackid that to him long shold:

And astir that to all her company
She made to purvey horse and every thing
That they nedid; and then full hastily
Even by the herbir where I was sitting
They passid all, so merrily singing
That it would have comfortid any wight:
But then I se/a passing wondir sight,

For then the nightingale, that all the day
Had in the laurir sate, and did her might
The whole service to sing longing to May,
All sodainly began to take her flight,
And to the lady of the Lefe forthright
She flew, and set her on her hand lustily,
Which was a thing I mervail'd at gretly.

The goldfinch eke, that fro the medlar tre
Was fled for hete unto the bushis cold,
Unto the lady of the Flowre gan fle,
And on her hond he set him as he wold,
And plesauntly his wings gan to fold,
And for to sing they peine them both as fore
As they had do of all the day before.

And so these ladies rode forth a grette pace,
And all the rout of knightis eke in fere;
And I that had sene all this wondir case
Thought that I would assay in some manere
To know fully the trowth of this mattere,
And what they were that rode so plesauntly;
And when they were the herbir passid by

I drest me forth, and happid mete anon
A right fair lady, I do you ensure,
And she came riding by her self alone,
All in white, with semblaunce full demure;
I her salued, bad her gode aventure
Mote her befall, as I coude most humbly,
And she answered, My doughtir, gramercy!

Madame, quoth I, if that I durst enquire
Of you, I wold fain of that company
Wit what they be that passed by this harbere.
And she ayen answerid right frendly,
My doughtir, all tho that passid hereby
In white clothing be servants everichone
Unto the Lefe, and I my self am one.

Se ye not her that crownid is (quod she)
All in white? Madame, then quod I, Yes,
That is Dian, goddess of Chastity,
And for bicause that she a maidin is
Into her hond the branch she berith this
That agnus castus men call propirly;
And all the ladies in her company

Which ye se of that herbe chaplets were
Be such as han alwey kept maidinhede,
And all they that of laurir chaplets bere
Be such as hardy were in manly dede,
Victorious, name which nevyr may be dede
And all they were so worthy of their honde
In their time that no one might them withstonde;

And tho that were chapelets on ther hede
Of fresh woebind be such as nevyr were
To Love untrue in word, in thought, ne dede,
But ay stedfast, ne for plesance ne fere,
Tho that they shulde ther hertis all to tere,
Woud never flit, but evyr were stedfast
Till that ther livis there affundir braut.

Now, fair Madam! quod I, yet woud I pray
Your ladiship [if that it mightin be]
That I might knowe by some manir of wey,
Sithin that it hath likid your beaute
The trowth of these ladies for to tell me,
What that these knightis be in rich armour,
And what tho be in grene and were the Flour,

And why that some did rev'rence to the tre,
And some unto the plot of flouris fair?
With right gode wil, my doughtir fair! quod she,
Sith your desire is gode and debonaire:
Tho nine crownid be very explemaire
Of all honour longing to chivalry,
And those certain be clept The Nine Worthy

Which that ye may se riding all before,
That in ther time did many' a noble dede,
And for ther worthines full oft have bore
The crown of laurir levis on ther hede,
As ye may in your old bokis rede,
And how that he that was a conqueror
Had by laurir alwey his most honour:

And tho that barin bowes in ther hond
Of the precious laurir so notable
Be such as were [I wold ye undirstond]
Most noble Knightis of The Round Table,
And eke the Douceperis honourable,
Which they bere in the sign of victory,
As witness of ther dedis mightily:

Eke ther be Knightis old of the Gartir,
That in ther timis did right worthily,
And the honour they did to the laurir
Is for by it they have ther laud wholly,
Ther triumph eke and martial glory,
Which unto them is more perfitte riches
Than any wight imagin can or gesse;

For one Lefe givin of that noble tre
To any wight that hath dope worthily
[An it be done so as it ought to be]
Is more honour than any thing erthly,
Witness of Rome, that foundir was truly
Of all knighthode and dedis marvelous,
Record I take of Titus Livius.

And as for her that crownid is in grene,
It is Flora, of these flouris goddesse,
And all that here on her awaiting bene
It are such folk that lov idlenessse,
And not delite in no kind besinesse
But for to hunt, and hawke, and pley in medes,
And many othir such like idle dedes.

And for the grette delite and the plesance
They have to the Flour, and so reverently
They unto it doin such obeisaunce,
As ye may se. Now, fair Madam! quod I,
[If I durst ask] what is the cause and why
That knightis have the ensigne of honour
Rathir by the Lefe than by the Flour?

Sothly, doughtir, quod she, this is the trouth,
For knightes evir should be persevering
To seke honour without feintise or slouth,
Fro wele to bettir in all manir thing,
In sign of which with levis ay lasting
They be rewardid afir ther degre,
Whole lusty grene may not appaird be,

But ay keping ther beauty fresh and grene,
For ther n'is no storme that may them deface,
Ne hail nor snowe, ne wind nor frostis kene,
Wherefore they have this propriety and grace;
And for the Flour within a litil space
Wollin be lost, so simple of nature
They be that they no grevaunce may endure :

And every storme woll blowe them fone away,
Ne they laste not but for a feson,
That is the cause [the very trouth to say]
That they may not by no way of reson
Be put to no such occupacion.

Madame, quod I, with all mine whole servise
I thank you now in my most humble wif;

For now I am ascertain'd thoroughly
Of every thing I desirid to knowe.
I am right glad that I have said, sothly,
Ought to your plesure, (if ye will me trow.)

Quod she ayen. But to whom do ye owe
Your service, and which wollin ye honour
[Pray tell me] this year, the Lefe or the Flour?

Madam, quod I, although I left worthy,
Unto the Lefe I ow mine observance.
That is, quod she, right well done certainly,
And I pray God to honour you advance,
And kepe you fro the wickid remembrance
Of Malébouch and all his crueltie,
And all that gode and well-condition'd be;

For here I may no lengir now abide,
But I must follow the grete company
That ye may se yondir before you ride;
And forthwith as I couth most humily
I toke my leve of her, and she gan hic
Afir them as fast as evir she might,
And I drow homeward, for it was nigh night,

And put all that I had sene in writing,
Undir support of them that lust it rede.
O little boke! thou art so unconning,
How darst thou put thy self in prees for drede?
It is wondir that thou wexist not rede,
Sith that thou wost full lite who shall behold
Thy rude langage full boytously unfold.

THE COURT OF LOVE.*

With timorous herte and trembling hand of drede,
Of cunning nakid, bare of eloquence,
Unto the flour of port in womanhede
I write, as he that none intelligence
Of metris hath ne flouris of sentence,
Saufe that me list my writing to convey
In that I can to pleser her high nobley.

The blomes fresh of Tullius garden fote
Present thei not, my mattir for to borne,
Poemes of Virgile takin here no rote,
Ne crafte of Galfride may not here sojourne;
Why n'am I cunning? 'o well maie I morne
For lacke of science, that I can nat write
Unto the princes of my lyfe aright!

No termes are digne unto her excellence,
So is the spronge of noble stripe and high;
A world of honour and of reverence
There is in her, this will I testifie:
Caliope, thou sistr wife and fly,
And thou Minerva! guide me with thy grace,
That langage rude my mattir not deface.

Thy sugir dropis swete of Helicon
Distil in me, thou gentle Muse! I praye,
And the Melpomene I cal anone
Of ignoraunce the miste to chace awaye,
And geve me grace so for to write and saie
That she my lady of her worthinesse
Accept in gre this litil short tretteffe,

That is entituled thus, *The Courte of Love*;
And ye that ben metrichiens me excuse,
I you besече, for Venus sake above,
For what I mene in this ye nede not muse;
And if so be my lady it refuse
For lake of ornate speche, I wolde be wo
That I presume to her to writin fo.

* This book is an imitation of The Romaunt of the Rose, shewing that all are subject to love; what impediments fover to the contrary, containing also those 20 statutes that are to be observed in The Court of Love. Urry.

But my entente and all my busy cure
Is for to write this tretteffe as I can,
Unto my lady stable, true, and sure,
Faithful and kind, sith firste that she began
Me to accept in service as her man;
To her be al the plesure of this boke,
That when her like she may it rede and loke.

When I was yong, at xviii yere of age,
Lusty and light, desirous of plesaunce,
Approching on full fade and ripe corage,
Love artid me to do my observaunce
To his estate, and done him obeisaunce,
Commaundinge me *The Court of Love* to se,
A lite beside the Mounte of Cithere;

There Citherea goddesse was and quene,
Honourid highly for her majeste,
And eke her sonne, the mighty god I wene,
Cupid the blind, that for his dignite
A M. lovirs worshipp on ther kne;
There was I bid in paine of deth to pere
By Mercury the wingid messingere:

So than I went by strange and ferre countrees,
Enquiringe aye what coaste had to it drewe
The Court of Love, and thidirward as bees
At last I se the peple gan pursue;
Anon me thought: some wight was ther that knew
Where that the *Court* was holdin ferre or nie.
And aftir than ful faste I ganne me hic.

Anon as I them ovrtoke I said,
Heile, frendis! whethir purpose ye to wend?
For soth, (quod one) that answered lyche a maid,
To *Love's Courte* now go we, gentil frend!
Where is that place, (quod I) my felowe hend?
At Cithieron, Sir, saide he, without doute,
The kinge of Love, and al his noble route,

Dwelling within a castil rially.
So than apace I journid forth amonge;
And as he saide so fond I there truly,
For I behelde the touris high and stronge,

And high pinaclis large of hight and longe,
With plate of gold bespred on every side,
And precious stones, the stone werke for to hide.

No saphire of Inde, no rubie riche of price,
There lackid then, nor emeraude so grene,
Balis Turkis, ne thing to my devise
That may the castil makin for to shene,
All was as bright as sterres in wintir bene,
And Phœbus shone to make his pece ageine
For trespas done to high estatis tweine :

Venus and Mars, the god and goddesse clere,
When he them founde in armis cheinid faste,
Venus was than ful sad of herte and chere,
But Phœbus bemis, streight as is the masse,
Upon the castil ginnith he to cast
To plesse the lady, princes of that place,
In signe he lokith astir Lov's grace :

For ther n'is god in heven or hel iwys
But he hath ben right soget unto Love,
Jove, Pluto, or what so ever he is,
Ne creature in erth or yet above,
Of this the revers may no wight approve;
But furthirmore the castill to descrie
Yet sawe I nevyr none so large and hic,

For unto heven it stretchith I suppose,
Within and out depeintid wondirly,
With many' a thousand daisy rede as rose,
And white also, this sawe I verily,
But what tho deis might do signifie
Can I not tel, saufe that the quen'is flour
Alceste it was, that kept ther her sojoure

Which undir Venus lady was and quene,
And Admete kyng and soverain of that place,
To whom obied the ladies gode xix,
With many' a thousand othir bright of face,
And young men sele came forth with lusti pace,
And agid eke, ther homage to dispoise,
But what they were I could not well disclose.

Yet nere and nere forth in I gan me dresse
Into an halle of noble apparaile,
With arras spred and cloth of gold I gesse,
And othir silke of esyir availle;
Undir the cloth of ther estate, fauns faile,
The king and quene there sat, as I beheld;
It passid joye of Helise the feld.

There saintis have ther cominge and resorte
To seen the kinge so rially besene
In purple clad, and eke the quene in sorte,
And on ther heddis sawe I crounis tweine
With stonis fret, so that it was no paine
Withoutin mete and drinke to stand and se
The king'is honor and the rialte.

And for to trette of statis with the king,
That ben of counsell chefe, and with the quene;
The king had Daungir nere to him standing,
The quene of Love Disdain, and that was sene,
For by the faith I shal to God I wene
Was nevyr straungir none in her degre
Than was the quene in castinge of her eye.

And as I stode perceving her aparte,
And eke the bemis thininge of her eyen,
Me thought they weirin shapin lyche a darte,
Sharpe and perlinge, smale and streight as a lise,

And al her here it shone as golde so fine,
Disshivil, crispe, doune hanging at her backe
A yard in length, and southely than I spake:
O bright *Regina!* who made the so faire?
Who made thy colour vermelet and white?
Wher wonneth the god, how far above the eyre?
Grete was his crafte, and grete was his delite;
Now marvel I nothing that ye do hight
The quene of Love, and occupie the place
Of Cithare: now, swete lady! thy grace.

In mewit spake I, so that nought alterte
By no condicion word that might be hard,
But in my inward thought I gan adverte,
And oft I said My wit is dul and hard,
For with her beautie thus God wot I ferde
As doeth the man yravishid with sight,
When I beheld her cristall eyen so bright,

No respecke havynge what was beste to done,
Till right anone beholding here and there
I spied a frend of myne, and that ful sone,
A gentil woman, was the chambirere
Unto the quene, that hote as ye shal here,
Philobone, that lovid al her life;
Whan she me sey she led me forth as blife,
And me demaundid how and in what wise
I thithir come, and what my erand was?
To sene the Courte (quod I) and al the guise,
And eke to fue for pardon and for grace,
And mercy aske for al my grete trespasse;
That I none erste come to The Court of Love
Foryeve me this, ye goddis al above.

That is well said (quod Philobone) in dede;
But were ye not assomoned to appere
By Mercurius, for that is al my drede?
Yes, gentill feire! (quod I) now am I here.
Ye, yet what tho though that be true, my dere?
Of your fre wil ye shuld have come unsente,
For ye did not I deme ye will be shente:

For ye that reigne in youth and lustines,
Pampired with ese, and jalous in your age,
Your dutie is, as far as I can gesse,
To Lov's Courte to dreslin your viage
*Assone as Nature makith you so sage
That ye may know a woman from a swan.*

Or when your sote is growin halfe a span.
But sithe that ye by wilful negligence
This xviii yere hath kept your selfe at large
The gretir is your trespas and offence,
And in your neck you mote bere alle the charge,
For bettir were ye ben withoutin barge
Amidde the se in tempest and in rayne
Then bidin here receving wo and pain

That ordeined is for foche as them absente
Fro Lov's Courte by yeris long and sele;
I ley my life ye shal ful sone repente,
For Love wil reive youre colour, lust, and hele,
Eke ye must baite on many' an hevvy mecle:
No force iwys, I flired you longe agon
To drawe to Courte, quod litil Philobon;

Ye shal wel se how rough and angry face
The king of Love will shewe when ye him se;
By myn advise knele down and aske him grace,
Eschewing peril and adverfite,

For wel I wot it wolle none othir be :
Comforte is none ne counail to your ese,
Why wil ye then the king of Love displese?

O mercie, God! (quod iche) I me repent,
Caitife and wretche, in hert, in wil, and thought,
And aftr this shal be mine whole entent
To serve and plesse, how dere that love be bought;
Yet fith I have mine owne penaunce ifought
With humble spirite shal I it receive,
Though that the king of Love my life bereve;

And though that fervent Lov' is qualite
In me did nevyr worche truly, yet I
With al obeisaunce and humilite,
And benigne herte, shal serve him til I die;
And he that lord of might is grete and hie
Right as him list me chaffice and correcte,
And punishe me, with trespase thus ensecte.

These wordis said, she caught me by the lap,
And led me furth in til a temple round,
Bothe large and wide, and as my bleffid hap
And gode avinture was right sone I founde
A tabernacle reisid from the grounde
Where Venus sat and Cupid by her side,
Yet half for drede I can my visage hide;

And est againe I lokid and behelde,
Seing ful sundry peple in the place
And mistir folke, and some that might not welde
Ther limmis welc me thought a woundir case,
The temple shone with windowes al of glasse
Bright as the day, with manie' a faire ymage,
And there I se the freshe Queene of Carthage,

Dido, that brent her beaute for the love
Of fals Æneas, and the weimenting
Of her Ænelida, true as turtill dove
To Arcite fals; and there was in peinting
Of many' a prince and many' a doughty king
Whose martirdom was shewed about the wallis,
And how that sele for love had suffrid fallis.

But fore I was abashid and astonied
Of al tho folke that there were in that tide,
And than I askid where they haddin woned?
In divers courtis, (quod she) here beside:
In sondrie clothing mantilwise full wide
They were arraied, and did ther sacrifice
Unto the god and goddesse in ther guise.

Lo, yondir folke (quod she) that knele in blewes,
They were the colour ay and evir shal,
In signe they were and evir wil be true,
Withoutin chaunge, and fouthely yondir all
That ben in blak, with mourning crie and call
Unto the goddes, for ther lovis bene
Some ferre, som dede, som al to sherpe and kene.

Yea, than, (quod I) what done these preflis here,
Nonnis, and hermites, freris, and all tho
That sit in white, in russet, and in grene?
Forsothe (quod she) they wailin of ther wo.
O mercie, Lord! may they so come and go
Frely to Court, and have soche libertie?
Yea, men of eche condicion and degre.

And women eke, for truly there is none
Exception made, ne nevyr was ne may;
This Courte is ope and fre for everichone;
The king of Love he wil not say them nay;

He takith al in pore or riche array
That mekely sewe unto his excellence
With al ther herte and al ther reverence.

And walking thus aboute with Philobone
I se where come a messengere in hie [anone
Streight from the king, whiche let commaunde
Throughout the Courte to make an ho and crie,
All new come folke abide; and wote ye why?
The king's lust is for to seen you sone:
Come nere; let se; his wil mote nede be done.

Than gan I me present tofore the king
Trembling for fere, with visage pale of hewe,
And many' a lovyr with me was kneling,
Abashed fore, til unto the time they knewe
The sentence yewe of his entent full trew;
And at the last the king hath me behold
With sterne visage, and seid, What doth this olde,

Thus ferre ystope in yeris, com so late
Unto the Courte? For sothe, my liege, (quod I)
An hundrid tyme I have ben at the gate
Afore this tyme, yet coude I ner espie
Of myne acquintaunce eny in mine eye,
And *Shamefastnes* away me ganne to chace,
But now I me submitte unto your grace.

Wel, al is pardoned, with condicion
That thou be trew from hensforth to thy might,
And servin Love in thine entencion;
Swere this, and than as ferre as it is right
Thou shalte have grace here in my quen's sight.
Yes, by the faith I owe your crown I swere,
Though Deth therefore me thirlith with his spere.

And whan the kinge had fene us everychone
He let commaunde an officir in hie
To take our faith, and shew us one by one
The statutes of the Courte full befly:
Anon the boke was leide before ther eye,
To rede and se what thing we must observe
In *Lov's Courte* till that we dye and sterve.

And for that I was lettrid there I red
The statutes whole of *Lov's Courte* and hall.
The firste statute that on the boke was spred
Was to be true in thought and dedis al
Unto the king of Love, the lorde ryall,
And to the queene as faithful and as kinde
As I coude thinke with herte, and will, and minde.

The seconde statute secretly to kepe
Council of Love, not blowing every where
Al that I knowe, and let it sinke and flete;
It may not fowne in every wight's ere,
Exiling slaundir ay for dred and fere,
And to my lady whiche I love and serve
Be true and kinde, her grace for to deserve.

The thirde statute was clerely writ also,
Withoutin chaunge to live and die the same,
None othir love to take for wele ne wo,
For blinde delite, for ernest nor for game,
Without repent, for laughing or for grame,
To bidin stil in ful perseveraunce;
Al this was whole the king's ordinance.

The fourth statute to purchase er to here
And stirin folke to love, and betin fire
On Venus auter here aboute and there,

And preche to them of Love and hote desire,
And tel how Love wil quiten wel ther hire;
This must be kept; and loth me to displese
If Love be wroth passe, for therby is ese.

The V. statute not to be daungirous
If that a thought would reve me of my slepe,
Nor of a sight to be ovir squemous,
And so verely this statute was to kepe,
To turne and wallowe in my bed and wepe
When that my lady of her cruiltrie
Would from her herte exilin al pite.

The VI. statute it was for me to use
Alone to wandir voide of company,
And on my lad's beautie for to muse,
And to thinkin no force to live or die,
And est again to thinke the remedy
How to her grace I might anon attain,
And tel my wo unto my soveraine.

The VII. statute was to be pacient
Whethir my lady joyful were or wroth,
For wordis glad or hevly diligent,
Whedir that she me heldin lese or loth,
And hereupon I put was to mine othe
Her for to serve and lowely to obey,
And shewe my chere ye xx fith aday.

The VIII. statute, to my remembraunce,
Was for to speke and pray my lady dere
With hourelly labour and gret entendaunce
Me for to love with al her herte entere,
And me desire and make me joyful chere,
Right as she is furmouning every faire,
Of beautie wel, and gentil, debonaire.

The IX. statute, with lettis writ of goldé,
This was the sentence, how that I and al
Shulde evir dred to be to ovirbolde
Her to displese, and truly so I shal,
But ben content for al thing that may fal,
And mekely take her chastifement and yerde,
And to offende her evir ben aferde.

The X. statute was egally to' discerne
Betwene the lady' and thine abilite,
And thinke thy selfe arte.nevir like to yerne
By right her mercy nor of equite,
But of her grace and womanly pite,
For though thy selfe be noble in thy strene
A thousande folde more nobil is thy quene.

Thy liv'is lady and thy soveraine,
That hath thin herte all whole in govirnaunce,
Thou maiest no wife it takin to disdainé
To put the humble at her ordinaunce,
And give her fre the reine of her plesaunce,
For *Libertie is thing that women loke,*
And truly els the mattir is acroke.

The XI. statute thy signis for to knowe
With eye and fingir, and with smilis softe,
And lowe to couche, and alwaie for to showe
For drede of spyis for to winkin ofte,
But secretly to bryng a sigh alofte,
And eke beware of ovir moche resorte,
For that para'venture spillith all thy sport.

The XII. statute remembir to observe,
For all the paine thou hast for love and wo
All is to lye her mercie to deserve;

Thou musten then thinke wher er thou ride or go,
And mortall woundis suffre thou also,
All for her sake, and thinke it well besette
Upon thy love, for it maie not be bette.

The XIII. statute whilome is to thinke
What thing maie best thy ladie like and plesse,
And in thine hert'is botome let it sinke;
Some thing devise, and take for it thine ese,
And sende it her, that maie her herte appese,
Some herte or ryng, or lettir or devise,
Or precious stone; but spare not for no price.

The XIV. statute eke thou shalt assaie
Firmely to kepe the moste parte of thy life;
Withe that thy ladie in thine armis laie,
And nightly dreme thou hast thy night's herte's
Sweetly in armis, straining her as blise, [wise
And when thou seest it is but fantasie
Se that thou sing not ovir merily;

For *To moche joye hath ofte a twofull ende;*
It longith eke, this statute for to holde,
To deme thy ladie evirmore thy frende,
And thinke thy self in no wise a cocolde;
In every thing she doeth but as she should:
Construe the best, beleve no talis newe,
For *Many' a lye is tolde that semeth full true;*

But thinke that she, so bounteous and faire,
Coud not be false; imagine this algate;
And think that tonges wickid would her appaire,
Slanderyng her name and worshipfull estate,
And lovirs true to settin at debate;
And though thou seest a faute right at thine eye
Excuse it blive, and glose it pretilie.

The XV. statute use to swere and stare,
And counterseite a lesyng hardily
To save thy ladie's honour every whare,
And put thy self to fightin boldly;
Saie she is gode, vertuous, and ghosly,
Clere of entent, and herte, and thought, and will;
And argue not for reson ne for skill

Againe thy ladie's plesure ne entent,
For Love will not be counterpleated in dede;
Saie as she saith, then shalt thou not be shent,
The crowe is white. Ye, truly so I rede.
And aye what thing that she the will forbede
Eschue al that, and give her soverainte;
Her appetite folowe in all degre.

The XVI. statute kepe it if thou maie,
Seven sith at night, thy ladie for to plesse,
And seven at midnight, se'ven at morow daie,
And drinke a caudill erely for thine ese:
Doe this, and kepe thine hedde from all disese,
And winne the garlande here of lovirs all
That evir came in Court or evir shall.

Full fewe think I this statute hold and kepe,
But truly this my reson giveth me sele
That some lovirs should rather fall aslepe
Then take on hand to plesse so oft and wele:
There laie none othe to this statute adele,
But kepe who might as gave him his corage:
Now get this garlande lustie folke of age,

Now win who maie ye lustie folke of youth,
This garlande fresh, of flours red and white,
Purple and blew, and colours fell uncouth,

And I shall croune him kyng of all delite.
In all the Courte there was not to my sight
A lovyr true that he ne was adrede
When he expresse hath herd the statute rede.

The XVII. statute, when age approacheth on,
And lust is laied, and all the fire is queint,
As freshly then thou shalt begin to sonne
And dote in love, and all her image paint
In thy remembrance till thou gin to faint,
As in the first seson thyne herte began,
And her desire, though thou ne maie ne can
Performe thy livyng actuell and lust.

Registir this in thyne remembrance
Eke, when thou maist not kepe thy thing from rust
Yet speke and talke of pleisant daliaunce,
For that shall make thyne hert rejoyce and daunce;
And when thou maist no more the game assaie
The statute bidde the prairie for them that maie.

The XVIII. statute wholly to commend
To plesse thy ladie is, that thou eschewe
With sluttishnesse thy self for to offende;
Be joilife, fresh, and fete with thingis newe,
Courtlike with manir, this is all thy due,
Gentill of porté, and lovyng clenlinesse;
This is the thing that likith thy maistresse;

And not to wandirliche a dullid ass,
Raggid and torne, disguidid in araic,
Ribaud in speche, or out of mesure passe,
Thy bounde excedyng; thinke on this alwaie;
*For Women ben of tendir bertis aye,
And lightly set ther plesure in a place,
When thei misblynke they lightly let it passe.*

The XIX. statute mete and drinke forgete,
Eche othir daie se that thou fast for love,
For in the Courte they live withoutin mete,
Save soche as cometh from Venus al above;
They take none hede in pain of grete reprove
Of mete and drinke, for that is all in vaine,
Onely they live by sight of ther soveraine.

The XX. statute, last of everichone,
Enrolle it in thyne hert's privite,
To wryng and waile, to turne, and sigh, and grone,
When that thy ladie absent is from the,
And eke renewe the wordis all that she
Betwene you twain had said, and all the chere
That the hath made thy liv'is lady dere.

And se thyne herte in quite ne in rest
Sojourne to tyme thou seen thy ladie este,
But where she won, by south, or est, or west,
With all thy force now se it be not leste;
Be diligent till tyme thy life be rest
In that thou maist thy ladie for to se;
This statute was of old antiquite.

An offir of high auctorite,
Yclepid Rigour, made us swere anone;
He n'as corrupt with parcialite,
Favour, prayir, ne gold that clerely shone.
Ye shall (quod he) now swerin her echone,
Both young and old, to kepe in that thei maie
The statutes truly aftir this daie.

O God! thought I, hard is to make this othe,
But to my powir shall I them observe:
In all this worlde n'as mattir halfe so lothe

To swere for all, for though my body sterve
I have no might them wholly to observe.
But herkin now the cace how it befell;
Aftir my othe was made, the trouthe to tell,
I tournid levis, lokyng on this boke,
Where othir statutes were of women shene,
And right forthwith Rigour on me gan loke
Full angirly, and saied unto the quene
I traitour was, and chargid me let ben;
There maie no man (quod he) the statute knowe
That long to woman, hie degre ne lowe.

In secrete wise thei kepin ben full close,
Thei sounne echone to liberte, my frende;
Pleasant thei be, and to ther own purpose;
There wote no wight of them but God and sene,
Ne naught shall wit unto the world's ende;
The quene hath yeve me charge, in pain to die,
Nevir to rede ne seen them with myne eye:

For men shall not so nere of counsaill ben
With womanhode, ne knowin of ther guise,
Ne what thei think, ne of ther wit th' engine;
I me report to Salomon the wise,
And mightie Sampson which begild thrise
With Dalia was, he wot that in a throwe
There maie no man statute of women knowe;

For it peraventure maie right so befall
That thei be bounde by Nature to disceve,
And spinne and wepe, and sugre strew on gal,
The herte of man to ravisse and to reve,
And what ther tonge as sharpe as swerde or gleve;
It maie betide this is ther ordinaunce,
So must thei lowlie doen ther observaunce,

And kepe the statute yevin them of Kinde,
Of soche as Love hath yeve 'hem in ther life;
*Men maie not wote why turnith every wind,
Nor waxin wise, nor ben inquisitive*
To knowe secrete of maide, widowe, or wise,
For thei ther statutes have to them reserved,
And nevir man to knowe them hath deserved.

Now dresse you forth, the god of Love you guide,
Quod Rigour then, and seke the temple bright
Of Citherea, goddess here beside;
Beseeche her by the influence and might
Of all her vertue you to teche aright
How for to serve your ladies and to plesse,
Ye that ben sped, and set your herte in ese;

And ye that ben unpurcieid, pray her eke
Comforte you sone with grace and destinie,
That ye may set your hert there ye maie like,
In soche a place that it to Love maie be
Honour, and worship, and felicitie,
To you for aie. Now goeth by one assent.
Graunt mercie, Sir: (quod we) and forth we went
Devoutly, soft and esie pace, to se
Venus the goddess image all of golde,
And there we found a thousand on ther kne,
Some freshe and faire, some dedly to beholde,
In sondrie mantils new, and some wer olde,
Some paintid were with flammis red as fire,
Outward, to shewe ther inward hote desire.

With dolefull chere, full sele in ther complaint,
Cried, "Ladie Venus! rewre upon our fore;
"Receive our billes, with teris all bedreint,

"We maie not wepe, there is no more in store,
 "But wo and pain us frettith more and more;
 "Thou blissefull planet! lovirs sterre so shene,
 "Have routh on us that sigh, and careful ben;
 "And punishe, ladie, grevously, we praie,
 "The false untrue with counterfeite plesaunce
 "That made ther othe be true to live or deie;
 "With chere asurid and with countinaunce,
 "And falsly now thei fotin Lov's daunce
 "Barain of routh, untrue of that thei saied,
 "Now that ther lust and plesure is alaid.
 "Yet este againe a thousande milion,
 "Rejoycing love, ledyng ther life in blisse,
 "Thei saied, Venus, redresse of all divison,
 "Goddess eternell, thy name heryed is,
 "By lovirs bonde is knit all thing iwis,
 "Best unto best, the yerth to watir wanne,
 "Birde unto birde, and woman unto man.
 "This is the life of joye that we ben in,
 "Resemblyng life of heavenly paradise;
 "Love is elixir aie of vice and sinne,
 "Love makith hert's lustie to devise;
 "Honour and grace have thei in every wise
 "That ben to Lov's lawe obedient;
 "Love makith folke benigne and diligent,
 "Aie steryng them to dredin vice and shame;
 "In ther degre it maketh them honourable,
 "And swete it is of Love to bere the name,
 "So that his love be faithfull, true, and stable;
 "Love prunith hym to semin amiable,
 "Love hath no faute there it is exercised,
 "But sole with them that have all love dispised.
 "Honour to the, celestiall and clere
 "Goddess of Love, and to thy celistude,
 "That yevest us light so ferre dount from thy spere,
 "Perfying our hertis with thy pulchritude;
 "Comparison none of similitude
 "Maie to thy grace be made in no degre,
 "That hast us set with Love in unitie.
 "Grete cause have we to praise thy name and the,
 "For thorough the we live in joye and blisse;
 "Blessid be thou, moeste souveraine to se!
 "Thy holy Courte of gladnesse maie not misse;
 "A thousand sith we may rejoyce in this,
 "That we ben thine with herte and all yfere,
 "Enslamid with thy grace and heavenly fere."
 Musyng of tho that spakin in this wise
 I me bethought in my remembraunce
 Myne orison right godely to devise,
 And plesauntly with hert's obeisaunce
 Beseche the goddess voidin my grevaunce,
 For I loved eke, saufe that I wist no where,
 Yet down I fet, and saied as ye shall here:
 Fairist of all that evir were or be,
 Licour and light to pensife creature,
 Myne whole affiaunce and my ladie fre,
 My goddess bright, my fortune, and my ure!
 I yeve and yelde my herte to the full sure,
 Humbly besechyng, ladie, of thy grace
 Me to bestow in some bleffid place,
 And here I vowe me faithfull, true, and kind,
 Without offence of mutabilitie,
 Humbly to serve while I have wit and mind,

Myne whole affiaunce and my ladie fre,
 In thilk place there ye me signe to be;
 And sith this thing of newe is yeve me, aie
 To love and serve nedely must I obeie.

Be merciable with thy fire of grace,
 And fixe mine herte there beautie is and routh,
 For hote I love; determine in no place,
 Saufe only this, by God and by my trouth
 Troublid I was with slombir, slepe, and slouth,
 This othir night, and in a visiou
 I se a woman romin up and doune

Of mene stature, and femely to beholde,
 Lustie and fresh, demure of countinaunce,
 Yong and well shap, with herte that shone as golde,
 With eyen as cristall, ferscid with plesaunce,
 And she gan stirre mine herte a lite to daunce,
 But sodainlie she vanishe gan right there;
 Thus I maie saie I love and wote not where.

For what she is ne her dwellyng I n'ot,
 And yet I fele that love distreinith me,
 Might iche her knowe, that would I faine God wet,
 Serve and obeye with all benigntie,
 And if that othir be my destinie,
 So that no wise I shall her nevir se,
 Then graunt me her that best maie likin me,

With glad rejoyce to live in perfite hele,
 Devoide of wrathe, repent, or variaunce,
 And able me to doe that maie be wele
 Unto my ladie with herte's hie plesaunce;
 And, mightie goddess! through thy purviaunce
 My wit, my thought, my lust, and love, so guide
 That to thine honour I maie me provide

To fet mine hert in place there I maie like,
 And gladly serve with all affection;
 Grete is the pain which at mine hert doth sticke
 Till I be sped by thyne eleccion;
 Helpe, ladie goddess! that possesion
 I might of her have that in all my life
 I clepin shal my quene and hert's wife;

And in the *Courte of Love* to dwell for aie
 My will is, and doin the sacrifice,
 Daily with Diane eke to fight and fraie,
 And holdin werre, as might will me suffice;
 That goddess chaste I kepin in no wise
 To serve; a sigge for all her chastite!
 Her lawe is for religiousite.

And thus gan finishe prayir, laude, and price,
 Whiche that I yove to Venus on my kne,
 And in myne herte to pondir and to peice
 I gan anone her image freshe beautie;
 Heile to that figure swete, and heile to the,
 Cupide! (quod I) and rose and yede my weie;
 And in the temple as I yede I feie

A shrine surmountyng all in stomis riche,
 Of whiche the force was plesaunce to mine eye,
 With diamonde or saphire nevir liche
 I have none seen, ne wrought so wondirlic;
 So when I met with Philobone in hie
 I gan demaunde whose is this sepulture?
 Forsothe, (quod she) a tendir creature

Is shrinid there, and Pitie is her name;
 She sawe an egle wreke hym on a flie,
 And plucke his wing, and eke him, in his game,

And tendir herte of that hath made her die;
Eke she would wepe and mourne right pitously
To seen a lovir suffre grete distresse;
In all the Courte n'is none, as I do gesse

That coud a lovir half so well availle,
Ne of his wo the torment or the rage
Askin, for he was sure withoutin faile
That of his grief she coud the hete aswage;
In stede of Pitie speduh hote Corage
The mattirs all of Courte; now she is dedde
I me reporte in this to womanhedde; [pray

Forweile, and wepe, and crie, and speke, and
Women would not have pitie on thy plaint,
Ne by that mene to ese thine herte convaie,
But the recevin for ther owne talent,
And saie that Pitie causith them consent
Of reuth to take thy service and thy paine,
In that thou maiest, to plesse thy soveraine.

But this is counsaill, kepe it secretly,
(Quod she;) I n'olde for all the worlde about
The queene of Love it wist, and witte ye why?
For if by me this mattir springin out
In Courte no lengir should I out of doubt
Dwellin, but shame in all my life endry:
Now kepe it close (quod she) this hardily.

Well, all is well: now shall ye seen, she saied,
The fairist ladie undir sonne that is:

Come on with me; demene you lich a maide
With shamefast drede, for ye shall speke ywis
With her that is the mirroure, joie, and blisse,
But somewhat straunge and sad of her demene
She is: beware your countinaunce be sene,

Not ovirlight, ne rechelesse, ne to holde,
Ne malaperte, ne rennyng with your tong,
For she will you obeisin and beholde,
And you demaunde why ye wer hens so long
Out of this Courte, without resort emong;
And Rosiall her name is hote aright,
Whose herte is yet yyevin to no wight.

And ye also ben, as I undirstonde,
With Love but light avauncid by your worde;
Might ye by hap your fredom makin bond,
And fall in grace with her, and wele accorde,
Well might ye thanke the god of Love and lord,
For she that ye sawe in your dreame appere
To love soche one what are thei then the nere?

Yet wote ye what? as my remembraunce
Me yevith now, ye faine where that ye saie
That ye with Love han nevir acquaintaunce
Save in your dreame right late this othir daie;
Why, yes parde, my life that durst I laie
That ye were caught upon an heth when I
Sawe you complain and sigh full pitously;

Within an herbir and garden faire,
Where flowirs growe and herbis vertuous,
Of whiche the favour swete was and the eire;
There were your self full hote and amorous;
Ywis ye ben to nice and daungirous;
I would ye now repent and love some newe.
Naie, by my trothe, I saied, I nevir knewe.

The godely wight whose I shal be for aye,
Guide me the Lorde, that love hath made and me:
But forthe we went into a chambre gaie

There was Rosiall, womanly to se,
Whose fremis, sotill perfyng of her eye,
Mine hert gan thrill for beatie in the stounde;
Alas (quod I) who hath me yeve this wounde!

And then I drede to speke till at the laste
I grette the ladie reverently and wele,
When that my sigh was gone and ovirpasse,
And doune on knees full humbly gan I knele,
Besefchyng her my fervent wo to hele,
For there I toke full purpose in my mynde
Unto her grace my painfull herte to bynde.

For if I shall all fully her discrive
Her hed was rounde by compasse of Nature,
Her cere as gold, she passid all on live,
And lillie forehed had this creature,
With livelisse browis, flawe of colour pure,
Betwene the which was mene disleveraunce,
From every browe to shewin a distaunce;

Her nose directed streght, and even as line,
With forme and shape thereto convenient,
In which the godis milkewhite path doth shine,
And eke her eyen ben bright and orient
As is the smaragde, unto my judgement,
Or yet these sterres heavenly small and bright,
Her visage is of lovely rede and white;

Her mouthe is short, and shutte in litil space,
Flamyng somdele, not ovir redde I mene.
With preghaunt lips, and thicke to kisse percaie,
For lippis thinne, not fat, but evir lene,
They serve of naught, they be not worth a bene,
For if the basse ben full there is delite;
Maximian truely thus doeth he write.

But to my purpose; I saie white as snowe
Ben all her tethe, and in ordir thei stonde
Of one stature, and eke her breth I trowe
Surmountith all odours that er I founde,
In swetenesse, and her body, face, and honde,
Ben sharply slendir so that from the hedde
Unto the fote all is but womanhedde.

I holde my pece of othir thingis hidde;
Here shal my soule and not my tong bewrie;
But how she was arraied, if ye me bidde,
That shall I well discovir you and saie;
A benede of gold and silk full freshe and gaie,
With her intresse ybroudirid full wele,
Right smothly kept, and shynyng every dele;

About her necke a flower of fresh devise,
With rubies set that lustie were to sene,
And she in gounne was light and sommir wise,
Shapin full wele, the colour was of grene,
With aureat sent aboute her sidis clene,
With divers stonis precious and riche;
Thus was she raied, yet sawe I ner her liche:

For if that Jove had this ladie yscine,
Tho the faire Calisto ne Alcmena
Thei nevir haddin in his armis leine,
Ne he had lovid the faire Europa,
Ye, ne yet Danae ne Antiopa.
For all ther beautie stode in Rosiall;
She semid lich a thyng celestiall,

In bountie, favour, porte, and similitude,
Pleasant of figure, mirroure of delite,
Gracious to seen, rote of all gentilnesse,

With angell visage, lustie, redde, and, white;
There was not lack, fause Daungir had alite
This godely freshe in rule and govirnaunce,
And somdele straunge she was for her plesaunce.

And truly sone I toke my leve and went
When she had me enquirid what I was,
For more and more impressin gan the dent
Of Lov's darte while I behelde her face,
And este againe I come to sekin grace,
And up I put my bill with sentance clere
That foloweth aftir; rede, and ye shall here:

O, ye freshe lovelie! of beaütie the rote,
That Nature hath formid so wele, and made
Princes and quene, and ye that maie do bote
Of all my langoure with your wordis glad,
Ye woundid me, ye made me wo bestad;
Of grace redresse my mortall grefe, as ye
Of all my harme the very caucit be.

Now am I caught, and unware sodainly,
With persaunt stremis of your eyin clere,
Subjecte to ben and servin you mekely,
And all your man, ywis, my ladie dere!
Abidyng grace, of whiche I you requere,
That mercilesse ye cause me not to sterve,
But guerdon me liche as I maie deserve;

For by my trothe the dayis of my breth
I am and will be your in will and herte,
Patient and meke for you to suffir deth
If it require; now rue upon my smerte
And this I swere, I never shall out sterre
From Lov's Courte for none adverteise,
So ye would rue on my distresse and me.

My destinie, my fate, and houre, I blisse,
That have me set to ben obedient
Onely to you, the floure of all ywis;
I trust to Venus never to repent,
For evir redy, glad, and diligent,
Ye shall me finde in service to your grace
Till deth my life out of my body rafe.

Humble unto your excellence so digne
Enforcing aye my wittis and delite
To serve and plesse with glad herte and benigne,
And ben as Troilus, Troie's worthie knight,
Or Antonie for Cleopatra bright,
And never you me thinkis to renay;
This shall I kepe unto myne endyng day.

Enprint my speche in your memoriall
Sadly, my princes, salve of all my sere!
And thinke that for I would becomin thrall,
And ben your owne, as I have saied before,
Ye must of pitie cherishe more and more
Your man, and tendir aftir his deserte,
And give hym corage for to ben experte:

For where that one hath set his herte on fire,
And findith neithir refute ne plesaunce,
Ne worde of comforte, Deth will quite his hire;
Alas that there ne is none allegaunce
Of all ther wo! alas the grete grevaunce
To love unloved! but ye, my ladie dere!
In other wise maie governe this matere.

Truly gramercie, frende! of your gode will,
And of your profir in your humble wise,
But for your service take and kepe it still:

Vol. I.

And wher ye saie I ought you well to cherishe,
And of your grefe the remedie devise,
I knowe not why; I n'am acquaintid well
With you, ne wote not sothly where ye dwell.

In art of love I write and songis make,
That maie be song in honbur of the kyng
And quene of Love, and then I undirtake
He that is sadde shall then full mery syng,
And dangirous not ben in every thyng:
Beseche I you but seen my will and rede,
And let your answer put me out of drede.

What is your name? reherse it here, I praie;
Of whens and where, of what condicion,
That ye ben of: let se; come of and saie;
Faine would I knowe your disposicion:
Ye have put on your old entencion,
But whate ye mene to serve me I ne wote,
Saufe that ye saie ye love me woundir hote.

My name, alas my herte! why makes thou straunge?
Philogenet I cal'd am ferre and nere,
Of Cambridge clerke, that never thinke to chaunge
Fro you, that with your heavenly stremis clere
Ravishe myne herte and ghost, and all in fere:
Since at the first I write my bill for grace
Me thinke I se some mercie in your face.

And what I mene, by God that al hath wrought,
My bille now makith final mencion,
That ye ben ladie in myne inward thought
Of all myne herte withoutin offencion,
That I beste love, and have sith I begon
To drawe to Courte; lo then what might I saie,
I yelde me here unto your high nobleye;

And if that I offende, or wilfully
By pompe of herte your precept disobaie,
Or doen againe your wille unskilfully,
Or grevin you for earnest or for plaie,
Correcste ye me right sharply then I praie,
As it is seen unto your womanhede,
And rewe on me, or els I n'am but dede.

Naie, God forbede to sesse you so with grace,
And for a word of sugrid eloquence
To have compasssion in so lityl space!
Then were it tyme that some of us wer hens;
Ye shall not finde in me soche insolence:
Aye, what is this! maie ye not suffre sight?
How maie ye loke upon the candill light,

That clere is and hottir then is myne eye?
And yet ye saied the bemis perse and frete,
How shall ye then the candill light endrie?
For well wotte ye that hath the sharpir hete:
And there ye bidde me you correct and bete
If ye offende; naie, that maie not be doen;
There come but few that spedin here so sone,

Withdrawe your eye, withdrawe from presens
Hurte not your self through foly with a loke; [eke;
I would be sory so to make you sicke;
A woman should beware eke whom the toke:
Ye beth a clerke, go ferehin wel my boke
If any women ben so light to winne:

Naie; abide a while tho ye were all my kinne;
So sone ye maie not win myne hert in truth;
The guise of Court will seen your stedfastnesse,
And as you doen to have upon you reuth;

M m

Your owne deserte and lowly gentilnesse
That will reward you joye for hevinessse,
And tho ye waxin pale, and grene, and dede,
Ye muste it use a while withoutin drede,

And it accept, and grutchin in no wise:
But wheras ye me hastily desire
To bene to love, me thinke ye be not wise;
Cese of your language, cese I you requere,
For he that hath this xx yere bene here
May nat obtaine; than marvaile I that ye
Be now so bold of love to trete with me.

A, mercy, hert! my lady and my love,
My rightwise princeesse and my lyv's guide!
Nowe may I plein to Venus al above
That routhles ye me gave this wounde so wide:
What have I done? why may it not betide
That for my trouthe I may receivid be?
Alas than your daungir and crueltie!

In woful houre I gotte was, welaway!
In woful hour fostirid and yfessed,
In woful hour yborne, that I ne may
My suplicacion sweetely have yspedde;
The frosty grave and cold muste be my bedde
Withoute ye list your grace and mercy shewe,
Death with his axe so faste on me doth hewe.

So grete disese and in so litil while,
Solitil joy that felte I never yet,
And at my wo Fortune ginnith to smyle,
That never erst I felte so harde a fitte;
Confoundid ben my spirites and my witte
Til that my lady take me to her cure
Whiche I love beste of erthely creature.

But that I like that may I not come by,
Of that I plain that have I habondaunce;
Sorowe and thought they sit me wondir nye;
Me is withhold that might be my plesaunce;
Yet turne again my worldly suffisaunce,
O lady bright! and fause your faithful true,
And or I die yet ones upon me rede.

With that I fell in founde and dede as stone,
With coloure flaine and wanne as ashe pale,
And by the hande she caught me up anon;
Arise! (quod she) what have ye dronkin dwale?
Why slepin ye? it is no nitirtale.

Now mercy, swete! (quod I) iwis affraied.
What thing (quod she) hath made you so dismaied?

Now wote I wel that ye a lovur be,
Your hew is witnesse in this thing, she said;
Yf ye were secreet ye might knowe (quod she)
Curteise and kinde all this shuld be aleide;
And now, myne herte! al that I have misseid
I shal amend, and set your herte in ese.
That worde it is (quod I) that doth me plesse.

But this I charge, that ye the stentis kepe,
And breke them not for sloth nor ignoraunce;
With that she gan to smile and laughin depe.
Ywis (quod I) I will do your plesaunce;
The xvi statute doth me grete grevaunce,
But ye must that releffe or modifie.
I graunte, (quod she) and so I wil truly.

And softly than her coloure gan appeire
As rose fo red throughout her visage al,
Wherfore me thinke that it is according here

That she of right be clepid Rosal.
Thus have I wonne with wordis gret and smal
Some godely worde of her that I love best,
And trust she shall yet sette mine herte in rest.

Geth on, she said to Philobone, and take
This man with you, and lede him al aboute
Within the Courte, and shewe him for my sake
What lovirs dwel within, and al the route
Of officers, for he is oute of doute
A straungir yet. Come on, (quod Philobone)
Philogenet, with me nowe must ye gon.

And stalking foste with epy pace I sawe
Aboute the king ystondin environ
Attendauce, Diligence, and ther felow
Forthir Asperaunce, and many one,
Dred to offende there stode, and not alone,
For there was eke the cruil adversarye,
The lovirs fo, that cleped is Displeasure,

Whiche unto me spake angrily and felle,
And said, My lady me dissevin shall;
Trowest thou (quod she) that al that she did tell
Is true? nay, nay, but undir hony gall
Thy birth and hers thei be nothing egal;
Caste of thine herte for all her wordis white,
For gode faith she lovith the but alite;

And eke remembre thine habilitie
May not compare with her, this wel thou wot.
Ye, than come Hope, and said, My frende, let be,
Beleve him not; Dispaire he ginnith dote.
Alas, (quod I) here is both cold and hote!
The tone me biddith love, the todir nay,
Thus wote I not what me is best to say;

But wel wote I my lady grauntid me
Truly to be my wound's remedy;
Her gentillesse may not infectid be
With doublenesse, thus trust I til I die;
So cast I voide Dispaire company,
And takin Hope to council and to frende.
Yea, kepe that wel (quod Philabone) in minde.

And there beside, within a bay windowe,
Stod one in grene ful large of bred and length,
His berd as black as fethirs of the crow,
His name was Lust, of woundir might and strength,
And with Delite to argue there he thinkth,
For this was alway his opinion
That love was sinne, and so he hath begonne.

To reson faste, and ledge auctorite.
Nay, (quod Delite) Love is a vertue clere,
And from the soule his progresse holdith he;
Blinde appetite of Lust doth oftin stere,
And that is sinne, for reson lackith there,
For thou doest think thy neighbour's wife to winne;
Yet thinke it wel that love may not be sinne;

For God and seint they love right verily,
Voide of al synne and vise, this know I well;
Affeccion of fleshe is sinne truly,
But verray love is vertue, as I fele,
For verray love may freile desire ackele,
For love is love withoutin any sinne.

Nowe stint, (quod Luste) thou spekest not worth a
And there I left them in ther arguing, [pinne]
Roming ferthir into the castil wide,
And in a cornir Lier stode talking

Of lesings fast with Flattery there beside;
He said that women were attire of pride,
And men were founde of nature variaunte,
And could be false and shewin beau femblaunt.

Than Flatiry bespake, and said, I wis,
Se, so she goth on patins faire and fete;
It doth right well; what pretty man is this
That romith here? now truly drink ne mete
Nede I not have, mine herte for joye doth bete
Him to beholde, so is he godely freshe,
It semeth for love his herte is tendre' and neshe.

This is the Courte of lusty folke and glad,
And wel becometh ther abite and arraye;
O! why be som so fery and so sadde,
Complaining thus in blak, and white, and gray?
Fris they ben and monkis in gode fay:
Alas for routh! gret dole it is to sene
To se them thus bewaile and fery bene.

Se how they crie and wring ther handis whit
For they for sone went to religion,
And eke the nounes with vail and wimple plight
Ther thought that they ben in confusion:
Alas! they fain we fain perfeccion
In clothis wide and lacke our libertie,
But al the sinne mote on our frendis be:

For Venus wote we wold as faine as ye,
That bene attirid here and wel besene,
Desyrin man, and love in our degre
Ferme and faithful, right as ywold the quene:
Our frendis wicke, in tendir youth and grene,
Ayenit our will made us religious,
That is the cause we mourne and wailin thus.

Then saide the monke and freris in the tide,
Wel may we curse our abbis and our place,
Our statutes sharpe to sing in copis wide,
Chastely to kepe us oute of Lov's grace,
And nevir to sele comforte ne solace,
Yet suffre we the hete of Lovis fire,
And aftir othir happily we desire.

O Fortune courlid! why nowe and wherfore
Hast thou, they said, berafte us libertie,
Sithe Nature yave us instrument in store,
And appetite to love and lovirs be?
Why not we suffer soche adverlite
Diane to serve and Venus to refuse?
Ful of sin fythe this matier doth us muse.

We serve and honour fore ayenite our will
Of Chastite the goddess and the quene;
Us lesir were with Venus bidin stil,
And have reward for Love, and foget bene
Unto these women courtely, freshe and shene.
Fortune! we curse thy whele of variaunce,
Ther we were wel thou revist our plesaunce.

Thus love I them with voice of plaint and care
In raging wo cryng ful pitouly;
And as I yede ful nakid and ful bare
Some I beholde loking dispiteously,
On Povirte that dedly cast ther eye,
And Welaway they cried, and were not faine,
For they ne might ther glad desire attaine,

For lacke of richeffe worldly and of gode
They banne, and curse, and wepe, and fain Alas!
That poverte' hath us hent that whilom stode

At hert'is ese, and fre, and in gode case,
But now we dare not shew our selfe in place,
Ne us embolde to dwel in company
There as our hert wold love right faithfully.

And yet againewarde shrikid every nonne,
The pange of love so strainith them to crie;
Nowe wo the time (quod they) that we be boun!
This hateful ordre nise wil doen us die,
We sigh and sobbe, and bleding inwardly,
Fretting our selfe with thought and hard complaint,
That nye for love we waxin wode and faint.

And as I stode beholding here and there
I was ware of a sorte ful languishing,
Savage and wilde of loking and of chere,
Ther manteilles and ther clothis ey tering,
And ofte they were of Nature complaining,
For they ther membirs lackid fote and hand,
With visage wry, and blinde I undirstand.

They lackid shap and beantie to preferre
Them self in love, and said that God and Kind
Hath forgid them to worshipping the sterre
Venus the bright, and lestin al behinde
His othir werkis clene and oute of minde,
For othir have ther full shappe and beantie,
And we (quod they) ben in deformite.

And nye to them there was a company
That have the Sulsirs waried and mislaide,
I mene the thre of fatall Destine,
That be our werdis; sodenly abraide
Oute gan they crie as they had ben affraied,
We curse (quod they) that evir hath Nature
Yformid us this wofull life to endure.

And there he was contrite and gan repent,
Confessing whole the wounde that Cithere
Hath with the darte of hote desire him sent,
And howe that he to Love muste subiect be,
Than held he al his skornis vanite,
And said hat lovirs lede a blissid life,
Yong men and olde, and widowe, maid, and wife,

Bereve me, goddesse, (quod he) of thy might
My skornis al and skoffis that I have,
No powir for to mockin any wight
That in thy service dwel, for I did rave,
This knowe I wel right now, so God me save,
And I shal be the chief post of thy faith,
And love uphold, the revers who so faith.

Dissemble stode not ferre from him in trouth,
With party mantil, party hode and hose,
And said he had upon his lady routh,
And thus he wound him in and gan to glose,
Of his entent full double I suppose,
And al the worlde he said he loved it wele,
But ay me thought he loved her nere adele.

Eke Shamefastnesse was there, as I toke hede,
That blusid rede, and darst nat ben aknowe
She lovir was, for therof had she drede;
She stode and hing her visage downe alowe,
But soche a sight it was to sene I trowe
As of these rolis rody on ther stalke,
Ther coud no wight her spy to speke or talke.

In Lov's arte so gan she to abashe,
Ne durst not uttir al her privite,
Many a stripe and many a grevous lashe

She gave to them that woldin lovirs be,
And hindered fore the simple comi'naltie,
That in no wise durst grace and mercie crave,
For were not she they nede but aske and have;

Where yf they now aprochin for to speke,
Than *Shamefastnesse* returnith them again,
They thinke if we our secret counsel breke
Our ladies wil have scorne on us certein,
And peravinture thinkin grete disdain;
Thus *Shamefastnesse* may bringin in Dispeire;
When she is dede the todir wil be heire.

Come forth Avauntir, now I ring thy bel;
I spied him sohe to God I make a vowe;
He lokid black as fendis doth in hell.
The firste (quod he) that evir did I wove
Within a worde she come, I wotte not how,
So that in armis was my lady fre,
And so hath ben a thousande mo than she

In England, Britain, Spain, and Picardie,
Artois, and Fraunce, and up in Hie Holande,
In Burgoine, Naples, and in Italye,
Navarre, and Greece, and up in Hethin lond;
Was nevir woman yet that wolde withstond
To ben at commaundement whan I wolde;
I lackid neithir silver coigne ne gold:

And there I met with this estate and that,
And here I brochid her, and here, I trowe:
Lo! there goeth one of myn; and wotte ye what?
Yon freshe attirid have I leide ful lowe;
And soche one yondir eke right wel I knowe;
I kepte the statute whan we lay isere,
And yet yon same hath made me right gode chere.

Thus hath Avauntir blowin every where
Al that he knoweth, and more a thousande fold;
His auncistrice of kinne was to Lier,
For firste he makith promise for to hold
His ladis council, and it not unfolde,
Wherefore the secrete when he doth unshutte
Than lyith he that all the worlde maye witte.

For falsing so his promise and bcheite
I wondir fore he hath soche fantasie;
He lackith witte I trowe or is a beste,
That can no bette himselfe with reson gay;
By mine advice Love shall be contrarie
To his avail, and him eke dishonoure,
So that in Courte he shall no more sojoure.

Take hede (quod he this litil Philobone)
Where Envie rockith in the cornir yonde,
And sittu h derke, and ye shal se anone
His lene bodie, his fading face and honde;
Him self he frettith, as I undirfonde,
Witnesse of Ovide Metamorphose;
The lovirs so he is, I will not glose:

For where a lovir thinkith him promote
Envie wil grutche, repining at his wele;
It swellth fore about his hertis rote,
That in no wise he canne not live in hele;
And if the faithful to his lady stele
Envie wil noyse and ringe it rounde aboute,
And sey moch worse than done is out of doute.

And Privie Thought, rejoicing of him selfe,
Stode not ferre thens in abite mervilous;
Yon is, thought I, some spirite or some elfe,

His sotil image is so curious;

How is (quod I) that he is shadid thus
With yondir cloth, I n'ot of what coloure?

And nere I went, and gan to lere and pore,

And fainid him a question ful harde;
Whate is (quod I) the thing thou lovist beste,
Or what is bote unto thy painis harde?
Me thinke thou livist here in gret unrest,
Thou wandrist aye from south to est and west,
And est to northe: as ferre as I canne se
There is no place in Court may holdin the.

Whom folowest thou? wher is thy hert iset?
But my demaunde afoile I the require.

Me thought (quod he) no creature may let

Me to ben here and where as I desire,

For whare as Absence hath done out the fire

My mery thought it kindeleth yet againe,

That bodily me thinke with my soveraine

I stand, and speke, and laugh, and kisse, and halfe,

So that my thought comfortith me ful oft;

I think, God wote, though al the world be false

I wil be true; I thinke also howe softe

My lady is in speche, and this on loft

Bringith mine herte with joie and gret gladnesse,

This privy thought alaith mine hevinesse.

And whate I thinke or where to be no man

In al this erthe can tel ywis but I,

And eke there n'is no swalow swift ne swan

So wight of wing, ne halfe so yerne can fle,

For I canne ben, and that right sodenly,

In heaven, in hell, in paradise, and here,

And with my lady whan I wil desire.

I am of counsel ferre and wide I wote

With lorde and lady, and ther privitie

I wotte it al, and be it hote or colde

They shall not speke without licence of me;

I myne in soche as fesonable be,

For firste the thing is thought within the hert

Er any worde oute from the mouth asterte.

And with that word Thought bad farewell and

Eke furthe went I to sene the Court's guise, [yede;

And at the dore came in, so God me spede,

Twenty courtours of age and of assise,

Liche high and brode, and as I me advise

The Goldin Love and Ledin Love they hight,

The tone was sad, the t'odir glad and light.

Yes, draw your hert with all your force and

To lustinesse, and ben as ye have seid, [might

And thinke that I no drope of favour hight,

Ne ner had unto your desire obeide,

Til sodenly me thought me was affraied

To sene you waxe so dede of countinaunce,

And Pite bade me done you some plesaunce;

Oute of her shrine she rose from deth to live,

And in mine ere ful privily she spake,

Doth not your servaunt hens away to drive,

Rosial, (quod she) and than mine herte brake,

For tendiriche, and where I founde moch lacke

In your persone, then I my self bethought,

And saide This is the man myne herte hath sought.

Gramercy! Pite, might I not suffice

To yeve due laude unto thy shrine of golde?

God wotte I wold, for sith that ye did rise

From deth to live for me I am behold
To thankin you a thousand tymis tolde,
And eke my lady Rosial the shene,
Whiche hath in comforte set mine herte I wene.

And here I make myne protestacion,
And depely swere as mine powir to bene
Faithful, devoide of variacion,
And her forbere in angir or in tene,
And serviceable to my world's quene
With al my reson and intelligence,
To done her honour high and reverence.

I had not spoke so sone the worde but she
My soverain did thanke me hertily,
And said, Abide, ye shal dwelle still with me
Till seson come of May, for than truly
The king of Love and al his company
Shall holde his feste ful rially and welle;
And there I bode til that the seson felle.

On May-day whan the lark began to ryse
To matins went the lusty nightingal
Within a temple shapin hauthorn wise,
He might not slepe in all the nyghtirtale,
But *Domine labia* gan he crie and gale;
My lippis opin, lord of Love, I crie,
And let my mouth thy praising now bewrye.

The egle sang *Venite* bodie al,
And let us joye to Love, that is oure helth,
And to the deske anon they gan to fall,
And who came late he precid in by felth,
Then saied the faucon, our owen hertis welth,
Domine Dominus noster, I wote

Te be the god that donne us brenne thus bote.

Calis enarrant, saied the poppingay,
Your might is told in heaven and firmament,
And then came in the goldfinche freshe and gay,
And saied this psalme with hertely glad intent,
Domini est terra, this Latin intent
The god of Love hath yert in govirnaunce,
And than the wren gan scippin and to daunce;

Jube Domine, O lord of Love! I pray
Commaunde me wil this lesson for to rede,
This legende is of al that woldin dye
Martirs for Love, God yef the soulis spede,
And to the Venus singe we oute of drede,
By influence of al thy vertue grete,
Beseeching the to kepe us in our hete.

The seconde lesson robin redebreste sang,
Hail to the god and goddesses of our lay!
And to the lectorn amorily he sprang,
Hail, (quod he) o thou freshe seson of May!
Our monith glad that singin on the spray,
Hail to the flouris rede, and white, and blewe,
Whiche by ther vertue makith our lust new!

The thirde lesson the turtill dove toke up,
And therat lough the mavis in a scorne,
He said, O God! as mote I dine or suppe

This solishe dove wil gife us al an horne,
There ben right here a M. bettir borne
To rede this lesson, whiche as wel as he,
And eke as hote, can love in al degre.

The turtill dove said, Welcom, welcom May,
Gladfom and light to lovirs that ben trewe,
I thanke the lord of Love that doth purvey
For me to rede this lesson al of dewe,
For in gode soth of corage I pursue
To serve my make tyll deth us must departe,
And than *Tu autem* sang he al aparte.

Te Deum amoris sang the thrustil cocke,
Tuball him self the firste musician
With key of armony coude not onlocke
So swete a tewne as that the thrustil can,
The lord of Love we praisin (quod he) than,
And so done al the foulis gret and lite,
Honour we May in fals lovirs dispite.

Dominus regnavit, saied the pecocke there,
The lord of Love, that mighty prince iwis,
He is receivd here and every where.

Nowe *Jubilate* sang, what menith this?
Said than the lynet, *Welcom lord of blisse.*
Oute sterre the owle with *Benedicite!*
What menith al this mery fare? (quod he.)

Laudate sang the lark with voice ful shril,
And eke the kight *O admirabile!*

This quire wil throw min cris pers and thril,
But what? welcom this May seson (quod he)
And honour to the lord of Love mote be,
That hath this feste so solempne and so hie;
Amen saied al, and so saied eke the pie.

And forth the cockowe gan procede anon
With *Benedictus!* thanking God in hast
That in this May wode visite them echon,
And gladdin them al while the fest shal last,
And therewithal a haughtir oute he braste,
I thanke it God that I shuld ende the song,
And al the service whiche hath ben so long.

Thus sang they al the service of the feste,
And that was done right cry to my dome,
And furth goth al the Courte both most and lest
To fetch the flouris fresh, and braunch, and blom
And namely hauthorn brought both page and grom
With fresh garlantis, party blew and white,
And than rejoyfin in ther grete delite.

Eke eche at othir threwe the flouris bright
The prymerose, the violete, and the gold,
So than as I beheld the roial sight
My lady gan me sodenly behold,
And with a trewe love plitid many a folde
She smot me through the very herte as blive!
And Venus yet I thanke I am alive.

THE REMEDIE OF LOVE.

This book, taken for the most part out of The Proverbs of Solomon, is a warning to take heed of the deceitful company of women.

THE PROLOGUE.

SEENE the manyfolde inconvenience
Falling by unbrydled prosperite,
Whiche is not temperid with moral prudence,
Nothing more welthie than in youth's felte,
Movid I am bothe of right and equite
To youth's wele somewhat for to endite
Whereby he may himselfin safecondite.

And firste I note as a thinge most noyous,
And unto youth a grevous malady,
Amongis us callid love encombrous,
Vexyng alway yonge peple straungely,
Oftin by force it causith 'hem to dye,
And age is also turmentid by love,
I mene bineth the girdle' and not above.

Wherefore this werke, whiche is right laborous,
For age me nedith nat in honde to take,
'To youthe me owith to be' obsequious;
Nowe I begin thus to worke for his sake,
Whiche may the servence of love aslake,
To the lovyr as a mitigative,
To him that is none a preservative.

That mighty lorde whiche that me govyrneth,
'Tis Youthe I mene, mesure if that I pace
In every matir whiche that him concerneth:
First, as is behoveful, I wol aske grace,
And forthwithal now in this same place
Er I begin I wol yknele and say
These fewe wordis, and him of helpè praye:

Thou flouring Youth, whiche hast the avauntage
In strength of body, in luste, and beautye,
Also a precelling haste above Age
In many' a singuler commodite,
Howe be it one thing he hath beyonde the
To thy most profite and gretist availe,
Whiche shuld the conduit, I mene sad counsaile.

And yet, gode lorde, of a presumption
I n'il deprave thy might and deite,
I lyve but undir thy protection,
I am thy subiecte, I were thy lyverie,
For thou arte grounde of my prosperite,

And freshift flowir of al my garlande,
My singu'ler aide, as I well undirstande.

But as he that oweth his lorde best service
And entire faith, his honour to supporte,
Right so I speke, and in none othir wise;
I knowlege my self one of the lest forte
Of thy servauntes, to our eldrys comforte,
Drawe sadde counsaile unto the if thou list,
The and thy powir who maie then refiste?

Fie on Age, I say, undir wordis fewe,
And his erroneous opinion!
What spekest of him whiche faieth moste untrue
All youth to be of ill disposition?
Dampnith us all without exception,
And for a colerable avauntage

He faieth in hym restith all counsaill sage.

Well sofly maie sadde counsaile in him rest,
But yet his dedis ben full ferre therefro;
He maie wel sayin with our parishe prest,
Doith as I saie and not as I do;

For I my selfin know wele one or two
Well strickin in age that for neighbourhedde
Ywollin to ther neighbours wivis bedde.

He will in presence of the yongè man
Her clippe and kisse, ye, and her doune ylaic,
And to blere his eye thus he sayith than,
O suffre yet olde Morell for to plaie,
Now have I doin that I can or maie:
Thus he sayith her husband for to queme,
That he nor no man shouldin not misdeme.

In worde nor dede nedith him not be coie,
It is impossible that he doe amisse:
If the yong man speke, anon he faieth, Boie,
To rebuke age besemeth the not iwis:
And thus his olde face aye his warrant is;
All is in hym but sleight and subtilte,
And ferre from right reson, I tellin the.

And, shortly, Age is not abovin me;
Age is impotent, and of no resitence;
Age unweldie ne maie not fight nor fle;

What werin Age withoutin my defence?
Sad counsaile failest, Givith hym assilience;
Right reson is freshest where that I ame,
Wherefore in thy sayng thou art to blame.

Sith reson to me is rather companioned
Then unto Age, whiche is the opinion
Of every wise man not to be denied,
And sith sad counsaile procedith of reson,
Sad counsaile in me hath his chiefe mancion;
This is no naie; but what then is the ende
Of this thy suasion; what doest entende?

Age to compare unto thyne excellence
I n'll presume hym fo to dignifie,
Ye be not egall, how be it Experience
Hym avauntageth, for she moste certainly
Hym techith what thing to hym is contrary,
And ofte to fore se and warily eschewe
Whiche thou nevyr assaidist yet nor knewe.

Experience makith a man moste certain
Of thing ertly, and of necessite
Sad counsaile requirith certaintie plain,
So ferre to movin thus whereto nede we?
But to my purpose, as thou commaundest me;
Shortly mine entent is thus, and none other,
Under thy licence to counsaile my brother.

How shouldist give any counsaile so yong,
Lacking experience? unto thine owne speche

I report me, I wote as for thy tong
Will serve the right wel, but than for to tech
I doute me lest that thy wit woll not rech;
Youth and Experience thou saist be not convert,
How shouldist thou then teche well unexpert?

Scripture wituiffith that God will oft shutte
Fro the' hie wittid man and shew it the child,
To hym I mene that of his owne witte
Presumeth not, but is debonaire and milde;
By counsaile I entend vertue to bilde,
Whiche of myne elders part have I borrowed,
And part of experience, which I have sorowed.

Well, than, if it be as thou lettist fare
Shewe forthe thy doctrine, be not ought agaste;
I woll the supporte; loke thou doe not spare
Maugre Age, although that he frete or gnaste;
To alke Age counsaile hercin were but wast:
Boldely begin; go forthe to the processe;
Fere not, fithins thou art of soche surenesse.

Graunt mercie, lorde! fithin it the doeth like
To licence me, now I woll and dare boldly
Assaile my purpose; with scriptures autentike
My werke woll I ground, undirset, and fortessie:
Aspire my ginning, o thou wode Furie
Alecto, with thy sisters! and in speciall
To the, mother of Jelousie, Juno, I call.

THE REMEDIE OF LOVE.

This werke who so shall se or yrede
Of incongruite do me not impeche;
Ordinate lie behoveth me first to procede
In deduccion thereof, right as the leche
His patient's sicknes oweth first for to seche,
The which knownen medicin he should aplice,
And shortly as he can shape remedie.

Right so by counsaile, willing the to' exhort,
O yong man prosperous! which doth abounde
In thy floures of luste, belongeth on the sort,
Me first to considir what 'is rote and ground
Of thy mischefe, whiche is plainlie yfound
Woman, yfarced with fraud and disceipt,
To thy confusion moste allecive baite.

Flie the miswoman lest she the disceive,
Thus saith Salomon, which taught was fullie
The falsheid of women in his daies to' conceive;
The lips of a strumpet ben sweter than honie,
Her throte souplid with oile of flatterie,
How be it the ende and effecte of all
Bitterer is then any wormwode or gall.

Flie the miswoman if thou love thy life:
Beware of the straungir's blande eloquence;
Straungir I call her that is not thy wife;

Of her beautie have no concupiscence,
Her countinaunce, pretending benevolence;
Beware her signes and eye so amiable,
Holde it for ferme thei ben disceivable.

Lo, here an ensample what women be
In ther signis and continuance shortlie!
I woll shewin the how loviris thre
Ylovid one woman right entiere lie,
Eche of them knewe othir's maladie,
Wherefore it was all ther daily labour
Who coud approchin next in her favour.

At sondrie sasons, as fortune requireth,
Severallie thei came to se her welfare,
But ones it happinid Love them so fireth,
To se ther ladie thei all would not spare;
Of othir's comyng none of them were ware,
Till all thei mette whereas thei in a place
Of ther ladie sawe the desirid face.

To suppir set, full smallie thei coude etc;
Full sobir and demure in countinaunce,
There taried none of 'hem for any metec,
But on his ladie to give attendaunce,
And in secrete wise some signiffaunce

M m iij

Of love to have, the whiche perceyving she
Fetelie' executid thus her properte.

In due seson, as she alwaie aspid
Every thyng to' execute convenientlie,
Her one lov'r first frendelie she eyed,
The second she offred the cuppe so curtsilie,
The thirde she gave a tokin secretlie,
Undirneath the borde she trade on his fote,
Through his entrails tiklid the herte rote.

By your leve, might I here aske a question
Of you my maistris that fewe lov'is trace,
To you likely belongeth the solucion
Whiche of these thre ystode now in her grace!
Clere to answer ye would aske long space,
The mattir is doubtfull and opinable;
To' ascertain you I woll my self enable.

Of the foresayd thre my self was one,
No man can answere it bettir then I;
Hertely of us bilovid was there none,
But Watt's packe we bare all by and by,
Whiche at the last I my self gan aspie,
And time as me thought then I left the daunce:
O thoughtfull herte, gret is thy grevaunce!

Hence fro me! hence! that me for to endite
Halpe aie here afore, o ye Musis Nine!
Whilom ye were wont be mine aide and light,
My penne to direct, my brain to' illumine;
No lengir, alas! maie I sewe your doctrine,
The freshe lustie metirs I wont to make
Have ben here afore I' uttirlic forsake,

Come hither Erinny's, and ye Furies all
Whiche ser ben undre' us nigh the nethir pole,
Where Pluto reignith, o kyng Infernall!
Sende out thine Arpies, fend Anguise and Dole,
Miserie and Wo, leve ye me not sole,
Of right be present must Pain and Turment,
The pale Deth befemeth not to be absent.

To me now I call all this lothsome fort
My paines t' encrese, my sorowes to augment,
For worthie' I am to' be bare of all comfort,
Thus sith I have consumid and mispent
Not onely my daies but fivefolde talent
That my Lorde gave me, I can not recompence,
I maie n'ot to derely' aby my negligence.

By the' path of penance yet woll I revert
To the well of grace, mercie there to fetch;
Despisist not God the meke contrite herte,
Of the cocke crowe, alas! I would not retche,
And yet it is not late in the' seconde wetch:
Mercie shall I purchase by 'inceffaunt cryng,
The mercies of our Lorde er shall I syng.

But well mayist thou waile, wicked woman,
That thou shuldest disceve thus an innocent;
In recompence of my sinne, so' as I can,
To' al woll I make and leve this monument,
In shewing part of thy falsheid is myne entent,
For all were to moche, I cann'ot, well I wote,
The cause shewith plainly he that thus wrote.

If al the yerth wer parchment scribable,
Spedie for the hande, and all manir wode
Wer hewed and proportioned to pennis able,
All water ynke eithir in damme or flode,
Every man being a parsite scribe and gode,
The cursidnesse yet and desceipt of women
Coud not be shewid by the mene of penne.

I fie all odious resemblaunces;
The devil's bronde call women I might,
Whereby man is encensid to mischaunces,
Or a stinkyng rose, that faire is in sight,
Or dedly' empoison, like the sugir white,
Whiche by his swetnesse causith man to tast,
And sodainly fleeth and bringeth him to' his last.

It is not my manir to use soche langage,
But this my doctrine as I maie lawfullie
I' woll wholly grounde with auctoritic sage,
Willing wisdome and vertue edefie:

Wine and women into apostasie
Cause wisemen to fall; what is that to saie?
Of wisdome cause them to forget the waie:

Wherefore the wisemen doith the advise,
In whose wordis can be founde no lesyng,
With the straungir to sittin in no wise
Whiche is not thy wife; fall not in clippyn
With her, but beware eke of her kysyng,
Kepe with her in wine no altercacion,
Lest thyne herte fall by inclinacion.

Maie a man, thinkist, hide and safely laie
Fire in his bosome without empairement
And brenning of his clothes? or whider he may
Walke on hotte colis his fete not ybrente?
As who saith naie, and whereby is mente
This foresaid proverbe and similitude,
But that thou ridde the plainly to denude

From the flattirirs forgettyng her gide,
The gide of her youth, I mene Shamfastnes,
Whiche should cause her maidinhed to abide,
Her Godd's behest eke she full rechelesse
Not retching committeth to forgetfulness,
Neithir God ne shame in her havyn place;
Nedis must soche a woman lacke grace.

And all that neighin her in waie of sin
To tourne of grace shall lacke the influence,
The pathis of life no more to come in,
Wherefore first frende the with Sapience,
Remembring God, and astir with Prudence,
To thyne owne wele, that so they may the kepe,
Unto thyne herte lest her wordis crepe.

In his boke where I take my moste ground,
And in his Proverbis, sage Salomon
Tellit a tale which is plainly found
In the fiveth chapter, whedir in dede don
Or mekely feined to our instruccion
Let clerkes determine, but this am I sure,
Moche like thyng I my self have had in ure.

At my windowe, saith he; I lokid out,
Faire yongè peple where I sawe many,
Emong 'hem all, as I lokid about,
To a yong man fortunèd I lent myne eye,
Estraungid from his minde it was likely;
By the' stret at a cornir, nigh his own hous,
He went about with eye right curious.

When that the daie his light began withdrawe,
And the night approachid in the twilight,
How a woman came aad met hym I sawe,
Talking with him undir shade of the night;
Now blestid be God (quod she) of his might,
Whiche hath fullfillid myne hert's desire,
Aslaked my painis, which were hote as fire.

And yet myne aucthour, as it is gode skill,
To folowe I must tell her araiment;

She was full nice fousis like to spill,
As nice in countenance yet as in garmente,
For jangling she was of rest impaciente,
Wandyring still in no place the yfode,
But restlesse now, and now out forthe she yode :

Now in the hous she was, now in the strete,
Now at a cornir she standeth in awaite,
Incessantly busie her praie to gete,
To bring to the lure whom she doith laite.
Now where I left unto my mattir straite
I woll tournin again, how she hym met,
Swetly kissid, and frendly him grette.

With wordes of curtisie many' and diverse,
Right as in part I have before ytolde,
Now as I can I purpose to reherse
How she flattiring faied with visage bolde,
I have made vowes and offringes manifolde
For thy sake, o myne herte! o my love dere?
This daie I thanke God all performid were;

Therefore I came out and made thus asterte,
Verie desirous your welfare to se;
Now I have seen you plesid is myne herte;
In faith shall none yhave my love but ye;
As true as I am to you be to me:
I praie you hertily, dere herte! come home,
No man should be to me so much welcome.

And in gode faith, the sothè for to saie,
Your comyng unto me ran in my thought:
Harke in your ere; my bedde freshe and gaie
I have behanged with tapettis new bought,
From Egypte and from far countries ybrought,
Steinid with many a lustie freshe hewe,
Excedyng golde or jaspir in valne:

My chambir is strowed with mirre and insense,
With sote fav'oring aloes and sinnamonome,
Brethyng an aromatike redolence,
Surmountyng olibane in any man's dome;
Ye shall bitwene my brestes rest if ye come;
Let us now have our desirid halyng,
For we maie safe be till in the mornyng.

Myne husband is not at home, he is went
Forthe in his journey a farre waie from hence,
A bagge with money he hath with hym hent;
As hym thought nedefull was for his expence;
Unto my wordis give faith and credence;
Now is the monè yong and of light dulle,
Ere he come home it woll be at the fulle.

And thus craftily hath she hym besette
With her lime rodis, and pantir, and snare,
The felie soule ycaught hath in her nette,
Of her sugrid mouthe, alas! nothing ware;
And thus is he left gracelesse and bare
Of helpe, and comfort, and ghostly succour,
And, furthirmore, as sayth myne aucthour,

As a best ledde to his deth doith pante
This yong man folowith her in that stounde,
And as a wanton lambe full ignorante
How he is pulled and drawin to be bounde
Unto the tyme he hath his deth's wounde,
And like a birde that hastith to the grin,
Not knowyng the perill of' his life therein.

Now, gentle sonné, faith Salomon, take hede,
My wordis in thy brest kepe and make faste,
Let her not thy mynde in her waies mislede,
Be not decevid, lestith not thy taste,

Many hath she woundid, many doune caste,
Many strong men by her hath losse ther breth;
Her waies are waies of hell ledyng to deth.

And in this lite narracion precedente
The womanne's manifolde gilte I attende,
The yongè man, alas, how she hath shent!
Discevid her husbände her own next frend;
In these bothe her God she doith offense;
To breke her spousail to her is of no weight.
Furdirmore to shew woman's craft and sleight,

A woman at her dore fate on a stall
To se folke passe by stretes of the cite,
With eye and countenance eke she gan call,
If there be any pretie' onè come to me,
Come hithir ye piggis nyc, ye little babe!
At last she faied to a yong man hertlesse,
Of her deceipt unware and defencelesse,

Moche swetir, she faith, and more acceptable,
Is drinke when it is stollin privily
Then when it' is taken in form avowable;
Bread hiddin and gottin jeoperdouslie
Ymust nedis be swete and semblable;
Venison stolin is aie the swetir,
The ferthir the narrowir fet the bettir.

And whom this woman, faith Salomon, festes
The yong man wotith not whom she doth fede;
Of the darke depense of hell ben her gesses;
Beware, o yong man! therefore I the rede,
And how be it chiefly for thy gode spece
This werke to compile I have take in charge
I must of pitie my charitie' enlarge;

With the felie man whiche is thus begiled,
Her husband I mene, I wol wepe and waile
His painfull infortune, whereby reviled
Causelesse he is, nevir to convaile;
Every man yong and olde woll him assaile
With wordes of occasion with the loth name,
And, alas, gode soule! he nothyng to blame;

But the whiche that coud so ill doe and wold,
Hers be the blame for her soule demerite,
And leve that opprobrious name Cuckold
To apropr to hym as in dispite:
Ransake yet we wouldin if that we might
Of this wordè the true ortographie,
The verie discent and etymologie.

The well and grounde of the firste invencion
To knowe the' ortographie we must derive,
Whiche is Coke and Cold in composition,
By reson as nigh as I contrive,
Then how it is writtin we knowe belive;
But yet, lo! by what reson and what grounde
Ywas it of these two wordis compounde?

As of one cause to give very judgement,
The' etymologie let us firste beholde;
Eche lettir an whole worde doeth represent,
As C put for Colde, and O put for Olde,
K is for Knavè; thus divers men don holde:
The firste parte of this name we have yfounde,
Let us ethimologise the secounde.

As the firste findir mente I am right sure
C for Calot, for Of we havin O,
And L for Leude, and D for Demenure,
The craft of the' enventour ye maie se, lo!
How one name signifieth personis two,

A Colde Olde Knave, Cokcold himself wenyng,
And eke a Calot of Leude Demenyng.

The seconde cause of the imposition

Of this foresayd name was jelousie :

To be jelouse is gretist occasion

To be cokcold, that men can wel aspie,

And though the passion be very fire,

And of continuell servence and here,

The patient aye sufferith colde on his fete.

And who that 'is jelous and aye in a drede

Is full of melancolie and gallie ire;

His wiv's nose if the onis misfetrede

He woll cut off, ye, and he woll conspire

His deth who evir that woll her desire,

Whiche she percevyng braffith streight his gall;

And anone his grete wodenesse doith fall.

As sone as she hath knit for him that knot

Now is he tame that was so ramagious;

Mekely sittith he doune and takith his lot;

Layd ben now his lokes so furious,

And he but late as a coke batailous,

Hote in his quarell, to avenge hym bolde,

Now is he callid bothe Coke and Colde.

This saying, to' all curtisie dissonant,

Which yfemith that it of malice grewe,

In this rude tretise I ne woll not plant

As parcill thereof, but onely to shewe

The opinion of the talcaise shrewe,

Whiche in ill sayyng is ever merie

No man as I t' ereof so werie.

But I as parcill of this my lite boke

Woll graffin in some sadde counsaill wherby

The weddid man, if that he daigne to loke

In it, the bettir shall mowin hym gie,

And provide for his faied infortunie,

Whiche as I have sayd with him complaine

I woll, as partinir of his grete paine.

As moste expedient unto his wele

I woulde that all jelousie were abjecte,

If he be jelous that he it concele,

And in his labour be full circumspecte,

To knowe her waies if thei femin suspecte,

And not for to breke, for one worde brokin

She woll not misse but thei woll be brokin.

Forbid her not that thou n'oldist have don,

For loke what thyng so e're she is forbod

To that of all thyngis she is most prone,

Namly if it be ill and no gode;

Till it be executid she' is nigh wode :

Soche is a woman, and soche is her fete;

Her craft by craft than labour to defete.

If thou hereaftir, now a single man,

Shouldist be jelous if thou haddest a wife,

Wedde not but if thou can trust a woman,

For els shouldist thou lede a carefull life;

That thou moste lothist should ybe full rise;

Yet I ne will gainsaie matrimonie,

But *Mellus est nubere quam uri.*

That is to saie, Bettir is in wedlocke

A wife to take, as the churche doith kenne,

Then for to ben undir the flesh's yoke,

In fleshlie lustis alwaie for to brenne;

But, as I sayd, for all jelous menne,

So thei livin chaste, I holde it lasse ill

That thei ne wedde not than them selin spill.

The single man whiche that is yet to wedde,
And not the weddid man, thus I arede,

To warne hyh' now he is to farre yspedde,

It is all to late hym for to forbede,

But let hym take as for his owne nede

Soche counsaile as is hym before ytolde;

These wordis folowying eke to behold.

Thy watir to kepe the wiseman doith teche,

That thou in no wise let it have issue;

At a narowe riste waie it woll yfethe;

And semblable the woman that 'is untrue

To give her fre walke in all wise eschue;

If she at large, not at thine hande, walke

She woll the shamin, thou shalt it not balke.

Weddid or single thus saith the wiseman,

Her which that both daie and night evirmore

Lithe in thy bosome, wife or yet lemman,

Love not to hote, lest thou repent it fore,

Left she the bryngin into some ill lorde;

Thy wife not to love yet I n'll suppart,

But that thou doe not thus I the exhort.

Lo! if thou love her love thine honestie;

Be she not idill for what woll betide;

If she fit idle' of very necessitie

Her minde woll serchin ferre and eke wide,

Namelie if she be not accompanide :

How accompanied? not with yong men,

But with maidinis I mene or women.

Maidin servauntes be right convenient

In houle to helpin to doe her service,

In whom she maie use her commandement

In the seson all at her owne device;

To techin 'hem gode yeve her thine advice

To make them huswivis: thus businesse

Maie yet refrainin her from idlenesse.

But bid not her that thou wolt have her do,

Of thine entent that might be a lettyng,

But craftily encourage her therto

By othir menis, as by commendyng,

And not to moche, but dailying mengyng

Bothe praise and blame, and in thy reson

Firist raise wisely the place and seson.

Of faithfull will and herte full tender

One thing I call into remembraunce

Again which though my wit be to slender

Aftir my powir and my suffaunce

I purposse to makin a purveiaunce,

Sith women of nature ben chaungeable,

Frele, and not ware, also discevable.

Be it that thy wife be excellently gode,

That none be bet of disposicion,

In processe of time she might turn her mode

By some misse-liver's instigation;

Divers men to thilke occupacion

Aplyn daily ther mynde and eke herte,

From ther godenesse frele women to perverte.

If thou aspie any suspecte person,

Drawe to thy wife, beware in all wise;

To hym nor her of thy suspencion

Breke not one worde though that thine herte agrife;

Kindle no fire and no smoke woll arise :

Although he be of a corrupt entent

She peraventure is not of assent.

A SAIYNG OF DAN JOHN.

THESE be the four thingis that maketh man a sole;
Honour first puttith him into outrage,
And aldir next solitarie and sole;
The second is unwelody crokid age;

Women also bring men into dotage;
And mighty wine in many divers wise
Distemprin folke which ben yholdin wife.

YET OF THE SAME.

THESE ben four thingis causing grete folyc;
Honour first; and second unwildy age;
Women and wine I dare eke specify
Ymake wise men fallin into dotage;

Wherefore by counsell of filosofers sage
In gret honour lernith this rule of me,
With thine estate havith humilite.

MOTTO TO JACK UPLAND.

Or freris I have told before
Now in a making of a crede,

And yet I could tell worse and more,
But men would werrien it to rede.

THE HOUSE OF FAME.

IN THREE BOOKES,

In this book is shewed how the deeds of all men and women, be they good or bad, are carry'd by report to posterity.

THE PROLOGUE.

God tourne us everie dreame to gode,
 For it is wondir thyng by the' rode,
 To my wite, what causith swevines
 On the morowe or on evines,
 And why the' effecte foloweth of some,
 And of some it shall nevyr come,
 Why that is in avision,
 And this a revelacion,
 Why this dreame, why that a sweven,
 And not to every man liche even,
 Why this a fantome' why that oricles
 I n'ot; but whofo of these miracles
 The causies knowith bet than I
 Define he, for I certainly
 Ne can 'hem not, ne nevyr thinke
 To busie my witte for to fwinke
 To knowe of ther significacions,
 The gendris ne the distincions
 Of the tymes of 'hem, ne the causis,
 Or why that this is more then that is,
 Or if folkis complexions
 Make 'hem dreame of reflexions;
 Or ellis thus, as other saine,
 For the' grete feblenesse of ther braine,
 By abstynence or by sicknesse,
 By prison, strief, or grete distresse;

Or ellis by disordinaunce,
 Or natural accustomaunce,
 That some men be to curious
 In studie or melancolious;
 Or thus, so inly full of drede
 That no man maie 'hem botè rede;
 Or ellis that devocion
 Of some and contemplacion
 Causin to them soche dremis ofte;
 Or that the cruil life unsoftè
 Of 'hem that unkind lovis leden,
 That oftin hopin moche or dreden,
 That purely ther impressiions
 Causin 'hem to have visiions:
 Or if that spirites han the might
 To makin folke to dreame on night,
 Or if the foul of propr kinde
 Be so perfit as men yfinde,
 That it welc wote what is to come,
 And that he warnith all and some
 Of everiche of ther avintures
 By avisions or by figures,
 But that our flesh ne hath no might
 To understandin it aright,
 For it is warnid to derkely,
 But why the cause is not wote I;

Well wotin of this thyng clerkes
That treten of that and othir werkes,
For I of none opinion
Nill as now makin mencion,
But only that the holy rode
Tournung us every dreme to gode,
For nevir sithin I was borne,
Ne no man ellis me beforne,
Ymette I trowe right stedfastly
So wondirfull a dreme as I
The tenthe daie now of December,
The whiche, as I can remember,
I woll you tellin every dele:
But at beginnyng trulthith wele
I woll make invocacion
With devoute speciall devocion
Unto the god of Slepe anone,
That dwellith in a cave of stone,
Upon a strete that cometh fro Lete,
That is a flosse of hell unfwete,
Beside a fulke men clepe Cimerie
There slepith aye this god unmerie,
With his slepie thoufande fonis;
That alwaie to slepe ther won is;
And to this god that I of rede
Praise I that he wollin me spede
My swevin for to tell aright,
If every dreme stande in his might,

And he that movir is of all
That is and was, and evir shall,
So give 'hem joye that it here
Of all that thei dremen to yere,
And for to standin all in grace
Of ther lovis, or in what place
That 'hem were levist for to stonde,
And shalde 'hem from poverté and shonde,
And from every unhappe and difese,
And sende 'hem that which maie 'hem plesse,
That takith well and scornich nought,
Ne it misdemin in ther thought
Through malicious entencion;
And whofo through presumption,
Or hate, or scorne, or though envie,
Dispite, or jape, or felonie,
Misdeme it, prae I Jhesu gode,
Dreme he barefote or dreme he shode,
That every harme that any man
Hath had sithin the worlde began
Befall hym thereof or he sterve,
And graunt that he maie it deserve!

Lo! with right soche conclusion
As had of his avision
Crefus, that was the Kyng of Lyde,
That high upon a gibet dyde,
This prayir shall he have of me,
I am no bette in charite,

THE FIRST BOKE.

Now herkin, as I have you saied,
What that I mette or I abraied.
Of December the tenith daie
When it was night to slepe I laie.
Right as I was wonte for to doen,
And fill aslepé wondir sone,
As he that was werie forgo
On pilgrimage milis two
To the corps of Sainct Leonarde,
To makin lithe that erst was harde.
But as me slept me mette I was
Within a temple imade of glas,
In whiche there werin mo images
Of golde standyng in fondrie stages,
Sette in mo riche tabirnaclis,
And with pepré mo pinnacles,

And mo curious portraitureis
And queint manir of figuris
Of golde worke then I sawe évir:
But certainly I n'ist nevir
Where that it was, but well wist
It was of Venus redily
This temple, for in purtreiture
I sawe anone right her figure
Nakid ysletyng in a fe,
And also on her hedde parde
Her rosy garland white and reddé,
And her combe for to kembe her hedde,
Her dovis, and Dan Cupido
Her blindé sonne, and Vulcano,
That in his face ywas full broune.
But as I romid up and douné

I founde that on the wall there was
Thus writtin on a table of bras;

I woul new fyg, if that I can,
The armie and also the man
That first came through his destine
Fugitive fro Troye the countre
Into Italie, with full morse pine,
Unto the standis of Lavinie:

And tho began the storie anone
As I shall tellin you echone.

First sawe I the distruction
Of Troie thorough the Greke Sinon
With his false untrue forfwerynes,
And with his chere and his lesynges,
That made a horse brought into Troye
By whiche Trojans losse all ther joye.

And aftir this was graved, alas!
How Ilion's castill affailed was
And won, and Kyng Priamus slain,
And Polites his sonne certain,
Dispitously of Dan Pyrrhus.

And next that sawe I howe Venus,
When that she sawe the castill brende,
Doun from hevin she gan discende,
And bade her sonne Æneas fle,
And how he fled, and how that he
Escap'd was from all the pres,
And toke his fathre, olde Anchises,
And bare hym on his backe awaie,
Crying Alas and Welawaie!
The whiche Anchises in his hande
Bare tho the goddis of the lande,
I mene thilke that unbrennid were.

Then sawe I next that all in fere
How Creusa, Dan Æneas wife,
Whom that he lovid all his life,
And her yong sonne clepid Julo,
And eke Ascanius also,
Fleddin eke with full drierie chere,
That it was pite for to here,
And in a forest as thei went
How at a tournyng of a went
Creusa was iloste, alas!
That rede not I how that it was,
How he her sought, and how her ghoste
Bad hym to fle the Grekis hoste,
And saied he must into Itaille,
As was his destinie fauns faile,
That it was pitie for to here,
When that her spirite gan appere,
The wordis that she to hym saied,
And for to kepe her sonne hym praied.

There sawe I gravin eke how he,
His fathir eke and his meine,
With his shippis began to faile
Toward the countrey of Italie
As streight as ere thei mightin go.

There sawe I eke the cruill Juno,
That art Dan Jupiter his wife.
That haft ihatid all thy life
Merciless all the Trojan blode,
Rennin and crie as thou were wode
On Æolus, the god of Windes,
To blewin out of all kindes

So loud, that he should ydrenche
Lord and ladie, and grome and wenche,
Of all the Tojanis nacion
Without any' of ther salvacion.

There sawe I soche tempest arise
That every herte might agrife
To se it paintid on the walk.

There sawe I eke gravin withall
Venus, how ye, my ladie dere!
Ywepyng with full wofull chere,
Yprayid Jupiter on hie
To save and kepin that navie

Of that dere Trojan Æneas,
Sithins that he your sonne ywas.
There sawe I Jovis Venus kiffe,
And grauntid was of the tempest liffe.

There sawe I how the tempest stente,
And how with all pine he went
And privlie toke a rivage
Into the countrie of Carthage,
And on the morowe how that he
And a knight that hight Achate
Ymettin with Venus that daic
Goyng in a full quainte araie,
As she had be an huntireffe,
With winde blowing upon her tresse,
And how Æneas gan to plaine,
When that he knewe her, of his paine,
And how his shippis dreint ywere
Or els iloste, he n'iste not where,
How she began hym comforte tho,
And bade hym unto Carthage go.
And there he should his folke yfinde
That in the se were left behinde:
And, shortly of this thyng to pace,
She made Æneas so in grace
Of Dido, Quene of that countre,
That, shortly for to tellin, she
Became his love, and let hym do
All that weddyng ylongith to:
What should I spekin it more quainte,
Or paine me my wordis to painte?
To speke of love it wold not be,
I can not of that faculte,
And eke to tellen of the manere
How that thei first acquaintid were
It were a long processe to tell,
And ovir long for you to dwell

There sawe I grave howe Æneas
Tolde to Dido every caas
That hym was tidde upon the se.

And eft gravin was how that she
Made of hym, shortly at a worde,
Her life, her love, her lust, her lorde,
And did to hym all reverence,
And laied on hym all the dispence
That any woman might ydo,
Wenyng that it had all be so
As he her swore, and hereby demed
That he was gode, for he soche semed:
Alas! what harme doth apparence
When it is false in existence!
For he to her a traitour was
Wherefore she flowe her self, alas!

Lo, how a woman doeth amis
To love him that unknowin is!
For by Christ lo thus it farith,
It is not all golde that glaryth;
For al so broke I well myne hedde
There maie be undir godelibedde
Covirid many a freude vice;
Therefore let no wight be so nice
To take a love only for chere,
Or speche, or for frendly manere,
For this shall every woman finde
That some man of his pure kinde
Woll thewin outward the fairist
Till he have caught that what hym list,
And then anon woll causis finde,
And sweve how that she is unkinde,
Or false, or privie, or double was:
All this saie I by *Aeneas*.

And Dido, and her nice left,
That lovid all to fone a gest;
Wherefore I woll saie o proverbe,
That *He that fullie knoweth the berbe*
Maie safely laie it to his eye;
Withoutin drede this is no lie.

But let us speke of *Aeneas*
How he betrayid her, alas!
And left her full unkindlie,
So when the fawe all uttirle
That he would her of trouthe saie,
And wendin from her into itaile,
She gan to wring her handis two.

Alas! (quod she) that me is wo!
Alas! is every man thus true,
That every yere woll have a newe,
If it so longe tyme endure,
Or ellis ther peravinture?
And thus of one he woll have fame
In magnifying his owne name,
An othir for frendship faith he,
And yet there shall the thirde ybe,
That is ytakyn for delite,
Lo! 'or els for singuler profite,
In soche wordis began complaine
This wofull Dido of her paine,
As me mette dremyng redily,
None other auctour aledge woll!

Alas, (quod she) my swete herte!
Have pitie on my sorowes smerte,
And fle me not; go not awaie,
O wofull Dido! welawaie!
(Quod she) unto her selvin tho,
O *Aeneas*! what woll ye do?
O that your love, neithir your bonde,
Which that yswore with your right honde,
Ne yet my my cruill deth, (quod she)
Maie holdin you still here with me!

O! have ye' of my deth no pite?
Iwis, myne own dere herte! that ye
Knowin full well that nevir yet,
As farr as evir I had wit,
Agilte you in thought ne in dede.
O! have ye men soche godelihede
In speche, and ner a dele of trouthe?
Alas, alas! that er had routh

Any woman on a false man.

Now I se well and tellin can
We wretchid women can no arte,
For certayne for the more parte
Thus we ben servid everichone,
How fore so that ye men can grieve,
Anon as we have you received,
Full certainlie we ben deceived,
For though your love last a ceson,
Waite upon the conclusion,
And loke eke how ye determine
And for the more parte define;
O welawaie that I was born!
For thorough you my name is lorne,
And mine actis are redde and fong
O'er all this lande in every tong.

O wickid Fame! for there n'is
Nothing so swifte, lo! as she i
O sothe is, *Every thing is wist*
Though it be coverde with the mist;
Eke though that I might durin ever
That I have done recovre' I never,
That it ne shall be saied, alas!
I shamid was through *Aeneas*,
And that I shall thus judgid be,

Lo! right as she hath doen now she
Woll doen eftsonis hardily,
Thus saie the peple privily;
But that is doen n'is not done:
But all her complaint ne her mone
Certain availed her not a fire,
And when the wist sothely that he
Was forthe into his ship agone
She into chambir went anone,
And callid on her suster Anne,
And gan her to complainn thanne,
And saied that she the cause ywas

That the first lovid him, alas!
And first counsaillid her thereto;
But what whan this was saied and do
She roste her selvin to the herte,
And deide thorough the woundis smerte;
But all the manir how she deide,
And all the wordis how she feide,
Who so to knowe it hath purpose,
Rede Virgile in *Aeneidos*,
Or the Epistils of Ovide,
What that she wrote or that she dide;
And n'ere it to longe to endite
By God I would it here ywrite.
But welawaie! the harme and routh
That hath betide for soche untrouth,
As men maie oft in bokis rede,
And al daie seen it yet in dede,
That for to thinkin it tene is,

Lo! Demophon, Duke of Athenis,
How he forswore him falsly,
And trayid Phyllis wickidly,
That Kingis doughtir was of Trace,
And falsely gan his terme pace;
And whan the wist that he was false
She hong herself right by the halse,
For he had doen her fuch untrouth:
Lo! was not this a wo and routh?

Eke loke howe false and rechêles
Was to Briseida Achilles,
And Paris eke to Oenone,
And Jason to Hypsipile,
And este Jason to Medea,
And Hercules to Deianira,
For he left her for Iole,
That made hym take his deth parde.

How false was eke Duke Thefus,
That as the storie tellith us
How he betrayid Adriane?

The devill be his soul's bane!
For, had he laughid or floured,
He must have ben anone devoured
If Ariadne ne had be;

And for the had of hym pite
She made hym fro the deth escape,
And he made her a full false jape;
For afir this withan a while
He left her slepyng in an ile,
Desert alone right in the se,
And stale awaie and let her be,
And toke her suster Phædra tho
With hym, and gan to shippe ygo;
And yet he had ysworne to here,
On all that evir he could swere,
That so the favid hym his life
He would takin her to his wife,
For the desirid nothinge elles
In certain, as the boke us telles.

But for to excuse this Æneas
Fullliche of all his grete trespas
The boke sayith withoutin faille
The goddes bad hym go to Itaile,
And levin Affriques regioun
And faire Dido and her faire toun.
Tho sawe I grave how to Itaile
Dan Æneas gan for to saille,
And how the tempest all began,
And howe he lost his sterifman,
Which that the sterne or he toke kepe
Smote ovir the borde as he slepe.

And also saugh I how Sibile
And Æneas beside an ile
To helle went yfere for to fe
His father Anchises the fre,
And how he there founde Palinurus,
And also Dido and Deiphobus,
And everiche tourment eke in hell
Sawe he, whiche long is for to tell,
Whiche painis who so liste to knowe
He must redin many a rowe
In Virgile or in Claudian,
Or Dantes, that it tellin can.

Tho sawe I alle the arivaile
That Æneas made in Itaile,

And with Kyng Latine his tret,
And all the battailis that he
Was at himselfin and his knightes
Or he had all iwonne his rightes,
And how he Turnus reſte his life,
And wan Lavinia to his wife,
And all the marveilous signals
Of the goddis Celestials,
How maugre Juno Æneas,
For all her sleighte and her compas,
Atchivid all his avinture,
For Jupiter toke on hym cure
At the praier of his modir Venus,
Whiche I prairie alwaie savin us,
And us aie of our forowes light.

When I had sein all this sight
Within this noble temple thus,
Hey! Lord, thought I, that madist us,
Yet sawe I never ſoche nobleſſe
Of imāgis, nor ſoche richeſſe,
As I ſe gravin in this churchē;
But nought wote I who did hem worche,
Ne where I am, ne in what countre,
But now will I out gone and ſe,
Right at the wickit, if I can
Seen oughtwhere ſteryng any man
That maie me tellen where I am.

When I out of the dorē cam
I ſaſte aboutin me behelde,
Then ſawe I but a large felde
As farre as evir I might ſe,
Withoutin toun, or houſe, or tre,
Or buſhe or graſſe, or arid lande,
For all the felde was but of ſande
As ſmal as men maye ſe at eye
In the deſertis of Lybyc;
Ne ferthir no manir creture
That is yſormid by Nature
Ne ſawe I, me to rede or wiſſe;
O Criſt! thought I, that art in bliſſe,
From fanton and illuſyon
Me ſave, and with devocyon
Myne eyin to the heven I caſte;
Tho was I ware, lo! at the laſte,
That faſte by the ſonne on hie,
As kennin myght I with mine eye,
Me thought I ſawe an egle fore.
But that it ſemid mochi more
Than I had anye egle yſeine,
This is a ſothe as deth certaine,
It was of golde, and ſhone ſo bright,
That nevir ſawe men ſoche a ſight,
But yf the hevin had ywonne
Al newe of God anothir ſonne,
So ſhone the eg'lis ſethirs bright,
And ſomwhat downwardē gan it lyght.

THE SECOND BOKE.

Nowe herkin everye manir man
That Englishe undirstandē can,
And lystith of my dreame to here,
For now at crift shallin ye lere
So sely' and dredefull avyftion,
That I faye neithir Scipion
Ne Kinge Nabugodnofore,
Pharao, Turnus, ne Alcanore,
Ne mettin foche a dreame as this.
Nowe, o thou faire blisful Cipris!
So be my favour at this time
That ye me to endite and rime
Helpith that in Parnassus dwel,
Befyde Helicon the clere wel.

O Thought! that wrote al that I met,
And in the treforie it fet
Of my braine, now shal men yse
If any vertue in the be;

To tellin al my dreame aright
Nowe kithē thy engin and thy might.

This egle', of whiche I have you tolde,
That with fethirs shone al of golde,
Whiche that so hie began to fore,
I gan beholdin more and more
To sene her beaute and the wonder,
But nevir was that dente of thonder,
Ne that thinge that men callin foudre,
That finite sometime a toure to poudre,
And in his swifte comminge brende,
That so swithe gan downwardē discende
As this foule whan that it behelde
That I arowne was in the felde,
And with his grim pawis so stronge
Within his sharpe nailis longe
Me sleynge at a swappe he hent,
And with his fours again up wente,
Me caryng in his clawis starke
As lightly' as I had ben a larken,
Howe hie I can not tellin yowe,
For I came up I n'list ner howe,
For so astonied and asweved
Was every vertue in me heved,
What with his fours and with my dred,
That al my felinge gan to ded;

For why? it was a gret affraye.

Thus I longe in his clawis laye,
Til at the last he to me spake
In mann's voice, and said, Awake,
And be not agast so for shame,
And callid me tho by my name;
And for I shulde bettir abraide
Me to awakin thus he faide,
Right in the same voice and stevin
That usith one I can nevin,
And with that voice, the sothe to faine,
My minde ycame to me againe,
For it was godely faide to me,
So n'as it nevir wonte to be;
And herewithal I gan to stene
As he me in his fete ybere,
Til that he felte that I had hete,
And felte eke tho mine herte ybete;
And tho gan he me to disporte,
And with gentill wordes me comforte,
And sayid twise, by Saint Mary
Thou arte a noyous thinge to cary,
And nothinge nedith it parde,
For all so wisly God helpe me
As thou no harme shalt have of this,
And this case that betidde the is
Is for thy lore and for thy prowē:
Lette fe; darist thou loke yet nowē?

Be ful enfurid boldily
I am thy frende: and therewith I
Gan for to wondir in my minde.

O God! (quod I) that madist al kinde,
Shal I none otherwise ydie?

Whedir Jove wil me stellysie,
Or what thing may this signifie?

I' am neithir Enocke ne Helye,
Ne Romulus ne Ganimede,

That werin bore up, as men rede,
To hevyn with Dan Jupiter,

And made the goddis botiler;
Lo! this was tho my fantasie.

But he that bare me gan asprie
That I so thought, and sayid this;

Thou demist of thy selfe amis,

For Jove ne is not thereabout,
 I dare the put ful out of doute,
 To makin of the yet a sterre;
 But er I berin the moche ferre
 I wil the tellin what I am,
 And where thou shalte, and why I came
 To doin this, so that thou take
 Gode herte, and not fore fere yquake.
 Gladly, (quod I.) Now wel, (quod he.)
 First I, that in my fete have the,
 Of whom thou hast grete fere and wonder,
 And dwellinge with the god of Thonder,
 Whiche men ycallin Jupiter,
 That doth me flyin ful ofte fer
 To do all his commandment,
 And for this cause he hath me sent
 To the; herkin now by thy trouthe;
 Certaine he hath of the grete routhe,
 For that thou hast so truily
 So long servid ententisly
 His blindè nephew Cupido
 And the faire quene Venus also
 Withoutin guerden evir yet,
 And natheles hast set thy wit,
 Althoughe in thy hed ful lite is,
 To make bokes, songis, and ditis,
 In rime or ellis in cadence,
 As thou best canst, in reverence
 Of Love and of his servauntes eke,
 That have his service sought and seke,
 And painist the to praise his arte,
 Althoughe thou haddist nevir parte;
 Wherefore, so wisly God me bleisse,
 Jovis yhalte it grete humbleisse
 And vertue eke that thou wilt make
 Anight ful oft thine hed to ake
 In thy studye, so thou ywritest,
 And evirmore of love enditest,
 In honour of him and praisinges,
 And in his folkis fourthinges,
 And in ther matir al devifest,
 And not him ne his folke dispifest,
 Althoughe thou maiste go in the daunce
 Of them that him lyst not avaunce;
 Wherefore, as I now saide, ywis
 Jupiter confidrih wel this,
 And als, beaufire, of othir thinges,
 That is, that thou haste no tidinges
 Of Lov's folke if they be glade,
 Ne of nothings els that God made,
 And not onely fro ferre countre
 That no tidinges comin to the,
 Not of thy very neighbouris,
 That dwellen almost at thy doris,
 Thou herist neithir that ne this,
 For whan thy labour al done is,
 And haste made al thy reckinges,
 In stede of reste, and of newe thinges
 Thou goest home to thine hause anone,
 And al so dombe as any ston
 Thou sittist at anothir boke
 Tyll fully dauid is thy loke,
 And lyvist thus as an hermite,
 Although thine abstinence is lyte;

And therefore Jovis through his grace
 Wil that I bere the to a place
 Whiche that yghit The Houe of Fame,
 And for to doe the sport and game,
 In some recompensacion
 Of thy labour and devocion
 That thou haste hadde, lo! causeless,
 To god Cupido the recheles,
 And thus this god through his merite
 Wil with some manir thing the quite,
 So that thou wilt be of gode chere;
 For trustful wel that thou shalte here,
 Whan we ben comen there as I say,
 Mo wondir thingis dare I lay,
 And of Love's folke mo tidingis,
 Bothe sothfawis and lesingis,
 And of mo lovis newe begon,
 And longe servid tyl love is won,
 And of mo lovirs casuelly
 That ben betide, no man wote why,
 But as a blinde man starteth an hare,
 And more jolite and welfare,
 Whilis they findin love of stele,
 As thinkin men, and o'r al welc
 Mo discordes and mo jalousies,
 Mo murmures and mo noviries,
 And also mo diffimulacions,
 And eke seinid reperacions,
 And mo berdis in two houres,
 Withoutin rasour or sifours
 Ymade, than grainis be of sandes,
 And eke mo holdinge in mo handes,
 And also mo renovelaunces,
 Of olde forlettin aqueintaunces,
 Mo love dayis and mo accordes,
 Than on instrumentis ben cordes,
 And eke of love mo exchaungis
 Than evir corne were in graungis;
 Unnethis maist thou throwin this,
 (Quod he.) No fo', helpe me God as wis,
 (Quod I.) No, why? (quod he.) For it
 Were impossible to my wit,
 Although that Fame had al the pyes
 In al a relme and al aspies,
 Howe that yet he shulde here al this
 Or they espyin. O! yes, yes,
 (Quod he to me) that can I prove
 By reson worthy for to leve,
 So that thou give thin advertence
 To understandin my sentence.
 First shalt thou here where she dwellich;
 Right so as thine owne boke tellith:
 Her palais standeth, as I shal say,
 Right even amidis of the way
 Bytwene herin, and yerthe, and se,
 That what so er in al these thre
 Is spoken' in prive or apperte,
 The way therto is so overte,
 And stante eke in so juste a place,
 That every sowne mote to it pace,
 Or what so cometh from anie tongue,
 Whethre' it be rownid, redde, or songe,
 Or spokin in fuerte or drede,
 Certaine it motin thidir nede.

Nowe herkin wel; for why! I wil
Ytellen the a propir skil,
And worthy demonstracion
In mine imaginacion.

Geffray, thou wottist full wel this,
That every kindly thinge that is
Yhath a kyndely stede, there he
May best in it conservid be,
Unto whiche place every thinge,
Thorough his kyndely enclininge
Ymevith for to comin to
Whan that it is away therfro;
As thus, lo! thou maiste al day se,
Take any thinge that hevy be,
As stone or led, or thinge of weight,
And bere it ner so hie on height,
Let go thine hande it fallth downe;
Right so say I by fire or fowne,
Or smoke, or othir thingis light,
Alway they seke upwarde on height,
Light thinges up and hevie down charge
While everiche of 'hem be at large;
And for this cause thou maist wel se
That every rivir to the se
Enclinid is to go by kynde,
And by these skillis as I finde
Have fiftes dwellinge in fode and fe,
And treis eke on the erthe be:
Thus every thinge by his refon
Hath his owne propir macion,
To whiche he sekith to repaire
There as it shuldin nat appaire.

Lo! this sentence is knowin couthe
Of every philosophir's mouthe,
As Aristotle and Dan Platone,
And othir clerkis many one;
And to confirmin my refoune
Thou wottist wel that speche is fowne,
Or ellis no man might it here;
Nowe herkin what I wol the lere.

Sowne is not but eyre ybrokin,
And every speche that is spokin,
Where loude or prive, foule or faire,
In his substance ne is but eyre;
For as flame is but lightid smoke,
Right so is fowne but eyre ybroke:
But this may be in many wise,
Of the whiche I will the devise,
As fowne comith of pype or harpe,
For whan a pype is blowin sharpe
The eyre is twist with violence
And rent; lo! this is my sentence:
Eke whan that men harpestringis smyte,
Whedir that it be moche or lyte,
Lo! with the stroke the eyre it breketh,
And right so breketh it whan men speketh;
Thus wost thou wel what thing is speche:
Nowe hennisforthe I wil the teche
Howe everiche speche, voice, or fowne,
Throughe his multiplicaciowne,
Thoughe it were pipid of a mause,
Mote nedis come to Fam's Houfe:
I prove it thus; takith hede nowe
By experience, for if that thou

Threwe in a watir nowe a stone,
Wel wost thou it wil make anone
A lityl roundil as a circle,
Para'venture as brode as a covircle,
And right anone thou shalt se wele
That circle cause anothir whele,
And that the thirde, and foforth, brother,
Every circle causinge othir
Moch brodir than himselfin was,
And thus from roundil to compas
Eche aboutin othir goinge
Ycausith of othirs steringe
And multiplying evirmo,
Tyl that it be so far ygo
That it at bothè brinkis be,
Although thou mayist it not se
Above, yet gothe it alway under;
Although thou thinke it a grete wonder,
And whofo saithe of trouthe I vary,
Bydde him provin the contrary:
And right thus every worde ywis,
That loude or pryve yspokin is,
Ymovith firste an eyre aboute,
And of his movinge out of doute
Anothir eyre anone is moved,
As I have of the watir proved,
That every circle causith othir;
Right so of eyre, my levè brother,
Everiche eyre anothir sterith
More and more, and speche up berith,
Or voise or noyse, or worde or fowne,
Aye through multiplicaciowne,
Tyl it be at The House of Fame,
Take it in ernest or in game.
Nowe have I tolde, if thou have mind,
Howe speche or fowne of purè kinde
Enclinid is upward to meve,
This mayist thou sefe wel by preve,
And that same kindly stede ywis,
That every thinge enclined to is,
Yhath also his kyndelyche stede,
That shewith it withoutin drede,
That kindly the macion
Of everyche speche, of every soun,
All be it either foule or faire,
Yhath his kindly place in eyre;
And sith that every thinge ywis
Out of his kindly place ywis
Ay movith thidir for to go,
Yf that it awaye be therfro,
As I have before provid the,
It shewith every sonne perde
Ymovith kindly to pace
As up into his kindly place;
And this place of whiche I the tel,
There as Fame doth yliste to dwell,
Is sette amiddis of these thre,
Hevin, and erthe, and eke the se,
As moste conservatife of soun;
Than is this the conclusion
That every speche of every manne,
As I the tellin firste beganne,
Ymovith up on height to pace
Kindely unto Fam's place.

Tellith me this nowe faithfully,
Have I not provid thus simply,
Withoutin any subtilte
Of speche, or grete prolixite
Of termis of philosophie,
Of figuris of poetrie,
Or colouris of rhetorike?
Perde it oughtin the to like,
For harde langage and harde matere
Is incombrou for the to here
At onis, wofte thou not wel this?
And I answerid and said, Yes.

Ah ha! (quod he) lo! so I can
Leudlye unto a leude man
Yspeke, and shewin him soche skilles
That he maye shake hem by the bylles,
So palpable they shuldin be;
But tel me this nowe praye I the,
Howe thinketh the my conclusioun?

Parde a gode persuasioun
(Quod I) it is, and lyke to be,
Right so as thou haste provid me.
By God (quod he) and as I leve
Thou shalte have it or it be eve,
Of every worde of this sentence
A profe by thine experience,
And with thine eris herin wel
The toppe and taile, and every del,
That every worde that spokin is
Comith into Fame's Houfe ywis
As I have saide; what wilt thou more?
And with this worde uppir to fore
He began, and saide, By fainte Jame
Nowe wyll we spekin al of game.
Howe farest thou now? quod he to me.
Right wel, (quod I) Now se (quod he)
By thy trouthe yondir adowne,
Where that thou knowist any towne
Or house, or any othir thinge,
And whan thou haste of ought knowynge
The lokith that thou warne me,
And I anone shal tellin the
Howe farre that thou arte nowe therfro.

And I adowne gan lokin tho,
And behelde the feldis and plainis,
Nowe hyllis and nowe mountainis,
Nowe valeys and nowe forestis,
And nowe unnethis grete bestis,
Nowe riveris nowe citeis,
Nowe townis and nowe grete treis,
Nowe shippis sailinge in the se;
But thus sone in a while he
Was flowin fro the grounde so hie
That al the worlde, as to myne eye,
No more ysemid than a pricke,
Or ellis was the eyre so thicke
That I ne might it not discerne;
With that he spake to me so yerne,
And said, Seist thou any token,
Or ought that in this worlde's of spoken?

I answered Naye. No wondir is,
(Quod he) for halfe so hie as this
Nas Alexandre, of Macedon
Kynge, ne of Rome Dan Scipion,

That sawe in dreme at pointe devise
Heven and erthe, hel and paradise,
Ne eke the bold wretche Dædalus,
Ne yet his childe, nice Icarus,
That fiewe so hie that the hete
Hys wingis molte, and he fel wete
In mydde the se, and there he dreinte,
For whom was made a grete complainte.

Nowe tourne upwarde (quod he) thy face,
And beholde here this largè place,
This eyre, but loke that thou ne be
Adrad of hem that thou shalt se,
For in this regioun certaine
Dwellith many a citizeine,
Of whiche yspekith Dan Plato,
These ben the cyrifice bestis, lo!
And tho sawe I al the menyne
That bothe ygone and also flye.

Lo there! (quod he) cast up thine eye,
Se yondir, lo! the Galaxie,
The whiche men clepe The Milky Way,
For it is white, and some parfay
Ycallin it han Watlynge strete,
That onis was brente with the hete,
Whan that the sunn's sonne the rede,
Which that hite Phaëton, wolde lede
Algate his fathir's carte and gie.

The carte horsis gan wel asprie
That he ne coude no govirnaunce,
And gonin for to lepe and prauunce,
And bere him now up and nowe downe
Tyl that he sawe the Scorpiowne,
Whiche that in heven a signe is yit,
And he fere ylost his wit
Of that, and let the reinis gone
Of his horsis, and they anone
Sone up to mounte and downe discende,
Tyl bothe the eyre and erthe ybrende,
Tyl Jupiter, lo! at the laste
Hym fiewe, and fro the carte ycaste.

*Lo! is it not a grete mischaunce
To let a fole have govirnaunce
Of thinges that he can not demaine?*

And with this worde, sothe for to saine,
He gan alway uppir to fore,
And gladid me than more and more,
So faithfully to me spake he.

Tho gan I to loke undir me,
And behelde the cyrifice bestis
Cloudis, mystis, and tēpistis,
Snowis, hailis, rainis, and windes,
And the engendringe in ther kindes,
Al the way thorough whiche I came;
O God! (quod I) that made Adame,
Moche is thy myght and noblenes!

And tho thought I upon Boece,
That writeth a thought may fyre so hie
With fethirs of philosophie
To passin everyche element;
And when he hath so farre ywent
Than may ben sene behinde his backe
Cloude, erthe, and al that I of spake.

Tho gan I wexin in a were,
And said, I wote wel I am here,

But whether in body or in gost
I n'ot ywis, but God thou wost,
For a more clere ententement
N'as to me nevir yet ysent.
And than thought I on Marcian,
And eke of Anticlaudian,
That sothe was ther discipcion
Of al the hevin's region,
As farre as that I sawe the preve,
And therefore I can 'hem beleve.
With that the egle gan to crie,
Let be (quod he) thy fantasie:
Wylte thou lernin of steris ought?

Nay, certainly, (quod I) right nought.
And why? (quod he,) For I am olde.
Or ellis wolde I the have tolde
(Quod he) the starris namis, lo!
And al the hevin's signis to,
And whiche they be. No force (quod I.)

Yes perde, (quod he;) wost thou why?
For whan thou redist poetry,
Howe the goddis can stelfly
A birde, a fyfhe, or him or her,
As of birdes the ravyn and other,
Or Ariones harpe fyne,
Or Castor Pollux, or Delphine;
Or Atlante's doughtirs seven;
How al these are yset in heven;
For though thou have 'hem ofte in hande
Yet n'ost thou nat where that they stande:

No force, (quod I;) it is no nede:
As wel I leve, so God me spede,
'Hem that writin of this matere
As though I knewe ther placis here,
And eke they semin here so bright
That it shulde shendin al my sight
To loke on 'hem. That may wel be,
(Quod he;) and so forth bare he nie
A while, and tho began to crie,
That nevir herde I thinge so hie;
Holde up thine hed, for al is wel
Sainte Julia, lo! bonne hostel!
Se here The House of Fame, lo!
Mayist thou not here that I do?

Here what? (quod I.) The grette fowle
(Quod he) that romblith up and downe
In Fam's House, ful of tidinges
Bothe of faire speche and of chidinges,
And of false and sothe compownid;
Herkin wel, it is not rownid.

Herist thou not the grette swough?
Yes, perde, (quod I) well ynough.
And what sowne is it lyke? (quod he.)

Peter! lyke the' beting of the se
(Quod I) against the rochis halowe,
Whan tempestes done ther shippis swalow,

And that a man stande out of doute
A myle off thens and here it route;

Or ellis lyke to the humblinge
Aftir the clappe of a thundringe,
Whan Jovis hath the eyre ybete,
But it doth me for fere to swete.

Nay, drede the not therof, (quod he)
It 'is nothing that will bytin the;
Thou shalte have no harme truely.

And with that worde both he and I
As nighe the place arrivid were
As men might castin with a spere:
I ne wist howe, but in a flete
He set me faire upon my fete,
And sayid, Walkith forth a pace,
And tel thine adventur and case
That thou shalte finde in Fam's place.

Nowe (quod I) while that we have space
To speke, or that I go fro the,
For the love of God tellith me
In sothe that I will of the lere,
If this ilke noife which that I here
Be as I have herde the me tell,
Of folke that done in erthe ydwell,
And comith here in the same wise
As I the herde or this devise,
And that here liv'is body n'is
In all that Houfe that yondir is
That makith al this louds fare;

No, (answerid he) by Sainte Clare;
And al so wisely God rede me:
But o thinge I will warne the,
Of the whiche thou wilt have wondir:

Lo! to The House of Fame yondir:
Thou woste howe comith every speche;
It nedith not the este to teche;
But understande now right wel this;
Whan any speche ycomin is
Up to the palais, anon right
It wexith like the same wight
Whiche that the worde in erth yspake;
Be he clothid in red or blake,
And hath so very his likenesse
That spake the worde, that thou wilt gesse
That it the same body be,
Wher man or woman, he or she.

And is not this a wondir thinge?
Yes, (quod I) tho by hevin kinge:
And with this worde Farewel, (quod he)
And here wil I abydin the,
And God of hevin sende the grace
Some gode to lernin in this place!
And I of him toke leve anon,
And gan forth to the palays gone.

THE THIRD BOKE.

Thou, god of Science and of Light,
 Apollo! thorough thy grete might
 This litil last boke now thou gye,
 Nowe that I will for maistérie
 Here arte potencial be shewde,
 But for the rime is lyght and lewde
 Yet make it somewhat agreable,
 Though some verse faile in a syllable,
 And that I do no diligence
 To shewin crafté but sentence,
 And if that divine virtue thou
 Wilté helpin me to shewin nowe
 That in my hed ymarkid is,
 Lo! that is for to menin this.
 The House of Fame for to discrive,
 Thou shalt yfe me go as blive
 Unto the next laurir I fe,
 And kysse it for it is thy tre:
 Nowe entre in my brest anone.

When I was from the egle gone,
 Fgan beholde upon this place,
 And certaine or I furthir passe
 I wol you al the shape devise
 Of Houfe and cite, and al the wifé
 Howe I gan to this place approche,
 That stode upon so hie a roche,
 Hyir ystandith none in Spaine;
 But up I clambe with mochil paine,
 And though to clime ygrevid me
 Yet I ententise was to se,
 And for to porin wondre lowe,
 If I coude any wifé yknowe
 What manir stoné this roche ywas,
 For it was lyke a limid glas,
 But that it stioné ful more clere,
 But of what congelid matere
 It was I ne wiste redily;
 But at the laste espyid I,
 And founde that it was everydèle
 A roche of yfe and not of fiele:

Thought I, by Saint Thomas of Kent

This were a feble foundement
 To buildin on a place so hie;
 He ought hym lite to glorifie
 That heron builte, God so me save.

Tho sawe I all the hall igrave
 With famous folkis namis fele
 That haddin ben in mochil wele,
 And ther famis full wide iblowe,
 But well unnethis might I knowe
 Any lettiris for to rede
 Ther namis by, for out of drede
 Thei werin almoste of thawed for
 That of the lettiris one or two
 Were molte awaie of every name,
 So unfamous was wexe ther fame;
 But men saie, *What maie eoir last?*

Tho gan I in myne herté cast
 That thei were molte awaie for hete,
 And not awaie with stormis beté,
 For on that othir side I sey
 Of this hill, that northward yley,
 How it was writin full of names
 Of folke that had afore grete fames
 Of oldé tyme, and yet thei were
 As freshe as men had written 'hem there
 The self daie, or that very houre,
 That I on 'hem began to poure;
 But well I wiste what it made,
 It was conserved with the shade,
 All the writyng which that I fie,
 Of a castil that stode on hie,
 And stode eke in so cold a place
 That hete ne might it not deface.

Tho gan I on this hilk to gone,
 And found upon the coppe a wone,
 That all the men that ben on live
 Ne han the connyng to discrive
 The beaute of that ilké place,
 Ne coudin castin no compace

Soche an othir for to ymake
That might of beautie be his make,
Ne one so wondirly iwrought,
That it astonieth yet my thought,
And makith all my witte to swinke,
Upon this castill for to thinke,
So that the wondir grete beautie,
Caste, craft, and curiositie,
Ne can I not to you devise,
My witte ne maie me not suffice,
But nathelesse all the substaunce
I have yet in my remembrance;
For why? me thoughtin, by Saint Gile,
That all was ston of berile
Bothe the castill and the toure,
And eke the hall and every boure,
Withoutin pecis or joynynges,
But many subtyll compassynges,
As barbicans and pinnacles,
Imageries and tabernacles,
I sawe, and full eke of windowes,
As flakis fallin in grete snowes,
And eke in eche of the pinacles
Ywerin fondrie habitacles,
In whiche fiodin all withoutin
Full the castill all aboutin
Of all manir of minstrelis
And jekstours, that tellin talis
Bothe of wepyng and eke of game,
And all that longith unto Fame:
There herde I playing on an harpe,
That ysound bothe well and sharpe,
Hym Orpheus full craftily,
And on this othir side fast by
Yfate the harpir Orion,
And Gacides Chirion,
And othir harpys many one,
And the Briton Glasikirion,
And smale harpys with ther gleees
Satte undir 'hem in divers sees,
And gone oh 'hem upwarde to gape,
And counterfaieted 'hem as an ape,
Or as Crafte counterfeitith Kinde.
The sawe I standin 'hem behinde,
Afarre from 'hem, al by 'hem selve,
Many a thoufande tymis twelve,
That madin loudē minstrelis
In cornmuse and eke in shalmies,
And in many an othir pipe,
That craftily began to pipe
Bothe in doucid and eke in rede,
That ben at festis with the brede,
And many a floite and lilyng horn,
And pipis made of grenē corne,
As have these little herdegromes
That kepyn bestis in the bromes.
There sawe I then Dan Citherus,
And of Athenes Dan Proferus,
And Mercia, that losse her skinne
Bothe in the face, bodie, and chinne,
For that she would envyin, lo!
To pipin bette than Apollo.
There sawe I famous old and yong
Pipirs of all the Duche tong,

To lernin love dauncis springis,
Reyis, and the straung thingis.
The sawe I in an othir place,
Ystandyng in a large space,
Of 'hem that makin blodie foun
In trump, beme, and clarion,
For in fight and in blodeshed ynges
Is usid glad clarionynges.
There herde I trumpin Messenus,
Of whom that spekih Virgilius.
There herd I Joab trumpe also,
Theodomas, and othir mo,
And all that usid clarion
In Castelloigne and Aragon,
That in ther tymis famous were,
To lernin sawe I trumpin there.
There sawe I sit in othir fees,
Playing on othir fondrie gleees,
Whiche that I can not now nevin,
Mo then sterris ben in hevin,
Of whiche I n'll as now not rime
For ese of you and losse of time,
For Tyme ilost, this knowin ye,
By no waie maie recovered be.
There sawe I playing jogelours,
Megiciens and tragetours,
And Phetoniffis, charmeressis,
And olde witchis and forceressis,
That usen exorifacions
And eke subfumigacions,
And clerkis eke which connin well
All this magike hight Naturell,
That craftily doe ther ententes
To maken in certain ascendentes
Imagis, lo! through whiche magike
To maken a man ben whole or like.
There sawe I the Quene Medea,
And Circe and Caliophia.
There sawe I Hermes Ballenus,
Limore, and eke Symon Magus.
There sawe I, and yknewe by name,
That by soche arte doen men have fame.
There sawe I eke Coll Tragetour
Upon a table of ficamour
Playin an uncouth thyng to tell;
I sawe hym cary a windemell
Undir a walnote shale.
What should I makin lengir tale?
Of all the peple that I sey
I could not tell till dom'ysdey.
When I had all this folke beholde,
And founde me loce and not yholde,
And I amused a longe while
Upon this wall all of berile,
That shone lightir than any glas,
And made well more then it ywas,
As it kindly thing of Fame is,
And then right anone afir this
I gan forthe romin till I fonde
The castill yate on my right honde,
Whiche all so well ycorvin was
That nevir soche an othir n'as,
And yet it was by avinture
Iwrought by grete and subtyll cure;

It nedith not you more to tellen,
To makin you to long to dwellen,
Of these ilke yatis flourishynges,
Ne of compacis ne karvynges,
Ne the hackyng in mafonries,
As corbettis and imageries.

But Lorde, so faire it was to shewe
For it was all with golde behewe;
But in I went, and that anone:
There met I crying many one,
A larges, larges! holde up well;
God save the ladie of this pell,
Our ownè gentill Ladie Fame,
And 'hem that willen to have a name
Of us! Thus heard I cryin all,
And fast comin out of the hall
And shoke noblis and starlyngis,
And corounid were as kyngis
With crownis wrought full of losynges,
And many ribans many fringes
Were on ther clothis truly.

Tho at the last espyid I
That pursevauntès and heraudis,
That cryin riche folkis laudis,
It werin all; and every man
Of 'hem, as I you tellin can,
Had on him throwin a vesture
Whiche men yclepe a cote armure,
Embrondirid wondrously riche,
As though thei werin not liche:
But nought will I, so mote I thrive,
Be now aboutin to discrive
All these armis that there yweren
That thei thus on ther cotis weren,
For to me were impossible,
Men might make of 'hem a Bible
Full twentie fote thicke as I trowe,
For certain who so coud it knowe
Ymight there all the armis sene
Of famous folke that er had bene
In Affrike, Europe, and Asie,
Sithins first began chivalrie.

Lo! how should I now tell all this?
Ne of the hall eke what nede is
To tellin you? that every wall
Of it, and rose, and flore withall,
Was platid halfe a fote thicke
Of golde, and that ne was not wicke,
But for to provin in all wise
As fine as ducket in Venise,
Of whiche to lye all in my pouche is;
And thei were set as thicke of ouchis
Fine, of the finist stonis faire
That men reden in the lapidaire,
Or as grassis grownen in a mede;
But it were all to long to rede
The namis, and therefore I pace.
But in this lustie and riche place,
That Fam'is Hall ycallid was,
Full mochil pres of folke there n'as,
Ne crouding, for to mochil pres;
But all on hie above a des
Satte in a se imperiall
That made was of rubie roiall

Whiche that a carbuncle is called,
I sawe perpetually ittalid
A femine cecture,
That nevir formid by Nature
Was soche an othir thyng I saie;
For althirfirste, the sothe to saie;
Me thoughtin that she was so lite
That the smale length of a cubite
Was lengir than she semid be,
But thus sone in a while she
Her self tho' wondrously ystreight
That with her fete she th' erthe yreight,
And with her hedde she touchid heven,
There as shinith the steris seven;
And thereto yet, as to my wit,
I sawin a grete wondir yit,
Upon her eyin to beholde,
But certainly' I 'hem nevir tolde,
For as fele eyin haddin she
As sethis upon foulis be,
Or werin on the bestis four
That Godd'is trone can to honoure,
As writeth thon in the' Apocalyps,
Her here, that was owndie and crips,
As burnid golde it shone to se.

And, sothe to tellin also, she
Had also fele upstandyng eres,
And tongis as on best ben heres,
And on her fete woxin sawe I
Partrich'is wingis redily.

But Lorde! the perrie' and the richeffe
I sawe sittyn on the goddesse,
And the hevinly melodie
Of songis full of armonie
I herde about her trone isong,
That all the palais wall yrong!
So songe the mightie Musf, she
That clepid is Caliope,
And her sevin sustirin eke,
That in ther facis semid meke,
And evirmore eternally
Thei songin of Fame; tho heard I,
Yheried be thou and thy name,
Goddesse of Renoun and of Fame!

Tho was I aware at the last,
As I myne eyin gan upcast,
That this ilke grete and noble quene
Upon her shuldurs gan sustene
Bothè the armis and the name
Of tho that haddin large fame,
Alifander and Hercules,
That with a sherte his life did lese;
And thus founde I sittyn this goddesse
In noble honour and richeffe,
Of which I stinte a while now,
Of othir thing to tellin you.

Tho sawe I stande on th' other side,
Streight doune unto the doris wide,
From the dees many a pillere
Of metall that shone not full clere,
But though thei were of no richeffe
Yet were thei made for grete nobleffe,
And in 'hem was there grete sentence,
And folke of hie and digne reverence,

Of which to tellin will I fonde.

Upon a pillir fawe I stonde,
Alderfirst there ysfe,
Upon a pillir stonde on hie,
That was of lede and iron fine,
Hym of the feste Saturnine,
The Ebraike Josephus the old,
That of the Jewis gestis told,
And he bare on his shuldurs hie
All the fame up of the Jurie;
And by hym stodin othir seven,
Full wise and worthie for to neven,
To helpe hym berin up the charge,
It was so hevie and so large;
And for thei writtin of batailles
As well as of othir marvailles,
Therefore ywas, lo! this pillere,
Of the whiche I you tellin here,
Of lede and iron bothe iwis,
For iron Mart's metall is,
Whiche that the god is of Battaile,
And eke the lede withoutin faile
Is, lo! the metall of Saturne,
That hath ful large whele to turne,
To standin forth on cithir rowe
Of hem whiche that I could yknowe,
Though I by ordir hem not tell,
To makin you to long to dwell.

These, of the whiche I gan to rede,
These fawe I standin out of drede
Upon an iron pillir strong,
That painted was all endelong
With tigr's blode in every place,
The Tholason, with that heigh Stace,
That bare of Thebis up the name
Upon his sholdurs, and the fame
Also of cruill Achilles;
And by hym stode withoutin lese
Full wondir hie on a piller
Of iron he the grete Omer,
And with him Dares and Titus
Before, and eke he Lollius,
And Guide eke de Columpnis,
And Engliß Gafride eke iwis;
And eche of these, as I have joye,
Was busie for to bere up Troye,
So hevie thereof was the fame,
That for to bere it was no game;
But yet I gan full well espie
Betwene hem was a little envie;
One saied that Omer made lies
And feinyng in his poetries,
And was to the Grekes favourable,
And therefore helde he it but fable.

The fawe I stonde on a pillere
That was of tinnid iron clere,
Him the Latine poete Virgile,
That hath bore up a longe while
The fame of pius Æneas.

And next him on a pillir was
Of coppir Venus clerke Ovide,
That both yfowin wondirs wide
The grete god of Lov's fame,
And there he bare up well his name

Upon this piller al so hie,
As mighte se it with myne eye;
For why? this hall whereof I rede
Was woxe on height, and length, and brede
Well more by a thousande dele
Than it was erst, that fawe I welde.

Tho fawe I on a pillir by
Of iron, wrought full sternly,
The grete poete, him Dan Lucan,
That on his sholdurs bare up than,
As hie as that I might it se,
The fame of Julius and Pompe,
And by hym stodin all these clerkes
That write of Rom's mightie werkes,
That if I would ther namis tell
Tho all to long ymust I dwell.

And nexte hym on a pillir stode
Of sulphure, liche as he were wode,
Dan Claudian, sothe for to tell,
That bare up all the fame of hell,
Of Pluto and of Proserpine,
That quene is of the derke pine.
What should I more tellin of this?
The hall ywas all full iwis
Of hem that writtin oldë jestes
As ben on treis rokis nestes,
But it a full confuse mattere
Were all these jestis for to here
That thei of write, and how thei heigh:
But while that I beheld this sight
I herde a noise approachin blive,
That fareth as bees doen in an hive
Ayenst ther tyme of out flying,
Right soche a manir murmuring
For all the worlde it semid me.

Tho gan I loke about, and se
That there come entryng into the hall
A right grete companie withall,
And that of sondrie regions,
Of all kind of condicions
That dwell in yerthe undir the mone,
Bothe pore and riche: and also fone
As thei were come into the hall
Thei gan on kneis doune to fall
Before this ilke noble quene,
And sayid, Graunt us, ladie shene!
Eche of us of thy grace a bone.
And some of hem she grauntid fone,
And some she warnid well and faire,
And some she grauntid the contrarie
Of ther askyng all uttirlic;
But this I saie you truilic,
What that her grace was I ne wist,
For of these folke full well I wist
Thei haddin gode fame eche deserved,
Although thei were diversly served,
Right as her sistir Dame Fortune
Is wont to servin in commune.

Now herkin how the gan to paie
Hem that gan her of grace to praië,
And yet, lo! all this companie
Ysaïdin sothe, and not a lie.

Madame, (thus sayid thei) we be
Folke whiche that here besechin the

That thou grauntin as now gode Fame,
And let our workis have gode name;
In full recompensacion
Of gode worke give us gode renoun.

I warne it you (quod she anone)
Ye gettin of me gode Fame none
By God, and therefore go your waie.

Alas, (quod thei) and welawaie!
Tellich us what your cause maie be.

For that me liste it not, (quod she,)

No wight shall speke of you iwis
Ne gode ne harme ne that ne this.

And with that worde she gan to call
Her messengir that was in hall,

And bad that he shoulde fast ygone,
Upon pain to be blinde anone,

For Æolus, the god of Winde,
In Thrace there ye shall hym yfnde,

And bid hym bryng his clarioun
That is full divers of his soun,

And it is clepid Clere Laude.

With which he wont is to heraude

'Hem that that me list ipraisid be;

And also bid hym now that he

Bryng eke his othir clarioun,

That hight Sclaundir in every toun,

With whiche he wont is to diffame

'Hem that me list and doe 'hem shame.

This messengir gan fast to gone,

And founde where in a cave of stone,

In a countre which that hight Thrace,

This Æolus with hard grace

Yhelde the windis in distresse,

And gan 'hem undir hym to presse,

That thei gone as the beris rore,

He bounde and pressid 'hem so fore.

This messengir gan fast to crie,

Rise up (quod he) and fast the hie

Untill thou at my ladie be,

And take thy clarions eke with the,

And spede the fast: and he anone

Toke to him one that hight Tritone,

His clarions to berin tho,

And let a certain winde ygo,

That blewe so hidously and hie

That it ne leste not a flie

In all the welkin long and brode.

This Æolus no where abode

Till he was come to Fam's fete,

And eke the man that Triton hete,

And there he stode as still as stone:

And here withall there came anone

An othir hugé companie

Of gode folke, and began to crie

Ladie! grauntith us now gode Fame,

And let our workis have that name,

Now in honour of gentilnesse,

And al so God your soule yblesse,

For we han well deservid it,

Therefore is right that we be quit.

As thrive I (quod she) ye shall faile,

Gode workis shall you not availe

To have of me gode Fame as now;

But wote ye what? I grauntin yowe

That ye shall havin a shrewde name,
And wickid loos worfe Fame,

Though ye gode loos have well deservid;

Now goeth your waie, for ye ben servid.

And thou Dan Æolus, (quod she)

Take forthe thy trompe anone, let se,

That is iclepid Sclaundir light,

And blowe ther loos, that every wight

Speke of 'hem harime and shreudinesse

In stede of gode and worthinesse,

For thou shalt trumpe all the contraire

Of that thei have doen well and faire.

Alas! thought I, what aventures

Yhavin these sorie creatures,

That thei emongis al the pres

Shoulde thus be shamid gittles!

But what? it must nedis ybe.

What did this Æolus? but he

Toke out his blacke trompe of bras,

That foulir then the devill was.

And gan this tromp for to blowe

As all the world shoulde ovirthrowe:

Throughout every regioun

Ywent this foulle trump's soun

As swift as pellit out of gonne

When fire is in the poudir ronne,

And soche a smoke gan out wende

Out of the foulle trump's ende,

Blacke, blite, and grenishe, swartishe, rede

As doith where that man melte lede,

Lo! all on hie from the tewell;

And therto one thyng sawe I well,

That ay the ferthir that it ranne

The gettir wexin it beganne,

As doeth the rivir from a well,

And it stanke as the pitte of hell:

Alas! thus was ther shame iron;

And gillteff, on every tong,

Tho came the thirde companie,

And gone up to the dees to hie,

And doune on knees thei fell anone,

And saidin, We ben everichone

Folke that yhan full truillie

Deservid Fame rightfullie,

And prayin you it might be knowe

Right as it is, and forthe yblowe.

I graunte (quod she), for now me list

That your gode workis shall be wist,

And yet ye shall have bettir loos,

Right in dispite of all your foos,

Then worthie is, and that anone.

Let now (quod she) thy trump gone,

Thou Æolus, that is so blacke,

And out thyne othir trump take

That hightin Laude, and blowe it so

That through the world ther Fame may go

All esly and not to fast,

That it be knowin at the last.

Ful gladly, ladie myne! he said;

And out his trompe of golde he braid

Anone, and set it to his mouthe,

And blewe it est, and west, and fourthe,

And northe, as loude as any thonder,

That every wight hath of it wonder,

So brode it ran or that it stent;
And certis all the breth that went
Out of his trump's mouthe ysmelde
As men a potte full of baume helde
Emong a baskit full of roses;
This favour did he to ther loses.

And right with this I gan espie
There came the fowrth companie,
But certaine thei were wondir fewe,
And gonne to standin on a rewe,
And saidin, Certis, ladie bright!
We have doen well with all our might,
But we ne kepe to havin Fame;
Hidith our workis and our name
For Godd's love, for certis we
Have surely doen it for bounte,
And for no manir othir thyng.

I grauntin you all your askyng,
(Quod she;) let your workis be dedde.

With that about I tourned my hedde,
And sawe anone the fivith rout,
That to this ladie gan to lout,
And doune on knees anone to fall,
And to her tho besoughtin all
To hidin ther gode workis eke,
And sayid, thei yve not a leke
For no Fame, ne no soche renoun,
For thei for contemplacioun
And Godd's love had it ywrought,
Ne of Fame woulidin thei have nought.

What! (quod she) and be ye so wode?
And wenin ye for to doe gode,
And for to have of that no Fame?
Have ye dispite to have my name?
Naie, ye shall lyin everichone.
Blowth thy trumpe, and that anone;
(Quod she) thou Æolus, I hote,
And ring these folkis workes by note,
That all the worlde maie of it here:
And he gan blowe ther loos so clere
Within his goldin clarioun,
That through the worlde ywent the soun.
Al so kindly and eke so soft
That ther Fame was yblowe aloft.

And tho came the fixt companie,
And gonin fast to Fame to crie
Right verily in this manere;
Thei saidin, Mercie, ladie dere!
To tellin certain as it is
We have doen neithir that ne this,
But idill all our life hath be;
But nathelesse yet prayin we
That we maie have as gode a Fame,
And grete renome and knowin name,
As thei that have doe nobel jestes,
And have achevid all ther questes,
As wel of love as othir thyng,
All was us nevir broche ne ryng,
Ne ellis what fro women sent,
Ne onis in ther herte iment,
To maken us onely frendly chere,
But mought ytemin us on bere,
Yet let us to the peple feme
Soche as the worlde maie of us deme

That women lovin us for wode,
It shall do us as mochtill gode,
And to our herte as moche availe
The countirpeise, ese, and travaile
As we had wonnin with labour,
For that is dere ybought honour,
At the regard of our grete ese;
And yet ye must us more yplise,
Let us beholdin eke thereto
Worthie, and wise, and gode alle,
And riche, and happie unto love,
For Godd's love that sitteth above;
Though we may not the bodie have
Of women, yet, so God me save,
Let men yglewe on us the name;
Suffisith that we have the Fame.

I graunt it (quod she), by my trouth.
Now, Æolus, withoutin slouth
Take out thy trumpe of golde, (quod she)
And blowe as thei have askid me,
That every man wene 'hem at ese
Although thei go in full badde lesse.
This Æolus gan it so blowe
That through the worlde it was iknowe.

Tho came the seventh route anone,
And fill on kneis everichone,
And sayid, Ladie, graunte us sone
The same thyng, the same bone,
Which that this nexte folke you have done.

Fie on you (quod she) everichone!
Ye nassie swine, ye idle wretches,
Fullfillid of rottin slowe tetches!
What! false thevis, where ye wolde
Ben famid gode, and nothyng n'olde
Deservin why, ne nevir thought,
Men rather you to hangin ought,
For ye be like the slepie cat,
That would have fishe, but wost thou what?
He woll nothyng wete his clavis:
Evill thrifte come to your jawis,
And on myne, if I you it graunte,
Or doe favour you to avaunte.

Thou Æolus, thou Kyng of Thrace,
Go blowe this folke a forie grace
(Quod she) anone; and wost thou how?
As I shall tellin the right now;
Say thes ben they that wolde honour
Have, and do no kinde of labour,
Ne do no gode, and yet have laude,
And that men wende that belle I faude
Ne coude 'hem not of love werne,
And yet she that ygrint at querne
Is all to gode to ese ther herte.
This Æolus anone up sterre,
And with his blacke clarioun
He gan to blasin out a soun
As loud as bellith winde in hel,
And eke therewith, the sothe to tel,
This fowne was so full of japes
As evir mowis were in apes,
And that went al the worlde aboute,
That every wight gan on 'hem shoute
And for to laugh as they were wode,
Soche game yfounde they in ther hode.

Tho came anothir companye
That had ydone the trechery,
The harme and the grete wickednesse,
That any herte couidin ygesse,
And prayid her to have gode Fame,
And that she n'olde do 'hem no shame,
But give 'hem loos and gode renoun,
And do it blowe in clarioun.

Nay, wis, (quod she) it were a vyce;
Al be there in me no justice
Me lyst not for to do it nowe,
Ne this I ne will graunt it you.

Tho came there lepinge in a route,
And gan to clappin al aboute
Every man upon the crowne,
That al the hal began to fowne,
And sayid, Lady lese and deré!
We ben soche folkes, as ye may here,
To tellin all the tale aright,
We ben shrewis every wight,
And have delite in wickidnesse,
As gode folke havin in godenesse,
And joye to ben yknowin shrewes,
And ful of vice and wickid thewes,
Wherefore we praye you on a rowe
That our Fame be soche yknowe
In al thingis right as it is.

I graunte it you, (quod she) ywis;
But what arte thou that saiest this tale,
That werist on thy hofe a pale,
And on thy tippet soche a bel?

Madame, (quod he) the sothe to tel,
I am that ilk shrewe ywis
That brent the temple of Ifidis
In Athenis, lo! that cyte.
And wherefore diddest thou so? (quod she.)
By my trouthe, (answerid he) Madame,
I woldè saine have had a name,
As othir folke had in the towne;
Although they were of grete renowne
For ther vertue and ther thewis,
Thought I, as grete Fame have shrewis
(Though it be nought) for shrewdnesse
As gode folke havin for godenesse,
And sithen I may not have that one
That othir n'yl I not forgone,
As for to gettin a Fame here,
The temple set I al on fire.

Nowe done our loos be blowin swithe,
As wisly be thou evir blythe.

Gladly (quod she.), Thou Æolus,
Herist thou not what they prayen us?
Madame, I here ful wel, (quod he)
And I will trumpin it parde;
And toke his blackè trump faste,
And gan to puffin and to blasfe
Tyl it was at the world's ende.

With that I gan aboutin wende,
For one that stode right at my bake
Me thought ful godely to me spake,
And sayid, Frende, what is thy name?
Arte thou come hidir to have Fame?

Have Fame! nay, for sothe, frende, (quod I)
I come nat hithir, grant mercy!

For no soche cause, by my hed,
Suffisith me as I were ded
That no wight have my name in honde;
I wot my selfe best howe I stonde,
For what I drie or what I thinke
I wol my selfin al it drinke,
Certainly for the more parte,
As ferforth as I can mine arte.
What doist thou here than? (quod he.)
(Quod I) That wol I tellin the:
The cause why I standin here
Is some new tidinges for to lere,
Some newè thing, I ne wot what;
Tydingis cythir this or that,
Of love, or of soche thingis glade,
For certainly he that me made
To comin hidir said to me
I shuldin bothe yhere and se
In this place many wondir thinges;
But these ne be no soche tidinges
As I yment of. No? (quod he.)
And I answerid, No, parde,
For ful wel I wote evir yet,
Sithinis that firste I had wit,
That some folke han desirid Fame
Diversly, and loos and gode name,
But certainly I ne wist how
Ne where that Fame dwellid or nowe,
Ne eke of her discipcion,
No also her condicion,
Ne eke the ordir of her dome
Knewe I not till I hithir come.

Why than be, lo! these tidingis
Which that thou nowe hethir bringis,
That thou hast herde? (quod he to me:)
But nowe no force, for wel I se
What thou desirist for to lere:
Come forthe, and stande no lengir here;
And I wol the, withoutin drede,
In to soche anothir place lede
There thou shalte herin many one.

Tho gan I forthe with him to gone
Out of the castil, sothe to sey.

Tho sawe I stande in a valey,
Undir the castil faste by,
An house that *Domus Dædali*,
That *Labyrinthus*, cyleped is,
N'as made so wondirly ywis,
Ne halfe so quently was ywrought;
And evirmo as swifte as thought
This queint House aboutin ywent,
That nevirmo it still ystent,
And there came out so gret a noyse,
That had it stondin upon Oyle
Men might have herde it esily
To Rome, I trowin sikirly;
And the noisë whiche that I yherde
For al the worlde right so it ferde
As dothe the rotinge of the stoné
That fro th' engin is letyn gone.

And al this House of whiche I rede
Was made of twyggis falowe, rede,
And grene eke, and some werin white,
Soche as men to the cagis twhite,

Or makin of these paniers,
 Or ellis hutchis or doffers,
 That for the fwough and for the twigges
 This Houfe was alfo full of gigges,
 And al fo ful eke of chirkinges,
 And of many othir wirkinges,
 And eke this Houfe hath of entrees
 As many' as levis ben on trees
 In fommir whan that they ben grene,
 And on the rofe yet men may fene
 A thoufande bolis, and well mo,
 To lettin the fowne out ygo;
 And by day in evêry tyde
 Ben al the doris opin wide,
 And by night eche one is unfhethe;
 Ne portir is there none to lette
 No manir tydinges in to pace,
 Ne nevir rest is in that place,
 That it n'is filled full of tidinges,
 Eythir loude or of whifperinges,
 And evir all the Houfis angles
 Is full of rowninges and of jangles,
 Of werres, of pece, of mariages,
 Of restes, of labour, of viages,
 Of abode, of dethe, and of lyfe,
 Of love, of hate, accorde, of frife,
 Of losse, of lore, and of winninges,
 Of hele, of sickenesse, or lefinges,
 Of faire wethir and tempestis,
 Of qualme, of folke and of bestis,
 Of divers transmutacions
 Of estates and of regions,
 Of trust, of drede, of jealousy,
 Of witte, of winning, of foly,
 Of plenty and of grete famine,
 Of chepe, of derthe, and of ruine,
 Of gode or of misgovernement,
 Of fyre, and divers accident.

And lo! this Houfe of whiche I write
 Sykir be ye it n'as no lite,
 For it was fyxtie mile of length;
 Al was the tymbir of no strength,
 Yet it is foundid to endure
 While that it lyfte to Avinture,
 That is the mothir of Tidinges,
 As the fe of wellis and springes,
 And it was shapin lyke a cage.

Certis, (quod I) in al mine age
 Ne sawe I foche an Houfe as this.
 And as I wondrid me ywis
 Upon this Houfe, tho ware was I
 How that myne egle faste by
 Was perchid hye upon a stone,
 And I gan streight to him to gone,
 And sayid him thus, I pray the
 That thou a while abidin me
 For Godd'is love, and let me fene
 What wondirs in that place ybene,
 For yet parauntir I may lere
 Some gode therin, or fomwhat here,
 That lese me were or that I went.

Peter, that is nowe mype entent,
 (Quod he to me) therfore I dwel;
 But certaine one thinge I the tel,

That but I bringin the therin
 Ne shal thou nevir conne the gin
 To come in to it out of doute,
 So faste it whirlich, lo! aboute;
 But sithe that Jov'is of his grace,
 As I have said, wil the solace
 Finally with these ilke thinges,
 These uncouth sightis and tidinges,
 To passe away thine hevinesse,
 Soche routhe hath he of thy distresse
 That thou suffredest debonairly,
 And wofte thy felvin uttirly
 Wholy desperate of al blisse,
 Sithe that Fortune hath made amisse
 The sote of al thine her'tis rest
 Languishe, and eke in pointe to brest,
 But he through his mightie melite
 Wil do the ese, al be it lile,
 And gave in expresse commaundement,
 To whiche I am obedient,
 To forthir the with al my myght,
 And wishe and techin the aright
 Where thou maiste moste tidings here,
 Thou shalte here many one ylere.
 And with this worde he right anone
 Yhent me up bytwene his tone,
 And at a windowe in me brought
 That in this Houfe was, as me thought,
 And therewithal me thought it stent,
 And nothings it aboutin wente,
 And me fet in the flore adoun;
 But soche grete congregacioun
 Of folke as I sawe rome about,
 Some it within and some without,
 N'as nevir sene, ne shal be este,
 That certis in this worlde n'is leste
 So many formid by Nature,
 Ne ded so many a creture,
 That wel unnethis in that place
 Had I a for'tis brede of space;
 And every wight that I sawe there
 Rownid everiche in othir's ere
 A newe tidinge privily,
 Or els he tolde it opinly,
 Right thus, and said, Ne wost nat thou
 That is betiddin, lo! right nowe?

No, certis, (quod he;) tel me what;
 And than he tolde him this and that,
 And swore therto that it was sothe,
 Thus hath he said, and thus he dothe,
 And this shal be, and thus herde I say,
 That shal be founde, and dare I lay;
 That al the folke that is on lyve
 Ne have the konninge to discrive
 Tho thingis that I herdin there,
 What aloude and what in the ere;
 But al the wondir moste was this,
 Whan one had herde a thinge ywis
 He came streight to anothir wight,
 And gan him tellin anone right
 The same tale that to him was tolde
 Or it a forlonge way was olde,
 And began fomwhat for to eche
 Unto this tidinge in his speche

More than evir it spokin was,
 And nat so sone departid n'as
 Tho fro him that he ne ymette
 With the thirde man, and er he lette
 Any stounde he ytolde him alle;
 Werin the tidinges sothe or false
 Yet wolde he tel it natheles,
 And evirmore with mo ences
 That it was erst: thus northe and southe
 Went every tidinge fro mouth to mouthe,
 And that encrefinge evirmo,
 As fire is wont to quicken and go,
 From a sparcle sprongin amis,
 Tyl al a cite brent up is.

And whan that that was ful up spronge,
 And waxin more on every tonge
 Than er it was, and went anone
 Up to a windowe out to gone,
 Or but it might out there ypass
 It gan out crepe at some crevasse,
 And flewe forthe faste for the nones.

And somtyme I sawe there at ones
 A lesinge and a fadde sothesawe,
 That gonnin of avinture drawe
 Out at a windowe for to pace,
 And whan thei mettin in that place
 They were acheekid bothé two,
 And neithir of hem myght out go,
 For eche othir they gonne so croude,
 Tyl eche of hem gan cryn loude
 Let me gone first; Nay, but let me,
 And here I wol ensurin the
 With vowis that thou wolt do so,
 That I shal nevir fro the go,
 But be alway thin owne foworne brother;
 We wol meddle us eche in other,
 That no man be he ner so wrothe
 Shal have one of us two, but bothe
 At onis, as beside his leve,
 Come we amorowe or on eve,
 Be we cryde or styl yrowned:
 Thus sawe I false and sothe compowned
 Togidir flye for o tidinge;
 Thus out at holis gonne to wringe
 Evéry tidinge streight to Fame,
 And the gan yevin eche his name
 Afir her disposicion,
 And yeve 'hem eke duracion,
 Some to wexin and wanin sone,
 As dothe the faire and white mone,
 And let him gonne; there might I sein
 Wingid wondirs full fast flyin

Twenty thoufande all in a route,
 As Æolus 'hem blewé aboute:
 And, Lorde! this Houfe in allé times
 Was ful of shyppmen and pilgrimes,
 With scrippis bretteful of lesinges,
 Entremedilid with tidinges;
 And eke aloné by 'hem selve
 A many thoufande tymis twelve
 Sawe I eke of these pardoners,
 Currours, and eke of messaungers,
 With boxis crommid ful of lyes
 As evir vessil was with lies:
 And as I althirfastist went
 Aboute, and dyd al myne entent
 Me for to playen and for to lere,
 And eke a tidinge for to here,
 That I had herde of some countre,
 That shal not now be tolde for me,
 For it no nede is, redyly
 Folke can yfinge it bet than I,
 For al mote out or late or rathe
 Allé the shevis in the fathe.

I herdin a grete noise withall
 Within a cornir of the hal,
 There men of love tydingis tolde,
 And I gan thidirwarde beholde,
 For I sawe renninge every wight
 As faste as that they haddin might,
 And everyche cride, What thinge is that?
 And some said, I n'ot nevir what:
 And whan they were al on an hepe,
 Tho thei behinde gonnin up lepe,
 And clambin up on othir faste,
 And up the noise on hyghin caste,
 And tredin fast on othir's heles,
 And flampe, as men done afir eles:
 But at the laste I sawe a man
 Whiche that I nought discrive ne can,
 But he yfemid for to be
 A man of grete auctorite.

And therewithal I anon abraide
 Out of my slepe halfe afraide,
 Remembring wel what I had sene,
 And howe hye and ferre I had bene,
 In my gost, and had grete wonder
 Of that the mighty god of Thonder
 Had let me knowen, and gan to write
 Lyke as ye have herde me endite,
 Wherefore to study and rede alway
 I purpose to do day by day.

And thus in dreminge and in game
 Endith this litil Boke of Fame,

CERTAINE BALADES, &c.

Here foloweth a godely Balade of Chaucer.

MOTHER of norture, best beloved of all,
And freshe floure, to whom gode thrist God sende,
Your childe, if it luste you me so to call,
All be' I' unable my self so to pretende,
To your discrecion I recomende
Mine herte and all, with every circumstance,
All wholly to be' undir your govinaunce.

Moste desire I, and have, and evir shall,
Thing which that might your hert'is ese amende;
Have me excused, my powir is but small;
Nathelesse of right ye ought for to commende
My gode will, whichè fainè would entende
To doe you service, for my suffisaunce
Is wholly to be' undir your govinaunce.

Mens'un in herte, whichè nevir shall apall,
Aie freshe and new, and right glad to dispende
My time in your service, what so befall,
Beseechyng your excellence to defende
My simplenesse, if ignoraunce offende
In any wise, sith that myne affiaunce
Is wholly to be' undir your govinaunce.

Daisie of light, very ground of comfort!
The Sunn'is doughtir ye hight, as I rede,
For when he welstrith farwell your disport;
By your nature anone right for pure drede
Of the rude Night, that with his boistous wede
Of derkenesse shadowith our hemisphere,
Then closin ye, my liv'is ladie dere!

Daunying the daie unto his kinde resort,
And Phœbus your fathir with his stremes rede
Adorneth the morowe, consuming the sort
Of mistle cloudes, that woulidin ovirlede
True humble hertis with their mistle hede,
Nere comfort adaies, when your eyin clere
Disclose and sprede, my liv'is ladie dere!

Je wouldray, but the grete God disposeth
And makith casuall by his providence
Soche thing as mann'is frele wit purposeth,
All for the best, if that your conscience
Not grutche it, but in humble pacience
It receve, for God faith withoutin a fable
A faithfull herte evir is acceptable.

Cautelis whofo usith gladlie gloseth;
To eschewe soche it is right high prudence;
What ye faied onis mine herte opposeth,
That my writyng japis in your absence
Plesid you moche bettir than my presence,
Yet can I more, ye be not excusable;
A faithfull herte evir is acceptable.

Quakith my penne, my spirite supposeth
That in my writing ye find woll offence;
Min hert welknith thus sone, anon it riseth,
Now hotte, now colde, and cft in grete fervence;
That misse is causid of negligence,
And not of malice, therefore beth merciable;
A faithfull herte evir is acceptable.

L'enveye.

Forthe complaint, forthe thou lacking eloquence,
Forthe litil lettir, of enditing lame,
I have besought my ladie's sapience
Of thy behalfe for to accept in game
Thine inabilite, doe thou the same:
Abide, have more yet; *Je serve foveissi*
Now forth, I close the' in holy Venus name,
The shall unclofe my hert'is govinesse.

A ballade in commendacion of our Ladie.

A THOUSANDE stories coude I mo reliefe
Of olde poetis touching this matere,
How that Cupide the hertis gan so perce
Of his servaantis, setting 'hem in fere.
Lo here the fine of th' errour and the fere,
Lo here of love the guerdone and grevaunce,
That er what wo her servaantes do avaunce!

Wherefore now plainly I woll my stile dresse
Of one to speke at nede that woll not faile;
Alas! for dole I ne can ne maie' expresse
Her passyng prife, and that is no mervaille.
O winde of grace! now blowe unto my faile,
O auriate licour of Clío! to write
My penne enspire of that I woll endite.

Alas! unworthie I am and unable
To love soche one, all women furmountyng,
But she be benigne to me and merciable,
That is of pitie the welle and the spryng;
Wherfore of her in laude and in praisyng,
So as I can, supportid by her grace,
Right thus I saie, knelyng before her face:

O sterre of sterreis, with thy stremis clere,
Sterre of the se, to shipmen light and gide!
O lustie livyng, moste plesaunt to' appere,
Whose bright beutis the cloudis maie not hide!
O waie of life to 'hem that go or ride,
Haven aftir tempest, surist up to rive,
On me have mercie for thy joyis five!

O rightfull rule! o bote of holynesse!
And lightsome line of pitie for to plain,
Originall of grace and all godenesse,
And clenest conduct of vertue moste soverain!
Mothir of mercie, our trouble to restrain,
Chambir and cloist clenest of chasticite,
And namid herbrough of the deitie!

O cloist, gardin, voide of wedis wicke,
Cristallin welle, of clerenesse clere configned,
Fructified olive of foiles faire and thicke,
And redo'lent cedre most dere worthy digned!
Remember on sinnirs that to the be' assined
Or wickid fendis ther wrathe on 'hem wreche;
Lanterne of light! thou art ther livis leche.

Paradise of plesaunce, gladsome to all gode,
O benigne braunchilet of the pine tre,
Vinarie cvermailed, refresshir of bode,
Licour ayen langour that palled maie not be,
Blisful blomie blosme, bidyng in bounte!
Thy mantell of mercie on our miserie sprede,
And er we' awaie wrappe us undir thy wede.

O rodie rosier, flouring without spine,
Fountain filthlesse, as birill currant clere!
Sum drop of gracefull dewe to us propine;
Light without nebulie shynyng in thy sphere,
Medicine to mischeves, ptecell without pere!
Flambe doun the full light of thin influence,
Remembering thy servantes for thy magnificence.

Of all Christin protectrice and tutele,
Retourne of exiled put in the proserpcion,
To 'hem that erren in the' pathe of ther sequele,
To werie forwandrid tent and pavilion,
To faint and to freshe the paufacion,
To unrestie bothe rest and remedie,
Fructfull to all tho that in her assie:

To 'hem that rennin thou art itinerarie,
O blisfull brave to knightes of thy werre!
To werie werkmen she 'is diourne denarie,
Mede unto mariners that have sailed ferre,
Laureate coroune stremyng as a sterre,
To 'hem putin palaistre for thy sake
Tours of ther conquest white as any lake.

O mirthe of martyrs! swetir than sitole,
Of confessours also riche donatife,
Unto virgines eternall lauriolate,
'Fore all woman havyng prerogative,
Mothir and maide, bothe widowe and eke wife!
Of all the worlde is none but thou alone,
Now sith thou maie be succour to my none,

Trustie turtle, truefastist of all true,
Curteise columbe, replete of all mekenesse,
O nightingale with thy notis newe!
O popinjaie! purid with all clenness,
O laveroke of love! singyng with swetnesse,
Phæbus waityng till on thy brest he light,
Undir thy wing at domisdaie us dight.

O rubie! rubified in the passion
Of thy sonne, us have emongis in minde,
O stedfast diametre of duracioun!
That fewe seris any time might thou finde.
For none to hym was foundin halfe so kinde;
O hardie herte! o lovyng creature!
What was 'it but love that made the so endure?

Semely saphre, depe loupe, and blewe ewage!
Stable as the loupe ewage of pitie,
This is to saie, the freshift of visage,
Thou lovest unchangid 'hem that servin the,
And if offence or varyng in 'hem be
Thou art aie redie on ther wo to rue,
And 'hem recevist aye with herte full true.

O godelie gladdid! when that Gabriel
With joy the grette, that maie not be nombrid,
Or halfe the blisse who coud ywrite or tell
When the' Holy Ghooste to the was obumbrid,
Wherthrough fendes were bittirly encombrid?
O wemlesse maide! embelished in his birthe,
That man and angill therof haddin mirthe.

Lo here the blosme and the budde of glorie,
Of whiche the prophet so long spake beforne!
Lo here the same that was in memorie
Of Esaie, so long or she was yborne!
Lo here of David the delicious corne!
Lo here the grounde of life in to bilde,
Becomyng man our ranfome for to yilde!

O glorious voile, vite inviolate!
O sirie Titan! persyng with thy bemes,
Whose vertuouse brightnes was in brest vibrat,
That al the world embelished with the lemes,
Conservatrice of kinges, dukes, and relmes,
Of Jesse his fede the swete Sunamite,
Mesure my mourning mine own Margarete!

O soverainist ysought out of Syon!
Cockle with golde-dewe from above beraidid,
Dewe-bushe unbrent, firelesse fire set on,
Flambyng with servence, not with hete painid,
Duryng daifie that no wethir stainid,
Fleece undefouled of gentilist Gidion,
And fructifyng fairist yerde of Aaron!

The mightie arche, the probatife piscine,
Laughyng Aurora, and of pce olive,
Columpne and base, up beryng from abime,
Why n'ere I connyng here for to discrive?
Chosin of Joseph, whom he toke to wive,
Unknowyng hym chidlyng by miracle,
And of our manly figure the tabernacle!

I have none Englishe convenient and digne,
Myne herte's hele lady! the with to honour,
Ivorie clene! therefore I woll resigne
Into thyne hande till that thou list succour,
To helpe my makyng both florifhe and flour,
Then should I shewe in love how that I brende,
In songis makyng thy name to commende.

For if I cou'd before thyne excellence
 Syngin in love I woul'din what I fele,
 And evir standin, ladie, I in thy presence,
 To shewe in opin how I love you wele,
 And sith although your heart be made of stele
 To you withoutin any discevrance
J'ay en vous toute ma fiance.

Where might I love evir bettir beset
 Then in this like likyng to beholde,
 That lace of love, the bonde so well thou knit,
 That I maie se the or myne herte colde,
 And or I passe out of my dayis olde,
 To fore syngyng evirmore uttirly,
 Your eyin two wolle ste me sodainly.

For love I langour, blissed be soch sicknesse!
 Sith it is for you, my heretely suffraunce,
 I can not ellis saie in my distresse,
 So faire one hath myne hert in govrnaunce,
 And afir I begin on esperance,
 With feble entyne, though it thine hert percee,
 Yet for thy sake this letter I reherie.

God wote on musike I can not, but I gesse;
 Alas why so! that I might saie or syng,
 So love I you, my own soveraine maistresse,
 And evir shall withoutin departyng,
 Mirrour of beauteie, for you out should I ring,
 In remembrance eke of your eyin clere,
 Thus ferre from you my soverain ladie dere!

So woul'din God your love would me yll,
 Sith for your sake I engin da'e by daie;
 O herte! why ne nist thou breke a two,
 Sith with my ladie dwellin I ne maie?
 Thus many a roundell, many a virole, haide I
 In freshe Englishe, when I me leisir finde,
 I doe recorde, on you to havin mynde.
 Now, ladie mine! sith I you love and drede,
 And you' unchaunged ever finde in o degre,
 Whose grace ne maie die fro your womanhede,
 Disdainith not for to remembre' on me,
 Myne herte bledith for I maie not you fe;
 And sith ye wotte my menyng desirous
Pleures pour moy s'il vous plaist amoureux.

What marvaile is though I in pain ybe?
 I am departid from you my soverain;
 Fortune alas! dont vient la destenie,
 That in no wise I can ne maie attain
 To se the beauteie of your eyin twain,
 Wherefore I saie, for tristesse doeth me grame,
Tant me fait mal departir de ma dome.

Why nere my wiffing brought to soche esplot
 That I might saie for joye of your presence
Or amon ceur ce qui vouloit
Or amon ceur? the highest excellence
 That er had wight, and sith mine advertence
 Is in you rewit on my painis smerte,
 I am so fore ywoundid to the herte,

To live well merie two lovers were isere,
 So maie I saie withoutin any blame,
 And if that any man to wilde were
 I could hym techin for to be full tame,
 Let hym go love and se where it be game,
 For I am bridlid unto sobirnesse
 For her that is of women chief princeesse.

But evir when thought my hert shuld embrace,
 Then unto me it is best remedie

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When I loke on your godely freshe face,
 So merie a mirrour coud I ner espie,
 And if I cou'd I would it magnifie,
 For nevir none ywas so faire yfounde,
 To reken hem all, and also Rosamounde

And finally, with mouthe and will present,
 Of double eye withoutin repentaunce,
 Mine hert I yewe you, ladie, in this entent,
 That ye shall thereof have the govrnaunce,
 Taking my leve with hert's obseinaunce,
(Salve Regina) syngyng last of all
 To be our helpe when that we to the call.

All our love is nought els but idleness,
 Save your love alone, who might thereto attain;
 Who so wolle have a name of gentillesse
 I counsaile hym in love that he not fain;
 Thou swete ladie! refuse in every pain,
 Whose mercie moste unto me availith,
 To gie by grace when that Fortune failith.

Nought maie be told, withoutin any fable,
 Your high renome, you womanly beaute,
 Your govrnaunce, to all worship able,
 Putteth every herte in ese in his degre;
 O violet! o flowir desire!

Sithin I am for you so amorous
Espreignes moy de ceur joyeux

With fervent hert my brest hath brot on fire,
L'ardant espoir en mon ceur point est mort,
D'avoir l'amour de celle que je desire,
 I mene you swete moste plesant of porte,
Et je sçay bien que ce n'est pas mon tort,
 That for you syng so as I maie for mone,
 For your departyng alone I live alone.

Though that I might I would none othir chese,
 In your service I would ben foundin fadde;
 Therefore I love no labour that ye lese,
 When that in longyng sotist ye be fadde;
 Loke up you loviris and be right gladd,
 Now ayenist Saint Valentin's daie,
 For I have chese that ner forsake I maie.

Balade de bon conseil.

It is befall that God the list visite
 With any tourment or adversite
 Thanke firste the Lorde, and tho thy selfe to quite
 Upon sufferaunce and humilite
 Founde thou thy quazil, what er that it be,
 Make thy defence, and thou shalt have no losse,
 The remembrance of Christ and of his crosse.

SOMTYME the world so stedfast was and stable,
 That mannes's worde was an obligacioun,
 And now it is so false and discevable,
 That worde and dede, as in conclusioun,
 Is nothyng like, for tourned is up so down
 All the worlde, thorough mede and fittinesse,
 That all is losse for lacke of stedfastnesse.

What maketh the worlde to be so variable
 But lust that men have in discepcion?
 For among as a man is holde unable
 But if he can by some collasioun

O o

Doe his neighbour wrong an oppression :
What causith this but wilful wretchidnesse?
That all is losse for lacke of stedfastnesse.

Trouthe is put doune, reason is holde fable,
Vertue hath now no dominacion,
Pitie is exiled, no man is merciable,
Through covetise is blente discrecion;
The worlde hath made a permutacion
Pro right to wrong, fro trouthe to fikilnesse,
That all is losse for lacke of stedfastnesse.

L'envoye.

Prince, aye desire to be honourable,
Cherishe thy folke, and hate extortion;
Suffre nothing that maie be reprovabell
To thine estate doen in thy region;
Shewe forth the yerde of castigacion;
Drede God, do law, love treuth and worthines,
And wedde thy folke aye to stedfastnesse.

Balade of the village without painting.

Plaintife to Fortune.

This wretched world's transmutacion,
As wele and wo, nowe-pore and now honour,
Without ordir or due discrecion,
Govinid is by fortun's errour,
But nathelesse the lacke of her favour
Ne maie not doe me syng though that I die,
Jay tout perdu mon temps et mon labeur,
For finally fortune I doe desie.

Yet is me left the sight of my resoun
To knowin frende fro foe in thy mirrour,
So moche hath yet thy tounring up and down
Itaughtin me to knowin in an hour,
But truely no force of thy reddour
To hym that ovir hymself hath maistrise;
My suffisaunce yshal be my succour,
For finally fortune I do desie.

O Socrates! thou stedfast champion,
She ne might nevir be thy turmentour,
Thou nevir dreddist her oppression,
Ne in her chere foundin thou no favour;
Thou knewe wele the disceipt of her colour,
And that her moſte worship is for to lie;
I knowe her eke a false dissimulour,
For finally fortune I do desie.

The answer of Fortune.

No man is wretchid but hymself it wene;
He that yath hymself hath suffisaunce,
Why saiest thou then I am to the so kene
That hast thy self out of my govirnaunce?
Saie thus, graunt mercie of thin habundaunce,
That thou hast lent or this, thou shalt not strive;
What wost thou yet how I the wolle avaunce?
And eke thou hast thy best frende alive.

I have the taught division betwene
Frende of effecte and frende of countinaunce,
The nedith not the galle of an hine,
That curith eyin derke for ther penaunce,
Now seest thou clere that wer in ignorance;
Yet holt thine anker, and thou maieſt arive
There Bountie bereyth the key of my substaunce,
And eke thou haste thy best frende alive.

How many have I refused to sustene!
Sith I have the soſtrid in thy plesaunce!
Wolt thou then make a statute on thy queene,
That I shall be aie at thine ordinaunce?
Thou born art in my reign of variaunce;
About the whele with othir must thou drive;
My lore is bet, then wicke is thy grevaunce,
And eke thou hast thy best frende alive.

The answer to Fortune.

Thy lore I dampne, it is adversitie;
My frend maist thou not revin, blind goddesse;
That I thy frendis knowe I thanke it the;
Take 'hem again, let 'hem go lie a presse;
The nigardis in keepyng ther richesse
Pronoslike is thou wolt ther toure assaile;
Wicke appetite cometh aie before sicknesse;
In generall this rule ne maie not faile.

Fortune.

Thou pinchest at my mutabilitie,
For I the lent a droppe of my richesse;
And now me likith to withdrawin me
Why shouldist thou my roialte oppresse?
The se maie ebbe and flowin more and lesse,
The welkin hath might to shine, rain, and hail;
Right so must I kithin my brotilnesse;
In generall this rule ne maie not faile.

The Plaintiff.

Lo! the execution of thy majestie
That all purveighith of his rightwisenesse,
That samethyng Fortune yclepin ye,
Ye blind bestis, full of leudencels!
The hevin hath propirtie of sikirnesse,
This worlde hath evir restlesse travaile,
The last daie is the ende of myne cutresse;
In generall this rule ne maie not faile.

The envoye of Fortune.

Princes, I prae you of your gentilnesse,
Let not this man and me thus crie and plain,
And I shall quitin you this businesse;
And if ye lile releve hym of his pain
Praie ye his best frende of his noblenesse
That to some bettir state he maie attain.

L'envoye.

To brokin ben the statutes hie in heven
That create were eternally t' endure,
Sith that I se the brighte goddis seven
Mowe wepe and waile and passion endure,
As maie in yerth a mortall creature;
Alas! fro whenis maie this thing procede,
Of which errour I die almoste for drede?

By words eterne whilom was it yshaped
That fro the fifth circle in no manere
Ne might of teris nothing doune escape,
But now so wepith Venus in her sphere
That with her teris the well drench us here:
Alas, Scogan! this is for thine offence;
Thou causith this deluge of pestilence.

Hast thou not saied in blasphem of the goddis
Through pride or thorough thy gret rekiles,
Soche thinges as in the law of love forbode is,
That for thy kide sawe not thy distresse?
Therefore thou yave her up at Mighelnesse?

Alas, Scogan! of oldē folke ne yong
Was nevir erst Scogan blamed for his tong.

Thou drewe in scornē Cupide eke to recorde
Of thilkē rebell worde that thou hast spoken,
For whiche he woll no lēngir be thy lorde;
And, Scogan, though his bowe be not ybroken
He woll not with his arrowes be iwroken
On thee ne me, ne none of our figure;
We shall of hym have neither hurte ne cure.

Now certis, frende, I drede of thine unhappe,
Lest for thy gylte the wreche of love proceden
On all 'hem that ben here and round of shap,
That be so likly folkē for to speche,
Then we shall of our labour have our mede;
But well I wot thou wolt answerē and saie,
Lo! oldē Grifill list to renne and plaie.

Naie, Scogan, saie not so, for I me' excuse,
God helpe me so, in no rime doutles,
Ne thinke I nevir of slepe wake my muse,
That rustith in my sheeth still and in pese;
While I was yong I put her forthe in prese,
But al shall passin that men prose or rime,
That every man his tourne as for his tyme.

Scogan, thou knelst at the frem'is hedde
Of grace, of honour, and of worthinesse,
In the ende of whiche I am dull as dedde,
Forgotten in solitarie wildirnesse;
Yet, Scogan, thinke on Tullius kindenesse,
Mynd thy frende there it maie fructifie;
Farwell, and loke thou ner est love desie.

Go forthe, kyng, and rule the by sapience;
Bisshoppe, be able to minister doctrine;
Lorde, to true counsaile yewe thou audience;
Womanhode, to chastitie er encline;
Knight, let thy dedis worship determine;
Be rightous, judge, in sayving of thy name;
Rich, do almoste, lest thou lese blisse with shame;
Peple, obei your kyng and eke the lawe;
Age, be rulid by gode religion;
True servaunt, be dredfull, kepe the' under awe;
And thou, povir, fie on presumcion;
Inobedience to youth is uttir destruccion:
Remembir you how God hath set you, lo!
And doe your parte as ye be ordained to.

Chaucer to his emptie purse.

To you my purse, and to none othir wight,
Complain I, for ye be my ladie dere;
I am forie now that ye be so light,
For certis ye now make me hevie chere;
Me were as lese be laide upon a bere,
For whiche unto your mercy thus I crie,
Be hevie againe, or els mote I die.

Now vouchsafin this day or it be night,
That I of you the blisful sowne may here,
Or se your colour lyke the sonnē bright,
That of yelownesse ne had nevir pere;
Ye be my life, ye be my hert's stere;
Queene of comfort and of gode companye,
Be hevie againe, or els mote I die.

Nowe purse, that art to me my liv'is light,
And fayvour, as downe in this worlde here,
Oute of this townē helpe me by your might,
Sithin that you wol not be my tresoure,
For I am shawe as nighe as any frere,
But I prayin unto your curtisye
Be hevie againe, or els mote I die.

Chaucer unto the Kinge.

O Conquērouer of Brut'is Albion!
Whiche that by lyne and fre election
Ben very kinge, this unto you I sende,
And ye whiche that may al harmis amende
Have minde upon my supplication.

*A balade made by Chaucer, teching what it gentilnes, or
what it is worthy to be caled gentil.*

THE firste stocke, father of gentilnes,
What man desirith gentill for to be,
Must folowe his trace, and all his wittis dres
Vertue to love and viciis for to fle,
For unto vertue longith dignite,
And not the revers, sassy dare I deme,
Al were he mitir, crowne, or diademe.

This firste stocke was full of rightwisnes,
Trewe of his worde, sobir, pitous, and fre,
Clene of his goste, and lovid besinesse,
Against the vice of slouth in honeste,
And but his eyre love vertue as did he
He is not gentyl though he riche seme,
Al were he mitir, crowne, or diademe.

Vicē may wel be eyre to olde Richesse,
But ther may no man, as men may well se,
Byquethe his eyre his vertuous noblesse,
That is appropriated unto no degre
But to the first fathir in majeste,
That makith his eyre him that can him queme,
Al were he mitir, crowne, or diademe.

A proverbe agaynst covetise and negligens.

WHAT shal thes clothes thus manifolde
Lo, this hote somirs daye!
Aftir grete hetē comith colde;
No man calle his pilche awaye.

Of al this world the large compasse
Wil not in myne armes twine,
Who so mokil wol enbrace
Lite therof shall distreine.

*A balade whiche Chaucer made agaynst women
unconstaunt.*

MADAME, ye have for your newfanglenesse
Many a servaunt put out of your grace;
I take my leve of your unstedfastnesse,
For well I wote while ye to live have space
Ye can not love full halfe yere in a place;

O o ij

To newe thinges your luste is evere kene;
In ftede of blew thus may ye were al grene.

Ryght as a mirour that nothing may enpresse
But lightli as it cometh so mote it passe,
So fareth your love, your workis bereth witnes;
Ther is no faithé may youre herte embrace;
But as a wedircock, that turneth his face;
With every winde, ye fare, and that is sene;
In fted of blew thus may ye were al grene.

Ye might be shined for your brotilnesse
Better than Dalila, Creffide, or Candace,
For evir in chaunging stondeth your fikiranesse,
That tache may no wight from your heart arace;
If ye lose oae ye can wel tweine purchase,
Al light for somar, ye' wot wel what I mene;
In ftede of blew thus may ye were al grene.

*Here foloweth a balade whiche Chaucer made in the praife
or rather dispreise of women for ther doublenes.*

THIS world is full of variaunce
In evere thinge, who takith hede,
That faithe and truste, and all constaunce,
Exild ben, this is no drede,
And save only in womanhed
I can yse no fikirnes;
But for all that yet, as I rede,
Beware alwaye of doublenes.

Al so that the freshe somir floures,
The white and rede, the blew and grene,
Ben sodenly with wintir shours
Made seinte and fade, withoutin wene,
That trust is none, as ye may sene,
In no thing, nor no stedfastnes,
Except in women, thus I mene;
Yet aye beware of doublenes.

The crokid mone, this is no tale,
Some while ishene and bright of hewe,
And afir that ful derke and pale,
And every monith chaungith newe,
That who the veray fothé knew
Al thinge is bilt on brotlenes,
Save that women alwaye be trewe;
Yet aye beware of doublenes.

The lusty freshe sommirs daye,
And Phœbus with his bemis clere,
Towardis night they drawe awaye,
And non lengir list to appere,
That in this presente life now here
Nothinge abieth in his fairenes,
Save women aye be found intere,
And devoid of alle doublenes.

The se eke with his sterné wawes
Eche daye yflowith new againe,
And by the concours of his lawes
The ebbe yflowith in certeine;
Afir grete drougt there cometh a raine;
That farewell here al stablins,
Save that women be whole and pleine;
Yet aye beware of doublenes.

Fortune's whele goith round aboute
A thousand timis daye and nighte,
Whose cours standith evir in doute

For to transmeu, she is so lighte,
For whiche advertith in your sight
Th' untruf of worldly fikilnes,
Save women, whiche of kindly right
Ne hath no teché of doublenes.

What man ymay the wind redreine,
Or holdin a snake by the taile?
Who may a slipper ele constreine,
That it will voide withoutin faile?
Or who can dravin so a naile
To make suere newfongilnes,
Save women, that can gie ther faile?

At every haven they can arrive
Wher as they wote is gode passage;
Of innocence they can not drive
With wawis, nor no rockis rage;
So happy is ther lodemange
With nedle' and stene ther cours to dresse!
That Salomon was not so sage
To find in them no doublenes!

Therefore who fo doth them accuse
Of any double entencion,
To speke rowne, othir to muse,
To pinch at ther condicion,
Al is but falsé collusion,
I dare right wel the sothe expresse,
They have no bettir protection,
But shroud them undir doublenes.

So wel fortunid is ther chaunce,
The dice to turnin uppe so doune,
With sife and sincke they can advance,
And than by revolecioun
They set a fel conclusioun
Of lombis, as in sothesfastnes,
Though clerkis makin mencioniun
Ther kinde is fret with doublenes.

Sampon yhad experience
That women were ful trew ifound
Whan Dalila of innocence
With fleris gan his here to round;
To speke also of Rosamonde,
And Cleopatri's feithfulness,
The stories plainly wil confounde
Men that apeche ther doublenes.

Single thinge ne is not ypraised,
Nor of olde is of no renoun,
In balaunce whan they be ypeised,
For lacke of waighte they be bore doune,
And for this cause of juste resoun
These women al of rightwisenes
Of choise and fre elecioun
Most love eschaunge and doublenes.

L'envoye.

O ye women! whiche ben enclined
By influence of your nature
To ben as pure as golde yfined,
And in your trouth for to endure,
Armith your selfe in strong armure,
Lest men assaile your fikirnes,
Set on your brest, your self to assure,
A mightie shelde of doublenes.

This worke folowinge was compiled by Chaucer, and is called the Craft of Lovers.

MORAL is a symylytude, who list ther balades sewe,
The Craft of Lovers curious arguments,
For som bin false and som ben foundin trewe,
And som bin double of entendement;
Thus lovirs with ther moral documents
And elo'quent langage can examplifie
The Craft of Love what it doth signifie.

Who list unto this balades have inspeccion
Thinke that Lov'is lordships excellent
Is remedy for disese and correccion
To woful herte and body impotent,
Suppose the maker that he be negligente
In his compilinge, holde him excusable,
Because his spi'rites be sory and lamentable.

Soverain lady, surmounting your nobles,
O' intennate jenipre and daisi delicious!
My trust, mine helth, my cordial foundresse,
O medicine sanatisse to sores lango'rous,
Comfortable cecture of lovirs amo'rous!
O' excellent herbir of lovelie countinaunce!
Registir my love in your remembrance.

Certis, Sir, your ypeinted eloquence,
So gaye, so freshe, and eke so talcatise,
It doth transcende the wit of Dame Prudence
For to declare your thought or to diserve,
So gloriously glad langage ye contrive
Of your conceits, your thought, and your entente,
I wil be ware, for drede or I be shent.

O rubicunde rose, and white as the lyly,
Clarified cristall of worldly portraiture!
O coursin figure, refulgent with glory,
Geme of beaute'! o carbounle shining pure!
Your fairnes exceedeth the craft of Nature,
Most womanli your loveli countinaunce,
Registir my love in your remembrance.

What availeth, Sir, your proclamation
Of curious talking, not touching sadnes?
It is but winde, flatering and adulation,
Imefurable thought of worldly wildnes,
Whiche is chief cause of gostly feblenes;
Your wil, your thought, your double entendment,
I wil beware of drede or I be shent.

My witte, my thought, and myne entencion,
Is for to plesse you, my lady soveraine,
And for your love throw many a region
I would be' exiled, so ye wold not disdein
To have pity on me when I compleine,
In wele and wo to suffre perturbatione,
So that ye wol have me in remembrance.

What is your wil plainly ye doe expresse
That maketh this curious supplicacion;
Seyon, Sir, on hertely tendirnesse,
Beth well advised of veine delectacion,
At beginning think on the terminacion;
Passe not your boundes, be not to negligente,
And er beware for dred or ye be shente.

Your behaving, beaute, and countinaunce,
Maketh me encline to do you reverence,
Your lovely loking, glorious govirnaunce,
Qertometh my spirites, my wit, and prudence,

Some drop of grace of your magnificence
Unto your servaunt ye shewe attendaunce.
And register my love in your remembrance.

O comberous thought of manne's fragilite!
O servente wil of lustis furios!
O cruel corage causinge adversite!
Of women corrupcion, and contrarionse,
Remembris man that chaunge is perilous,
To breke the' virginite of virgins innocent,
Wherefore beware mankind or thou be shent.

My peine is prevy impossible to' deserue,
My lamentabel thoughtes by casting mourninge,
O general juge Jesu! sitting superne,
Graciously converte the love of my swete thing;
O' amiable lady, gracious and benigne!
I put me wholly in your govirnaunce,
Exile me not out of your remembrance,

Me semeth by langage ye be some potestate,
Or els som curious glorifidisevable;
What is your name mekely I make regrave,
Or of what science or craft commendable?
I'm a lady' excellent and honorable,
He must be gay that should be to' min entente,
Wherefore I wil be ware or I be shent.

Lorde God! this is a sharpe examinacion
Of her that is most in my memorie,
Unto you lady' I make certification,
My name' is Trew Love, of carnal desidery,
Of manne's copulacion the very exemplary,
Which am one of your servauntes of plessaunce,
I must be chefe callid to remembrance.

I have sought true love of yeres gret proces,
Yet fond I never love but for a selson;
Some men be diverse, know no gentlines,
And some lackin both wisdom and reason;
In som men is trust, in som men is trefon,
Wherefore I wil conclude by avysement,
And er beware for drede that I be shente.

The retour Tullius, gay of eloquence,
And Ovide, that sheweth Craft of Love expres,
With habundaunce of Salomon's prudence,
And pulcritude of Absalon's fairnesse,
And I wer posses'd with Job's grete richesse,
Manly' as Sampson my persone to avaunce,
Yet shuld I submit me' in your remembrance,

Now Sir, yf that it plesse your nobilnesse
To gyve advertence to my question,
What thinge is the plesure of swetnesse,
And most bittir in final succession?
Or what thing gevith man occasion
In tender age to be concupiscent?
Resolve this question or drede, Sir, ye' be shent.

My soveraigne lady', Ovide in his writinge
Saith desire of worldly concupiscent
As for a time is swete in his worchinge,
And in his ende he causith grete offence;
Notwithstanding, my lady Dame Prudence,
Grene flowring age and manly countinaunce
Causith ladies to have' it in remembrance,

Your godely answir, so notable' in substaunce,
Wold cause the hert of womanhede converte
Unto delyte of natural plessaunce;
But of one thing I wolde faine be experte,
Why menne's langage wol procure and trans-
verte

The wil of women and virgines innocent,
Wherefore I am aferd or I be shente.

Let nevir the love of true love be losed,
My soveraine lady, in no manir wife;
In your confidence my wordes I have closed,
My amiable love to you I doe promise;
So that ye knit the knot of exercyse
Both locke and key ye have in govirnaunce,
Emprint my love in your remembraunce.

Of very trust and I were certified,
The plain entencion of your herte's cordial,
Me semeth in blisse than were I glorified,
Unto your plesure I would be' at your call
But er I fere of chauncis casual,
Of fraude, disceipte, and langage insolent,
Then were I sure maidinshd should be shent.

Ther was ner tresour' of terrestial richesse,
Nor precious stones rekened innnumerabell,
To be of comparison to your high godenes,
Above al creatures to me most amiable;
Trust not the contrary', I was ner disceivabell;
Kepe wel true love, forge no diffembelaunce,
And graciously take me to' your remembraunce.

Me semeth by seiture of manly properte
Ye shuld be trusty' and trewe of comprimis,
I finde in you no false duplicite,
Wherefore, True Love, ye have my hert I wis
And ermore shal endure, so have I blis,
The fede' rasy made with gode avisement,
God graunt grace that nothir of us be shent!

Whan Phœbus freshe wes in his chare splen-
dente,

In the moneth of Maye, erly in a morninge,
I herd two lovirs profir this argu'mente,
In the yere of our Lorde a M. by rekening,
CCCXL. and VII. yere following,
O potent princeesse! conserve true lovirs al,
Graunt them thy region and blisse celestial.

A balade.

Or ther nature they gretly them delite,
With holy face yfeinid for the nones,
In saintwarie ther frendis to visite,
More for reliquis than for saintis bones,
Though they be closid undir precious stones,
To gete them pardon, lyke ther olde usages,
Tok iffe no strins but lusty quike images.

Whan maidens ar wedded and houthold have
take

All ther humility' is exiled awaye,
And the' cruil hertes begynnith to awake,
They do' al the besy cure they can or maye
To vex ther houtholdes-maistris, soth to saye,
Wherefore, ye yong men, I rede you forthy
Beware awaye, *The blinde eteth many a flye.*

Of this matir I dare make no relation,
In defaute of slepe my spiritis wex seinte,
In my studie I have had long habitation,
My body' and gost are grevously attaint,
And therefore I make no lengir complaint;
But whether that the blind etc flesh or fish
I pray God kepe the fly out of my dishe!

Now' I make an ende, and laje me doune to
rest,

For I knowe by experience veramente
If maidinis and wisis knewe and wift
Who made the matir he should sone be shent,
Wherefore I praie that God omnipotent
Hym save and kepin bothe night and daie,
Writtin in the lustie sefon of Maie.

The X. Commandements of Love.

CERTIS ferre extendith yet my reson
This matir as it should be to diserve,
But I truste your grace will in this sefon
Considir howe with conyng that I strive,
For in his favour coud I ner arrive,
Eloquence this balade hath in grette dispite,
The makir lackith manir to endite.

Of Love's commaundementes x. is the number,
As afterward shall rudely becheried,
And lovirs, in no wise departe asunder
Where as thei be observid and redressed,
Daungir and unkindnes yben oppressed,
And he that is commaundid this to make
Is your owne, all othir for to forsake.

Faith.

Faith is the first and principally to tell,
And verie love requirith soche credence,
That eche beleve othir true as the gospel,
Without adulation or flatterying audience,
In true menyng and trustie confidence;
Paint not your connyng with colour ne fable,
For then your love mult nedis be unstable.

Entencion.

In the seconde to trete of entencion,
Your lovir to plesé doe your busie cure,
For as myn audthor Romance maketh mencion,
Without entent your love mai not endure,
As women will thereof, I am right sure,
Endevour with ther herte, will, and thought,
To plesé hym onely that ther love hath sought.

Discrecion.

In your delyng evir ybe discrete,
Set not your love there as it shall be losed,
Advertise in your minde whether he be mete,
That unto hym your herte maie be disclosed,
And afir as you finde hym then disposed
Pointe by discrecion your hour, time, and place,
Conveniently metyng with armes to embrace.

Pacience.

Of these commaundementes the iiii. is pacience,
Though by' irous corage your lovir be moved,
With soft wordis and humble obedience
His wrathe maie sone be swagid and releved,
And thus his love obtainid and acheved
Will in you rote with gretir diligence,
Bicause of your meke womianly pacience.

Secretnesse.

Secretlie behave you in your werkis,
In shewing countenance or mevyng your eye,
Though soche behavior to some folk be derke,

He that hath lovid will it sone aspie,
Thus you your self your counsaill maie descrie;
Make privy to your delving few 'as ye maie,
For iii. may kepe a counsel if twain be avoide.

Prudence.

Let prudence governe aye your bridil reine;
Set not your love in so fervent a wife
But that in godely hast ye may refreine,
If that your lovirs list you to dispise:
Romance min auctour wold you this advise,
To slacke your love, for if ye doe not so
That wanton list will tourne you into wo.

Perseverance.

Stablishe your love in so stedfast a wife,
If that ye thinke your lovir will be true,
As entirely as ere you can devise,
Love hym onely and refuse alle newe,
Then shall not your worship ychange his hew,
For certis, maistris, then is he to blame
But if that he will quite you with the same.

Pitie.

Be piteous to hym, as womanhod requireth,
That for your love endurith painis sinerte,
Whom so sorely your plesaunt loke enfieth,
That printid is your beautie in his herte,
And woundid lyth without knife or darte;
There let your pitie spred without reſtreinte,
For lacke of it let not your servaunt feint.

Mesure.

Take mesure in your talkyng, be n'ot outrage
For this reherſith Romance de la Rose,
A man endued with plenteous langage
Oft tymis is denyid his purpose;
Take mesure in langage, wisdom ingroſe,
For mesure, as right well proved is by reson,
Thyngis unſeſonable ſetteth in ſeſon.

Mercie.

Soche daungir exile hym all uttirly,
Ovir all mercie to' occupie this place,
To piteous complaintis your eres applie,
And receve your true ſervaunte into grace;
To him that boundin is in Lov's lace
Shewe favour, ladie', and be not merciles,
Leſt ye be called a common murdires.

L'envoye.

When ye unto this balade have inſpection
In my makyng holde me excuſable,
It is ſubmittid unto your correccion;
Conſidre that my connyng is diſable
To write to you the ſigure unſable,
All devoide of connyng and experience,
Maner of indityng, reſon, and eloquence.
Truſt it well the makir is all your owne,
You to obeie while his life maie endure,
To doe you ſervice as a man unknowne,
No guerdone deſyryng of yerthly treſure,
But if it might accorde with your pleaſure
For his true ſervice hym for to avaunce,
And call hym into your remembraunce.

*The IX. Ladie Warbie ſubſtituted**Queene Sinope.*

PROFULGENT in preciouſneſs, O Sinope the Queene!
Of all feminine berynge the ſceptir and regalie,
Subdayng the large cuntrye of Armenia', as it
was ſene,
For maugre ther mightis thou ybrought them for
to applie,
Thin honour to encresen and thy power to mag-
nifie;
O moſt renowned Hercules! with al thy pom-
pous boſte
This princes took the priſonir and put to fighte
thine hoſt.

Ladie Hippolyte.

Yet Hercules waxed red for ſhame, when I
ſpake of Hippolyt,
Chief patrones and captain of the people of Sinope,
Which with her amorous chere and with coragi-
ous might
She ſmotè the unto the ground for all thy crueltie,
Wherefore the dukeship of Diamedes and digaitie
Unto her gretè laudè and glorie perpetuall
Attributid by all is with triumphè laureall.

Ladie Deiphile.

The moſt noble triumphè of this ladie Deiphile,
In releve and ſuccor of the gret Duke of Athenia;
She chaſtiſid and brought into perpetual exile
The aurent citizeinis of the mightie Thebis;
The ſtrongè braſin pilliris there haddin no reles,
But ſhe with her ſiſtir Agriſe them did dounecaſt,
And with furious fire cite ybrent at laſt.

Ladie Teuca.

O pulchrior ſole in beautie and full yluſcident,
Of all feminine creturis the moſte formous flour!
In Italy reigning with great chevalry right fervent,
Chaſtiſed the Romains as maiſtris and conquè-
rour,
O lady Teuca! mochil was thy glorie and honour,
Yet mochil more was to commendè thy grette
benignite
In thy perſite living and virginall chaſtitie.

Queene Pentheſile.

O ye Trojains! for this noble Queene Pentheſile
Sorowe her mortalitie with dolorous compaſſion;
Her lovè was towards you ſo pregnant and fer-
tile,
Which that againſt the proude Grekis made de-
fenſion,
With her victorions hand was al her affection
To laſhe the Grekis to ground, and with ther
hert 'is joie [Troie.
To revengin the coward deth of noble Hector of

Queen Thamyris.

O thou moſt rigorous Queene Thamyris invin-
cible!
Upon the ſtrong and hideous people of citees rein-
Whiche by thy grette powir and by wittis ſenſible
O o iij

Ytokist in battaile captive Cyrus, the grete King
Of Persia and of Media, his hed in blode lying;
Thou baddist him to drinke of the blode he had
thursid,

And xxii. M. of his hoste there were distressed.

Ladie Lampedo.

The famous loude trumpe ymade of gold yfor-
gid to bright

Hath blowin so up the fame and glory environ
Of this lady Lampedo, with her sistr Mafist,
That al the land of Feminie, Europe, and Epheson,
Be yeldin and applied lowly to her subiection;
Many an high toure the raisid, and ybult touris
long,

Perpetually to lastin, with huge wallis strong.

Queene Semiramis.

Lo here Semiramis, the Queene of grete Babilon,
The moste generous gem and the floure of loveley
favor,

Whose excellent powir from Mede unto Septen-
Florished in her regally as a mightie conqueror,
Subdued al Barbary, and Zorast the King of honor,
She slue Ethiop, and conquirid Armenie and Inde,
In which non entrid but Alexander and she as I
finde,

Ladie Menalippe.

Also the ladie Menalippe, thy sistr so dere,
Whose martial powir there was no man that could
withstand,

For thorough the wide world there was not
yfound her pere,

The famous Duke of Athenis, Theseus, she had
in hande,

And she sorely chastid him and conquirid his
lande;

The proude Grekis mightilie also she did assaile,
And overcame and vanquishid them bravely in
bataile.

Alone walkyng,
In thought plainyng,
And sore sighyng,

} All desolate,

Me remembryng
Of my lyvyng,
My death wishyng

} Both erly and late,

Infortunate
Is to my fate,
That wote ye what?

} Out of mesure

My life I hate.
Thus desperate
In soche pite estate

} Doe I endure.

Of othe cure
Am I not sure.
Thus to endure

} Is hard certain.

Suche is my ure
I you enure
What creature

} Maie have more pain?

My trithe so plain
Is take in vain,
And grete diffidain

} In remembrances;

Yet I full faine
Would me complaine
Me to abstaine

} From this penaunce;

But in substaunce
None allegeaunce
Of my grevaunce

} Can I not finde;

Right so my chaunce
With displeaunce
Doeth me avaunce;

} And thus an ende.

A ballade.

In Everere, when that it was full colde,
Froste, snowe, haile, paine, hath dominacion,
With chaungable clementes and wiundes mani-
folds,

Whiche hath of ground flour, herbe, jurrisdiccio,
For to dispose astir their correccion,

And yet Aprilis with his pleasaunt shoures
Dissolveth the snow and bringith forth the
floures,

Of whose invencion lovris maie be glade,
For thei bring in the kalendaris of Maie,
And thei with countinuaunce demure, meke, and
fayd,

Owe to worship the lustie floures alwaie,
And in speciall one called se of the dai,

The daisie, a flouir white and rede,
And in French callid *La del Margarete*.

O commendable floure, and moste in minde!
O floure and gracious of excellence!

O amiable Marga'rite! of native kind,
To whom I must resort with diligence,

With hert, wil, thought, most lowly obedience,
I to be your servaunt, ye my regent,

For life ne deth newir for to repent.
Of this procelle now forth will I procede,

Whiche happith unto me with grete diffidain,
As for the time thereof I take lest hede,

For unto me was brought the fore paine,
Therefore my cause was the more to complaine;

Yet unto me my grevaunce was the lesse
That I was so nigh my ladie and maistresse.

There where she was present in this same
place,

I having in herte grete adversite,
Except onely the fortune and gode grace

Of her whose I am, the whiche relieved me,
And my grete dures unlastid hath me,

And brought me out of the fearful grevaunce,
If 't were her ese it were to me pleasaunce.

As for the wo whiche that I did endure
It was to me a verie pleasaunt paine,

Scyng it was for that faire creature
Whiche is my ladie and my soverain,

In whose presence I would be passyng faine,
So that I wist it werin her pleasure,

For she is from all distaunce my protectour.

Though unto me dreadfull ywere the chaunce,
No maner of gentilnes oweth me to blame,
For I' had levir suffre' of deth the penaunce
Than she should for me' have dishonor or shame,
Or in any wise losin her gode name;
So wisely God for his endlesse mercie
Graunt every lovyr joy of his lady!

A ballade.

O Merciful and o merciable
Kyng of kyngis, and fathir of pite,
Whose might and mercie is incomperable!
O prince eterne, o mightie Lorde! saie we,
To whom mercie is given of propertie,
On thy servaunt that lieth in prison bounde
Have thou mercie or that his herte wounde.

And that thou wilt graunt to him thy prisoner
Fre libertie, and lose hym out of pain,
All his desires, and all his hevye chere
To all gladnesse thei were restored again,
Thy high vengeance why should thou not re-
frain,

And shewe mercie, sith he is penitent?
New helpe hym Lorde, and let him not be shente

But sith it is so there is a trespas done,
Unto Mercie let yelde the trepasseour,
It is her office to redresse it sone,
For trespasse to Mercie is a mirrour,
And like as the swete hath the price by foure,
So by Trespasse Mercie hath all her might,
Without Trespasse Mercie hath lacke of light.

What should phisike doe but if sikenes were?
What nedith salve but if there were a sore?
What nedith drink wher thirst hath no power?
What should Mercie do but Trespas go' afore?
But Trespas Mercie wolle be litil sore,
Without Trespas ner execution
Maie Mercie have' ne chief perfection.

The cause at this time of my wrytyng,
And touchyng Mercie, to whom I make mone,
Is for fere lest my sovereigne and swetyng,
I menin her that lovelyr is none,
With me' is displeyd for causis more than one;
What causis thei be that knoweth God and she,
But so do n'ot I; alas, it forthinketh me!

What se she' in me, what defaute or offence?
What have I doe that she on me disdaineth?
How might I doe come into her presence,
To tell my complain, whereof I were faine?
I drede to loke, to speke, or to complaine,
To her that hath my herte every dele;
So help me God I would al thing wer wele:

For in this case came I never or now
In Lov's daunce so ferre in the trace,
For with myne esc'capin' I ne mow
Out of this daungir, except her gode grace,
For though my countenance be mery' in her
face,

Assemith to her by worde or by chere,
Yet her gode grace settith myne herte nere.

And if my foveraine have any marvaile
Why I to her now and afore ywrote,
She maie well think it is no grete travaile

To him that is in love brought to hote;
It is a simple tre that fallth with one stroke;
That mene I, though that my sovereigne to forni
Me hath denied yet grace may come to morn.

Maistris, for the gode will I have you ought,
And evir shall as long as life durith,
Pitie your servant, kepe him in your thought,
Give' him som comfort or medi'cin, and curith
His ague, that encrefith, that renuith:
So grievous ben his paines and sighis sore
That without mercy his daie be forlore.

Go, litil bill, go forth, and hie the fast,
Recommende me', and excuse me as you can,
For very feble am I at the last,
My pen is worn, my hew is pale and wan,
My eyen ben sonke, disfigured like no man,
Till Deth his dart that causith for to smert
My corps have consumed, then farewell swet hert.

Doughtre' of Phœbus in vertuous apparence,
My love elect in my remembrance,
My carefull herte distained cause of abience,
Till ye my' empress me relese my grevaunce
Upon you 'is set my life, myne attendaunce,
Is sette without recure I wis untill
Ye grauntin my true herte to have his will.

Thus, my dete swetyng! in a traunce I lye,
And shal, til drops of pitie from you spring,
I mene your mercie, that lieth my herte nye,
That me muii rejoyce, and cause for to syng
These termes of love; lo I have won the ring,
My godely maistris; thus of his gode grace
God graunt her blisse in heaven to have a place!

*Here followeth how Mercurie, with Pallas, Venus,
and Juno, appered to Paris of Troie, be sitting by
a fountain.*

Pallas loquitur ad Paris.

SONNE of Priam, gentill Paris of Troie,
Wake of thy slepe, beholde us goddeses thre,
We havin brought to the encrele of joye,
To thy discrecion reportyng our beauteie;
Take here this appill, and well advise the
Whiche of us is the fairist in thy sight,
And give thou it, we praie the, gentil knight.

Juno loquitur priori.

If so be thou give it to me, Parise,
This shal I give unto thy worthines,
Honour and conquest, nobley, lose and prife,
Victorie, courage, force, and hardines,
Gode avinture, and famous manlines;
For that appill all this give I to the,
Considir this Parise, and give it me.

Venus loquitur ad Paris.

Naie, give it me, and this I shall you give,
A glad aspecte with favour and fairnes,

* The title in Speght and Urry runs, How Mercury, with Pallas, Venus, and Minerva, &c. but as Pallas and Minerva is one and the same goddess, and as Juno was the third goddess at this interview with Paris, her name in the title, and as one of the appellants to the Trojan prince, is substituted for that of Minerva.

And love of ladies also while ye live,
Famous stature and princely femelines;
According to your native gentilles;
Understand this gift well, I you advise,
And give it unto me hardly Parisse.

Pallas loquitur ad Parin.

Ye, ye, Parisse, takith hede unto me;
Thou art a prince yborne by thy discente,
And for to rule thy royall dignite
I shall the givin first intendement,
Discrecion, prudence in right judgements,
Whiche in a prince is thing most covenable:
Givé it to me; I am to have it able.

A balade plesante.

I HAVE a ladie; where so that she be,
That feldome is the soveraine of my thought,
On whose beautie when I beholde and se,
Remembryng me how well she is ywrought,
I thanke Fortune, that to her grace me brought,
So faire is she, but nothing angelike,
Her beautie is unto none othir like.

For hardily and she were made of brasse,
Her face and all, she hath enough fairnesse;
Her eyen ben holow and grene as any grasse,
And ravenish yelow is her founniresse,
Thereto she hath of every comeliesse,
Soche quantitie givin her by Nature
That with the lest she is of her stature.

And as a bolt her browis ben ibent,
And betill browed she is also with all,
And of her witte as simple and innocent
As is a childe that can no gode at all;
She is not thicke, her stature is but small;
Her fingers ben lital and nothyng long;
Her skin is smothe as any ox' is tong:

Thereto she is so wise in daliaunce,
And beset her wordis so womanly,
That her to here it doeth me displeaunce,
For that she saith is saied so connyngly
That when there be no mo then she and I
I had levir she were of talkyng still
Then that she should so godelie speche spill.

And slothe none shall ye have in her entresse,
So diligent is she and vertuleffe,
And so busie aie all gode to undresse,
That as she ape she is harmlesse,
And as an harnet meke and pitelesse,
With that she is so wise and circumspecte
That prudence none her folie can infecte.

Is it not joye that soche one of her age,
Within the boundes of so grete tendirnesse,
Should in her werke be so fadde and so sage,
That of the wedding sawe all the noblesse
Of Quene Jane, and ywas tho as I gesse
But of the age of yeris ten and five?
I trowe there are not many soche alive.

For, as Jesu mynys full soule save,
There n'is cature in all this worlde livyng
Like unto her that I would gladly have,
So plesith mine hert that godely swete thyng,
Whose soule in haste unto his blis ybring

That first her formid to be a cature,
For were the well of me I did no cure.

Another balade.

O Mossie quince! yhangyng by your stalke,
The whiche no man dare plucke awaie nor take
Of all the folke that passe forthie by or walke,
Your flouris freshe be fallen awaie and shake;
I am right sorie, maistresse; for your sake;
Ye seme a thyng that all men have forgotten;
Ye be so ripe ye waxin almoste roten.

Your uglye cherè deinous and froward,
Your grene eyin, frownyng and nothyng glad,
Your chekes, enbolned like a melowe costard,
Colour of orange, your brestes fatournad,
Gilt on wara'ntise, the colour wil not fade,
Bawsin buttockid, belied like a tonne,
Men crie S. Barba'ry at the losyng of your

gonne.
Lovely lende maistris, take consideracion,
I'am so sorrowfull there as ye be absent,
Floure of the barkfate foulest of al the nacion,
To love you but a little' is myne entent;
The swert, hath sent you, the smoke hath you

shent,
I trow y' have ben laid on some kill to drie,
You do soch worship there as ye be present,
Of al women I love you heit a M. timis sic.

*A balade warnyng men to beware of dectifull
women.*

Loke well aboute ye that lovris be,
Let not your lustis lede you to dotage,
Be not enamoured on all thynges ye se;
Samphon the forte and Salomon the sage
Decevid were for all ther grete courage;
Men demin it right that thei se with eye,
Beware therefore, *The blind eteb many' a sie.*

I mene of women; for all ther cheres queint,
Trust them not to moch, ther truthe is but
treson

The fairist outward wel can thei ypaint,
Ther stedfastnesse endurith but a seson,
For thei faine frendlines and worchin treson,
And for thei are chaungable natu'rally,
Beware therefore, *The blind eteb many' a sie.*

What wight on lyve ytrustith on ther cheres,
Shall have at last his guerdon and his mede;
Thei can shave nerir than rasours or sheres:
All is not gold that shinith, men take hede,
Their galle is hid undir a sugrid wede;
It is but queint ther fantasie to' aspie,
Beware therefore, *The blind eteb many' a sie.*

Though all the worlde doe his buile cure,
To make women standin in stablenesse
It would not be; it is against nature;
The worlde is doe when thei lacke doublenes,
For thei laugh and love not, this is expresse;
To trust on them it is but fantasie,
Beware therefore, *The blind eteb many' a sie.*

Women of kindè hath condicions thre;
The first is that thei be full of disseite,
To spinnin also is ther propertie,
And women have a wonderfull conseite,
For thei can wepe oft, and all is a sleite,
And when thei list the tere is in the eye,
Beware therefore, *The blind eteth many' a flie.*

In soth to saie, though all the yerth so wanne
Wer parchement smoth, white and scribabell,
And the gret se, that called is the' Ocean,
Were tournid into ynke blacker than sabell,
Eche sticke a pen, eche man a scrivener abel,
Not coud thei writin woman's trechirie,
Beware therefore, *The blind eteth many' a flie.*

*A balade declaring that womens chastite doeth moche
excel all trefure worldly.*

In womanhede, as auctours al ywrite,
Most thing commendid is chaste honeste,
Thing most slaund'rous ther nobles to atwite,
As when women of hasty fraelte
Exceden the bondes of wisely chastite,
For what availeth lynage or rial blode
When of ther lvyng this report 'is not gode?

The holy bed defouild of marriage

For ones defouild may not recovered be.

The vice goth forth and the froward langage
By many' a relme and many' a grete cite;
Slaundir bath a custome, and that' is grete pite,
That true or fals, by a contrarious sounce,
Onis areise it goth not lyghtly downe:

For when a lechour by force or mastry
Defouild hath of virgins the clennes,
Widous oppressed, and ly in advoutry,
Assailid wives that stode in stablenes,
Who may then ther slaund'rous harme redresse
When ther gode name is hurt by soch report?

For same lost ones can nev have his report.

A thefe may robbe a man of his richeffe,
And by some mene make restitution,
And some man maye dysherit and oppresse
A povir man from his possession,
And aftir make him satisfaccion,
But *No man may restore in no degre*
A maid robbid of her virginite,

A man may also bete a castil doune,
And bilde it aftir more fresche to the sight,
Exile a man out of his regionne,
And him revoke whether it be wrong or right,
But *No man bath the povir ne the might*
For to restore the palace virginal
Of Chastite when brokin is the wal.

Men may also put out of ther service,
And officirs remeve out of ther place,
And at a day, when Fortune list devise,
They may again restorid be to grace,
But *Ther n'is tyme nothir set ne space,*
Nor ner in story neithir rad ne saine,
That maydenhode lost recovered was again:

For whiche men shouldin have a conscience,
Rewe in ther hertis and repentin sore,
And havin a remorse of gret offence
To ravish thing which they may not restore,
For it is saide, and hath be said ful yore,
The emeraud grene of parfite chastite
Stole ones away may not recovered be.

And hard it is to ravish a tresour
Whiche of nature is not recuperable;
Lordship may not of kinge nor emperour
Reforme a thinge which is nat reformable;
Rust of defame is inseparable,
And *Maidinhode ghyt of newe or yore*
No man in live may it again restore.

The Romanes olde thorough ther pacience
Suffrid tyrauntes in ther tyranyes
On ther cites to do grete violence,
The peple to oppresse with ther roberies,
But them to punishe they set gret espies
On false avouterers, as it is wel couth,
Which widowes ravish and maidens in ther
youth.

Chaucer's wordes unto his own scrivener.

ADAM SCRIVENERE, yf ever it the befall
Boece or Troiles for to write new
Under thy longe lockes thou maist have the
scalles,
But after my makynge thou write more true,
So ofte adaye I mote thy werke renew
It to correcte and eke to rubbe and scrape,
And al is thorow thy negligence and rape.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY,

Containing his

SONGS,
SONNETS,

ELEGIES,
TRANSLATIONS,

U. C. U.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Here noble SURREY felt the sacred rage,
SURREY, the GRANVILLE of a former age,
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance :
In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre
To the same notes, of love, and soft desire ;
Fair GERALDINE, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves as heavenly MIRA now.

POPE'S WINDSOR FOREST.

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Ann 1793.

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SONNETS, EPIGRAMS,
TRANSLATIONS, &c.

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Here people Surrey for the faded rose,
Surrey, the GRAYNARD of a former age,
Mischance his pen, & fortune was his lance;
Held in the life, and graceful in the dance;
In the time shades the Cupids can't his fire
To the same notes of love, and left desire;
For the same cause, bright eyes of his view,
Then fled the groves as heavenly Mary now.

JOHN WINDSOR FOREST.

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MDCCLXXII.

THE LIFE OF SURREY.

After the death of Chaucer, no considerable improvements were made in English poetry, till about the beginning of the sixteenth century. At that period, our intercourse with Italy, not only introduced the study of classical literature into England, but gave a new turn to our vernacular poetry. The language and the manners of Italy, were esteemed and studied. The sonnets of Petrarch, were the great models of composition. They entered into the genius of the fashionable manners; and in the boisterous, but polished court of Henry the Eighth, Petrarch of course became the popular poet.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, the unrivalled ornament of that court, and of his age, led the way to great improvements in English poetry, by a happy imitation of Petrarch, and other Italian poets, who had been most successful in painting the anxieties of love with pathos and propriety.

He was the son and grandson of two Lord Treasurers, Dukes of Norfolk; and in his early childhood, discovered the most promising marks of lively parts, and an active mind.

While a boy, he was habituated to the modes of a court at Windsor Castle, where he resided, yet under the care of proper instructors, in the quality of a companion to Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, a natural son of King Henry, and of the highest expectations.

A friendship of the closest kind commencing between them, about 1530, they were both removed to Cardinal Wolsey's College at Oxford; which was one of the first seminaries of an English university that professed to explode the pedantries of the old barbarous philosophy, and to cultivate the graces of polite literature.

Two years afterwards, he accompanied his noble friend into France, where they received King Henry on his arrival at Calais, to visit Francis the First, with a most magnificent retinue.

The friendship of these two young noblemen, was soon strengthened by a new tie; for Richmond married Lady Mary Howard, Surrey's sister.—Richmond, however, appears to have died in 1536, about the age of seventeen, having never cohabited with his wife.

It was long before he forgot the untimely loss of this amiable youth, the friend and associate of his childhood, and who nearly resembled himself in genius, refinement of manners, and liberal acquisitions.

It is not known at what period he began his travels. They have the air of a romance. He made the tour of Europe in the true spirit of chivalry; proclaiming the unparalleled charms of Geraldine his mistress, and prepared to defend the cause of her beauty with the weapons of knight errantry.

In his way to Italy, he passed a few days at the Emperor's court, where he became acquainted with Cornelius Agrippa. This celebrated adept in natural magic, shewed him, in a mirror of glass, a living image of Geraldine, reclining on a couch, sick, and reading one of his most tender sonnets by a waxen taper. His imagination was heated anew by this interesting and affecting spectacle. Inflamed with every enthusiasm of the most romantic passion, he hastened to Florence, the original seat of the ancestors of his Geraldine; and on his arrival, immediately published a defiance against any person who should presume to dispute the superiority of her beauty. The grand Duke of Tuscany permitted this important trial to be decided. The challenge was accepted, and Surrey victorious.

His heroic vanities did not, however, so totally engross the time which he spent in Italy, as to alienate his mind from literature : he studied, with the greatest success, a critical knowledge of the Italian language, and attained a just taste for the peculiar graces of the Italian poetry.

He was recalled to England, for some idle reason, by the King, and appeared at court the most polite lover, the most learned nobleman, and the most accomplished gentleman of his age.

He shone in the tournaments of the court; and his name is renowned in the military achievements of that martial age.

In 1542, he marched into Scotland as a chief commander in his father's army, and was conspicuous for his conduct and bravery at the memorable battle of Flodden-field, where James the Fourth of Scotland was killed.

The year following, he was imprisoned in Windsor Castle, for eating flesh in Lent; a circumstance worthy of notice, only as it marks his character, impatient of any controul, and regardless of petty formalities, and as it gave occasion to one of his most sentimental and pathetic sonnets.

In 1544, he was field-marshal of the English army in the expedition to Boulogne, which he took; but being defeated, endeavouring to cut off a convoy of the enemy, a disgrace he repaired, he lost the King's favour, and was superseded by the Earl of Hertford.

Conscious of his high birth and capacity, he could not refrain, upon this occasion, from dropping some reproachful expressions against a measure which seemed to impeach his personal courage.

It was his misfortune to serve a monarch, whose resentments, which were easily provoked, could only be satisfied by the most severe revenge.

The brilliancy of his character was viewed by Henry with disgust and suspicion. His popularity was misconstrued into a dangerous ambition, and gave birth to accusations equally groundless and frivolous.

He was suspected of a design to marry the princess Mary; and it was insinuated that he conversed with foreigners, and corresponded with Cardinal Pole.

The addition of the arms of Edward the Confessor to his own, though justified by the usage of his family, and the authority of the heralds, was made a foundation for an impeachment of high-treason.

He was arraigned at Guildhall; and notwithstanding his eloquent and manly defence, he was condemned by the prepared suffrage of a servile and obsequious jury, and beheaded on Tower-hill, January 19th 1546-7.

The Duke of Norfolk, charged with allegations equally groundless, escaped the same unhappy fate, by the death of the tyrant, which happened nine days after the unmerited death of his son.

Surrey was buried in the church of All Hallows-Barking, Tower-street, but afterwards removed to Framlingham, Suffolk, where an honourable monument was erected to his memory, by his second son, Henry Earl of Northampton.

He married Frances, daughter of John Earl of Oxford; by whom he left several children. One of his daughters, Jane, Countess of Westmoreland, was among the learned ladies of that age, and became famous for her knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages.

History is silent as to the name of the fair *Geraldine*, the general object of his passionate sonnets, and as to the reasons why the gallantries he performed for her, did not end in a marriage.

The notices concerning her in his sonnets are obscure and indirect; but they have been illustrated with the most happy sagacity by the present Earl of Orford, and applied to Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, whose poetical name is almost her real one. She was second daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, second cousin to the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, bred up with them, as it is conjectured, at Hunston-House, and afterwards the third wife of Edward Clinton, Earl of Lincoln.

His *Songes and Sonnettes*, as they have been styled, were first collected and printed at London, by Tottell, in 1557, together with the "*Songes and Sonnettes*" of his amiable and accomplished friend Sir Thomas Wyatt, the elder, and of uncertain authors. Another edition appeared 1563. Others in 1574, 1583, 1587. The last edition was printed in 1717. They are now, for the first time, received into a collection of classical English poetry.

They were in high reputation with his contemporaries, and for many years afterwards, though they are scarcely known at present. They have been praised by Leland, Sydney, Tuberville, Puttenham, Churchyard, and Drayton, and in more recent times by Dryden, Waller, Fenton, and Pope. They merit attention equally as compositions of real and intrinsic merit, and as objects of curiosity.

They are chiefly amatory and sentimental; but in elegance of sentiment, and in nature and sensibility, they are equal to the best love verses in our language; and in harmony of numbers, perspicuity of expression, and facility of phraseology, they approach so near the productions of the present age, that they will hardly be believed to have been produced in the reign of Henry the Eighth.

But Surrey was not merely the poet of idleness and gallantry. He was fitted, both from nature and study, for the more solid and laborious parts of literature. He translated the 2d and 4th books of the *Æneid* into blank verse, which are the first compositions extant, in that measure, in the English language. They were printed in 1557, 12mo; but the book is so extremely scarce, that a copy could not be procured for this edition of his works. He wrote many other poems, which were never published, and are now perhaps entirely lost. He translated the *Ecclesiastes* of Solomon into English verse. He also translated a few of the *Psalms* into metre. These versions of Scripture shew that he was a friend to the Reformation. Among his works are also mentioned a poem on the death of his friend the Duke of Richmond, an exhortation to the city of London, a translation of Boccace's epistle to Pinus, and several Latin epistles.

All his biographers, particularly the Earl of Orford and Mr. Warton, have been lavish, and very justly, in his praise; he merits the highest encomiums, as the first refiner of our language, and the unrivalled ornament of his age and country, and challenges the gratitude and esteem of every man of literature, for the generous assistance he afforded it in its infancy, and his ready and liberal assistance to all men of merit in his time.

His poetical character is so elegantly drawn by the happy pencil of Mr. Warton, as to render the bungling after-strokes of a casual hand unnecessary.

"In the sonnets of Surrey," says that judicious and classical critic, whose death is an irreparable loss to English literature, "we are surprised to find nothing of that metaphysical cast, which marks the Italian poets, his supposed masters, especially Petrarch. Surrey's sentiments are for the most part natural and unaffected; arising from his own feelings, and dictated by the present circumstances. His poetry is alike unembarrassed by learned allusions, or elaborate conceits. If he copies Petrarch, it is Petrarch's best manner, where he descends from his Platonic abstractions, his refinements of passion, his exaggerated compliments, and his play upon opposite sentiments, into a track of tenderness, simplicity, and nature.

"Surrey, for his justness of thought, correctness of style, and purity of expression, may justly be pronounced the first English classical poet. He unquestionably is the first polite writer of love verses in our language."

but rather we now remain the best of friends and neighbors. He was fitted both from nature and study for the more difficult and laborious parts of literature. He translated the 2d and 3d books of the Iliad into blank verse, which are in the best of the best of the English language. I have seen the original manuscript, which is a very good one. I have seen the original manuscript, which is a very good one. I have seen the original manuscript, which is a very good one.

[illegible]

My
As a

SONGES AND SONNETTES.

Description of the restless state of a Lover, with Suite to his Lady, to rue on his dying hart.

THE Sunne hath twise brought fourth his tender grene,
Twise gladdes the earth in lively lustinesse;
Ones have the wyndes the trees dyspoled clene,
And once agayne begynnes theyr cruelnesse,
Synce I have hyd under my breast the harme,
That never shall recover healthfulnesse.
The wynters hurt recovers with the warme,
The parched grene restored is with shade:
What warmth, alas! may serve for to dysarme
The frozen hart that myne inflame hath made?
What colde agayne is able to restore
My fresh grene yeares, that wither thus and fade.
Alas! I see nothing has hurt so fore
But tyme, in tyme reduceth a returne:
In tyme my harme encreaseth more and more
And seemes to have my cure allwayes in scorne,
Strange kindes of death, in lyfe that I doe trye
At hand to melt, farre off in flame to burne:
And lyke as tyme lyst to my cure applye,
So doth eche place my comfort cleane refuse.
All things alive, that seeth the heavens with eye,
With cloke of night may cover and excuse
Itself from travayle of the dayes unrest,
Save I, alas! against all others use
That then styrr up the tormentes of my breste;
And curse eche starre as causer of my fate:
And when the sun hath eke the darke oppress,
And brought the day, it doth nothing abate
The travayles of myne endles smarte and payne:
For then as one as hath the light in hate,
I wish for night more covertly to playne
And me withdrawe from every haunted place,
Left by my chere my chauce appeare to playne,
To seeke the place where I my self had lost,
And in my mynde I measure pace by pace.
That day that I was tangled in the lace,
In senyng slacke that knitted ever most;
But never yet the travayll of my thought
Of better state, could catche a cause to bost:
For if I founde sometime that I have fought,
Those steires by whom I trusted of the port,
My sayles do fall, and I advaunce right nought,
As ankred fast, my sprites do all resort

To stand agazed, and sink in more and more:
The deadly harme which he doth take in sport
Lo! if I seek, how I do find my fore!
And if I flee, I cary with me styll
The venomd shaft which doth hys force restore
By hast of flight, and I may plague my fill
Unto my self, unless this carefull song
Print in your hart some parcell of my tene
For I alas! in silence all too long
Of myne olde hurt, yet feele the wound but grene:
Rue on my lyfe, or else your cruel wronge
Shall well appeare add by my death be fene.

Description of Spring, wherein the living renewes, save only the Lover.

THE soote season that bud, and bloome fourth
bringes,
With grene hath cladde the hyll, and eke the vales;
The nightingall with fethers new the synges;
The turtle too her mate hath told her tale;
Somers is come, for every spray now springes.
The hart hath hung hys olde head on the pale;
The bucke in brake hys winter coate he synges;
The fishes flete with newe repayred scale:
The adder all her slough away she synges,
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smalle,
The busy bee her honey how she mynges;
Winter is worne that was the floures ball,
And thus I see among these pleasant thynges
Eche care decayes, and yet my sorrow springes.

Description of the restless state of a Lover.

WHEN youth had led me halfe the race,
That Cupides scourge had made me runne;
I looked back to meet the place,
From whence my weary courle begonne:
And then I saw howe my desyre
Misguiding me had led the waye,
Myne eyne to greedy of theyre hyre,
Had made me lose a better prey.
For when in sighes I spent the day,
And could not cloake my grief with gaynes;

The boyling smoke dyd still bewray,
 The present heate of secret flame :
 And when salt teares do bayne my breast,
 Where love his pleasent traynes hath sowne,
 Her beauty hath the fruytes opprest,
 Ere that the buddes were spronge and blowne.
 And when myne eyen dyd still pursue,
 The flying chafe of theyre request ;
 Theyre greedy looks dyd oft renew,
 The hydden wounde within my breite.
 When every loke these cheekes might stayne,
 From dedly pale to glowing red ;
 By outward signes appeared playne,
 To her for helpe my hart was fled.
 But all to late love learneth me,
 To paynt all kynd of colours new ;
 To bynd theyre eyes that else should see
 My speckled chekes with Cupids hew.
 And now the covert brest I clame,
 That worlitt Cupide secretly ;
 And nourished hys sacred flame,
 From whence no blairing sparkes do flye.

*Description of the sickle Afflictions, Pangs, and
 Sleightes of Love.*

Such wayward wayes hath Love, that most part
 in discord
 Our willes do stand, whereby our hartes but sel-
 dom do accord :
 Decyte is hys delighe, and to begyle and mocke
 The simple hartes who he doth strike with froward
 divers stroke.
 He causeth th' one to rage with golden burning
 darte, [harte.
 And doth alay with leaden cold, again the others
 Whose gleames of burning fyre and easy sparkes
 of flame, [ame
 In balance of unequal weyght he pondereth by
 From easie ford where I myghte wade and pass
 full well,
 He me withdrawes and doth me drive, into a depe
 dark hell :
 And me withholdes where I am calde and offred
 place,
 And willes me that my mortal foe I do beseke
 of grace ;
 He lettes me to pursue a conquest welnere wonne
 To followe where my paynes were lost, ere that
 my sute begunne. [urne
 So by this means I know how soon a hart may
 Prom warre to peace, from truce to stryfe, and so
 agayne retorne.
 I know how to content my self in others lust,
 Of little stuffe unto my self to weave a webbe of
 trust :
 And how to hyde my harmes with sole dyssem-
 blyng there.
 Whan in my face the painted thoughtes wou'd
 outwardly appeare. [dred,
 I know how that the bloud forsakes the face for
 And how by shame it staynes agayne the cheekes
 with flamyng red :

I know under the grene, the serpent how he lurkes :
 The hammer of the restles forge I wote eke how
 it workes.

I know, and can by roate the tale that I woulde tell
 But ofte the woordes came fourth awrye of him
 that loveth well.

I know in heate and colde the lover how he shakes,
 In synging how he doth complayne, in sleeping
 how he wakes

Tolanguish without ache, sickleesse for to consume,
 A thousand thynges for to devyse, resolvyng of
 his fume. [fore

And though he lyst to see his ladyes grace full
 Such pleasures as delyght his eye, do not his helthe
 restore.

I know to seke the traçe of my desyred foe,
 And fere to fynde that I do seek, but chiefly this
 I know, [loved,

That lovers must transourme into the thyng be-
 And live (alas! who would believe?) with sprite
 from lyfe removed.

I knowe in harty sighes and laughers of the spleene,
 At once to chaunge my state, my will, and eke
 my colour ciene.

I know how to deceyve my self wythe others helpe,
 And how the lyon chastised is, by beatyng of the
 whelpe.

In standyng nere the fyre, I know how that I frease ;
 Farre of I burne, in bothe I waste, and so my lyfe
 I lese. [mynde,

I know how Love doth rage upon a yeylding
 How smalle a nere may take and make a harte of
 gentle kynde :

Or else with seldom swete, to season hypes of gall,
 Revived with a glympse of grace old sorrows to
 let fall. [Love,

The hydden traynes I know, and secret snares of
 How soone a loke will prynte a thoughte, that never
 may remove. [welke

The flypper state I knowe, the sodein turnes from
 The doubtfull hope, the certaine wooc, and sure
 despaired heth.

*The Complainte of a Lover that desied Love, and was
 by Love after the more tormented.*

When somer tooke in hande the wynter to assayle,
 With force of myghte and vrytue grete, his stormy
 blasts to quail :

And when he clothed sayre the earthe about wythe
 grene, [grene
 And every tree new garmented, that pleasure was
 to sene :

Mine hart gan new revive, and changed blood did
 shir : [shir

Me to withdrawe my wynter woes, that kepte
 wythin the dur. [dur

Abrode, quod my desyre, assay to set thy fote.
 Where thou shalt fynde the favour sweete, for
 sprong is every roter.

And to thy helthe if thou were sycke in any case
 Nothing more good, than in the spryng the ayre
 to sele a place :

There shalt thou heare and see al kynde of Byrdes,
ywrought

Wel tune theyre voyce, with warble smal, as nature
hath them taught. [leave]

Thus pricked me my lust the sluggish house to
And for my helthe I thoughte it best, such coun-
sel to receave :

So on a morrow furth, unwist of any wyghte,
I went to prove how well it woulde, my hevvy
burden lyghte :

And when I felt the ayre, so pleasant round
about; [gotten out.

Lorde to my selfe how glad I was, that I had
There myght I see how Ver had every blossome
kent, [they went;

And eke the new betrothed byrdes y coupled how
And in thyre songes me thought, they thanked
nature much,

That by her lycence al that yere, to Love theyre
hope was such :

Right as they could devise to chose them trees
throughout,

Wyth much rejoycing to theyr Lord, thus flew
they all about. [ceave,

Whyche when I gan resolve, and in my head con-
What pleasant lyfe, what heap of joy, those little
birdes receave.

And saw in what estate I wearyman was wroughte,
By want of that they had at will, and I relect at
nought :

Lord, how I gan in wrath! unwisely me demeane!
I cursed Love, and hym defied, I thoughte to turne
the streame :

But when I well behelde, he had me under awe,
I asked mercy for my faulte, that so transgrest his
lawe,

Thou blinded God (quod I) forgive me this offence,
Unwittingly I went about to malice thy pretence :
Wherewith he gave a becke, and thus methoughte
he swore,

Thy sorrow ought suffice to purge thy faulte if it
were more :

The virtue of which sound, mine hart did so revive,
That I methought was made as whoale, as any
man alive,

But here I may perceve, myne error and all and
some, [still undone :

For that I thought that so it was, yet was it
And al that was no more but mine exprest mynde,
That fain wou'd have some good reliefe, of Cup-
pid well assigned.

I turned home forthwith, and might perceyve it
well, [rebel

That he agreed was right fore, with me for my
My harmes have ever since eucreased more, and
more, [evermore.

And I remaind without his helpe, undone for
A mirror let me be unto ye lovers all; [besall.

Strive not with Love, for if ye do, it will ye thus

Complaint of a Lover Rebuked.

Love that liveth, and raigneth in my thought,
That built his scat within my captive brest

Clad in the armes, wherein with me he fought,
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
She that methought to love, and suffer paine;
My doubtfull hope, and eke my hot desire, [leave
With shamfast cloke to shadowe and restrain,
Her smiling grace converteth straight to ire,
And cowed Love then to the hart apace
Taketh his flight, whereas he lurkes and plaines,
His purpose lost, and dare not shewe his face,
For my Loves gilt thus faultles bide I paines,
Yet from my Love shall not my foote remove
Swete is his deth, that takes his end by Love.

Complaint of the Lover Displeined.

IN Ciprus springes whereas dame Venus dwelt,
A well so hote, that who so tastes the same;
Were he of stone, as chawed yf should melt,
And kindlede finde his brest with fired flame.
Whose most poison dissolved hath my hate,
This treping fire my cold lims so opprest;
That in the hart that harborde fredome late,
Endlesse despayre long thraldome hath imprest.
An other so colde in frozen yf is founde,
Whose chilling venom of repugnant kinde;
The fervent heat doth quenche of Cupides wounde
And with the spotted change infectes the minde;
Whereof my dere hath tasted to my paine,
My service thus is grown into disdain.

Description and Praise of his Love GERALDINE.

FROM Tuslane came my Ladies worthy race,
Fairst Florence was sometime her auncient seate;
The Western Yle whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Cambers clifs, did geve her lyuely heate:
Fostered she was, with milke of Irishe brest:
Her fire, an erle, her dame, of princes blood;
From tender yeres, in Britaine she doth rest,
With kinges childe, where she tasteth costly foode.
Honsdon did first present her to myne yien:
Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight,
Hampton me taught, to wishe her first for mine,
And Windsor, alas, doth chase me from her sight.
Her beauty of kinde, her vertue from above,
Happy is he, that can obtain her Love.

The frailtye, and hurtfulnes of Beautie.

BRITTLE beautie that nature made so fraile,
Whereof the gift is small, and short the season;
Flowring to day, to morowe apt to faile,
Tickled treasure, abhorred of reason:
Dangerous to deale with, vaine of none avails,
Costly in keeping, past not worthe two peason;
Slipper in sliding, as is an eles taile;
Harde to attain, once gotten not geason.
Jewell of jeopardie, that peril doth assaile,
False and vntrewe, enticed off to treason;

Enemy to youth, that most may I bewaile;
 Ah bitter swete! infecting as the poyson,
 Thou farest as frute, that with the frost is taken,
 To day redy ripe, to morow al to shaken.

A Complaint by night of the Loner not Beloved.

ALAS! so al thinges now doe holde their peace,
 Heaven and earth disturbed in nothing;
 The beastes, the ayer, the birdes their songe doe
 leafe,

The nightes chare the stares aboute doth bringe;
 Calme is the sea, the waues worke lesse and lesse.
 So am not I, whome Love alas doth wring,
 Bringing before my face the great encrease
 Of my desires, whereas I wepe and sing,
 In joy and wo, as in a doubtful case,
 For my swete thoughts, some tyme doe pleasure
 bring;

But by and by, the cause of my disease,
 Geves me a pang, that inwardly doth sting;
 When that I thinke what grief it is againe,
 To live and lacke the thing should ridde my pain.

*How eche thing, save the Loner in Spring, Reneweth to
 pleasure.*

WHEN Windsor walles sustained my wearied arme,
 My hande, my chin, to ease my relesse hed,
 The pleasant plot reuelled green with warme,
 The blossomed bowes with lusty Ver yspred:
 The floured meades, the wedded byrdes so late,
 Myne eyes discover, and to my mynde resorte
 The ioly wocs, the hatelesse short debate,
 The racheull lyfe, that longes to louses disporte,
 Wherewith, alas, the heauy charge of care
 Heapt in my brest, breakes fourth agaynst my wyll,
 In smoky sightes that ouercaust the ayre,
 My vapor'd eyes such drearily teares dystill.
 The tender spring whiche quicken, where they fall,
 And I halfe bent to throwe me downe withall.

A Vowe to love faithfully, howsoeuer he be rewarded.

Set me whereas the sonne doth parch the grene,
 Or where his beams do not dissolve the yfe,
 In temperate heat, where he is felt, and sene,
 In presence prest of people, madde, or wife;
 Set me in byc, or yet in lowe degree,
 In longest night, or in the shortest day;
 In clearest skye, or where cloudes thickest be,
 In lusty youth, or when my heare are grave;
 Set me in heauen, in earth, or else in hell,
 In hyll or dale, or in the foaming flood;
 Thrall, or at large, alyve where so I dwell,
 Sicke, or in helthe, in evyll fame or good;
 Hys will I be, and only with this thought,
 Content my selfe, if, although my chauce be nought.

*Complaint that bys Lady after shes know of hys Love,
 kept her face alwayes hydden from hym.*

I NEVER sawe my Lady laye apart,
 Her cornet blacke, in colde nor yet in heate,
 Sith fyrst she knew my grieve was growen so greate,
 Whyche other fancies dryveth from my harte
 That to my selfe I do the thought relive.
 The whyche unwares dyd wound my woeful brest,
 But on her face myne eyes mought never rest:
 Yet synce she knew I dyd her love and serve,
 Her golden tresses cladde allway with blacke;
 Her smyleyng lookes that had thus evermore,
 And that restraynes which I desire so fore:
 So doth this cornet governe, me alacke!
 In summer sun, in winters breathe, a froste,
 Wherebye the lyghte of her fayre lookes I lost.

Request to hys Love to ioyne Bountie with Beauty.

THE golden gyst that Nature dyd thee geve,
 To fasten frendes and feed them at thy will;
 With fourme and favour, taught me to believe,
 How thou arte made to shewe her greatest skylle:
 Whose hydden vertues are not so unknowen,
 But lyvely dames myghte gather at the fyrst;
 Where beauty so her perfecte feede hath sowne,
 Of all other graces follow nedes, there must.
 Now certes Ladie, synce all thys is true,
 That from above thy gyfites are thus elect;
 Do not deface them than wyth fancies newe.
 Nor chaunge of myndes let not the mynde infect:
 But mercy hymne thy frende, that doth thee serve,
 Who seekes always thyne honour to preserve.

*Prisoner in Windsor, he recounteth his pleasure there
 passed.*

So cruell prison howe could betyde, alas!
 As proude Windsor: Where I in lust and joy,
 Wythe a kynges sonne, my chylde synce dyd passe,
 In greater feast, than Priams sonnes of Troye:
 Where eche swete place returns a tastfull sower:
 The large grene where we were wont to trove,
 Wyth eyes cast up into the Maydens tower,
 And easy sighes, such as folkes draw in Love:
 The stately seates, the ladies bryghte of hewe;
 The daunces short, long tales of greate delight
 Wyth wordes and lookes, that tygers could but
 rewe,
 Where eche of us dyd pleade the others ryghte.
 The palme play, where deipoyled for the game,
 With dard eyes oft we by glames of love,
 Have myst the ball, and gote sighte of our dame
 To bayte her eyes, whyche kept the leads above
 The gravel grounde, wythe sleeves tyde on the
 helme [hartes;
 On somyng horse, with swordes and frendly
 Wythe chere as though one should another whelme
 Where we have fought, and chased oft wyth darts.

With silver droppes the meade yet spreade for
rute,

In adives games of nimbleness and strength,
Where we did strayne trayned with swarms of
youth

Our tender limmes, that yet shot up in lengthe.
The secrete groves which oft we made resounde,
Of pleasant playnte, and of our Ladies prayse,
Recording oft what grace eche one had founde,
What hope of speede, what dreade of long delays.
The wyld Forrest, the clothed holes with grene,
With raynes availed and twisfly breathed horse;
Wyth cry of houndes and merry blastes betwene,
Where we did chase the feareful harte of force.

The wyde vales eke, that harborde us eche
nyghte,

Wherewith, (alas) reviveth in my breste;
The swete accorde, such slepes as yet delyt,
The pleasant dreames the quyet bed of rest;
The secret thoughtes imparted with such trust,
The wanton talke, the dyvers chaunge of playe;
The friendship sworne, eche promise kept so fast,
Wherewith we past the winter nyghte away.
And wyth this thoughte, the bloud forsakes the
face,

The teares berayne my chekes of deadly hewe,
The whyche as soone as fobbing sighes, (alas!)
Uplupped have, thus, I my playnt renewe:
O place of blisse! renewer of my woes!
Give me accompt where is my noble fere,
Whom in thy walles thou doest eche nyghte en-
close,

To other luse, but unto me most clere:
Echo (alas!) that doth my sorrow rewe,
Returns thereto a hollowe sounde of playnt;
Thus I alone, where all my freedome grewe,
In pryson pyne, withe bondage and restraynt:
And with remembrance of the greater grieve,
To banish the lesse I fynd my chief reliefe.

*The Lover comforteth himselfe wylke the Worthynesse
of hys Love.*

WHEN rageyng love wyth extreme payne,
Most cruelly distraynes my harte;
When that my teares as floudes of rayne,
Bear witness of my wofull smarte:
When sighes have wustled so my breathe
That I lye at the poynt of deathe.
I call to mynde the navy greate,
That the Greekes brought to Troy towne,
And how the boysterous wyndes dyde beate
Theyre shippes, and rent thayre sayles adowne;
Tyll Agamemnons daughters bloode,
Appealed the goddess that them withstood:
And how that in those ten years warre,
Full many a bloody dede was done;
And many a Lorde that came full farr,
There taughte his bane (alas!) too soone:
And many a good knyghte overcame,
Before the Greekes had Helenne wonne.
Then think I thus fith such repayre,
So long tyme warre of valiant menne,

Was all to wynde a lady fayre,
Shall I not learne to suffer then?
And think my tyme well spent to be,
Serving a woorthier wyghte than the?
Therefore I never will repent,
But paynes contented styll endure:
For like as when rough winter spent,
The pleasant springe straight draweth in ure,
So after raging stormes of care,
Joyfull at length may be my fare.

*Complaint of the absence of her Lover being upon
the seas.*

O Happy dames that may embrace,
The fruite of your delyghte;
Help to bewayle the woefull case,
And eke the heavy plyghte
Of me that wanted to reioyce,
The fortune of my pleasant choice:
Good ladies helpe to fill my mourning voice.
In shippe freighte wythe remembraunce
Of thoughtes and pleasures past,
He sayles that hath governaunce;
My life while it will last.
With scalding sighes for lacke of gale,
Furderyng hys hope that is his fayle,
Toward me, the swete port of hys avayle.
Alas! how oft in dreams I see
Those eyes that were my foode,
Whych sometyme so dellyted me
That yet they do me goode:
Wherewith I wak wythe his returne,
Whose absent flame dyd make me burne,
But when I fynde the lacke, Lord, how I mourne!
When other lovers in armes accrosse,
Reioyce their enechyfe delyghte;
Drowned in teares to mourne my losse
I stand the bytter nyghte
In my window where I may see
Before the wyndes how the cloudes flee
Lo! what a mariner love hath made me see
And in grene waves when the salt floodes
Doth rylle by rage of wynde,
A thousand fancies in that mood
Assayle my restless mynde:
Alas! how drencheth my swet founteyne
That wyth the spoyle of my hart did go,
And left me, (but alas!) why did he so do
And when the seas were calme agayne,
To chase from me annoye,
My doubtful hope doth canse my playne,
So drede cuts of my loye.
Thus in my wealth mynygled with woe,
And of eche thought a doubt doth growe
Now he comes! will he come? alas! no!

*Complaint of a dying Lover refused upon hys Ladies
Insult wylking of hys wrytyng.*

In wynters iust returne, when Boreas gan his
raygne,
And every tree unclothed fast, as nature taught
them playne:

In myſty morning darke, as ſhepe are then in
holde,
I hyde me faſt, it fat me on, my ſhepe for to un-
folde.
And as it is a thyng that lovers have by fyttēs,
Under a palme I heard one cry, as he had loſt hys
wittes.
Whoſe voice did ringe ſo ſhryll in utterynge of
hys playnt,
That I amazed was to heare, how love coulde hym
attaynt,
Ah! wretched man (quod he) come death and
ryd thys woe;
A juſt reward, a happy end, if it may chaunce
theeſoe.
Thy pleaſures paſt, have wrought thy woe with-
out redreſſe;
If thou haſt never felt no ioy, thy ſmart had been
the leſſe.
And recheſſe of hys lyfe, he gan both ſigh and
grone,
A ruefull thyng methought it was to here hym
make ſuch mone
Thou curſed pen ſayd he, wo worthe the byrde
ſhe bare,
The man, the knyfe, and all that made thee, wo
be to thyre ſhare:
Wo worth the tyme and place, where I could fo
endyte,
And wo be it yet once agayne, the pen that ſo
can wryte.
Unhappy hand! it had been happy tyme for me,
If when to wryte thou learned fyrſte, unjoynted
haſt thou be.
Thus curſed he himſelf, and every other wyghte,
Save her alone whom love him bound to ſerve
both day and nyght.
Whyche when I heard and ſaw, how he himſelf
foredyd
Agaiſt the ground with bloody ſtrokes, hymſelf
even thereto rid;
Had been my hart of flynt it muſt have melted
though,
For in my lyfe I never ſaw a man ſo full of wo,
Wyth tearis for hys redreſſe, I raſhly to him
ran,
And in my armes I caught hym faſt, and thus I
ſpake hym than:
What wofull wyght art thou that in ſuch heavy
caſe,
Tormentes thy ſelfe wyth ſuch deſpyte here in
thys deſert place?
Wherewith as all agayſte, fulfylde with ire and
dread,
He caſt on me a ſtareing loke with colour pale
and dead; [plyght,
Nay what art thou (quod he) that in thys heavy
Doſt fynde me here, moſt wofull wretch, that
lyfe hath in deſpight?
I am (quod I) but poore and ſymple in degree,
A ſhepherdes charge I have in hande, unworthy
though I be:
Wyth that he gave a ſighe as though the ſkye
ſhould fall, [he call:
And loud alas he ſhryked oſt, and ſhephcard gan

Come hye thee faſt at ones, and prynt it in thy
hart,
So thou ſhall know, and I ſhall tell, thy gyltleſſe
how I ſmart.
Hys backe agaynite the tree fore feebled all wythe
ſaynte.
Wyth weary ſprite, he ſtretcht hym up, and thus
he told hys plaint:
Once in my harte (quod he) it chaunced me to
love
Such one in whome hath nature wrought her
cunning for to prove:
And ſure I cannot ſay but many yeres were ſpent,
With ſuch good will ſo recompent, as both we
were content.
Where to ſhew I'me bounde, and the lykewiſe alſo,
The ſunne ſhould rune hys courſe awry ere we
thys fayth foregoe.
Who joyed then but I? who hadde thys worldes
blyſſe?
Who myghte compare a lyfe to myne that never
thought on this?
But dwelling in thys truth, amid my greateſt joy,
It me beſailed a greater loſſe then Priam had of
Troy;
She is reverſed cleane and beareth me in hand,
That my deſertes have given cauſe to breke thys
faythful band.
And for my juſt excuſe awayleth no defence:
Now knoweſt thou all, I can no more, but ſhep-
heard hye thee hence; [lyve,
And gave him leave to dye, that may no longer
Whoſe record to I claime to have, my death I do
forgeve;
And eke when I am gone, be bold to ſpeake it
playne,
Thou haſt ſeen dye the trueſt man that ever love
dyd payne.
Wherewith he turnde hym rounde, and gasping
oſt for breath,
Into his armes a tree he caught, and ſayd welcome
my death
Welcome a thouſand fold, now dearer unto me
Than ſhould without her love to live, an empe-
rour to be.
Thus in this wofull ſtate he yelded up the goſt,
And little knoweth his ladye, what a lover ſhe
hath loſt. [right
Whoſe death when I beheld, no marvel was it
For pitie though my heart dyd blede, to ſee ſo
piteous ſight.
My bloud from heate to cold oſt chaunged won-
ders fore, [before:
A thouſand troubles there I found I never knew
Twene drede and dolour, ſo my ſpretes were
brought in feare,
That long it was ere I could call to minde, what
I dyd there.
But as eche thing hath ende, ſo had theſe paynes
of myne,
The furies paſt, and I my wittes reſtorde by
length of tyme:
Then as I could devyſe, to ſeek I thought it beſt,
Where I might finde ſome worthy place for ſuch
a corps to reſt:

And in my mynde it came, from thence not farre
away
Where Crefelds love, king Prians sone the wor-
thy Trolus lay:
By him I made his tombe, in token he was true.
And as to him belongeth well, I covered it with
blewe; [soone,
Whose soule by angels power, departed not fo
But to the heavens, so it fled, for to receive his
dome.

Complaint of the absence of her lover beyng upon the sea.

Good ladies, ye that have your pleasures in exile,
Step in your foote, come take a place, and morne
with me a while:
And such as by theyr lordes do fet but little pryce,
Let them sit still, it skilles them not what chaunce
come on the dice:
But ye whom love hath bound by order of desyre,
To love your lordes, whose good deserts none
other would require: [myne,
Come ye yet once agayne, and set your foote by
Whose wofull plight, and serwes great, no tong
can well define.
My love and lord, alas! in whom consistes my
welth,
Hath fortune sent to passe the seas in hazard of
his helth: [mynde,
Whom I was wont tembrace with well contented
Is now amyd the fomyng floods at pleasure of the
wynde:
Where God will him preserve, and soone him
home me fend,
Without which hope my lyfe (alas) were shortly
at an ende:
Whose absence yet although my hope doth tell
me playne
With short returne he comes anone, yet ceaseth
not my payne:
The fearefull dreames I have, oft tymes doe grieve
me so,
That when I wake, I lye in doubt, where they
be true or no:
Sometimes the roaring seas, me fernes do grow
so hye,
That my deare Lord, ay me, alas! methinkes I
see him dye.
An other time the same doth tell me he is come,
And playing, where I shall hym finde with his
faire little sonne.
So fourth I goe apace to see that lefesome sight,
And with a kyffe, methinke I say welcome my
lord my knight,
Welcome my swete, alas, the stay of my welfare,
Thy presence bringeth forth a truce atwixt me
and my care:
Then lively doth he look, and salveth me agayne,
And sayth my dere how is it now that you have
all this payne? [brest,
Wherewith the heavy cares that heapt are in my
Breake fourth and me discharged cleane of all my
huge unrest.

But when I me awake, and find it but a dreame
The anguish of my former wo beginneth more
extreme
And me tormenteth so that unceasing may I fynde,
Some hidden peace wherein to slake the gnawing
of my mynde. [burne,
Thus every way you see wythe absence how I
And for my wound no cure I fynde but hope
of good returne;
Save when I thinke by sowre how swete is felt
the more
It doth abate some of my paynes, that I abode be-
And then unto myself I say, when we shall meete,
But little whyle shall seme this payne, the joy
shall be so swete.
Ye wyndes I you conjure in cheifest of your rage,
That ye my lord safely send my sorrowes to af-
swage.
And that I may not long abyde in this excess, [f
Do your good will to cure a wyght that liveth in
distresse.

*A praise of bys Love, wherein he reprooveth them that
compare their ladies with bis.*

Give place ye lovers here before,
That spent your boasses and bragges in vain,
My ladies beuty passeth more,
The best of yours I dare well sayne,
Then doth the swaghe the caundle lyght,
Or bryghtest day the darkest nyght,
And thereto hath a troth as just,
As had Penelope the sayre,
For what she sayeth ye may it trust,
As it by wrytyng sealed were:
And virtues hath she many moe,
Than I wyth pen have skill to shoe.
I could reherse if that I would,
The whole effecte of natures playnt,
When she had lost the perfecte moulde,
The like to whome she could not paynte:
With wringeing hands, how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I
I knowe she swore with raging mynde,
Her kyngdome only set apart;
There was no losse by law of kynde.
That could have gone so nere her heartes;
And this was chiefly all her payne,
She could not make the lyke agayne.
Syth nature thus gave her the prayse,
To be the cheifest worke she wroughte;
In sayth me thynke some better ways,
On your behalfe myghte well be soughte,
Then to compare (as you have done)
To matche the candle withe the sunne.

To a Ladie that scorned her Lover.

ALTHOUGH I have a checke,
To geve the mate is harde;
For I have found a necke,
To keep my men in garde.

And you that hardy are,
To geve so great assaye
Unto a man of warre
To dryve hys men away:
I nede you take good hede,
And marke this foolys verse;
For I wyll so provide,
That I wyll have you fere.
And when your fere is had,
And all your warre is done,
Then shall yourself be glad,
To end that you begonne.
For if by chaunce I winne,
Your personne in the feilde,
To late then you come in
Your selfe to me to yelde.
For I will use my power,
As capayne full of myghte;
And such I will devoure,
As use to shew my spyghte.
And for because you gave
Me cheke in your degree;
This vantage lo I have,
Now check and garde to thee:
Defend it if thou may,
Stand styfe in thynne estate;
For sure I will assay,
If I can geve the mate.

A warning to the Lover, how he is abused by his Love.

To dearly had I boughte my grene and youthfull
yeres,
If in myne age I coude not fynde, when craft for
love apperes.
And seldome though I come in Court among the
Yet can I iudge in colours dymme, as deep as can
the best.
Where grief tormentes the man that suffereth se-
cret smart,
To breake it fourth unto some frende, it easeth
well the heart:
So stand it now with me, (for my beloved frend)
This case is thine, for whom I feel such torments
of my mynde;
And for thy sake, I burne so in my secret breste,
That tyll thou know my whole disease, my heart
can have no rest.
I see how thynne abuse hath wrested so thy wittes,
That all it yeldes to thy desire; and followes thee
by fittes,
Where thou hast loved so long, with heart and
all thy power,
I see thee fed with fayned wordes, thy freedom to
I know, (though the say nay, and would it well
withstande,
When in her grace, thou yeldest thee most, she
bare thee but in hand;
I see her pleasant chere, in chiefest of thy suite,
When thou art gone, I see him come, that ga-
thers up the fruite;
And eke in thy respect, I see the base degree,
Of him to whom she gave the hart, that promised
was to thee.

I see (what would you more) stode never man so
sure,
On womans word, but wisdom would instruct
it to endure.

The forsaken Lover describeth, and forsaketh Love.

O Lothsome place where I,
Have seene and heard my dere;
When in my hart her eye,
Hath made her thought appere.
By glinging with such grace,
As fortune it ne would
That lasten any space,
Between us longer shoulde.
As fortune did advance,
To further my desire,
Even so hath fortunes chaunce,
Thrownen all ammides the myre.
And that I have deserved,
With true and faithfull hart;
As to his handes reserved,
That never felt the smart.
But happy is that man,
That escapeth hath the griefe,
That love will seek him can,
By wanting his reliefe.
A scourge to quiet myndes,
It is who taketh hede;
A common plague that byndes,
A travell without mede.
This gift it hath also,
Who so enjoys it most,
A thousand troubles grow,
Yo vex his wearied ghost.
And last it may not long,
I he truste thynge of all;
And sure the greatest wronge,
That is within thy thrall.
But since thou desert place,
Canst give me no accompte;
Of my desired grace,
That I to have was wont:
Farewell! thou hast me taughte,
To thinke me not the slyle,
That love hath set a lost,
And casten in the dust.

The Lover describes his restless Estate.

As ofte as I beholde and se,
The soveraigne beaute that me bounde,
The nier my comforte is to me,
Alas! the frether is my wound.
As flame doth quench by rage of fire,
And running stremes consumes by raine;
So doth the light that I desire,
Appeafe my griefe and deadly paine.
First when I saw those chrystal stremes,
Whose beauty made my mortall woundes,
I little thoughte within her beames,
So swete a verem to be founde,

But wilfull Will did pricke me forth,
And blinde Cupid did whippe and guyde;
Force made me take my grief in worth,
My fruitlesse hope my harme did hide.
As cruel wayes full oft be founde,
Against the rockes do rore and cry,
So doth my hart full oft rebound,
Against my brest full bitterly.
I fall and se mine own decay,
As one that beares flams in his brest;
Forgets in paine to put away,
The thinge that bredeth mine unrest.

The Lover excuseth himself of suspected change.

Though I regarded not
The promise made by me,
Or passed not to spot
My faith and honestie;
Yet were my fanisie strange,
And wilful will to wite;
If I soughte now to change
A falkon for a kite.
All men might well dispraise
My wit and enterprife;
If I esteemed a pefe
Above a pearle in price;
Or judged the owle in sight,
The sparhawk to excell;
Which flyeth but in the night,
As all men know righte well.
Or if I soughte to faile,
Into the brittle porte;
Where anker hold doth faile,
To such as do resort;
And leave the haven sure,
Where blowes no blustering winde;
Nor sickenesse in ure
So farforth as I finde.
No, think me not so lighte,
Nor of so churlish kinde,
Though it lay in my wighte,
My boundage to unbinde;
That I woulde leave the kinde
To hunt the ganders so.
No, no, I have no minde
To make exchanges so;
Nor yet to change at all,
For thinke it may not be,
That I shoulde seke to fall
From my felicitie.
Desirous for to win,
And loth for to forgo,
Or new change to begin,
How may all this be so?
The fire it cannot cese,
For it is not his kinde;
Nor true love cannot lese
The constancie of minde;
Yet as sone shall the fire,
Want heate to blase and burne,
As I in such desire
Have once a thought to turne.

*A Carelesse Man scorning and describing the fittle usage
of Women towards their Lovers.*

WRAPT in me carelesse cloke, as I walk to and
fro,
I see how love can shew what force there reign-
eth in his bow,
And how he shoteth eke a hartie hart to wound;
And where he glaunceth by again, that little hurt
is found.

For feldme is it sene he wounde the harte alike;
The tone may rage, when tothers love is often
farre to seke;
All this I see wich more, and wonder thinketh me,
How he can strike the one so sore, and leave the
other free;

I see that wounded wight, that suffereth all this
wrong,

How he is fed with yeas and nays, and liveth al-
to longe,
In silence, though I kepe such secretes to my self;
Yet do I see how she sometime doth yelde a looke
by sleith,

As though it semde, ywis y will not lose the so.
When in her hart so sweete a thought did never
truly grow;

Then say I thus, alas, that man is farre from blisse
That doth receive for his relief none other game
but this;

And she that fedes him so, I fele and find it plain,
Is but to glory in her power, that over such can
raigne;

Nor are such graces spent, but when she thinks
that he

A wery man is fully bent such fancies to let see;
Then to retaine him still, she wrestleth new her
graces;

And smileth so as though she would forthewith
the man embrace;

But when the prooffe is made to try such lokes
withall,

He findeth then the place alwoide, and frighted
full of Gall;

Lord what abuse is this! who can such women
praise?

That for their glory do devise to use such craft-
ty ways:

I that amonge the rest, do sit and marke the
Find that in her is greater craftie then is in
twenty moe;

Whose tender years, alas! with wiles so wel are
sped,

What will she do, when hory heares, are pow-
dered in her hed?

*An Answer in the behalfe of a Woman of an uncer-
tain Author.*

GIRL in my gillicks gowne, as I sit here and fow,
I see that thinges are not in dede as to the out-
warde show.
And who so list to loke, and note thinges some,

Shal find wher plaineffe femes to haunt, nothing
but craft appear;

For with indifferent eyes my self can well discern,
How som to guide a ship in stormes seke for to
make the sterne;

Whose practice it were proued in calme to sterc a
barge,

Affuredly believ it well it were to great a charge:
And some I se again sit still and say but small,

That coule do ten times more then they that say
they can do all;

Whose goodly giftes are such, the more they
understand,

The more they seke to learne and know, and
take lefe charge in hand,

And to declare more plain the time fleets not so
fast,

But I can bear full well in mind the song now
long and past,

The auctor whereof some wrapt in a crafty cloke,
With will to force a flaming fire, where he could
raise no smoke;

If power and will had joined, as it appereth plaine,
The truth no right had tane no place: their ver-
ties had been vain,

So that you may perceive, and I may falsly se
The innocent that guiltlesse is, condemned should
have be.

The Constant Lover. Lament.

Sins fortunes wrath envieth the welth
Wherein I raigned by the sight

Of that, that fed mine eyes by stelh,

With sowre, swete, dread and delight,
Let not my griefe move you to mone,

For I will wepe and waile alone,
Spite drave me into Boreas raigne,

Where hoary frostes the fruites do bite,
When hills were spread, and every plaine

With stormy winters mantle white,
And yet my dere such was my heate,

When others freeze then did I sweate.
And now, though on the funne I drive,

Whose fervent flame all thinges decays,
His beames in brightnesse may not strive,

With light of your swete golden rayes;
Nor from my breste this heate remove,

The frozen thoughtes graven by love.
He may the wayes of the salt floode

Quench that your beautie set on fyre,
For though mye eyes forbear the foode,

That dyd relieve the hot desire:
Such as I was, such will I be,

Your owne, what would you more of me?

*A Song written by the Earle of SURREY, by a Lady
that refused to Dannaie with him.*

Eche beast can choose his fere according to his
mynde,

And eke can shewe a friendly chere lyke to their
beastly kynde;

A lyon saw I late as whyte as any snowe,
Which seemed well to leade the race, his port the
same did shewe:

Upon the gentle beast to gaze it pleased me,
For still me thoughte he seemed well of noble
bloud to be.

And as he prauced before, still seeking for a make,
As who would say, there is none here, I trowe
will me forsake;

I might perceive a woofe as white as whales bone,
A fairer beaste, of fresher hue beheld I never none,
Save that her lookes were coy, and froward eke
her grace,

Unto the whiche this gentle beast gan him avauce
apace.

And with a becke full lowe he bowed at her feete,
In humble wise, as who would say, I am too
farre unmeete.

But such a scornfull chere wherewith she him
rewarded,

Was never seene I trowe the like to such as well
deserved.

With that she start asyde well nere a foot or twaine,
And unto him thus gan she say with spyte and
great disdaine,

Lyon she saide, if thou hadest known my mind
before,

Thou hadst not spent thy travaile thus, nor all
thy paine for lore.

Do way I lete thee, wete thou shalt not play with
Go range about, where thou maist finde some
meter fere for thee.

With that he bet his tayle, his eyes began to flame,
I might perceive his noble heart, much moved by
the same.

Yet saw I him refrayne, and eke his wrath asswage,
And unto her thus gan he say, when he was past
his rage.

Cruel you do me wronge, to set me thus so lighte,
Without desert for my good will, to shew me
thus despyte;

How can ye thus entreate a lyon of the race,
That with his pawes, a crowned kyng devoured
in the place.

Whose nature is to prey upon no simple foode,
As long as he may sucke the flesh, and drink of
noble bloud.

If you be fayre and fresh, am I not of your huc,
And for my vaunt I dare well say, my bloud is
not untrue.

For you yourself have heard, it is not long agoe,
Sith that for love, one of the race dyd end his
life in wo.

In tower strong, and hye for his assured truth,
Whereas in tears he spent his breath, alas the
more the ruth.

Thys gentle beaste so dyed, whom nothing could
remove,

But willingly to leefe his life for los of his true
Other there be, whose lives do linger still in payne,
Against their wills preserved are, that would
have dyed fayne.

But now I do perceive, that nought it moveth you,
My good entent my gentle heart, nor yet my
kinde so true.

But that your will is such, to lure me to the trade,
And other some full many yerres to trace by craft
ye made.

And thus behold our kyndes how that we differ
farre,

I seek my foes, and you your frendes do threaten
still with warre!

I faune where I am fed, you slay, that seeks to you,
I can devour no yelding prey, you kill where you
subdue.

My kind is to desire the honour of the feild,
And you with bloud do slake your thyrste on such
as to you yelde :

Wherefore I woulde you wiste, that for your coy-
ed lookes,

I am no man that will be trapt, nor tangled with
such hookes.

And though some lust to love, where blamefull well
they might,

And to such beastes of current fort, that would
have travail bright;

I will observe the lawe, that nature gave to me,
To conquer such as will resist, and let the rest go
free :

And as a fawlon free, that soeth in the ayre,
Which never fed on hand nor lure, nor for no falc
doth care.

While that I live and breathe, such shall my cus-
tome be,

In wildnes of the woodes, to seek my prey where
pleaseth me :

Where many one shall rue, that never made offence,
Thus your refuse against my power, shall bote
them no defence.

And for revenge thereof, I vow and swear thereto,
A thousand spoyles I shall commyt, I never thought
to doe.

And if to lyght on you my luck so good shall be,
I shall be glad to feed on that, that would have
fed on me.

And thus farewellle unkynd, to whom I bent and
bowe,

I would you wist, the ship is safe, that bare his
sayles so lowe.

Sith that a Lyons hart, is for a wolfe no preye,
With bloody mouthe go slake your thirst on simple
shepe I say.

With more despyte and ire, than I can now ex-
presse,

Which to my payne, though I refrayn, the cause
you may well gueſs.

As for because my self was auctour of the same,
It bootes me not that for my wrath, I shoulde
disturbe the same.

*The faithfull Lover declareth his Paynes and his un-
certaine feys, and with suely hope recomfort some-
what his woofull heart.*

Is care do cause men crye, why do not I com-
playne

If eche man do bewaile his wo, why shew I not
my payne?

Synce that amongst them all, I dare well say is none,
So farre from weal, so full of woe, or hath more
cause to moene.

For all things haveing life, sometime hath quiet
rest,

The bearing asse, the drawing oxe, and every other
The peasant, and the post, that serves at all assayes,

The ship boy, and the galley slave, have time to
take their ease,

Save I, alas! whom care of force doth so constrain,
To wale the day, and wake the night, continually
in payne.

From peniveness to plaint, from plaint to bitter
teares,

From teares, to paynfull playnt againe, and thus
my life it weares.

Nothing under the sun, that I can heare or see,
But moveth me for to bewaile my cruel destiny.

For where men do rejoyce (since that I cannot so)
I take no pleasure in that place, it doubleth but
my woe.

And when I hear the found of song or instrument
Methinke eche tune there dolefull is, and helps,
me to lament;

And if I see some have theyre most desired syghte,
Alas! thynke I, eche man hath weale save I most
wofull wyghte.

Then as the stricken deere, withdrawes himself
alone,

So do I seeke some secret place, where I may make
my moane.

There do my flowing eyes shew fourthe my melt-
ting hart,

So the stremes of those two welles, right well de-
clare my smart.

And in those cares so could I force my self a heate,
As sicke men in theyr shaking fittes procure them-
selfe to sweate.

With thoughtes that for the tyme do much ap-
pease my payne,

But yet they cause a farther feare, and brede my
wo agayne.

Methinke within my thought I see right playne
My hartes delight, my sorowes lethe, myne earthly
goddesse here,

With every fundry grace that I have scene her have,
Thus I within my woofull brest her picture paynt
and grave;

And in my thought I role her beauties too and fro,
Her laughing chere, her lively looke, my heart
that perced so.

Her strangenes when I sued her servaunt for to be,
And what she sayde, and how she smylde, when
that she pitied me.

Then comes a sodiane feare that rueth all my rest,
Left absence cause forgetfulness to sinke within
her brest.

For when I thinke how farre, this earth doth us
Alas, me semes love throws me downe, I fele how
that I slide :

But when I thinke agayne, why should I thus mis-
trust,

So swete a wight, so sad and wise, that is so true and
For loth she was to love, and wavering is she not,
The farther off the more desyrde, thus lovers tye
theyr knot;

So in dispayre and hoipe plunged am I both up
 from d and downe, in flut of lew mortall of.
 As is the ship with wind and wave, when Nep-
 tune list to frowne, drownd eggrits his rof
 But as the watery showers delay the raging wind,
 So doth good hope cleane put away dispayre out
 of my mynde; doq out bus malsaq out
 And byddes for to serve and suffer patiently, on I
 For what wot I the after weale that fortune wiles
 to me. doq out bus malsaq out
 For those that care do knowe, and tasted have of
 trouble,
 Who passed is theyr wofull payne, eche joy shall
 seme them double:

And bytter sendes, the now to make me taste the
 better,

The pleasaunt swete when that it comes to make it
 seem the sweter, doq out bus malsaq out
 And so determine I to serve until my breath,
 Yea rather dye a thousand times than once to false
 my sayth.

And if my coole corps through weight of wofull
 smart, doq out bus malsaq out
 Do fayle or faint, my will it is that still she kepe my
 And when this carcas here to earth shall be refard,
 I do bequeath my meried ghost to serve her after-
 ward.

The meane to attayne happy Life.

MARTIALl the things that doe attayne
 The happy lyfe, be these I fynde,
 The riches left, not got with payne,
 The fruitfull grounde, the quiet mynde,
 The egall frend no grudge no strife,
 No charge of rule nor governance;
 Without disease the healthful lyfe,
 The household of continuance.
 The meane dyet no delicate fare,
 Free wisdom joyned with simplenesse;
 The night discharged of all care,
 Where wine the witte may not oppresse.
 The faithfull wyfe without debate,
 Such slepe as may beguile the night,
 Contented with thine owne estate,
 Ne wish for death, ne feare his might.

Provyse of meane and constant estate.

Or thy lyfe Thomas, this compasse well marke
 Not aye with full sailes the hye seas to beate,
 Ne by coward dred, in shonning stormes darke,
 On shallowe shores thy keel in perill fret.
 Who so gladly halseth the golden meane,
 Voide of daungers advisedly hath his home,
 Not with lothsome mucke as a den uncleane,
 Nor palace like, whereat disdayne may glome.
 The lofty pyne the great wind often rives,
 With violenter swey false turrets stepe,
 Lightnings affaure the high mountaines and clives,
 A hart well flayde, in overthwartes depe,

Hoapeth amendes, in swete, doth feare the fower,
 God that sendeth, withdraweth winter sharpe,
 No will not aye thus, once Phebus to lowre,
 With bowe unbent, shall cesse and frame to harp,
 His voyce in straye estate appeare thou Route
 And so wisely, when lucky gale of winden shall
 All thy pult sayles shall fill, looke well about,
 Take in a rist, hast is wast, proofer dothe finde,

Praises of certain Psalmes of David translated by Sir

T. W. the elder.

The great Macedon, that out of Persia chased
 Darius, of whose huge powers all Asia rung,
 In the riche arke Dan Homers rimes he placed,
 Wo leigned gettes of heathen princes long,
 What holy grave, what worthy sepulchre
 To Wyates psalms should Christians then purchase;
 Where he doth paint the lyvely faith and pure,
 The stedfast hope the sweete returne to grace.
 Of iust David by perfitte penitence,
 Where rulers may see in a myrrour clear,
 The bytter fruite of false concupiscence,
 How Jewry bought Urias death ful deare.
 In princes hartes Gods scourge emprinted depe,
 Ought them awake out of their sinfull slepe.

Of the Death of the same Sir T. W.

DIVERS thy death do dyversly bemoene,
 Some that in presence of thy livelighed
 Lurked, whose brestes envy with hate had swolne,
 Yield Cæsars feares upon Pompeus hed,
 Some that watched with the murderers knife,
 With eager thyrt to drinke thy guiltlesse blood,
 Whose practise brake by happy end of lyfe,
 With envious teares to heare thy fame so good,
 But I, that knew what harbred in that hed
 What vertues rare were tempred in that brest,
 Honour the place that such a jewel tred,
 And kisse the ground wheras the corps doth rest,
 With vapour eyes, from whence such streames
 avayle,
 As Pyramus did on Thisbes brest bewayle.

Of the same.

WYAT resteth here, that quicke could never rest,
 Whose heavenly gyftes encreaseth by disdayne,
 And vertue sanke the deper in his brest.
 Such profit he by envy could obtayn.

A hed, where wisdoms misteries did frame,
 Whose hammers bet styll in that lively braine,
 As on a stythe, where that some worke of fame
 Was dayly wrought, to turn to Britaines gayne.

A vilage sterne, and milde, where both did
 growe,
 Vyce to contemne, in virtue to rejoyce;
 Amyd great stormes, whom grace assured so,
 To live upright, and smile at fortunes choyce.

A hand, that taught what might be sayd in ryme
That rest Chaucer the glory of his wit:
A marke, the which (unparfited, for time)
Some may approche, but never none shall hit.

A tong, that served in forein realmes his king,
Whose courteous talke to vertue did inflame,
Eche noble hart, a woorthy guyde to bring
Our English youth, by travayle unto fame.

An eye whose judgment none affect could blind,
Friendes to allure and foes to reconceyle;
Whose piercing looke did represent a mynde
With vertue fraught, reposed voyde of guyle.

A hart, where dreade was never so impress,
To hyde the thought, that might the trowth avance
In nyether fortune lost, nor yet repress,
To swell in welth, or yield unto mischaunce.

A valiant corps, where force and beauty met,
Happy, alas! too happy, but for foes,
Lived, and ran the race, that nature set,
Of manhoods shape, where she the mold did lose.

But when to the heavens that simple soule is fled
Which left with such, as covet Christ to knowe,
Witness of faith, that never shal be dead;
Sent for our health, but not received so,
Thus for our gilt, this jewel have we lost,
The earth his bones, the heavens possesse his ghost.

Of the same.

In the rude age when knowledge was not ryfe,
If Jove in Crete and other were that taught,
Arts to convert to profite of our lyfe,
Wend after death to have theyr temples sought,
If vertue yet no voyde unthankfull tymes,
Fayled of some to blast her endless fame,
A goodly meane both to deterre from crime,
And to our steppes our sequelle to enflame:
In da, es of truth if Wyates frendes them wayle,
The only det that dead or quick may clayme,
That rare wit spent, employed to our avayle,
Where Christ is taught we led to vertues trayne.
His lively face theyr breastes how did it treat,
Whose cyndres yet, with envy they do eat.

Of Sardanapalus dishonorable life, and miserable death.

THASSIRIAN king in peace, with foule desyre,
And filthy lusts, that staynde his regall hart.
In warre that should set princely heartes on fyre,
Did yeld, vanquishd for want of marcial arte,
The dynt of swordes from kisses semed strange,
And harder, than his ladies fyde, his targe,
From glutton feastes, to souldiers fare, a change,
His helmet, farre above a garlandes charge,
Who cease the name of manhood did retaine,
Drenched in slouth, and womannish delight,
Feeble of sprite, impatient of payne,
When he had lost his honour, and his right
Proud time of wealth, in stormes appalled with
dread,
Murdered himsele, to shewe some manfull dede.

How no age is content with his owne estate, and how the
age of Children is the happiest if they had skill to
understand it.

LAYD in my quiet bed, in sludy as I were
I saw within my troubled head, a heap of thoughts
appeare,
And every thought did shew so lyvely in myne
eyes,

That now I sight, and then I smile, as cause of
thoughts did ryse.

I sawe the little boy, in thought haw oft that he
Did wishe of God, to scape the rod, a tall young
man to be.

The young man eake that feles his bones with
paines oppress.

How he would be a riche old man, to live and
lye at rest?

The riche olde man that sees his end draw on so
How he would be a boy againe to live so much
the more.

Whereat full oft I smylde, to see how all those
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop
and chaunge degree.

And musing thus, I think, the case is very strange,
That man from wealth, to live in wo, doth ever
seke to change,

Thus thoughtfull as I lay, I sawe my withered scyn,
How it doth shew my dented chewes, the flesh
was worn so thin,

And eke my totheless chaps, the gates of my right
way,

That opes and shuttes, as I do speak, do thus unto
me say;

The white and horish heres, the messengers of age,
That shew like lines of true belief, that this life
doth affuage,

Biddes the lay hand, and feele them hanging on
thy chin.

The whiche doth write to ages past, the third now
coming in,

Hang up therefore the bitte, of thy yong wanton
And thou that therein beaten art, the happiest life
desyre:

Whereat I sighed, and sayde, farewell my wonted
Trusse up thy packe, and trudge from me to every
little boy,

And tell them thus from me, their time most hap-
py is,

If to theyr time they reason had, to know the
truch of this.

Bonum est mihi quod humiliaasti me.

THE stormes are past, these clouds are over blowne,
And humble chere, great vigour hath repress;
For the defaulte is set apayne for knowne,
And patience graft in a determed brest.

And in the heart where heapes of griefes were
growne

The swete revenge has planted mirth and rest,
No company so pleasant as mine owne,

Thraldom at large, hath made this prison free,
 Danger well past remembered workes delight,
 Of lingering doubles such hope is sprong pardie,
 That nought I finde displeasent in my sight,
 But when my glasse presented unto me,
 The cureless wound that bledith day and night,
 To think (alas) such hap should graunted be;
 Unto a wretch that hath so oft been shed,
 For Britannes sake (alas) and now is ded.

Exhortation to learne by others trouble.

My Ratclif, when thy rechelesse youth offendes,
 Receive thy scourge by others chastifement,
 For such calling, when it woorkes none amendes
 Then plagies are sent without advertisment;
 Yet Salomon sayd, the wronged shall recure,
 But Wyat said true, the scarre doth aye endure.

The fanfic of a wearied Lover.

The fanfy; which that I have served long,
 That hath alway been enemy to myne case,
 Semed of late to rue upon my wrong,
 And badde me flye the cause of my miscase.
 And I furthwith did prease out of the throng,
 That thought by flight my painfull heart to please
 Some other way, till I saw faith more strong,
 And to my self I said, alas, those dayes
 In vain were spent, to runne the race so long.
 And with that thought, I met my guyde, that
 plaine,
 Out of the way wherein I wandered wrong,
 Brought me amiddes the hilles in base Bullayne,
 Wherein I am now, as restless to remayn,
 Against my will, full pleased with my payn.

DIDO AND AENEAS GOING TO THE FIELD *

TRANSLATED FROM THE FOURTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ENLIDE.

—AT the threshold of her chamber dore
The Carthage lords did on the quene attend;
The trampling steed, with gold and purple
trapt,
Chawing the foaming bit ther forcibly flood.
Then issued she, awayted with great train,
Clad in a cloke of Tyre embroider'd rich.
Her quiver hung behind her back, her tresse
Knotted in gold, her purple vesture eke
Buttned with gold. The Trojans of her train
Before her go, with gladfome Iulus,
Æneas eke, the goodliest of the route,
Makes one of them, and joyneth close the throng.
Like when Apollo leaveth Lycia,
His wintring place, and Xanthus' flood likewise
To visit Delos, his mother's mansion,
Repairing eft and furnishing her quire:
The Candians and the folke of Driopes
With painted Agathyrses, shoute and crye,

Enviroing the altars round about;
When that he walkes upon Mount Cynthus' top
His sparkled tresse replest with garlandes softe,
Of tender leaves, and trussed up in golde;
His quivering darts clattering behind his backe.
So fresh and lustie did Æneas seme—
But to the hills and wild holtes when they came,
From the rockes top the driver savage rose.
Loc from the hills above, on thother side,
Through the wide lawns thy gan to take their
course,
The hartes likewise, in troops taking their flight,
Raying the dust, the mountain fast forsake.
The childe Iulus, blithe of his swift steede
Amids the plain, now pricks by them, now
these;
And to encounter, wisheth oft in minde,
The foming boar insteede of fearful beafts,
Or lion browne, might from the hill descend.

DIDO'S PASSION, AND ITS EFFECTES ON THE RYSINGE CITIE,

FROM THE SAME BOOK.

—AND when they all were gone,
And the dimme moon doth este withhold her light;
And sliding starres provoked unto slepe,
Alone she mourns within her palace voide,
And sits her downe on her forsaken bed:
And absent him she heares, when he is gone,
And seeth eke. Oft in her cuppe she holdes

Ascanius, trapped by his father's forme.
So to begile the love cannot be told!
The turrets now arise not, erst begonne:
Neither the youth welde arms, nor they avance
The portes, nor other mete defence for warr.
Broken there hang the workes, and myhty frames
Of walles high raised, threatening the skie.

* This and the two following pieces, are now printed, for the first time, among Surrey's Poems.

Over the tomb of Thomas Clere, Esq., in Lambeth Church, was formerly a tablet with the following epitaph, written by the Earl of Surrey.

EPITAPHIUM THOMÆ CLERE, qui fato functus est 1545, auctore Henrico Howard comite Surriensi, in cuius felicis ingenii specimē & singularis facundiae argumentum appensa fuit, hæc tabula per W. Howard, filium Thomæ nuper Ducis Norf. filii ejusdem Henrici comitis Surriensis.

Norfolke sprung thee, Lambeth holds thee dead,
Clere of the Count of Cleremont thou bight,
Within the womb of Ormond's race thou bred,
And sawest thy coffin crowned in thy sight;

Shelton for love, Surrey for Lord thou chafe,
Aye me while life did last that league was tender
Tracing whose steps thou sawest Kelsall blaze,
Laundersey burnt and batter'd Bulleyn's render,
At Muttrell gates hopeles of all recure
Thine Earl half dead, gave in thy hand his will,
Which cause did thee this pining death procure
Ere summers four times seven thou couldst fulfill
Aye Clere, if love had bootied care or cost
Heaven had not wonne, nor earth so timely lost.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR THOMAS WYAT.

Containing his

SONNETS,
EPISTLES,

IMITATIONS,
TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

They with the Muses who conversed, were
That princely SURREY, early in the time
Of the Eight Henry, who was then the prime
Of England's noble youth. With him, there came
WYAT, with reverence whom we still do name
Amongst our poets: BRYAN had a share
With the two former, which accounted are
The time's best makers, and the authors were
Of those small poems which the title bear
Of *Songes and Sonnettes*, wherein oft they hit
On many dainty passages of wit.

DRAYTON'S ELEGY TO REYNOLDS.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

POETICAL WORKS

SIR THOMAS WYAT.

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

That with the Males who converted were
That formerly in early in the night
Of the English, who was then the prime
Of England's noble youth, with him were come
Wyatt, with reverence whom we still do name
And left our house: he had a share
With the two former, which accounted as
The time of his life, and the nation's state
Of his small power which the state bore
Of his and his, which of his life
On many days of his life

WYATT'S REPLY TO BUCKINGHAM

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY WINDGELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

THE LIFE OF WYAT.

SIR THOMAS WYAT was the son of Henry Wyatt, Esq. of Allington Castle, in Kent, where he was born, in the year 1503. He is commonly called the elder, to distinguish him from his son, of the same name, who raised a rebellion in the reign of Queen Mary.

He received the rudiments of his education at Cambridge, and afterwards went to Oxford, where he completed his studies: But his chief and most splendid accomplishments were derived from his travels into various parts of Europe, which he frequently visited in the quality of an envoy.

He was the contemporary and friend of the accomplished and high-spirited Earl of Surrey. A familiarity, or rather sameness of taste and of pursuits, as it is a proof, so perhaps it was the chief cement of that inviolable friendship which subsisted between them.

His wit and popular accomplishments rendered him one of the brilliant ornaments of the court of King Henry the Eighth, which at least affected to be polite; and as Henry did not always act from cruelty and caprice, he was endeared to him, for his fidelity and success in the execution of public business, his skill in arms, literature, familiarity with languages, and lively conversation.

Wood, who degrades every thing by poverty of style, says, that "the king was in a high manner delighted with his *witty jests*." He is reported to have occasioned the Reformation by a joke, and to have planned the fall of Cardinal Wolsey by a seasonable story.

But he had almost lost his popularity, either from an intimacy with Queen Anne Boleyn, which was called a connection, or the gloomy cabals of Bishop Bonner, who could not bear his political superiority.

Yet his prudence and integrity, no less than the powers of his oratory, justified his innocence. He laments his severe and unjust imprisonment, on that occasion, in a sonnet addressed to the brave and accomplished Sir Francis Bryan; insinuating his solicitude, that although the wound would be healed, the scar would remain; and that to be acquitted of the accusation, would avail but little, while the thoughts of having been accused were still fresh in his remembrance.

He recovered his liberty and the king's favour, and was wise enough not to interrupt his pleasures, his convenience, or his ambition; but spent much of his time at Allington Castle, which he magnificently repaired "for the reception," says Jacob, "of one of his noble spirit and refined taste of life; which were more superior to his ancestors than his stately mansion, by the costly reparations, exceeded the ancient structure."

In one of his *epistles to Poiner*, on the life of a courtier, his execration of flatterers and courtiers is contrasted with an entertaining picture of his own private life and rural enjoyments at Allington Castle.

This is the cause that I could never yet
Hang on their sleeves, that weigh, as thou maist see,
A chip of chance more than a pound of wit;
This maketh me at home to hunt and hawke,
And in fowle wether at my booke to sit;
In frost and snowe then with my bow to stalke;
No man doth marke wherefo I ride or go;
In lusty leas at liberty I walke:
And of these newes I fele no weale nor wo,
Save that a clogge doth hang yet at my hele;
No forle for that, for it is ordered so,
That I may leape both hedge and dike ful wele.

THE LIFE OF WYAT.

I am not now in Fraunce, to judge the wine, &c.
But I am here in Kent and Christendome,
Among the muses, where I reade and rime.

The "clogge" he complains of, probably alludes to some office which he still held at court, and which sometimes recalled him, but not too frequently, from the country.

It is a common mistake of his biographers, that he died abroad of the plague, in an embassy to Charles the Fifth. Being sent to conduct that emperor's ambassador from Falmouth to London, from too eager and a needless desire of executing his commission with dispatch and punctuality, he caught a fever, by riding in a hot day; and in his return, died on the road at Sherborn, in the year 1547, in the 38th year of his age; and was buried in the great abbey church of that place.

The next year, Leland published a book of Latin verses on his death, intitled, *Nenia in mortem T. Wyati*, with a wooden print of his head, after a painting of Holbein, and the following elegant inscription under the head:

Holbenus nitida pingendi maximus arte,
Effigiem expresseit graphice, sed nullus Apelles
Exprimet ingenium felix, animumque *Wyati*.

His poems were printed by Tottell, in his editions of Surrey's poems, of 1559 and 1565, under the title of *the Songes and Sonnettes of sir Thomas Wyat the elder*, and reprinted, with the poems of Surrey, by Dr. Sewel, in 1717; and are now admitted, for the first time, into a collection of classical English poetry.

The poetical pieces of Wyatt, and his friend Surrey, were in high reputation with their contemporaries, and for many years afterwards. They are thus characterised by Puttenham, the author of the old "Art of English Poesie," whose opinion remained long as a rule of criticism: "In the latter end of the same kinge's (Henry's) raigne, spronge up a new company of wit makers, of whom Sir Thomas Wyat the elder, and Henry Earle of Surrey, were the two chieftaines; who having traualled into Italie, and there tasted the sweete and stately measures and style of the Italian poesie, as novices newly crept out of the schooles of Dante, Ariosto, and Petrarch, they greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie from that it had been before, and for that cause may justly be sayd the first reformers of our English meetre and style." And again, "Henry Earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyat, between whom I find very little difference, I repute them (as before) for the two chief lanternes of light to all others that have since employed their pennes upon English poesie: Their conceits were lofty, their styles stately, their conveyance cleanly, their terms proper, their meetre sweet, and well proportioned; in all, imitating very naturally and studiously their maister, Francis Petrarch." P. 48—50. Edit. 1589.

Leland is lavish in his praise, and scruples not to compare him to Dante and Petrarch:

Let Florence fair her *Dante* justly boast,
And royal Rome her *Petrarch's* number'd feet;
In *English Wyat*, both of them doth coast,
In whom all graceful eloquence doth meet.

In Surrey's elegy on the death of Wyatt, his character is delineated in the following nervous and manly quatrains:

A visage sterne and mild, where both did growe;
Vice to contemne, in vertue to rejoyce;
Amid great stormes, whom grace assured so
To live upright, and smile at fortune's choyce.

A tounge that served in forein realmes his king,
Whose courteous talk to vertue did enflame
Eche noble heart; a worthy guide to bring
Our English youth by travail unto fame;

An eye, whose judgment none affect could blind;
Friend to allure, and foes to reconcile;
Whose perling look did represent a minde
With virtue fraught, reposed, void of gile.

A hart, where dreade was never so imprest
To hide the thought that might the truth advance;
In neither fortune lost, nor yet repress,
To swell in welth, or yeld unto mischance —

Thy fame, great Wyat, shall by all be read;
What vertues rare were temper'd in thy breast!
Honour that England such a jewel bred,
And kifs the ground whereon thy corpe did rest.

It will be superfluous to transcribe the panegyrics of his contemporaries, after this encomium of Surrey, in which his amiable character owes more to truth than to the graces of poetry, or to the flattery of friendship.

It is mentioned, to his honour, by Puttenham, that he co-operated with Surrey in correcting the roughness of our poetic style. He certainly deserves equally of posterity with Surrey for the diligence with which he cultivated elegant literature. But in his poetical capacity, he seems to have wanted the judgment of his friend Surrey, who, in imitating Petrarch, resisted the contagion of his conceits. He has more imitations, and even translations from the Italian poets, than Surrey; and he seems to have been more fond of their conceits. He is confessedly inferior to him in harmony of numbers, perspicuity of expression, and facility of phraseology. Nor is he equal to him in elegance of sentiment, in nature and sensibility. His feelings are disguised by affectation, and obscured by fantastic incongruities. His declarations of passion are embarrassed by wit and fancy; and his style is not intelligible, in proportion as it is careless and unadorned.

His chief merit is of the moral and didactic kind. His poems abound more in good sense, satire, and observations on life, than in pathos and imagination. Yet there is a degree of lyric sweetness in the lines to his lute, in which *the lover complaineth the unkindness of his love*; and in the little ode, or rather epigram on his return from Spain into England, there is great simplicity and propriety, together with a strain of poetic allusion. In the satiric vein of his *epistles to Paines and Bryan*, there is much of the familiar elegance of Horace; a style of writing which Cowper has caught with great success, in his "Table Talk," &c. &c.

Among Wyat's poems, is an unfinished translation, in Alexandrian verse, of the song of Jopas, in the first book of Virgil's *Æneid*. Wyat's and Surrey's versions from Virgil, are the first regular translations in English of an ancient classical poet. A version of David's Psalms, by Wyat, is highly extolled by Surrey and Leland. But Wyat's version of the *Penitential Psalms*, seems to be a separate work from his translation of the whole psalter; and probably that which is praised by Surrey, in the ode, intitled, *Praise of certaine Psalmes of David, translated by Sir Thomas Wyat the elder*. They were printed in 1549. But this version, with that of Surrey, mentioned in his life, is now lost. The character of Wyat has received every possible illustration from Lord Orford and Mr. Warton; after whose discriminating touches, every stroke from a casual hand must serve rather to injure than improve the likeness.

"It was from the capricious and over-strained invention of the Italian poets," says Mr. Warton, "that Wyat was taught to torture the passion of love, by prolix and intricate comparisons, and unnatural allusions. I am of opinion, that he mistook his talents, when in compliance with the mode, he be-

came a sonneteer; and, if we may judge from a few instances, that he was likely to treat any other subject with more success than that of love. His abilities were seduced and misapplied, in fabricating fine speeches to an obdurate mistress. He appears a much more pleasing writer, when he moralises on the felicities of retirement, and attacks the vanities and vices of a court, with the honest indignation of an independent philosopher, and the freedom and pleasantry of Horace. Three of his epistles are professedly written in this strain; and we must regret, that he has not left more pieces in a style of composition for which he seems to have been eminently qualified."

To the poems of Surrey and Wyatt, are annexed, in Tottell's edition, those of *Uncertaine Authors*. Many of these pieces are much in the manner of Surrey and Wyatt, which was the fashion of the times. They are all anonymous; but probably Sir Francis Bryan, George Boleyn Earl of Rochford, and Lord Vaux, contemporary rhymers and sonnetteers, were large contributors. Two of them, intituled, *The Aged Lover renounceth Love*, in which are three stanzas of the grave-digger's song in Shakespear's Hamlet, and *The Assaulte of Cupide*, &c. are the undoubted production of Lord Vaux; "a man of marvellous facility in vulgar making."

The merit of some of those pieces is so considerable, as to justify a selection; and the reader owes to the compiler of these narratives, whatever pleasure or disgust he may have in finding a specimen of the first printed poetical miscellany in the English language in this collection.

What has pleased himself, he has undertaken to recommend to others; and as sense and genius are not wanting in the pieces he has endeavoured to preserve, it will not be so much the fault of the writers, as of the the language, if they are not read with pleasure.

The stanzas, intituled, *A Praise of his Ladie*, have that elegance which results from simplicity. The thoughts support themselves, without the affectations of language; and the compliments are such as would not disgrace the gallantry or the poetry of a polished age. Puttenham speaks highly of the "counterfait action" in Lord Vaux's *Assaulte of Cupide*; but there is more poetry in some of the old pageants, than in the contrivance of the allegory of this piece. In the little ode intituled *of his mistress M. B.* much pretty description and imagination is built on the circumstance of a lady being named Bayes. *Harpalus's complaint of Philtidae's love bestowed on Corin*, is perhaps the first example in our language now remaining of the pure unmixed pastoral; and for ease of numbers, elegance of rural allusion, and simplicity of imagery, excels every thing of the kind in Spenser, who is erroneously ranked as our earliest English bucolic. In the poem, intituled, *That all things sometime finde ease of their paine, save only the lover*, some of the stanzas deserve attention for their simple beauty and native force of expression. In the ode, in which *The lover in despair lamenteth his case*, there is more pathos and feeling than in any other piece of the whole collection. The epigram, *Of a new married student*, who was pursuing his studies successfully, but in the midst of his literary career, married unfortunately, contains a general joke on an unhappy match. It is, perhaps, the first pointed epigram in the English language; and may have fallen from the pen of Sir Thomas More, one of the best jokers of that age. In the elegant little ode, intituled, *The Lover that once disdained love*, &c. are the two lines said to be written by Mary Queen of Scots, in a window, at Fotheringay castle.

From the toppe of all my trust,
Misshap hath throwen me in the dust.

The unfortunate queen only quoted a distich applicable to her situation, which she remembered in a fashionable collection of poems, perhaps the amusement of her youth. With the *Songes and Sonnettes of Uncertaine Authors*, the original editor has printed *Songes written by N. G.*, the initials of Nicholas Grimoald, who is the second English poet after Surrey that wrote in blank verse; to which he added new strength, elegance, and modulation. As a writer of verse in rhyme he yields to none of his contemporaries, for a masterly choice of chaste expression, and the concise elegancies of didactic versification. His poem in *Praise of Measure keeping* has all the smartness which belongs to the modern style of sententious poetry. The stanzas on the *Nine Muses* are more poetical, and not less correct. His poems on the *Death of Cicero*, and the *Death of Zoroas*, are impregnated almost throughout by a warmth of imagination, and the spirit of pathetic poetry.

It would be unpardonable to dismiss the poetical works of Wyatt unaccompanied by those admirable specimens of ancient genius, for which English literature is highly indebted to Richard Tottell, who, at a critical period, collected and preserved them from the general depredations of time, in a printed volume.

SONGES AND SONETTES.

The lover for shamefastnesse bideth his desire within his faithful heart.

THE long love, that in my thought I harbor
And in my heart doth kepe his residence,
Into my face preaseth with bold pretence,
And there campeth, displaying his banner;
She that me learnes to love, and to suffer,
And willes that my trust and lustes negligence
Be reyned by reason, shame, and reverence
With his hardinesse takes displeasure,
Wherewith love to the hartes forest he fleeth,
Leaving his enterpryse with paine and crye,
And there him hideth and not appeareth,
What may I do? when my maister feareth,
But in the field with him, to live and dye,
For good is the lyfe, ending faithfully.

The lover waxeth wyser, and will not dye for affection.

YET was I never of your love agreved,
Nor never shall, whyle that my life doth last;
But of hating my self, that date is past,
And tears continual sore hath me wried:
I will not yet in my greave be buried,
Nor on my tombe your name have fixed fast,
As cruel cause, that did my sprite soon hast,
From th' unhappie bones by great syghes styred;
Then if an heart of amorous faith and will
Content your mind withouten doing grief,
Please it you so to this to do relief,
If otherwyse you seke for to fulfill
Your wrath, you erre, and shal not as you wene,
And you your self the cause thereof have bene.

The abused lover seeth his folly, and intendeth to trust no more.

WAS never fyle yet half so well fyyled,
To fyle a fyle for any smithes entent,
As I was made a fying instrument,
To frame other, while that I was begyled,
But reason loe, hath at my folly smyled,

And pardoned me, sins that I me repent,
Of my last yeres, and of my tyme mispent.

For youth led me, and falshod me misguyded,
Yet, this trust I have of great appearance,
Sins that deceyt is aye returnable,
Of very force it is agreable,
That therewithall be done the recompence,
Then gyle begyled, plain'd should be never
And the reward is little trust for ever.

The lover describeth his being stricken with sight of his love.

THE lively sparkes, that issue from those eyes,
Against the which there vailleth no defence,
Have perst my hart, and done it none offence,
With quaking pleasure, more than once or twice
Was never man could any thing devyse,
Sunne beames to turne with so great vehemence
To dase mans sight, as by their bright presence
Dased am I, much lyke unto the gysse,
Of one stricken with dint of lightening,
Blind with the stroke, and crying here and there;
So call I for help, I not when or where,
The payn of my fall patiently bearing;
For streight after the blase (as is no wonder)
Of deadly noyse heare I the fearfull thunder.

The wavering lover willeteth and dreadeth to move his desire.

SUCH vayne thought, as wonted to mislead me
In desert hope by well assured mone,
Makes me from company to live alone,
In following her, whom reason biddes me flee,
And after her my heart would faine be gone,
But armed sighes my way do stop anone,
Twixt hope and dreade locking my libertie,
So fleeth she by gentle crueltye,
Yet as I geasse under disdainfull brow,
One beam of truthe is in her cloudy looke,
Which comforts the mind, that carst for fear shooke
That boldest strayght, the way then secke I how
To utter forth the smart I hyde within,
But such it is, I not how to begin.

The lover having dreamed enjoying of his love, complaineth that the dreame is not either longer or truer.

UNSTABLE dreame according to the place,
Be stedfast ones, or els at least be true,
By tasted sweetnesse, make me not to rew,
By good respect in such a dangerous case.
Thou broughtest not her into these tossing seas,
But madest my spirit to live, my care tencease,
My body in tempest her delight tembrance,
The body dead, the spryte had his desire,
Painlesse was th' one, the other in delight,
Why then, alas! did it not kepe it right,
But thus returne to leape into the fyre.
And where it was at with, could not remaine,
Such mockes of dreames do turn to deadly payne,

The lover unhappy, biddeth happy lovers reioice in May, while he wayleth that month to him most unluckely.

YE that in love find lucke and swete abundance,
And live in lust of joyfull jollitie,
Aryse for shame, do way your sluggardy,
Arise, I say, do May some observance,
Let me in beds lye dreaming of mischaunce,
Let me remember my mishappes unhappy,
That me betide in May most commonly.
As one whome love list little to advance,
Stephan said true, that my nativitie
Mischaunced was with the ruler of May:
He gest (I prove) of that the veritie
In May welth, and eke my wittes, I say,
Have stand so oft in such perplexitie,
Joy, let me dreame of your felicitie.

The lover confesseth himself in love with Phillis.

IN waker care, if sodayne pale colour,
If many sighes with little speeche to plaine,
Now joy, now wo, if they my chere distaine,
For hope of smal, if much to fear therefore,
To hast or slacke, my pace to lesse or more
Be sygne do love, then to I love againe:
If thou aske whome, sure syns I did refraine,
Brunet that set my welth in such a rore;
Th' unfained chere of Phyllis hath the place
That Brunet had, she hath and ever shall,
She from my self now hath me in her grace,
She hath in hand my wit, my will and all.
My heart alone wel woorthy she doth stay,
Without whose helpe skant do I live a day.

Of others fained sorrow, and the lovers fained mirth.

CESAR when that the traitour of Egypt
With t' honourable head did him present
Covering his heartes gladnesse, did represent
Playne with his teares outward, as it is writ,

Eke Hanniball, when fortune him out thit
Clene from his reigne, and all his entent,
Laught to his folke, whom sorow did torment,
His cruel dispite for to disgorge and quit,
So chaunced me, that every passion
The mynd hydeth by colour contrary,
With fained visage, now sad, now wery,
Whereby if that I laugh at any season,
It is because I have none other way
To cloake my care, but under sporte and play:

Of change in minde.

Eche man me tel'th, I change most my devise,
And on my faith, methinke it good reason;
To change purpose, like after the season,
For in eche case to kepe still one guise,
Is mete for them, that would be taken wyse,
And I am not of such maner condicion,
But treated after a divers fashion,
And thereupon my diversenesse doth ryse,
But you this diversenesse that blamen most,
Change you no more, but still after one rate,
Treate you me welles, and kepe you in that state,
And while with me doth dwell this weries
ghost,
My word nor I shall not be variable,
But always one, your own both firm and stable.

Howe the lover periseth in his delight, as the flye in the fier.

SOME fowles there be that have no perfit fight,
Against the sunne their eyes for to defend,
And some because the light doth them offend,
Never appere, but in the darke or night:
Others rejoyce, to see the fire so bright,
And wene to play in it, as they pretend,
But synd contrary of it, as they entende,
Alas of that sort, may I be by right.
For to withstand her looke I am not able,
Yet can I not hyde me in no darke place,
So followeth me remembrance of that face;
That with my teary eyen, swolne, and wastable,
My destiny to behold her doth me leade,
And yet I know I runne into the glead.

Against his tong that failed to utter his suites.

BECAUSE I still kept thee fro lyes and blame,
And to my power alwayes the honoured,
Unkind tongue, to yll hast thou me rendred,
For such desert to do me wreke and shame.
In nede of succour most when that I am
To ask he rewarde, thou standes lyke one asfayde,
Alway most cold; and if one word be sayd,
As in a dreame, unperfit is the same;
And ye salt teares, against my will each night,
That are with me when I would be alone,

When are ye gone, when I should make my mone,
And ye so ready fighes, to make me fright,
Then are ye slacke, when that ye shoulde outstart,
And only doth my loke declare my hart.

Description of the contrarious passions in a lover.

FIND NO peace, and all my warre is done,
I feare and hope, I burne, and frese lyke yfe,
I flye aloft, yet can I not aryse,
And nought I have, and all the world I feason,
That lockes nor loseth, holdeth me in prisen,
And holdes me not, yet can I scape no wyse,
Nor lettes me live, nor dye, at my devyse,
And yet of death it geveth me occasion,
Without eye I see, without tongue I playne,
I wish to perish, yet I ask for health,
I love another, and I hate my selfe,
I fede me in sorow, and laugh in all my payne.
Lo, thus displeaseth me, both death and life,
And my delight is caufer of this strife.

The lover compareth his state to a shippe in perilous storme tossed on the sea.

My gally charged with forgetfulnesse,
Through sharpe seas, in winter nightes doth passe,
Twene rocke, and rocke, and eke my foe (alas)
That is my lord, stereth with cruelnesse.
And every houre, a thought in readinesse,
As though that death wer light in such a case,
And endlesse wynde doth teare the fayle apace
Of forced fighes and trusty fearfulnessse:
A rayne of teares, a cloude of dark disdayne,
Have done the wried coardes great hinderance;
Wretched with errour, and with ignorance,
The starres be hidde, that lead me to this payne.
Drounde is reason that shoulde be my comforte,
And I remayne, disparting of the porte.

Of doubtful love.

AVYRING the bright beames of those fayre eyes,
Where he abides that mine oft moystes and
washeth
The wearied mynde streight from the heart de-
parteth,
To rest within his worldly paradyse;
And bitter findes the swete, under his gyfe,
What webbes there he hath wrought, well he
perceiveth,
Wherby then with hymselfe on love he playneth,
That spurs with fyre, and brydeth eke with yfe:
In such extremitie thus is he brought,
Frozen now cold, and now he standes in flame,
Twixt wo and wealth, betwixt earnest and gaine,
With feldome glad, and many a divers thought;
In iore repentance of his hardinesse,
Of such a roote loe commeth frute frutelesse.

*The lover sheweth how he is forsaken of such as he
sometime enjoyed.*

THEY flee from me, that sometime did me seek,
With naked fote stalking within my chamber,
Once have I sene them gentle, tame, and meke,
That now are wyld, and do not once remember.
That sometime they have put themselves in dan-
ger,

To take bread at my hand, and now they range,
Busely seeking in continual change.

Thanked be fortune, it hath been otherwyse,
Twenty tymes better, but once especiall,
In thine aray, after a pleasaut gyfe,
When her loose gowne did from her shoulders
fall,

And she me caught in her armes long and small;
And therewithall, so swetely did me kysse,
And softly sayd, dear hearte, how like you this?

It was no dreame, for I lay brode awaking.
But all is turned now through my gentlenesse,
Into a bitter fashon of forsaking,
And I have leave to goe of her goodnesse;
And she also to use new fanglenesse.
But, fynes that I unkindly so am served,
How like you this, what hath she now deserved:

The Lady to answer directly with-yea or nay.

MADAME, withouten many woordes,
Once I am sure, you will, or no:
And if you will, then leave your boordes,
And use your wit, and shew it so.
For with a beck you shall me call,
And if of one, that burnes alwaye,
Ye have pitie, or ruth at all,
Aunswere him faire with ye or nay.
If it be nay, frendes as before,
You shall an other man obayne,
And I myne own, and yours no more.

To his love whom he had kissed against her will.

ALAS, madame, for stealing of a kisse,
Have I so much your mind therin offended?
Or have I done so grievously amisse,
That by no meenes it may not be amended?
Revenge you then, the readiest way is this,
Another kisse my life it shall have ended,
For, to my mouth the first my hart did sucke,
The next shall cleane out of my brest it plucke.

*Of the jealous man that loved the same woman, and
espied this other sitting with her.*

THE wandering gadling in the sommer tyde,
That findes the adder with his rechtes foote,
Startes not dismayde so sodenly asyde,
As jealous despite did, though ther wer no boote

When that he saw me sitting by her syde,
That of my health is very crop and roote,
It pleased me then to have so faire a grace,
To sting the hart, that would have had my place.

To his love from whom he had his gloves.

WHAT nedes these threatning wordes, and wasted
winde :

'Al this cannot make me restore my pray,
To robbe your good, ywis is not my mynde,
Nor causelesse your fair hand did I display,
Let love be judge, or els whom next we finde,
That may both heare what you and I can say,
She rest my hart, and I a glove from her,
Let us see then, if one be worth the other.

Of the fuyned friend.

RIGHT true it is, and sayd full yore ago,
Take hede of him that by the back thee claweth :
For none is worse than is a frendly fo,
Though thec seme good, all thing that the de-
liteth,

Yet know it well, that in thy bosome crepeth,
For many a man such fire oft times he kindleth,
That with the blase his beard himself he singeth.

The lover taught, mistrusteth allurement.

It may be good, lyke it who list,
But I do doubt who can me lyste ?
For oft assured, yer have I mist,
And now again I fear the same :
The woordes, that from your mouth last came,
Of fodeyn change make me agast,
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.

Alas ! I tread an endless mase,
That seke t' accord two contraries,
And hope thus still, and nothing hase,
Imprisoned in liberties,
As one unheard, and still that cries,
Always thirsty, and nought doth taste,
For dread to fall I stand not fast.

Affured I doubt I be not sure,
Should I then trust unto such surety,
That oft hath put the profe in ure
And never yet have found it trustie.
Nay, for in sayth, it were great folly,
And yet my life thus do I wast,
For dread to fall I stand not fast.

The lover complaineth that his love doth not pittie him.

RESOND my voyce ye woods, me heare me plain,
Both hills and vales causing reflection,
And rivers eke, record ye of my payne,
Which have oft forced ye by compassion,

As judges lo to hear my exclamacion,
Among whom ruth (I finde) ye doth remayne,
Where I it seke, alas ! there is diffidayne.

Oft ye rivers, to heare my wofull sound,
Have stopt your cours, and playnly to expresse,
Many a teare by moyture of the ground,
The earth hath wept to hear my heavinesse,
Which causelesse I endure without redresses,
The hugy okes have roared in the wynde,
Eche thing me thought, complayning in their
kind.

Why then alas ! doth not she on me rue,
Or is her heart so hard, that no pittie
May in it sinke, my joy for to renew ;
O stony hart, who hath thus framed thee
So cruel, that art cloked with beauty,
That from thee may no grace to me proceede,
But as reward, death for to be my mede.

*The lover rejoiceth against fortune, that by hindering
his suite had happily made him forsake his folly.*

IN faith I wote not what to say,
Thy chaunces been so wonderous,
Thou fortune with thy divers play,
That makest the joyfull dolorous.
Yet though thy chaine hath me enwrapt,
Spyte of thy hap, hap hath well hapt,

Though thou hast fet me for a wonder,
And sekest by change to do me payne,
Mens myndes yet mayst thou not so order,
For honestie if it remayne,
Shall shine for al thy cloudy rayne ;
In vayne thou sekest to have me trapt,
Spyte of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.

In hindering me, me didst thou furthur,
And made a gap, where was a stytle,
Cruel wiles been oft put under,
Wening to lower, then didst thou smyle.
Lord, how thy self thou didst begyle,
That in thy cares would have me wrapt,
But spyte of hap, hap hath well hapt.

A renouncing of bardelie escaped love.

FAREWELL the hard of cruelty,
Though that with pain my liberty,
Dear have I bought, and wofully,
Finisht my fearefull tragedy.
Of force I must forsake such pleasure,
A good cause just, sins I endure,
Therby my wo, which be ye sure,
Shall therewith go me to recure.

I fare as one escapt that fleeth,
Glad he is gone, and yet styll feareth,
Spied to be caught and so dredeth
That he for thought his pain lefeth
In joyfull payn, rejoyce my hart,
Thus to sustayn of eche a part.
Let not this long from thee astart,
Welcome among my pleasant smart.

The lover to his bed, with describing of his unquiet state.

THE restfull place, renuer of my smart,
The labours salve encreasing my sorow,
The bodie ease, and troubler of my hart,
Quieter of minde, myne unquiet foe,
Forgearter of payne, rememberer of my woe,
The place of slepe, wherein I do but wake,
Besprent with teares, my bed, I the forsake,

The frosty snowes may not redrefs my heate,
Nor, theate of sunne abate my fervent cold,
I know nothing to ease my paine so great
Eche cure causeth encrease by twenty fold,
Renewing cares upon my sorrows old,
Such overthwart effectes in me they make,
Besprent with teares, my bed for to forsake.

But all for nought, I find no better ease,
In bed or out, this most causeth my paine,
Where do I seek how best that I may please,
My lost labour (alas) is all in vayn,
My heart once set, I cannot it refrayne,
No place from me my grief away can take,
Wherefore with teares, my bed I thee forsake.

Comparison of love, to a streame falling from the Alps.

FROM these hye hills as when a spring doth fall,
It trilleth downe with still and suttile course,
Of this and that, it gathers aye and shall,
Till it have just downe flowed to streame and
force,

Then at the foote it rageth over all:
So fareth love, when he hath tane a course,
Rage is his rayne, resistance vayneleth none,
The first eschue is remedy alone.

*Wyates complaint upon love to reason, with loves
answer.*

MYNE old dere enemy, my froward maister,
A fore that quene, I caufde to be acyted,
Which holdeth the divine part of our nature,
That like as golde, in fyre he mought be tryed.
Charged with a dolour, there lme presented
With horrible feare, as one that greatly dreadeth
A wrongfull death, and justice alway seketh.

And thus I say'd: Once my left foote, madame,
When I was yong, I set within his raigne;
Whereby other then fyrely burning flame,
I never felt, but many a grievous payne,
Torment I suffred anger and disdayne,
That mine oppressed patience was past,
And I mine owne life hated at the last.

Thus hitherto have I my tyme passed
In paine and smart, what wayes is profitable,
How many pleasant dayes have me escaped,
In serving this false lyer so deceivable?
What wit have wordes so prest and forceable,
That may containe my great misbappinesse,
And just complaintes of his ungentlenesse?

So small hony, much aloes, and gall,
In bitternesse, my blinde life hath ytastad
His false semblance, that turneth as a hall,
With fair and amorous daunce, made me betracd,
And where I had my thought and minde araced,
From earthly fraynesse, and from vaine pleasure,
Me from my rest he tooke and set in error.

God made he me regardlesse, than I ought,
And to my selfe to take right little hede:
And for a woman have I set at nought,
Al other thoughtes, in this only to spece,
And he was onely counseler of this dede.
Whetting alwayes my youthly fraile desyre,
On cruel whetstone, tempered with fyre.

But (oh alas!) where had I ever wit?
Or other gift given to me of nature?
That sooner shal be changed my weryed sprite,
Then the obstinate will, that is my ruler,
So robbeth he my fredome with displeasure,
This wicked traytour, whom I thus accuse,
That bitter life hath turned in pleasant use.

He hath me halsted, through divers regions,
Through desert woodes, and sharpe by mountaines,
Through froward people, and through bitter
passions,

Through rocky seas, and over hilles and plaines:
With wery travel, and with laborous paynes,
Alwayes in trouble and in tediousnesse,
All in error, and daungerous distresse.

But nether he, nor she, my tother foe,
For all my sight did ever me forsake;
That though my timely death hath been to flowe
That me as yet, it hath not overtake:
The heavenly gods of pitie doe it flake,
And note they this his cruell tyranny,
That feedes him, with my care, and misery.

Sins I was his, hower rested I never,
Nor looke to doe, and eke the waky nightes,
The banished slepe may in no wise recover.
By guyle and force, over my thralld spites
He is ruler, sins which bell never strikes,
That I hear not as sounding to reue
My plaintes. Himself he knoweth that I say
true.

For never woormes old rotten stocke have eaten,
As he my hart, where he is resident,
And doth the same with death daily threaten.
Thence come the teares, and thence the bitter
torment,

The sighes, the wordes and eke the languish-
That noy both me, and paraventure other,
Judge thou that knowest the one and eke the other.

Mine adversarie with such grevous reproofe,
Thus he began, Hear lady the other part:
That the plain trowth, from which he draweth
aloofe,

This unkind man may shew, ere that I part,
In his yong age, I tooke him from that art,
That selles wordes, and make clattering knight,
And of my wealth I gave him the delight.

Now shames he not on me for to complaine,
That held him evermore in pleasant gayne,
From his desire that might have been his payne,
Yet therby alone I brought him to some frame,
Which now as wretchednes, he doth so blame,

And toward honour quickned I his wit,
Whereas a dastard els he mought have sit.

He knowed how great Atreide that made Troy
great,

And Hannibal to Rome so troubelous,
Whom Homer honoured Achilles that great,
And th' Affricane Scipion the famous,
And many other, by much honour glorious,
Whose fame and actes did lift them up above,
I did let fall in base dishonest love.

And unto him, though he unworthy were,
I chose the best of many a million,
That under sunne yet never was her pere,
Of wisdom womanhod, and of discrecion,
And of my grace I gave her such a facion,
And eke suth way I taught her for to teache
That never base thought his hart so hie might
reache.

Ever more thus to content his maistresse
That was his only frame of honestie,
I stirred him still toward gentleness,
And caused him to regard fidelitie;
Pacience I taught him in adversitie,
Such virtues learned he in my great schoole,
Whereof repenteth now the ignorant foole.

These were the same deceites, and bitter gall,
That I have used, the torment and the anger,
Sweter than ever did to other fall,
Of right good feed, ill fruite lo thus I gather,
And so shall he that the unkinde doth further;
A serpent nourish I under my wing,
And now of nature ginneth he to sting.

And for to tell at last, my great service,
From thousandes dishonesties have I him drawn,
That, by my meanes, him in no manner wyse,
Never vyle pleasure once hath overthrowen,
Wherin his dede, shame hath him alwayes gnawen,
Doubting report that should come to her care,
Whom now he blames, her wonted he to feare;

What ever he hath of any honest custome,
Of her, and me, that holds he every whit,
But lo, yet never was there neightly fantome,
So farre in error, as he is from his wit,
To plain on us, he striveth with the bit;
Which may rule him, and do him ease, and paine,
And in one hower, make all his grieve his gaine.

But one thing yet there is above all other,
I gave him winges, wherewith he might up flye,
To honour and fame, and if he woulde to hygher,
Then mortal things, above the starry skye;
Considering the pleasure, that an eye
Might geue in earth, by reason of the love,
What should that be, that lasteth still above?

And he the same himself hath laid ere this,
But now, forgotten is both that and I,
That gave him her, his only wealth and blisse,
And at this woord, with deadly shreke and crye:
Thou gave her once (quod I) but by and by
Thou took her ayen from me, that wōworth the
Not I, but price, more worth than thou (quod he.)

At last, eche other for himself, concluded,
I trembling still, but he, with small reverence,
Lo, thus, as we eche other have accused,
Dere lady now we wayte thent only sentence;
She smiling, at the whistled audience,

I liketh me, quod she, to have heard your question,
But longer time doth aske a resolution.

*The lovers sorrowfull state maketh him write sorrowfull
songes, but souche, his love may change the same.*

MARILL, no more altho,
The songs, I sing do mone
For other life, then woe,
I never proved none.

And in my heart also,
Is graven with letters deepe,
A thousand sighes and mo
A flood of teares to weepe.

How many a man in smart,
Find a matter to rejoyce!

How many a morning hart,
Set forth a pleasant voyce:
Play who so can that part,
Nedes must in me appere,
How fortune overthwart
Doth cause my morning chere.

Perdy there is no man
If he saw never fight,
That perfily tell can,
The nature of the light.

Alas, how should I than,
That never tast but sowre,
But do as I began,
Continually to lowre.

But yet perchance some chance,
May chance to change my tune,
And when (fouch) chance doth chance,
Then shall I thanke fortune.

And if I have (fouch) chance,
Purchase or it be long,
For (fouch) a pleasant chance,
To sing some pleasant song.

The lover complaineth himself forsaken.

WHERE shall I have at mine own wil,
Teares to complaine, where shall I fet
Such sighes, that I may sigh my fill,
And then again my plaintes repete
For though my plaint shall have none,
My tares cannot suffice my woe lend,
To mone harm, have I no friend,
For fortunes frend is mishappes foe,
Comfort (God wot) els have I none,
But in the wind to wast my woordes,
Nought moneth you my dedly mone,
But still you turn it into boordes
I speak not now, to move your heart,
That you should rue upon my pain,
The sentence geven may not revert,
I know such labour were but vain,
But fens that I for you (my dere)
Have lost that thing, that was my best,
A right small los it must appere,
To lese these woordes, and all the rest.

But though they sparkle in the wind,
 Yet shall they fiew your falsheid fayth,
 Which is returned to his kind,
 For lyke to lyke, the proverbe faith.
 Fortune, and you did me avance,
 Me thought I swam, and could not drowne,
 Happiest of al, but my mischaunce
 Did lift me up to throw me downe.
 And you with her, of cruelnes,
 Did set your foole upon my necke,
 Me, and my welfare to oppresse,
 Without offence your heart to wreke.
 Where are your pleasant woordes (alas)
 Where is your faith, your stedfastnes?
 There is no more but all doth passe,
 And I am left all comfortlesse.
 But sins so much it doth you greve,
 And also me my wretched lyfe,
 Have here my trowth nought shall relieve,
 But death alone, my wretched strife.
 Therefore farewell, my lyfe, my death,
 My gayne, my losse, my salve, my sore,
 Farewell also, with you my breath,
 For I am gone for evermore.

Of his love that pricked her finger with a needle.

SHE sate and sowed that hath done me the wrong,
 Whereof I plain, and have done many a day,
 And, whilst she heard my plaint, in piteous song,
 She wisht my heart the sampler, that it lay.
 The blind maister, whome I have served so long,
 Grudging to heare, that he did heare her fay,
 Made her own weapon do her finger blede,
 To feele, if pricking were so good indee.

Of the same.

WHAT man hath hearde such crueltie before,
 That, when my plaint remembered her my wo,
 That caused it, the cruell more and more,
 Wisht eche sitch, as she did sit and sow,
 Had prickt my heart, for to encrease my fore;
 And as I thinke, she thought that had been so,
 For as she thought, this is heart in dede,
 She prickt hard, and made herself to blede.

Request to Cupide for revenge of his unkind love.

BEHOLD love, thy power how she despyfeth
 My grievous payn, how little she regardeth
 The solemne othe whereof she takes no cure,
 Broken she hath, and yet she bydeth sure.
 Right at her case, and little thee she dredeth,
 Weaponed thou art, and she unarmed streth;
 To the disdainesful, all her lyfe she leadeth
 To me spitefule, without just cause or measure:
 Behold Love, how proudly she triumpheth,
 I am in hold, but if the pittie meveth,

Go, bend thy bow, that stony hartes breaketh,
 And with some stroke, revenge the great displea-
 sure,

Of thee, and him that sorow doth endure,
 And as his lord the lowly her entreateth.

Complaint for true love unrequited.

WHAT vaileth trowth, or by it to take pain,
 To strive by stedfastnes, for to attain;
 How to be just, and flee from doublenesse,
 Since all alike, where ruth craftinesse,
 Rewarded is both crafty, false, and plain?
 Soonest he spedes, that most can lye and faine.
 True meaning hart is had in hyghe disdain;
 Against deceit and cloked doublenesse,
 What vaileth trowth, or perfect stedfastnesse.
 Deceived is he, by false and craftie train,
 That means no gile, and faithfull doth remaine.
 Within the trap, without help or redresse,
 But for to love, lo, such a stern maistresse,
 Where crueltie dwelles, alas it were in vain.

*The lover that fled love, now sorowes it with
 his barme.*

SOMETIME I fled the fire, that one so brent,
 By sea, by land, by water, and by winde,
 And now the coales I folow, that beguent,
 From Doyer to Cales, with willing minde.
 Lo how desire is both sprong, and spent,
 And he may see, that whilome was so blind,
 And all this labour laughs he now to scorne,
 Meashed in the briers, that erst was onely torne.

The lover hopeth of better chauce.

HE is not dead, that sometime had a fal,
 The sun returns, your hed was under clowde,
 And when fortune hath spit out all her gall,
 I trust, good luck to me shal be allowed.
 For I have seen a ship in haven fal,
 After that storme hath broke bothe maste and
 shroud,
 The wellow eke, that stoupeth with the winde,
 Doth rise again, and greater wood doth binde.

The lover compareth his hart to the overcharged gonne.

THE furious gonne, in his most ragyng yre,
 When that the boule is rammed into fore,
 And that the flame cannot part from the fier,
 Crackes in sunder, and in the ayer do rere.
 The shewered peces: so doth my desire,
 Whose flame encreaseth aye from more to more,
 Which to let out, I dare not loke, nor speke,
 So inwarde force my heart doth alto breake.

*The lover suspected of change, praieth that it be not
believed against him.*

ACCUSED though I be, without desert,
Sith none can prove, believe it not for true;
For never yet, since that you had my hart,
Intended I to false, or be untrue.
Sooner I would of death sustaine the smart,
Than breake one worde of that I promised you,
Accept therefore my service in good part,
None is alive, that can il tongue eschew,
Hold them as false, and let not us depart,
Our friendship old, in hope of any new.
Put not thy trust in such as use to faine,
Except thou minde to put thy frend to paine.

The lover abused renounceth love.

MY love to scorn, my service to retain,
Therein me thought you used crueltie,
Since with good will I lost my libertie,
Might never wo yet cause me to refrain.
But only this, which is extremitee,
To give me nought (alas) not to agree,
That as I was your man, I might remaine,
But since that thus ye list to order mee,
That would have been your servant true and fast,
Displease you not, my doting time is past;
And with my losse to leave I must agree,
For as there is a certaine time to rage,
So is there time such madnes to assuage.

The lover professeth himselfe constant.

WITHIN my brest I never thought it gaine,
Of gentle mindes the fredome for to lose,
Not in my hart sank never such disdain,
To be a forger, faultlesse for to disclose.
Nor can not I endure the truth to glofe,
To set a glosse upon an earnest paine,
Nor I am not in numbre one of those,
That list to blow, retreat to every traine.

*The lover sendeth his complaints and teares to sue for
grace.*

PASSE forth my wounded cries,
These cruel cares to pearce,
Which in most hatefull wife,
Do still my plaintes reverse.
Doe you, my teares also,
So wot her barren heart,
That pitie there may growe,
And crueltie depart.

For though hard rockes among
She seemes to have been bred,
And of the tigre long
Bene nourished and fed.

Yet shall not nature change,
If pitie once win place,
Whom as unknowne and strange,
She now away doth chafe.

And as the water soft,
Without forcing or strength,
Where that it falleth oft,
Hard stones doth pierce at length.
So in her stony heart,
My plaintes at last shall grave,
And rigour set apart,
Winne graunt of that I crave.

Wherefore my playntes present
Still so to her my suit,
As ye through her assent,
May bring to me some frute.
And as she shall me prove,
So bid her me regarde,
And render love for love,
Which is a just reward.

The lovers case cannot be hidden, howsoever be dissimble.

YOUR lokes so often cast,
Your eyes so frendly rolde,
Your sight fixed so fast,
Alwaies one to beholde:
Though hide it faine ye would,
It plainly doth declare,
Who hath your hart in hold,
And where good will ye bare.

Faine would ye find a cloke,
Your brenning fire to hide,
Yet both the flame and smoke
Breakes out on every side.
Ye cannot love so guide,
That it no issue winne,
Abrode nedes must it glide,
That brennes so hotte within.

For cause your self do wink,
Ye judge all other blinde,
And secret it you think,
Which every man dothe finde.
In wast of spend ye winde,
Your self in love to quit,
For agues of that kinde,
Wyll show, who hath the fit.
Your sighs you set from farre,
And all to wry your wo,
Yet are ye ner the narre,
Men are not blinded so.
Depely oft swere ye no,
But all those othes are vaine,
So well your eye doth shew,
Who putteth your hart to paine.

Thinke not therefore to hide,
That still it self betraies,
Nor seke meanes to provide,
To dark the sunny dayes.
Forget those wonted wayes,
Leave of such frowning chere,
There will be found no flaires,
To stop a thing so clere.

*The lover praieth not to be disdained, nor refused;
mistrusted, nor forsaken.*

DISDAINE me not without desert,
Nor leave me not so fodeynly,
Since well ye wot, that in my hert,
I meane ye not but honestly.

Refuse me not without cause why,
Nor think me not to be unjust,
Since that by lott of fantasie,
This careful knot nedes knit I must.

Mistrust me not, though some there be;
That fain would spot my stedfastnesse;
Beleve them not, sins that ye se,
The profe is not, as they expresse.

Forsake me not, till I deserve,
Nor hate me not, till I offende;
Destroy me not, till that I swerve,
But sins ye know what I entende.

Disdaine me not, that am your owne,
Refuse me not, that am so true,
Mistrust me not till all be knowen,
Forsake me not, now for no new.

The lover lamenteth his estate, with sute for grace.

For want of will in wo I plaine,
Under colour of sobreness,
Renewing with my sute my paine,
My wan hope with your stedfastnesse.
Awake therefore of gentleness,
Regard at length, I you require,
My swelting paines of my desire.

Betimes who geveth willingly,
Redoubled thanks aye doth deserve,
And I that sue unfainedly,
In fruitlesse hope alas do serve.
How great my cause is for to swerve,
And yet how stedfast is my sute,
Lo! here ye see, where is the frute.

As hounde that hath his keper lost,
Seke I your preface to obtaine,
In which my hart deliteth most,
And shall delight though I be slain.
You may release my hand of paine,
Lose then the care that makes me crie,
For want of help or els I dye.

I dye though not incontinent.
By proceffe yet consumingly,
Is wast of fire which doth relent
If you as wilfull will deny.
Wherefore cease of such cruelty,
And take me wholly in your grace,
Which lacketh will to change his place.

The lover waiteth his changed joyes.

If every man might him avault,
Of fortunes friendly chere,

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It was my self I must it graunt,
For I have bought it dere,
And derely have I held also
The glory of her name,
In yielding her such tribute lo,
As did set forth her fame.

Sometime I stood so in her grace,
That as I would require,
Ech joy I thought did me embrace
That furered my desire,
And all these pleasures lo! had I,
That fancy might support,
And nothing she did me deny,
That was unto my comfort.

I had (what would you more perdie)
Ech grace that I did crave,
Thus fortunes will was unto me,
All thing that I would have,
But all to rathe, alas! the while,
She built on such a ground,
In little space, to greete a guile,
In her now have I found.

For she hath turned so her whele,
That I, unhappy man,
May waile the time that I did se,
Wherewith she fed me then,
For broken now are her behestes,
And pleasant looks she gave,
And therefore now all my requestes,
From perill cannot save.

Yet would I well it might appere
To her my cheife regard,
Though my desertes have been to dere
To merit such reward.
Sins fortunes will is now so bent,
To plague me thus pore man,
I must my self therewith content,
And bear it as I can.

To his love that has given answer of refusall.

THE aunswere that ye made to me my deare,
When I did sue for my pore hartes redresse,
Hath so appalde my countenance, and my chere,
That in this case, I am all comfortlesse,
Sins I of blame no cause can well expresse.

I have no wrong, where I can claim no right
Nought tane me fro, where I have nothing had,
Yet of my wo, I cannot so be quite,
Namely sins that another may be glad
With that, that thus in sorrow makes me sad.

Yet none can claime (I say) by former graunt
That knoweth not of any graunt at all.
And by desert, I dare well make a vaunt,
Of faithfull will, there is no where that shall,
Beare you more trueth, more ready at your call.

Now good then, call againe that bitter word,
That toucht your frend so nere with plagues of
paine,

And say my dere that it was said in bord.
Late or to sone, let it not rule the gaine,
Wherewith free will doth true desert retayne.

R r

To his ladie, cruel over her yelden lover.

SUCH is the course that natures kind hath wrought,
That snakes have time to cast away their stings,
Against chain'd prisoners what nede defence be
fought,

The fierce lyon will hurt no yielding things;
Why should such spight be nursed then by thoughts,
Sith all these powers are prest under thy wings,
And eke thou seest, and reason thee hath taught,
What mischief malice many wayes it brings,
Consider eke, that spite awayeth nought,
Therefore this song thy fault to thee it sings:
Displease thee not, for saying thus (me thought)
Nor hate thou him from whom no hate forth
springs,

For furies that in hell be execrable,
For that they hate, are made most miserable.

The lover complaineth that deadly sickness cannot help his affection.

THE enemy of lyfe, decayer of all kinde,
That with his cold withers away the grene
This other night me in my bed did fynde,
And offer'd me to ryde me fever clene,
And I did graunt so did dispaire me blinde,
He drew his bowe with arrowes sharp and kene,
And stroke the place where love had hyt before,
And drave the fyrst dart deper more and more.

The lover rejoiceth the enjoying of his love.

ONCE as methought fortune me kist,
And bade me ask what I thought best,
And I should have it as me lyst,
Therewith to set my hart at rest.

I asked but my ladyes hart,
To have forevermore myne owne,
Then at an end were all my smart,
Then should I nede no more to mone.
Yet for all that a stormy blast,
Had overturn'd this goodly nay -
And fortune serued at the last,
That to her promise she said nay.
But like as one out of dispaire,
To sodeyne hoape revived I;
Now fortune sheweth her selfe so fayre,
That I content me wonderly.

My most desyre my hand my reach,
My will is alway at my hande,
Me nede not long for to besech,
Her that hath power me to comande.

What earthly thing more can I crave,
What would I with more at my will;
Nothing on earth more would I have,
Save that I have, to have it still.

For fortune now hath kept her promise,
In graunting me my most desyre,
Of my soveraigne I have redress,
And I content me with my hyre.

The lover complaineth the unkindnes of his love.

MY lute awake perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall waite:
And ende that I have now begunne,
And when this song is song and past,
My lute be still for I have done.

As to be heard where care is none,
As leade to grave in marble stone,
My song may pearce her hart as soon,
Should we then sigh, or sing, or mone,
No, no, my lute, for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly,
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suite and affection:
So that I am past remedy,
Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proude of the spoyle that thou hast gotte,
Of simple hearts through loves shot,
By whome unkind thou hast them wonne,
Think not he hath his bow forgott,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain
That makest but game on earnest payne,
Think not alone under the sunn,
Unquit to cause thy lovers playne,
Although my lute and I have done.

May chanced thee lye withred and old,
In winter nights that are so cold,
Playing in vaine unto the moon,
Thy wishes then dare not be told,
Care then who list for I have done.

And then may chaunce thee to repent,
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy lovers sighe and swone,
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And with and want as I have done.

Now cease my lute this is the last,
Labour that thou and I shall waite,
And ended is that we begunne,
Now is this song both song and past.
My lute be still for I have done.

How by a kiss, he found both his life and death.

NATURE that gave the bee so seate a grace,
To finde honey of so wondrous fashion,
Hath taught the spyder out of the same place,
To fetch poyson by strange alteration.
Though this be strange, it is a stranger case,
With one kisse by secret operation;
Both these at once in those your lips to finde,
In change whereof, I leave my hart behinde.

The lover describeth his being taken with sight of his love.

UNWARELY so was never no man taught,
With stedfast looke upon a goodly face,
As I of late, for sodaynly me thought,
My hart was torne out of his place.

Therow mine eye the stroke from hers dyd slide;
And down directly to my heart it ranne,
In help whereof the blood thereto did glide,
And left my face both pale and wanne.

Then was I like a man for wo amazed;
Or like the fowle that flyeth into the fyre;
For while that I upon her beauty gased,
The more I burned in my desire.

Anon the blood start in my face agayne;
Inflam'd with heat, that it had at my hart,
And brought therewith throughout in every veine,
A quakeing heat with pleasant smart.

Then was I like the straw, when that the flame
Is driven therein, by force and rage of wynde.
I can not tell, alas! what shall I blame,
Nor what to seke, nor what to finde.

But well I wot the grief doth hold me sore,
In heat and cold, betwixt both hope and dreade,
That, but her help to health doe me restore,
This restless lyfe I may not leade.

To his lover to looke upon him.

ALL in thy looke my life doth whole depend,
Thou hydest thy self, and I must dye therefore,
But since thou may'st so easely help thy frende,
Why dost thou stick to salve that thou made'st
fore :

Why do I dye, since thou may'st me defend,
And if I dye thy life may last noe more,
For each by other doth live and have reliefe,
I in thy look, and thou most in my griefe.

*The lover excuseth him of wordes, wherewith he was
unjustly charged.*

PERDY I sayde it not,
Nor never thought to doe,
As well as I ye wot,
I have no power thereto.

And if I dyd, the los
That first dyd me exchange,
May never flake the knot,
But strait it to my payne.

And if I did eche thing,
That may do harme or wo,
Continually may wring,
My heart where so I goe.
Report may always ring
Of shame on me for aye,
If in my heart did spryng,
The words that you doe say.

And if I did, each flarr,
That is in heaven above,
May frame on me to marre,
The hope I have in love.

And if I did such warr
As they brought unto Troy,
Bring all my life as farre
From all his lust and joye.

And if I did so saye,
The beauty that me bounde,
Encrease from day to day,
More cruel to my wounde.

With all the mone that may,
To plaint my turne my song,
My lyfe may soon decaye,
Without redresse by wrong.

If I be cleare from thought,
Why do you then complayne,
Then is this thing but sought,
To turne my hart to payne.

Then this that you have wrought,
You must it now redresse,
Of right therefore you ought,
Such rigour to repress.

And as I have deserved,
So grant menow my hyre.
You know I never swerved,
You never found me lycr.

For Rachel have I served,
For Lea carde I never,
And her I have reserved
Within my hart for ever.

Of such as had forsaken him.

LURE my fair faulcon, and thy fellowes all,
How well pleasant it were your libertie,
Ye not forsake me, that sayre mought you fall,
But they that sometime liked my company.
Like lyce away from dead bodyes they crall,
Lo what a proof in light advertitie,
But ye my byrds I swear by all your bellies,
Ye be my friends and very fewe allies.

A description of such a one as he would love.

A face that should content me wonderous well,
Should not be fatt, but lovely to behold,
Of lively look all griefe for to repell
With right good grace so would I that it should.
Speak without word, such words as none can tell,
Her tress also should be of crisped gold,
With wit and these, perchaunce I might be tryde
And knit againe with knot that should not slide.

How impossible it is to synde quietnesse in love.

EVER my hap is slack and slow in coming
Desire encreasing aye my hope uncertayne,
With doubtful love that but encreaseth paine,
For tigre like so swift it is in parting.
Alas! the snow black, shall it bee and scalding,
The sea waterles, and fish upon the mountaine,
The Temmes shall backe returne in her fountaine,
And where he roste, the sunn shall take her
lodging.

Ere I in this finde peace or quietnes,
Or that love, or my lady right willy,
Leave to conspire against me wrongfully,
And if I have after such bitternes,
One drop of swete, my mouth is out of taste,
That all my trust and travell is but waste.

Of love, fortune, and the lovers minde.

Love, fortune, and my minde which doe remember
Eke that is now, and that once hath bene,
Torment my hart so fore that very often
I hate and envy them beyond all measure.
Love fleeth my hart, while fortune is depriver,
Of all my comfort, the foolish minde than,
Burneth and plaineth, as one that very seldome,
Liveth in rest so still in displeasure:
My pleasant dayes they flete and passe
And daily doth myne yll change to the worse,
When more than halfe is runne now of my course.
Alas! not of stele, but of brittle glasse,
I see that from my hand falleth my trust,
And all my thoughts are dashed into dust.

The lover praiseth his offred hart to be received.

How oft have I, my dere and cruel foe,
With my great paine to get some peace or truce,
Given you my hart but you do not use,
In soe high things, to cast your mind so low.
If any other looke for it as you trow,
Their vaine, weake hope doth greatly them abuse,
And that thus I disdaine, that you refuse,
It was once mine, it can no more be so.
If you it chafe that it in you can find
In this exile no manner of comfort,
Nor live alone nor where he is cald resort,
He may wander from his natural kinde.
So shall it be great hurt unto us twaine,
And yours the losse, and mine the deadly paine.

The lovers life compared to the Alpes.

LIXE unto these unmeasurable mountaines,
So in my painfull life the burden of yre,
For he be they, and he is my desire,
And I of teares, and they be full of fountaines.
Under craggy rocks they have barren plaines,
Hard thoughts in me my wofull minde doth tire,
Small fruite and many leaves their tops do attire,
With small effect great trust in me remaines.
The boisterous winds oft their high bowes do
blast,

Hott sighes in me continually be shed,
Wilde beasts in them, since love in me is fed,
Unmoveable am I, and they stedfast.
Of singing-birds, they have the tune and note,
And I wayes plaintes passing through my throte.

Charging of his love as unpiteous and loveing other.

If amorous faith, or if an hart unfeined,
I swete langed, a great lovely desire,
If honest will kindled in gentle fire,
If long error in a blind mase chained.
If in my visage eche thought distained,
Or my sparkling voice, lower or hier,
Which feare and shame so wofully doth tire,
If pale colour which love alas hath stained.
If to have another, then my self more dere,
If wealing or sighing continually,
With sorrowful anger feding busily
If burned farr of and if frising nere.
Are cause that I by love my self destroye,
Yours is the fault, and mine the great annoy.

A renouncing of love.

FAREWELL love, and all thy lawes for ever,
Thy bated hookes shall tangle me no more,
Seneca, and Plato call me from thy lore,
To parfit welth my witt for to endeavor.
In blind error when I did persever.
Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so fore
Taught me in trifles that I set noe store,
But scape forth thence since libertie is lieffer.
Therefore farewell go trouble younger harts,
And in time claime noe more auctoritie,
With idle youth goe use thy propertie,
And thereon spend thy many brittle dartes.
For hitherto though I have lost my time,
Me list no longer rotten bowes to clime.

The lover forsaketh his unkind love.

My hart I gave thee not to doe it paine,
But to preserve lo it to thee was taken,
I served thee, thee not that I should be forsaken,
But that I should receive reward againe.
I was content, thy servant to remaine,
And not to be repayed on this fashion,
Now since in thee there is no other reason,
Displease thee not if that I do refraine.
Unsatiate of my wo and thy desire,
Assured by craft for to excuse thy fault,
But since it pleaseth thee to faine default,
Farewell I say, departing from the fire.
For he that doth believe bearing in hand,
Ploweth in the water and soweth in the sand.

The lover describeth his restlesse state.

THE flaminge sighes that boyle within my brest,
Sometime break forth and they can well declare,
The hartes unrest, and how that he doth fear,
The paine thereof, the griefe, and all the rest.

The shattered eyen from whence the teares do fall,
Do feel some force or else they would be dry,
The wasted flesh of colour ded can try,
And sometime tell what sweetness in the gall.
And he that lust to see, and to discearne,
How care can force within a weries mind,
Come he to me I am that place asinde,
But for all this noe force, it doth noe harme,
The wounde alas hap in some other place,
From whence noe toole away the scar can race.

But you which of such like have had your part,
Can best be judge wherefore my friend so dere,
I thought it good my state should now appere,
To you, and that there is no great defart.
And whereas you in weighty matters great,
Of fortune saw the shaddow that you know
For trifling things I now am stricken foe.
That though I feel my hart doth wound and beat,
I sit alone save on the second day,
My fever comes with whome I spend my time,
In burning heat while that the list assigne,
And who hath helth and liberty alway,
Let him thank God, and let him not provoke,
To have the like of this my painfull stroke.

The lover laments the death of his love.

The pillar perisht is whereto I lent,
The strongest stay of mine unquiet minde;
The like of it no man agayn can fynde,
From east to west still seeking though he went,
To myne unhappe forhappe away hath rent.
Of all my joy the very bark and rinde,
And I (alas!) by chaunce am thus asinde,
Dayly to mourn, till death do it relent.
But since that thus it is by destiny,
What can I more but have a wofull hart,
My penne in plaint my voice in carefull crye,
My mynde in woe my body full of smart,
And I my self, my self alwayes to hate,
Tyll dreadfull death doe ease my dolefull state.

The lover sendeth signes to move his suite,

Go burning sighes unto the frozen hart,
Goe break the yce which pities painfull dart,
Might never pierce, and if that mortall prayer,
In heaven be heard at least yet I desyre,
That death, or mercy, end my wofull smart.
Take with thee paine whereof I have my part,
And eke the flame from which I cannot start.
And leave me then in rest I you require,
Goe burning sighs fulfill that I desire.
I must goe worke, and see my craft and arte,
For truth and faith in her is laid apart,
Alas I cannot therefore now assayle her,
With pitifull complaint and scalding fire,
That from my brest deceivably doth start.

Complaint of the absence of his love.

Soz feeble is the thred that doth the burden stay,
Of my poor life in heavy plight that falleth in decay,
That but it have elsewhere some ayde or some succour,
The running spindle of my fate anon shall end his course.

For since the unhappy houre that dyd me to de-
From my sweet weale one only hoape hath stayed
my life apart,

Which doth perswade such words unto my sored
mynde,

Maintaine thy selfe, O wofull wight, some better
For though thou be deprived from thy desired
sight,

Who can thee tell, if thy returne before thy more
delight:

Or who can tell thy los if thou mayst once recover,
Some pleasant houres thy wo may wrap, and thee
defend and cover.

Thus in this trust, as yet it hath my life sustained,
But now (alas) I see it faint, and I by trust am
trayned.

The tyme doth flete, and I see how the hours do
So fast that I have scant the space to marke my
coming end.

Westward the sunn from out the east scant shewd
When in the west he hies him straite within the
dark of night

And comes as fast, where he began his path awry,
From east to west, from west to east, so doth his
journey lye.

Thy lyfe so short so frayle, that mortall men lye
Soe great a weight, so heavy charge the bodyes
that we bere.

That when I think upon the distance and the space,
That doth so farre divide me from thy dere desired
face.

I know not how t' attaine the winges that I re-
To lyft me up that I might fly to follow my de-
syre.

Thus of that hope that doth my lyfe somethyng
Alas I fear, and partly feel full little doth remaine.
Eche place doth bring me griefe where I doe not
behold,

Those lively eyes which of my thoughts, were wont
the keys to hold.

Those thoughts were pleasant sweet whilst I en-
joy'd that grace,

My pleasure past, my present pain, when I might
well embrace.

And for because my want should more my woe
increase,

In watch and sleep both day and night my will
doth never cease.

That thing to wishe whereof synce I did lose the
sight,

Was never thing that mought in ought my wofull
hart delight.

Th' uneasy life I lead doth teach me for to mete,
The floods, the seas, the land, the hills, that doth
them intermete.

Twene me and those shene lights that wonted for
to clere,
My darked pangs of cloudy thoughts as bright as
Phebus sphere;
It teacheth me also, what was my pleasant state,
The more to feele by such record how that my
welth doth hate.
If such record (alas) provoke the inflamed mynde,
Which sprung that day that I dyd leave the best of
me behynde.
If love forgeat himselfe by length of absence let,
Who doth me guid (O wofull wretch) unto this
baited net: [for me,
Where doth encrease my care, much better were
As dumm as stone all things forgott, still absent
for to be.
Alas the clear cristfall, the bright transplendant
glasle, [it hase.
Doth not bewray the colours hid which underneath
As doth the accumbred sprite the thoughtfull
throwes discover, [we cover.
Of teares delyte of fervent love that in our hartes
Out by these eyes, it sheweth that evermore delight;
In plaint and teares to seek redress, and eke both
day and night.
Those kindes of pleasures most wherein men for
rejoice, [voice.
To me they do redouble still of stormy fighes the
For, I am one of them, whom plaint doth well
content, [lament.
It fits me well my absent wealth me femes for to
And with my teares t' assy to charge myne eyes
twaync,
Like as my hart above the brink is fraughted full
of payne,
And for becaufe thereto, that these fair eyes do
treate, [repeate.
Do me provoke, I will returne, my plaint thus to
For there is nothing els, so toucheth me within,
Where they rule all, and I alone, nought but the
case or skin.
Wherefore I shall returne to them as well or spring,
From whom descends my mortall wo, above all
other thing.
So shall myne eyes in paine accompany my hart,
That were the guides, that did it lead of love to
feel the smart. [pride,
The crisped gold that doth surmount Appolloes
The lively fireames of pleasant starres that under
it doth glyde.
Wherein the beames of love doe still increase theire
heate, [me sweat,
Which yet so far touch me to near in cold to make
The wife and pleasant take, soe rare or else alone,
That gave to me the curties gyft, that earst had
never none.
Be far from me alas, and every other thing,
I might forbear with better will, then this that
did me bring.
With pleasand woord and cheer, redress of lingred
payne, [trayne.
And wonted oft in kindled will, to vertue me to
Thus am I forc'd to hear and hearken after news,
My comfort scant, my large desire in doubtful
trust renews,

And yet with more delight to move my wofull case
I must complaine these hands, those armes, that
firmly do embrace.
Me from my self, and rule the sterne of my poor
lyse,
The sweet disdaynes, the pleasant wrathes, and
eke the holy strife.
That wonted well to tune in temper just and mete,
The rage, that oft did make me err by furour un-
discrete. [hills,
All this is hid from me with sharp and ragged
At others will my long abode, my depe dyspayr
fulfills.
And of my hope sometime ryse up by some redresse,
It stumbleth straite for feable faint my fear hath
such excesse.
Such is the sort of hope, the less for more desyre,
And yet I trust e're that I dye, to see that I require.
The resting place of love, where virtue dwells and
and growes, [repose,
There I desire my weary life sometime may take
My song thou shalt attaine, to find the pleasant
place,
Where she doth live by whom I live, may chance
to have this grace.
When she hath read and seen, the griefe wherein
I serve,
Between her breasts she shall the put, there shall
she thee reserve.
Then tell her, that I come, she shall me shortly see,
And if for waight the body sayl, the soul shall to
her flee.

*The lover blameth his love for renting of the letter he
sent her.*

SUPPISSED not (madame) that you did teare,
My wofull hart, but this also to rent,
The weeping paper that to you I sent,
Whereof ech letter was written with a tear.
Could not my present paynes (alas) suffice,
Your greedy heart, and that my heart doth feel,
Torments that prick more sharper than the steel,
But new and new must to my lott aryse,
Use then my death, soe shall your crueltye,
Spite of your spyte, rid me from all my smart,
And I no more such torments of the hart,
Feel as I doe this shall you gayne thereby.

The lover cureseth the tyme when fyrst he fell in love,

WHEN fyrst myne eyes did view and mark,
Thy fayr beauty to behold,
And when my ears lysned to hark,
The pleasant words that thou me tolde.
I would as then I had been free,
From ears to hear, and eyes to see.
And when my lipps gan fyrst to mone,
Whereby my hart to thee was knowne,
And when my tongue dyd talke of love,
To thee that hast true love downe throwne.

I would my lipps and tongue alſoe,
Had then been dumme, no deal to goe.
And when my hands have handled ought,
That thee hath kept in memory,
And when my feet have gone and fought,
To find and get the company.
I would each hand a foot had bene,
And I each foot a hand had ſeen.
And when in mind I dyd conſent,
To follow this my fancies will,
And when my hart did firſt relent,
To taſt ſuch bait my life to ſpill.
I would my hart had been as thine,
Or els thy hart had been as myne.

The lover determineth to ſerve faithfully.

SINCE love will needs, that I ſhall love,
Of very force I muſt agree,
And ſince no chaunce may it remove,
In wealth and in adverſitie.
I ſhall alway my ſelfe apply,
To ſerve and ſuffer patiently.
Though for good will I finde but hate,
And cruelly my life to waſt,
And though that ſtill a wretched ſtate,
Should pyne my days unto the laſt:
Yet I profels it willingly,
To ſerve and ſuffer patiently.
For ſince my hart is bound to ſerve,
And I not ruler of myne owne,
What ſoe befall, tyll that I ſerve,
By prooſe full well it ſhall be knowne.
That I ſhall ſtill my ſelf apply,
To ſerve and ſuffer patiently.
Yet though my griefe finde noe redreſs,
But ſtill encreaſe before myne eyes,
Though my reward be cruelneſſe,
With all the harme, happs can devyſe,
Yet I profels it willingly,
To ſerve and ſuffer patiently.
Yea though fortune her pleaſant face,
Should ſhew, to ſet me up aloft,
And ſtraight my wealth for to deſace,
Should wrythe away, as ſhe doth oft.
Yet would I ſtill my ſelf apply,
To ſerve and ſuffer patiently.
There is no griefe, no ſmart, no wo,
That yet I feel, or after ſhall,
That from this minde may make me goe,
And whatſoever me befall,
I do profels it willingly,
To ſerve and ſuffer patiently.

The lover ſuſpected, blaimeſh ill tongues.

MISTRUSTFULL minds be moved,
To have me in ſuſpect,
The truth it ſhall be proved,
Which time ſhall once detect.
Though falſhed goe about,
Of crime to me accuſe.

At length I do not doubt,
But truth ſhall me excuſe.
Such ſauce, as they have ſerved,
To me without deſect,
Even as they have deſerved,
Thereof God ſend them part,

The lover complaineth, and his ladies comforteth.

Lover. It burneth yet, alas, my heartes deſire,
Lady. What is the thing, that hath inflam'd thy heart?
Lo. A certaine point as ſervent as the fyre.
La. The heat ſhall ceaſe if that thou wilt convert,
Lo. I cannot ſtop the fervent raging fyre,
La. What may I do, if thy ſelf cauſe thy ſmart?
Lo. Heare my requelt, and rew my weeping chere
La. With right good will ſay on, lo, I theſe here.
Lo. That thing would I, that maketh two content,
La. Thou ſeekeſt, perchaunce of me, that I may not.
Lo. Would God, thou wouldeſt, as thou mayſt, well aſſent.
La. That I may not the griefe is myne, God wot,
Lo. But if I feele, whatſo thy woordes have ment.
La. Suſpect me not, my woordes be not forgett.
Lo. Then ſay, alas! ſhall I have help or no?
La. I ſee no time to answer, yea, but no.
Lo. Say yea, dere hart, and ſtand no more in doubt.
La. I may not grant a thing that is ſo dere.
Lo. Lo with delayes, thou dryves me ſtill about.
La. Thou wouldeſt my death, it plainly doth appear.
Lo. Firſt may my heart his blood, and life blede
La. Then for my ſake, alas! thy will forbear.
Lo. From day to day, thus waſtes my lyfe away.
La. Yet for the beſt, ſuffre ſome ſmale delay.
Lo. Now good, ſay yea, do once ſo good a dede,
La. If I ſayd yea, what ſhould thereof enſue?
Lo. An heart in payne of ſuccour ſo ſhould ſpede,
Twixt yea, and nay, my dout ſhall ſtill renew,
My ſwete, ſay yea, and do away this drede.
La. Thou wilt nedes ſo, be it ſo, but then be trew.
Lo. Nought would I elſe, nor other treaſure nept,
Thus hearts be wonne by love, requelt, and mone.

Why love is blinde.

Or purpoſe, love choſe firſt for to be blinde,
For he with ſight of that, that I beholde,
Vanquiſht had been, againſt all godly kynde,
His bow your hand, and truſſe ſhould have unfold.
And he with me to ſerve had been affinde,
But, for he blind, and reckleſs would him hold
And ſtill, by chance, his dredly ſtrokes beſtow
With ſuch, as ſee, I ſerve, and ſuffer wo.

To his unkinde love

WHAT rage is this, what furor of what kynde,
What power, what plague, doth wery thus mye
minde?

Within my bones to rankle is assynde,
What poison pleasant fwete.

Lo see myne eyes flow with continual teares,
The body still away sleepleffe it weares,
My foode nothing my fainting strength repayres
Nor doth my lim mee sustayne.

In depe wyde wound, the deadly stroke doth
To curelesse skarre that never shall returne,
Go to, triumph, rejoyce thy goodly turne,
Thy frend thou doest oppresse.

Oppresse thou doest, and hast of him no cure,
Nor yet my plaint no pitie can procure,
Fierce tygre, fell, hard rocke without recure
Cruell rebell to love.

Once may thou love, never be loved again,
So love thou still, and not thy love obtayne,
So wrathfull love with spites of just disdaine,
May thret thy cruell hart.

The lover blameth his instant desyre.

DREYRE, (alas!) my maister, and my foe,
So sore altered thy selfe, how maist thou see,
Some time thou seekest, and dryves me to and fro,
Some time thou ledest, that ledest thee and me,
What reason is to rule thy subjects so,
By forced law and mutabilitie?
For where by thee I doubted to have blame,
Even now by hate agayne I doubt the same.

The lover complaineth his estate.

I SEE that chance hath chosen me,
Thus secretly to live in payne,
And to another geven the free,
Of all my losse to have the gayne,
By chance assynde thus do I serve,
And other have that I deserve.

Unto my self some time alone,
I do lament my wofull case,
But what availeth me to mone,
Since truth and pitie hath no place,
In them, to whom I sue and serve,
And other have that I deserve.

To seke by meane to change this mind,
Alas, I prove it will not be,
For in my heart I cannot finde,
Once to refrayne, but still agree
As bound by force alway to serve,
And other have that I deserve.

Such is the fortune that I have,
To love them most, that love me lest,
And to my payne to seek and crave
The thing, that other have possesse,
So thus in vaine alway I serve,
And other have that I deserve,

And till I may appease the heate,
If that my happe will happe so well
To wyle my wo my heart shall freate
Whose penlis payne my tong can tell,
Yet thus unhappy mult I serve,
And other have that I deserve.

Of his love called Anna.

WHAT woord is that, that changeth not,
Though it be turnde and made in twayne,
It is myne, Anna, God it wote
The only causer of my payne,
My love that medeth with disdaine,
Yet is it loved, what will you more,
It is my salve, and eke my fore.

That pleasure is mixed with every paine.

VENEMOUS thornes that are so sharpe and keng,
Beare flowers we see, full fresh and fayre of hue,
Poyson is also put in medicine,
And unto man his health doth oft renue,
The fyre that all things eke consumeth clene,
May hurt and heale: then if that this be true,
I trust some time my harm may be my health,
Sins every woe is joynd with some wealth.

A riddle of a gyft given by a ladie.

A LADY gave me a gift she had not,
And I received her gift which I took not,
She gave it me willingly, and yet she would not,
And I received it albeit I could not.
If she give it me I force not,
And if she take it again she cares not,
Conster what this is and tell not,
For I am fast sworne, I may not.

That speaking or profering brings alway speding.

SPEAKE thou and spede, where will or power
ought helpeth, [by welth:
Where power doth want, will must be wonne
For nede will spede, where will workes not his
kynde, [synd.
And gayne, thy foes thy frendes shall cause thee
For sute and golde, what do not they obtayne,
Of good and bad the tryers are these wayne.

*He ruleth not, though he reigne over realmes, that is
subject to his owne lustes.*

If thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage,
Of cruell will, and see thou kepe the free,

From the foul yoke of sensual bondage,
For though thine empire stretchte to Indian see,
And for thy fear trembleth the fardeth Thules,
If thy desyre have over thee the power,
Subject then art thou, and no governour.

If to be noble and high thy mind be moved,
Consider well thy grounde and thy beginning,
For he that hath eche starre in heaven fixed,
And gives the moone her hornes and her eclipsing.
A lyke hath made the noble in his working,
So that wretched no way may thou be,
Except foule lust and vyce doe conquer thee,

All wer that so thou had a flood of golde,
Unto thy thirst yet should it not suffice.
And though with Indian stones a thousand folde,
More precious then can thy self devise.
Ycharged were thy backe, thy covetise,
And busy byting yet should never let,
Thy wretched lyfe, nede do thy death profet.

Whether libertie by losse of life, or life in prison and thraldome, be to be preferred.

LYKE as the byrde within the cage inclosed,
The dore unsparred, her foe the hawke without
Twixt death and prison pitiously oppressed,
Whether for to choose standeth in dout.
Lo so do I, which seke to bring about,
Which should be best by determination
By losse of life, libertie, or lyfe by prison.
O mischief by mischief to be redressed,
Where payne is best there lyeth but little pleasure,

By short death better to be delivered,
Then byde in painfull lyfe, thraldome and dolour.
Small is the pleasure where much payne we suffer,

Rather therefore to chuse me thinketh wisdome,
By los of lyfe libertie, then lyfe by prison.

And yett me thinkes although I live and suffer,
I do but wayte a time and fortunes chance,
Of many thinges do happen in one hower,
That which oppressed me now may me advance,
In time is trust which by deathes grevaunce
Is wholly lost. Then were it not reason

By death to chuse libertie, and not life by prison,
But death wer deliverance where lif lengthens paine,

Of these two illes let see now chuse the best,
This bird to deliver that here doth plaine;
What say ye lovers, which shal be the best?
In cage thraldome, or by the hawke oppressed;
And which to chuse, make plain conclusion
By los of lyfe libertie, or lyfe by prison,

Against bouders of money.

For shamefast harme of great and hatefull nede,
In depe dispayre, as did a wretch go,
With ready corde out of his life to spede,
His stumbling foot did fynde an hooorde, lo,

Of gold, I say, where he preperde this dede
And in exchange, he left the corde tho'
He that hid the golde, and found it not,
Of that he found he shapt his kneck a knot.

Description of a goone.

VULCANE begat me, Minerva me taught,
Nature my mother, craft nourisht me yere by yere
Three bodies are my foode; my strength is in
Anger, wrath, waste, and noyse, are my children dere.

Gesse frende, what I am, and how I am wrought,
Monster of sea or of lande, or of els where
Know me, and use me, and I may thee defend,
And if I be thine enemy I may thy life ende,

Wyat being in prison to Bryan.

SIGHEs are my foode, my drink are my teares,
Clinking of fetters would such musike crave,
Stink, and clofe ayre, away my life it weares,
Poor innocence is all the hope I have,
Rayne, wynde, or weather, judge I by myne care,
Malice assautes that righteounesse should have.
Sure am I, Bryan, this wound shall heale againe,
But yett, alas! the skarre shall still remaine.

Of dissembling words.

THROUGHOUT the world if it were sought,
Fayre words yonghe a man shall fynde;
They be good chepe, they cost right nought,
Their substance is but only wynde:
But well to say, and so to meane,
That swete accorde is feldome fene.

Of the mean and sure estate.

STAND whofo lis upon the slipper wheele,
Of high estate, and let me here rejoyce,
And use my life in quietnesse eche dele,
Unknowne in court that hath the wanton joyce,
In hidden place my time shall slowly passe,
And when my yeres be past without annoye,
Let me dye old after the common trace,
For gypes of death do he too hardly pale;
That knowne is to all, but to himself, alas!
He dyeth unknown dased with dreadfull face.

The courtiers life.

IN court to serve decked with freshe aray,
Of sugared meates feling the swete repa,

The life in bankets and sundry kyndes of playe.
Amid the presse the worldly lookes to waste.
Hath with it joined of times such bitter taste,
That who so joyes such kinde of life to holde,
In prison joyes fettred with chaines of golde,

Of disappointed purpose by negligence.

Of Carthage he that worthy warriour,
Could overcome, but could not use his chance
And I likewise of all my long endeavour,
The sharp conquest though fortune did avance,
Ne could I use, the hold that is given over.
I unpossesse, so hangeth now in balance.
Of warre, my peace, rewarde of all my payne,
At Mountzon thus I restless rest in Spaine.

Of his returne from Spayne.

TAEUS farewell that westward with thy flames,
Turnes up the graines of golde already tryde,
For I with spurre and saile go seke the Temmes,
Gayneward the sunne that sheweth her welthy
pride;
And to the towne that Brutus sought by dreames,
Like bended moon that leaves her lusty syde,
My king, my country, I seke for whom I live,
O mighty Jove the wyndes for this me geve.

Of sodaine trusting.

DRIVEN by desyre I did this ded,
To danger my self without cause why,
To trust th' untrus not lyke to spede,
To speake and promise faithfully.
But now the prooffe doth verifie,
That who so trusteth ere he know,
Doth hurt himself and please his foe.

Of the mother that eat her child at the siege of Jerusalem.

In doubtfull brest whyles motherly pitty,
With furious famine standeth at debate
The mother faith, O child unhappy,
Return thy blood where thou hadst milke of late.
Yeld me those hymmes that I made unto thee,
And enter there where thou wer generate,
For of one body against all nature,
To another must I make sepulture.

Of the meane and sure estate, written to John Poyner.

My mothers maides when they do sow and spinne,
They sing a song made of a fieldish mouse,

That for because her livelod was but thinne,
Would needs go see her townish sisters house.
She taught her self endure to grievous payne,
The stormy blastee her cave so fore did fouse;
That when the furrows swimmid with the rayne,
She must lye cold and wet in fory plight,
And worse then that bare meate ther did remayne,
To comfort her, when the her house had dight,
Some tyme a barley corne, some time a beane,
For which she laboured hard both day and night.
In harvest tyme, whyle she might go and gleane,
And when her store was stroyed with the floods,
Then welaway for the undone was cleane,
Then was she faine to take instede of foode
Slepe if she might, her hunger to begyle,
My sister, quod she, hath a living good,
And hence from me she dwelleth not a myle;
In colde and storme she lyeth warm and drye
In bed of downe, the durt doth not desyle
Her tender foot, she labours not as I.
Richely she fedes add at the riche mannes cost,
And for her meate she nedes not crave nor cry,
By sea, by land, of delicates the most
Her cater sekcs, and spareth for no perell,
She fedes on boyled meate, bake meate and on rost,
And hath therefore no whit of charge nor travell,
And when she list, the licour of the grape
Doth glad her heart, till that her belly swell;
And at this journey makes she but a jape,
So forth she goes, trusing of all this wealth,
With her sister her part so for to shape,
That if she might there kepe herself in health,
To live a lady while her life doth last,
And to the dore now is she come by stealth,
And with her foote anone she scrapes full fast,
Th' other for feare durst not well scarce appeare
Of every noyse so was the wretch agast
At last, she asked softly who was there,
And in her language as well as she could,
Pepe (quod the other) sister I am here.
Peace (quod the towne mouse) why speakest
thou so loude,
And by the hand she took her fayre and well,
Welcome, quod she, my sister by the roode,
She feasted her, that joy it was to tell,
The fayre they had, they drank the wyne so clete,
And as to purpose now and then it fell
She chered her, with how sister what chere?
Amid this joy befell a fory chance,
That welaway, the stranger bought full dere,
The fare she had, for as she lookte a skunce,
Under a stole she spied two stemming eyes
In a rounde heade with sharp eares: In Franca
Was never mouse so ferde, for the unwyse
Had not ysene such a beast before,
Yet had nature taught her after guyse
To know her foe, and dread him evermore;
The towne mouse fled, she knew whither to go,
The other had no shift, but wonders sore,
Ferde of her life, at home she wisht her tho',
And to do, alas! as she did skippe, [was so,
The heaven it would, lo! and eke her chaunce
At the thresholde her sely foote did trippe,
And ere she might recover it again,
The traytour cat had caught her by the hippe,

And made her there against her will remayne,
That had forgot her poore suertie, and rest,
Forseking welth, wherein she thought to raygne.
Alas! (my Poynes) how men do feke the best,
And finde the worke, by error as they staye;
And no marvell, when fight is so oppress,
And blindes the guyde, anone out of the way
Goeth guyde, and all in seeking quiet life.
O wretched myndes! there is no golde that may,
Graunt that you seek, no warre, no peace, no
strife,

No, no, although thy head were hoopte with gold,
serjeant with mace, with hawbert, sword, nor
knife,

Can not repulse the care that folow should,
Eche kynde of lyfe hath with him his diseafe,
Live in delites, even as thy lust woulde,
And thou shalt finde when lust doth most thee
please,

It yrketh straight, and by itself doth fade.

A small thing is that, that may thy minde appease:

None of you all there is, that is so madde

To feke for grapes on brambles, or on briers,

For none I trow, that hath a witte so badde

To set his hay for conies over rivers,

Nor ye set not a dragge net for an hare;

And yet the thing that most is your desire,

You do mislike, with more travell and care

Make plaine thine heart that it be not knotted

With hope or drede, and see thy will be bare

From all affectes, whom vyce hath never spotted;

Thyself content with that is thee allotted;

And use it well that is to thee allotted:

Then seke no more out of thy self to fynde

The thing that thou hast fought so long before;

For thou shalt feele it sticking in thy mynde

Made, if ye list to continue your fore,

Let present passe, and gape on time to come,

And depe thy self in travell more and more,

Henceforth (my Poynes) this shall be all and some,

Those wretched fooles shall have nought els of

me:

But, to the great God, and to his dome,

None other payne pray I for them to be,

But when the rage doth leade them from the right

That looking backward vertue they may see

Even as she is so goodly, sayre and bright;

And whylst they claspe theyr lusts in armes

acroffe,

Graunt them, good Lord, as thou maist of thy

might,

To treat inward, for losing such a losse.

Of the courtiers life, written to John Poynes.

MYNE OWN, John Poynes, sins ye delight to know
The causes why that homeward I me draw,
And flee the prease of courtes, wherso they goe,
Rather then to live thrall under the awe
Of lordly lookes, wrapped *ithin my cloke,
To will and lust learning to set a law
It is not, that because I storme or mocke
The power of them whom fortune here hath lent

Charge over us, of sight to strike the stroke;

But true it is, that I have always ment

Less to esteeme them, then the common sort,

Of outward thinges that judge in their intent;

Without regards, what inward doth resort,

I graunt, some time of glory that the fyre,

Doth touch my heart, me list not to report.

Blame by honour and honour to desyre.

But how may I this honour now attaine,

That cannot dye the colour blacke a lyer?

My Poynes, I cannot frame my tune to saye,

To cloke the truth, for praise without desert,

Of them that list all vice for to retayne,

I cannot honour them that set theyr part

With Venus and Bacchus all their life long;

Nor hold my peace of them, although I smart,

I cannot crouche nor knele to such a wronge.

To worship them like God on earth alone,

That are as wolves these fely lambes among,

I cannot with my wordes complayne and mone,

And suffer nought nor smart without complaint,

Nor turne the word that from my mouth is gone,

I cannot speak and looke like a saint.

Use wyles for wit, and make desert a pleasure,

Call craft counsaile, for lucre still to paynt,

I can not wrest the law to fyll the coffer

With innocent blood to feed my self fatte,

And do most hurt where that most helpe I offer,

I am not he that can allow the state,

Of hye Cæsar, and damne Cato to dye,

That with his death could scape out of the gate,

From Cæsar's hands, if Livy doth not lye.

And would not live where liberty was lost,

So did his heart the common wealth apply,

I am not he, such eloquence to boast,

To make the crow in singing, as the swanne;

Nor call the lyon of coward beastes the most,

That cannot take a mouse, as the cat can,

And he that dyeth for hunger of the golde,

Call him Alexander, and say that Pan

Passeth Apollo in musike many folde,

Praise Syr Copas for a noble tale,

And scorne the story that the knight tolde,

Praise him for counsell that is dronke of ale.

Grinne when he laughes, that beareth all the sway,

Frowne when he frownes, and grone when he is

pale;

On others lust, to hang both night and day,

None of these pointes would ever frame in me,

My wit is nought, I can not learn the way,

And much the less of thinges that greater be.

That asken helpe of colours to devise,

To joyne the meane with eche extremitie,

With neresst vertue ay to cloke the vyce,

And as to purpose likewise it shall fall,

To presse the vertue that it may not ryse.

As dronkenness good felowship to call,

The friendly foe with his faire double face,

Say he is gentle, and curties therewithall,

Affirme that favill hath a goodly grace.

In eloquence, and cruelty to name,

Zeale of justice, and change in time and place,

And he that suffereth offence without blame,

Call him pitiefull, and him true and playne,

That rayleth recheles unto eche mans shame,

Say he is rude, that cannot lye and sayne.
The lecher a lover and tyranny
To be right of a princes raigue,
I cannot, I, no, no, it will not be.
This is the cause that I could never yet
Hang on their sleeves the weigh (as thou maist see)
A chippe of chaunce, more then a pound of wit;
This makes me at home to hunt and hawke,
And in foul weather at my book to sit;
In frost and snow, then with my bowe stalke;
No man doth marke, wherefo I ryde or goe;
In lusty leas at libertie I walke.
And of these newes I fele no weale no woe,
Save that a clogge doth hang yett at my hele;
No force for that, for that is ordred so,
That I may leape both hedge and dyke full welc.
I am not now in France to judge the wyne,
With favery sauce those delicates to feel,
Nor yet in Spayne, where one must him incline,
Rather then to be, outwardly to seme,
I meddle not with wittes that be so fyne,
Nor Flanders chere lettes not my sight to deme,
Of black and white nor taket my wittes away,
With beaslindes, such doe those beastes esteeme,
Nor I am not, where truth is geven in pray
For money, pryson, and treason, of some
A common practice used night and daye;
But I am here in Kent and Christendome,
Among the muses, where I reade and ryme,
Where if thou list, mine own John Poynes to come,
Thou shalt be judge, how I do spende my tyme.

*How to use the court and himself therein, writtten to Syr
Fraunces Bryan.*

A SPENDING hend that alway powreth out,
Had nede to have a bringer in as fast,
And on the stone that still doth turne about,
There groweth no moss: These proverbes yet
doe last.

Reason hath set them in so sure a place,
That length of yeres their force can never waste:
When I remember this, and eke the case
Wherein thou standst, I thought forthwith to write
(Bryan) to thee, who knowes how great a grace,
In writing is to counsayle man the right;
To thee, therefore, that trottes styll up and downe,
And never rests but running day and night,
From realme to realme, from citie, strete, and
towne;

Why dost thou weare thy body to the bones,
And mightest at home slepe in thy bedde of downe,
And drinke good ale so nappy for the nones,
Fede thyself fatte and heape up pounce by pound,
Lykest thou not this? no, why? for swine so
groines

In sty, and chaw dung moulded on the ground,
And drivel on pearles with head still in the man-
ger,

So of the harpe the affe doth heare the sound,
So sackes of durt be filde. The neat courtier
So serves for lesse, then do these fatted swine,
Though I seme leane and drye without a moister,

Yet will I serve my prince, my lord, and thynne,
And let them live to fede the paunch that list,
So may I live to fede both me and myne,
By God well sayd. But what and if thou wilt
How to bring in, as fast as thou doest spende
That would I learne, and it shall not be mist
To tell the how. Now harke what I intende
Thou knowest well first, who so can seke to please,
Shal purchase frendes, where trouth shall but of-
fende,

Flee therefore truth, it is both welth and ease,
For though that trouth of every man hath praise,
Full nere that wynde goth trouth in great miscase,
Use vertue, as it goeth now a dayes,
In woord alone to make thy language swete,
And of the dede, yet doe not as thou sayes,
Els be thou sure, thou shalt be farre unmete,
To geat thy bread, eche thing is now so skant,
Seke still thy profit upon thy bare fete,
Lend in no wise for fear that thou do want;
Unless it be, as to a calfe a chese,
But if thou can be sure to win a cant
Of half at least, it is not good to lese.
Learne at the ladde, that in a long white cote,
From under the stall withouten landes or fee,
Hath lept into the shoppe, who knowes by rote,
This rule that I have tolde thee here before,
Sometime also riche age begynnes to dote,
Se thou when there thy gayne may be the more,
Stay him by the arme where so he walk or goe,
Be nere alway, and if he cough to fore,
What he hath spyt treade out, and please him so
A diligent knave that pykes his maisters purse
May please him so, that he withouten mo,
Executour is, and what is he the worfe,
But if so chance, thou get nought of the man,
The widow may for all thy payne disburse
A riveled skinne, a stinking breath, what than?
A toothelesse mouth shall doe thy lippes no harme;
The gold is good, and though she curse or banne,
Yet where thee list, thou mayst lye good and
warne;

Let the old mule byte upon the bydle,
Whilst there do lye a sweter in thine arme,
In this also see that thou be not ydle,
Thy nece, thy cosin, sister, or thy daughter,
If she be fayre, if handsome be her middle,
If thy better hath her love besought her,
Avaunce his cause and he shall helpe thy nede
It is but love, turne thou it to a laughter.
But ware I say, so gold the helpe and spede,
That in this case thou be not so unwyse,
As pander was in such a lyke dede,
For he the foole of conscience was so nyce,
That he no gayne would have for all his payne;
Be next thy selfe, for friendship bears no pryce.
Laughst thou at me? why, do I speak in vayne!
No, not at thee, but at thy thyrsty jest;
Wouldest thou, I shoulde for any losse or gayne
Change that for golde that I have tane for best?
Next godly thinges, to have an honest name,
Should I leave that then take me for a beast.
Nay then farewell, and if thou care for shame
Content the with honest povertie,
With free tong, what thee mislykes, to blame

And for thy trouth some time aduersitie,
And therewithall this gyft I shall thee give,
In this world now little prosperitie,
And quoyne to kepe, as water in a five.

The song of Jopas unfinished.

WHEN Dido feasted furst the wandring Trojan knight,
Whom Junos wrath with stormes did force in Libik sands to light.
That mighty Atlas taught the supper lasting long,
With crisped lockes, in golden harpe Jopas sang in song: [and name.
That same (quod he) that we the world do call Of heaven and earth with all contentes, it is the very frame:
Of thus, of heavenly powers by more powre kept in one,
Repugnant kindes, in middes of whom the earth hath place alone. [and nourfe,
Firme, rounde, of living things the mother, place Without the which in egall weight this heaven doth hold his course. [ven,
And it is calde by name, the first and moving hea- The firmament is placed next, containing other seven. Of heavenly powers that same is planted full and thicke,
As shining lights, which we call starres, that there- in cleave and stickce.
With great swift sway the fyrst, and with his rest- less fours, [nual cours.
Carieth itself, and all those eyght in even conti- And of this world so round within that rolling case, Two points there be that never move, but firmly kepe their place.
The tone we see alway, the tother stands object, Against the same divyding just, the ground by line direct. [th' other,
Which by ymagination, drawne from the one to Toucheth the centre of the earth, for way there is none other, [not bright,
And these becalde the poles, descride by starres Artike the one northward we see, Antartike tho- ther hight
The lyne, that we devyse from thone to thother so, As axell is, upon which the heavens about do go, Which of water nor earth, of ayre nor fyre have kinde;
Therefore the substance of those same were hard for man to find;
But they been uncorrupt, simple and pure unmixt; And so we say been all those starres, that in the same be fixt;
And eke those erring seven, in cyrcle as they stray, So calde, because against that fyrst they have repugnant way,
And smaller by ways too, scant sensible to man, To busy woorke for my poor harpe, let sing then he that can,
The wydest fave the fyrst of all these nyne above, One hundred yere doth aske of space for one degre to move:

Of which decrees we make in the fyrst moving heaven,
Three hundred and threescore in partes, justly divided even;
And yet there is another between those heavens two, [for now,
Whose moving is so flye so slacke, I name it not The seventh heaven, or the shell next to the starry skye, [so sic,
All those degres that gathered up with aged pace, And doth perfourme the same, as elders count hath bene,
In nine and twenty yeres complete, and days almost sixteen,
Do carye in his bought the starre of Saturne olde, A threatner of all living things with drought, and with his cold, [pase,
The sixt whom this contains, doth stalk with yonger And in twelve yere doth some what more then thothers vyage was, [nigne,
And thys in it doth beare the starre of Jove be- Twene Saturnes malice, and us men, friendly de- fending signe; [dayes,
The fifth beares bloody Mars, that in three hundred And twise eleven with one full yere hath finish't all those wayes. [fixe,
A yere doth aske the fourth, and howers therto And in the same the dayes eye, the sune therein he stickes: [me,
The thyrd that governde is by that, that governs And love for love, and for no love provokes, as oft we see. [the tother,
In like space doth perfourme that course, that dyd So doth the next, the next unto the same, that second is in order.
But it doth beare the starre, that calde is Mercury, That many a crafty secret steppe doth tread, as Calcaers trye, [gone,
That skye is last, and sixt next us those wayes hath In seven and twenty common days, and eke the third one; [about,
And beareth with his sway the dyvers moone Now bright, now brown, now bent, now full, and now her light is out:
Thus have they of their owne two movinges all these seven,
One, wherein they be carried still, eche in his severall heaven: [layde
Another of themselves, where theyr bodies be In by waies, and in lesser roundes, as I afore have sayde, [the streight,
Save of them all the sunne doth stray least from The starry skye hath but one course, that we have calde the eight.
And all these movinges eyght are ment from west to east, [east to west,
Although they seeme to clyme aloft, I say from But that is but by force of theyr first moving skye, In twise twelve howres from east to east that carrieth them by and by.
But marke me well also, the moving of these seven, [heaven;
Be not about the axletree of the fyrst moving For they have theyr two poles directlye tone to the tother.

UNCERTAIN E AUCTORS.

SONGES AND SONETTES.

A praise of his ladie.

Geve place you ladies and be gone,
Boast not your selves at all,
For here at hande approacheth one,
Whose face will stayne you all.

The vertue of her lively lookes
Excels the precious stone,
I wishte to have none other bookes
To reade or look upon.

In eche of her two cristall eyes,
Smyleth a naked boy;
It would you all in heart fuffise
To see that lampe of joye.

I think nature hath lost the mouldé,
Where she her shape did take;
Or else I doubté if nature coulde
So fayre a creature make.

She may be well comparde
Unto the Phenix kinde,
Whose like was never scene nor heard,
That any man can fynde.

In lyfe she is Diana chaste
In trouth Penelopey,
In word and eke in dede stedfast;
What will you more we say:

If all the world were sought so farre,
Who could fynde such a wight,
Her beauty twinkleth lyke a starre
Within the frosty night.

Her roseall coulour comes and goes,
With such a comely grace,
More ruddier too, then doth the rose,
Within her lively face.

At Bacchus feast none shall her mette,
Ne at no wanton playe,
Nor gasing in an open strete,
Nor gadding as astray.

The modest myrth that she doth use,
Is mixt with shamefastnesse,
All vyce she doth wholly refuse,
And hateth yllenesse.

O lord it is a world to see,
How vertue can repayre,

And decke in her such modestie,
Whome nature made so fayre.

Truely she doth as farre excède,
Our women now adayes,
As doth the jelisfoure, a wede,
And more a thousand wayes

How might I doe to get a graffe
Of this unspotted tree:
For all the rest are playne but chaffe
Which seme good corne to bee.

This gyft alone I shall her geve,
When death doth what he can,
Her honest fame shall ever live,
Within the mouth of man.

They of the meane estate are happiest.

If right be ract and overtonne,
And power take part with open wronge,
If feare by force do yeld to sone,
The lacke is like to last to long.

If God for goodes shal be unplaced,
If right for riches loses hys shape,
If world for wisdom be embraced,
The gesse is great much hurt may hap.

Among good things I prove and fynde,
The quiet lyfe doth most abound,
And sure to the contented mynde
There is no riches may be founde.

For riches hates to be content,
Rule is enemy to quietnesse,
Power is most part impacient,
And feldome lykes to live in peace.
I heard a heardman once compare,
That quiet nights he had mo slept
And had mo merydayes to spare,
Then he which ought the beaſt he kept.

I would not have it thought hereby,
The dolphin swimme I mean to teach,
Nor yet to learne the fawlcen flye
I rowe not so farre past my reache,

But as my part above the rest,
Is well to wish and well to will,
So tyll my breath shall fayle my brest,
I will not cease to wish you fill.

Upon consideration of the state of this life be wisshed death.

THE longer life the more offence
The more offence the greater paine,
The greater paine the lesse defence,
The lesse defence the lesser gaine:
The loss of gaine long yll doth trye,
Wherefore come death and let me dye.

The shorter life, lesse count I finde,
The less account the sooner made,
The account soon made, the merier mind,
The merier mynd doth thought evade;
Short life in truth this thing doth trye,
Wherefore come death and let me dye.

Com gentle death, the ebbe of care,
The ebbe of care, the flood of life,
The flood of life, the joyfull fare,
The joyfull fare, the end of strife,
The end of strife, that thing wish I.
Wherefore come death and let me dye.

The lover that once disdaind love, is now become subject being caught in his snare.

To this my song give care who list
And mine entent judge as ye will,
The time is come that I have mist
The thing whereon I hoped styll,
And from the topp of all my trust
Myshap hath throwen me in the duff.

The time hath been and that of late,
My hart and I might leap at large;
And was not shut within the gate
Of love's desire, nor took no charge
Of any thing that did pertaine,
As touching love in any paine.

My thought was free my hart was lyght
I marked not who lost, who laught,
I plaide by day, I slept by night,
I forced not, who wept, who laught,
My thought from all such things was free,
And I my self at libertie.

I toke no hede to tauntes nor toys
As leef to see them frowne as smile,
Where fortune laught I scorned their joyes
I found their fraudes and every wyle,
And to my self oft tymes I myled.
To see how love had them begyled.

Thus in the net of my conceit,
I masked still among the sort
Of such as fed upon the bayte
That Cupide laide for his disport,
And ever as I saw them caught
I them beheld and theret laught.

'Till at the length when Cupide spied
My scornful wyll and spiteful use,
And how I past not who was tyed
So that my self myght still live losse,
He set himself to lye in waite
And in my way he threw a bait.

Such one as nature never made
I dare well say save she alone,
Such one she was as would invade
A hart more hard then marble stone,
Such one she is, I know it right,
Her nature made to shew her might.

Then as a man in a snare
When use of reason is away,
So I began to stare and gale
And sodeinly, without delay
Or ever I had the wit to take
I swallowed up both bait and hooke.

Which daily grieves me more and more
By sundry sortes of careful wo,
And none alive may save the fore
But only she that hurt me so,
In whom my lyfe dothe now consist
To save or sly me as the lyf.

But feeyng now that I am caught
And bounde so fast I cannot flee.
Be ye by myne ensample taught
That in your fancies fele you free
Despyse not them that lovers are
Lest you be caught within his snare.

Harpalus complaint of Philliades love bestowed on Corin, who loved her not, and denied him that loved her.

PHILLIDA was a fayre mayde
As fresh as any flowre
Whom Harpalus the heardman prayde
To be his paramour.

Harpalus and eke Corin
Were herdmen both yfere:
And Phillida could twist and spinne,
And thereto sing full clere

But Phillida was all to coy
For Harpalus to winne,
For Corin was her only joy
Who forst her not a pinne.

How often would the flowers twine,
How often garlandes make
Of coullips and of columbine,
And all for Corins sake.

But Corin he had hawkes to lure
And forced more the field,
Of lovers law he took no cure
For once he was begyld.

If Harpalus prayeled mought,
His labour all was lost,
For he was farthest from her thought,
And yet he loved her most.

Therefore waxt he both pale and leant
And drye as clod of clay,
His flesh it was consumed cleane,
His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be shave,
His heare hong all unkempt,
A man most fit even for the grave
Whom spitefull love had spent.

His eyes were read, and all forewatched,
His face besprent with teares,
It semde unhap had him long hatched,
In middes of hys dispayres.

His cloaths were black and also bare,
As one forlorne was he,
Upon his head he alwaies ware
A wreathe of willowe tree,

His beastes he kept upon a hill,
And he sate in the dale,
And thus with sighs and sorrows shrill
He gan to tell his tale.

Oh Harpalus (thus wouid he say)
Unhappiest under sonn,
The cause of thine unhappy day
By love was fyrst begunne.

For thou wentst first by sute to seeke
A tygre to make tame,
That settess not by thy love a lecke
But makes thy griefe her game.

As easy it were for to convert
The frost into the flame,
As for to turne a froward hart,
Whom thou so feign wouldest frame.

Corin he liveth carelesse,
He leapes among the leaves,
He eates the fruites of thy redresse.
Thou reapes, he takes the sheaves.

My beastes awhile your foode refraine,
And harke your heardman's founde;
Whome spightful love alas! hath slayne,
Through gyrt with many a wounde.

O happily be ye beastes wild,
That here your pastures takes;
I see that ye be not begylde,
Of these your faithful mates.

The hart he feedeth by the hindé,
The buck hard by the do;
The turtle dove is not unkinde.
To him that loves her so.

The ewe she hath by her the ramme,
The young cow hath the bull;
The calfe with many a lusty lambe,
Doe feed their hunger full.

But well away that nature wrought
Thee Phillida soe faire;
For I may say that I have bought
Thy beauty all to deare.

What reason is that crueltie,
With beauty should have part:
Or else that such great tyranny,
Should dwell in woman's hart.

I see therefore to shappe my death
She cruelly is prest.
To th' ende that I may want my breath,
My days been at the best.

O Cupide, graunt this my request,
And do not stoppe thine cares;
That she may feel within her brest,
The paynes of my despayres.

Of Corin that is carelesse
That she may crave her fee,

As I have done in great disresse
That loved her faithfully.

But since that I shall dye her slave,
Her slave and eke her thrall;
Write you my friendes upon my grave,
This chaunce that is befall.

Here lyeth unhappy Harpalus,
By cruell love now slaine;
Whom Phillida unjustly thus,
Hath mured with disdain.

Of the death of Philips.

BEWAILE with me all ye that have profest
Of musicke th' arte, by touch of coarde or wind,
Lay down your lutes and let your gyttens rest
Philips is dead whose like you cannot synde,
Of musicke much exceeding all the rest;
Muses therefore of force now must ye wrest
Your pleasant notes into another sounde,
The string is broke, the lute is disposselt,
The hande is colde, the body in the ground,
The lowring lute lamenteth now therefore,
Philips her frende, that can her touche no more.

*That all things sometime finde ease of thyr payne, save
only the lover.*

I see there is no sort
Of things that live in griefe,
Which at sometime may not resort
Whereas they have reliefe.

The stricken dere by kinde
Of death that stands in awe,
For his recure an herb can synde,
The arrowe to withdrawe.

The chafed dere hath soyle,
To coole him in his heate;
The asse after his wery toyle,
In stable is up set.

The cony hath his cave,
The little byrd his nest,
From heate and colde themselves to save,
At all times as they list.

The owle with feble sight,
Lyes lurking in the leaves,
The sparrow in the frosty night
May shroude her in the eaves.

But wo to me, alas,
In sunne nor yet in shade,
I cannot find a resting place,
My burden to unlade.

But day by day still beares
The burden on my backe,
With weeping eyen and watry teares,
To holde my hope aback.

All things I see have place,
Wherein they bowe or bende,
Save this, alas, my woful case,
Which no where fyndeth ende.

*The assaulte of Cupide upon the fort where the lovers batt
lay wounded, and how he was taken.*

WHEN Cupide scaled fyrst the fort,
Wherein my heart lay wounded fore,
The batry was of such a fort
That I must yelde or dye therefore.

There saw I love upon the wall,
How he his banner dyd dysplay,
Alarme, alarme, he 'gan to call,
And bade his fouldiours kepe aray.

The armes the which that Cupide bare,
Were pearced heartes with tears besprent,
In silver and fable to declare
The stedfast love he always ment.

There myght you see his hand all drest,
In colours like to whyte and blacke,
With powder and with pellets prest,
To bring the forte, to spoyle and sacke.

Good while the maister of the shot,
Stoode in the rampyre brave and proude,
For spence of powder he spared not,
Assaulte, assaulte, to cry aloude.

There myght you heare the cannons rore,
Eche piece dycharged a lover's looke,
Which had the power to rent, and tore
In any place whereas they tooke.

And even with the trumpets fowne,
The scaling ladders were up set,
And beauty walked up and downe,
With bow in hand and arrowes whet.

Then fyrst desyre began to scale
And throwed him under his targe,
As one the worthiest of them all,
And aptest for to give the charge.

Then pushed fouldiours with theyr pykes,
And holbarders with handy strokes,
The hargabushe in fleshe it lightes,
And dims the ayre with misty smokes.

And as it is now fouldiers use,
When shot and powder gins to want,
I hanged up my flag of truce,
And pleaded for my lyves graunt.

When fancy thus had made her breache;
And beauty entred with her bande,
With bag and baggage fely wretch,
I yelded into beauties hand.

Then beauty bad to blow retyre,
And every fouldiour to retyre,
And mercy mylde with spede to fet
Me captive bound as prisoner.

Madame (quoth I) sith that this day
Hath served you at all assayes,
I yelde to you without delay,
Here of the fortresse all the kayes.

And sith that I have been the marke,
At whom you shot at with your eye,
Nedes must you with your handy warke,
Or save my fore, or let me dye.

The aged lover renounceth love.

I LOUETH that I dyd love,
In youth that I thought swete,
Vol. I.

As time requires for my behove,
Methinks they are not mete.

My lustes they do me leave,
My fancies all are fled,
And tract of time begynnes to weave
Gray heares upon my hed.

For age with stealing steppes
Hath clawde me with his crouche,
And lusty lyfe away the leapes
As there had been none such.

My muse doth not delight
Me as she dyd before,
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they have been of yore.

For reason me denies
This youthly ydle ryme,
And day by day to me cries,
Leave of these toyes in tyme.

The wrinkles in my browe,
The furrows in my face,
Say lymping age will lodge hym now,
Where youth must geve him place.

The harbinger of death,
To me I see him ride,
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath
Doth hyd me to provyde.

A pickax and a spade,
And eke a throwding shete,
A house of clay for to be made,
For such a geast most mete.

Methinkes I hear the clarkes
That knoles the carefull knell,
And byddes me leave my woful warke,
Ere nature me compell.

My keepers knit the knot,
That youth did laigh to skorne,
Of me that cleane shall be forgot,
As I had not been borne.

Thus must I youth geve up,
Whose badge I long dyd weare,
To them I yelde the wanton cup,
That better may it beare.

Lo, here the bare hed skull,
By whose balde signe I know,
That stouping age away shall pull,
Which youthful yeres did sowe.

For beauty with her band
These croked cares hath wrought,
And shipped me into the land,
From whence I fyrst was brought.

And ye that byde behinde,
Have ye none other trust
As ye of clay were cast by kynd,
So shall ye waste to dust.

Of the death of Sir Thomas Wyat the Elder.

Lo, dead! he lives, that whilome lived here,
Among the dead, that quick goes on the ground,
Though he be dead, yet quick he doth appeare
By lively name, that death cannot confound,
His lyfe for ay of fame the trump shall found,
Though he be dead, yet lives he here alive,
Thus can no death from Wyat life deprive.

Of a new married student that plaid fast or lose.

A STUDENT, at his boke so plast,
That welth he might have wonne,
From boke to wife did flete in hast,
From welch to wo to runne,
Now, who hath plaid a feater cast,
Since jugling first begonne?
In knitting of himself so fast,
Himself he hath undonne.

The lover in despayre, lamenteth his case.

ADIEU, desert, how art thou spent?
Ah! dropping tears, how do ye wast?
Ah! scalding sighes, how be yee spent,
To pricke them forth that will not haste?
Ah! pained hart, thou gapst for grace,
Even then where pitie hath no place.

As easy it is the stony rocke
From place to place for to remove,
As by thy plaint for to provoke
A frozen hart from hate to love:
What should I say? Such is thy lott,
To sawne on them that force thee: not.

Thus mayst thou safely say and sweare,
That rigour raigneth and ruth doth faile,
In thanklesse thoughts my thoughts do weare;
Thy truth, thy faith may nought avale;
For thy good will, why should thou so;
Still graff where grace it will not grow.

Alas! poor hart, thus hast thou spent
Thy flowering time, thy pleasant yeres,
With sighing voice wepe and lament;
For of thy hope no fruite apperes:
Thy true meaning is paid with scorne,
That ever soweth and reapeth no corne.

And where thou seekest a quiet port,
Thou dost but weigh against the winde;
For where thou gladdest wouldst resort,
There is no place for thee affinde:
Thy destiny hath sett it so,
That thy true hart should cause thy wo.

Of his maiestresse, M. B.

IN bayes I boast, whose branche I beare,
Such joy therein I finde,
That to the death I shall it weare,
To ease my carelesse minde.
In heat, in cold, both night and day,
Her virtue may be sene,
When other fruits and flowers decay,
The bay yett grows full green;
Her berries fede the birdes full oft;
Her leaves swete water make,
Her bowes be set in every loft
For their swete favours sake:
The birdes do shroud them from the cold,
In her we daily see;
And men made arbers as they would,
Under the pleasant tree.

It doth me good when I repaire

There, as these bayes do grow,
Where oft I walk to take the air,
It doth delight me so.

But lo I stand, as I were dumme,

Her beauty for to blase,

Wherewith my sprites be overcome,
So long thereon I gaze.

At last I turne unto my walke,

In passing to and fro,

And to my false I smile and talk,

And then away I go,

Why smilest thou? say lookers on,

What pleasure hast thou found?

With that I am as cold as stone,

And ready for to founde,

Fie, fie for shame, sayth fanle than,

Pluck up thy fainted hart,

And speak thou boldly like a man.

Shrink not for little smart,

Whereat I blush and change my cheare

My senses wax so weak,

O God, think I, what make I here,

That never a word may speake:

I dare not sigh, lest I be heard,

My lokes I flyly cast,

And still I stand, as out were scard,

Untill my stormes be past.

Then happy hap doth me revive,

The blood comes to my face;

A merrier man is not alive,

Then I am in that case.

Thus after sorow seke I rest;

When fled is fancies fitt:

And though I be a homely gest,

Before the bays I sit;

Where I do watch till leaves do fall:

When winde the tree doth shake,

Then, though my branche be very small,

My leave away I take,

And then I go and clap my handes,

My heart doth leap for joy.

These bayes do ease me from my bands,

That long did me annoy;

For when I do behold the same,

Which makes so fair a show,

I find therein my maiestres name,

And see her virtues grow.

A praise of Maiestresse R.

I HEARD when fame with thundring voice did
summon to appear
The chief of nature's children all, that kind hath
placed here.
To view what brute by virtue got their lives could
justly crave;
And bad them shew what praise by truth they
worthy were to have:
Wherewith I saw how Venus came and put her self
in place,
And gave her ladies leaye at large to stand and
plead their case:

Each one was called by name a row, in that assemblie there,
 That hence are gone or here remains, in court or other where:
 A solemn silence was proclaim'd, the judges sat and heard
 What truth could tell, or craft could faine, and who should be prefer'd:
 Then beauty slept before the bar, whose brest and neck was bare,
 With hair trust up, and on her head a caul of gold she ware.
 Thus Cupids thralls began the flock, whose hungry eyes did say,
 That she had stained all the dames, that present were that day.
 For ere she spake with whispering words, the praise was fill throughout,
 And fancy forced common voice, thereat to give a shout.
 Which cried to fame take forth thy trump, and sound her praise on hy,
 That glads the heart of every wight, that her beholds with eye.
 What stir and rule (quod order than) do these rude people make?
 We hold her best that shall deserve a praise for virtues sake.
 This sentence was no sooner said, but beauty therewith blusht,
 The noise did cease, the hal was still and every thing was hush.
 Then fineness thought by training talk to win that beauty lost,
 And whet her tongue with jolly words, and sparred for no cost;
 Yet wantoness could not abide, but broke her tale in half,
 And peevish pride for peacocks plumes would needs be hieft plast.
 And therewithal came curiousnesse and carped out of frame,
 The audience laught to hear the strife, as they beheld the same.
 Yet reason soon appeas'd the brute, her reverence made and done,
 She purchas'd favour for to speak, and thus her tale begun.
 Since bounty shall the garland wear, and crowned be by fame,
 O happy judges call for her, for she deserves the same.
 Where temperance governs beauties flowers, and glory is not sought,
 And shamefaced meeknesse maistreth pride, and virtue dwells in thought:
 Bid her come forth, and shew her face, or else assent each one,
 That true report shall grave her name in gold or marble-stone.
 For all the world to read at will what worthynesse doth rest,
 In perfect pure unspotted life, which she hath here posselt.

Then skill rose up and sought the praise, to find that if he might,
 A person of such honest name, that men should praise of right:
 This one I saw full sadly sit, and shrink her selfe a side,
 Whose sober looks did shew gifts her wively grace did hide.
 Lo here (quoth skill, good people all) is lucre left alive,
 And she shall most accepted be, that least for praise did strive.
 No longer fame could hold her peace, but blew a blaste so highe,
 That made an echo in the air, and sounding through the skie;
 The voice was loud, and thus it said, come R. with happy days,
 Thy honest life hath won the fame, and crowned thee with praise.
 And when I heard my maistres named, I thrust amids the throng,
 And clapt my hands and wisht of God, that she might prosper long.

Songes written by N. G. of the Nine Muses.

Times of kyng Jove, and queen remembrance lo
 The sisters nine, the poets pleasant feres.
 Caliope doth stately style bestowe,
 And worthy praises payntes of princely peres:
 Clion in soleinn songes reneweth all day,
 With present yerres conjoyning age by past,
 Delightful talke loves comical Thaley,
 In fresh grene youth, who doth lyke lawrel last:
 With voices tragicall, foundes Melpomen
 And as with cheynes thallured care she byndes.
 Her stringes, when Terpescor doth touch, even then
 She toucheth hartes, and raineth in mens myndes:
 Fyne Erato, whose looke a lyvely chere
 Presents in dancing, kepes a comely grace,
 With semely gesture doth Polomyne scere,
 Whose woordes whole routes of rankes do rule in place.
 Urany her globes to view all bent,
 The ninefold heaven observes with fixed face;
 The blastes Eutrepie tunes of instrument,
 With solace sweet, hence my heavy dumpes to chase.
 Lord Phæbus, in the myddes, (whose heavenly sprite
 These ladies doth inspire) embraceth all
 The graces in the muses weed delyte,
 To lead them fourth, that men in maze they fall.

Musonius the philosophers saying.

In working well, if travel you sustaine,
 Into the winde shall lightly passe the payne;

But of the dede the glory shall remayne,
And cause your name with worthy wights to
raigne.

In working wrong, if pleasure you attaine,
The pleasure soon shall vade, and void as vaine.
But of the dede throughout the lyfe the shame
Endures, defacing you with foul defame,
And still torments the minde both night and day;
Scant length of time the spot can washe away.
Flee then ill suading pleasures, baies untrue,
And noble vertues sayre renowne pursue.

Description of virtue.

WHAT one art thou, thus in torn wedey clad?
Vertue in price, whom auncient sages had.
Why poorly rayde? for fading goodes peast care.
Why double faced? I marke eche fortunes fare.
This bridle what? Myndes rages to restraine.
Foolles why beare you? I love to take great
payre.
Why winges? I teach above the sturres to flye.
Why treade you death? I onely cannot dye.

Praise of measure-keeping.

THE ancient time commended not for nought;
The meane what better thinge there be fought.
In meane is vertue placed on eyther side,
Both right and left amisse a man shall fyde.
Icar, with fire hadst thou the midway flowne,
Icarian becke by name had no man knowne.
If myddle path kept had proud Phaeton
No burning brand this earth had faine upon:
Ne cruel power, ne none so soft can raigne,
That kepes a meane, the same shall still remayne.
The Julie once dyed, to much mercy spill;
The Nero stern, rigor extreme dyd kill.
How could August so many yeres well passe,
N. r over meke nor over sicke he was:
Worship not Jove with curious fancies vaine,
Nor him despise: hold right atwene these twaine:
No wastfull wight, no gredy gutt is prazed,
Stand largesse just in egall ballance payde:
So Catoes meal surmountes Antonius chere,
And better fame his sober fare hath here
To slender building bad as bad to grosse?
One an eye fore, the tother falles to losse.
As medicines helpe in measure, so (God wot)
By overmuch the sicke their bane have got.
Unmete me seemes to utter this mo waies;
Measure forbiddes unmeasurable praife.

Man's life, after Possidonius or Crates.

WHAT pathe list you to treade? what trade will
you assay?
The courts of plea by braule and bate drive gecie
peace away.

In house for wife and childe there is but carke
and care,
With travel and with toyle enough in fields we
use to fare.
Upon the seas lyeth dread; the riche in foreign
lande,
Do feare the losse, and there the poore like my-
fers poorly stand.
Stryfe with a wife, without your thriftfull harde
to see:
Yong brats a troble, none at all a mayme it semes
to be.
Youth sonde, age hath no hart, and pincheth all
to nye;
Chooce then the leiser of these two, ay life, or
soon to dye.

Metrodorus's mynde to the contrary.

WHAT race of lyfe ronne you? what trade will
you assay?
In courts is glory got, and witt increased day
by day.
At home wee take our ease, and beake our selves
in rest:
The fieldes our nature do refreshe with pleasures
of the best.
On seas is gain to geat; the stranger he shall be
Esteem'd, having much, if not, none knoweth his
lack but he.
A wyfe will trimme thy house, no wyle then art
thou free;
Brood is a lovely thing, without thy lyfe is loose
to thee.
Yong bloodes be stronge, olde syres in double ho-
nour dwell,
Doway that choyse, no lyfe or soon to dye, for all
is well.

Of friendship.

Or all the heavenly gifts that mortal men com-
mend,
What trusty treasure in the world can counter-
vaile a friende.
Our health is soon decayed; goodes casual, light,
and vaine;
Broke have we seen the force of power and ho-
nour suffer staine.
In bodies lust man doth resemble but base brute,
True vertue geates and keeps a frende: good
guyde of our pursute, [case:
Whose hearty zeale with ours accordes in every
No terme of time, no space of place, no forme can
it deface.
When fickle fortune failes, this knot endureth still.
The kin out of their kind may swerve, when
frendes owe thee good will:
When sweter solace shall befall, then one to finde,
Upon whose brest thou mayst repose the secrets of
thy minde?

He walleth at thy wo; his tears with thine be shed;
With thee doth he joys, so lefe a lyfe is led.
Behoid thy frende, and of thy self the paterne see,
One soul a wonder shall it seeme in bodies twaine
to be;

In absence present ryche in want, in sicknesse sound,
Ye after death alive, maist thou by thy sure frende
be founde.

Eche houle, eche towne, each realme by stedfast
love doth stande;

Where foule debate bredes bitter bale in eche di-
vided lande,

O friendship, flower of flowers! O lively sprite
of lyfe!

O sacred bond of blisful peace, the stalworth
flanche of strife:

Scipio with Lelius didst thou conjoyne in care;
At home in warres for weale and wo, with equal
faith to fare.

Gisippus eke with Tyte, Damon with Pythias;
And with Menethus' sonne Achill by the combyn-
ed was:

Eurialus and Nisus gave Virgil cause to sing
Of Pylades do many rymes and of Orestes ring:
Downe Theseus went to hell, Pirith his frende to
finde;

O that the wyves in these our daies wer to their
mates so kynd!

Cicero the frendly man, to Atticus, his frende,
Of friendship wrote, such coples, lo! doth loe, but
feldom lend,

Recount thy race now ronne, how few shalt thou
there see, [mee:

Of whom to say this same is he that never failed
So rare a jewell then must nedes be holden dere,
And as thou wilt esteem thy selfe, so take thy
chosen fere:

The tyrant in dispaire no lacke of gold bewayles,
But out, I am undone (faith he) for all my friend-
ships failles:

Wherefore since nothing is more kyndly for our
kynde,

Next wisdom thus that teacheth us, love wee the
frendly minde,

*The death of Zoroas, an Egyptian astronomer, in the
first fight that Alexander had with the Persians*

Now clattring armes, now raging broyles of warre,
Can passe the noys of dredfull trumpetts clang,
Shrowded with shafts, the heaven with cloude of
dartes,

Covered the ayre against full fatted bulles,
As forth kyndled yre the Lyons keene,
Whose greedy gutts the gnawing hunger prickes:
So Macedons against the Persians fair,
Now corpses hyde the purpurd soyle with blood;
Large slaughter on eche side, but Perses more,
Moyst fieldes he bled, theyr heartes and numbers
bate,

Fainted while they gave backe, and fall to flighte:
The liting Macedon by swordes, by gleaves,
By bandes and troups of footemen, with his garde,

Speedes to dary, but hym his merest kyn,
Oxate preserues with horsemen on a plumpe
Before his cart, that none his charge should give:
Here grunts, here groans, eche where strong youth
is spent:

Shaking her bloody hands, Bellope among
The Perfes soweth all kind of cruel death:
With throte ycut he roares, he lyeth along,
His entrailes with a launce through gyrded quyte,
Hym smytes the club, hym woundes farre stry-
ing bowe,

And him the sling, and him the shining sword:
He dyeth, he is all dead, he pantes, he restes.
Right over stode in snow white armor brave,
The Memphite Zoroas, a cunning clarke,
To whom the heaven lay open as his booke;
And in celestiall bodies he could tell
The moving meeting light aspect eclips,
And influence, and constellations all;
What earthly chaunces would betyde, what yere
Of plenty floride, what signe forewarned death,
How winter gendreth snow, what temperature
In the primetyde doth season well the soyle,
Why summer burnes, why autumn hath ripe
grapes,

Whither the circle quadrate may become,
Whether our tunes heaven's harmony can yelde,
Of four begyns among themselves howe great
Proportion is; what sway the erryng lightes
Doth send in course gayne that fyrst movyng hea-
ven;

What gres one from another distant be,
What starr doth let the hurtfull fyre to rage,
Or him more mylde what opposition makes,
Whar fyre doth qualifiy Mavorse's fyre,
What house eche one doth seeke, what planett
raignes

Within this heaven sphere, or that small thynges,
I speake, whole heaven he closeth in his brest.
This fage then in the starrs hath spied the fate
Threatned him death without delay, and sith
He saw he could not fatall order change,
Foreward he prest in battayle, that he might
Mete with the rulers of the Macedons,
Of his right hand desirous to be slain,
The bouldest bourne, and worthiest in the feilde;
And as a wight, now wery of his lyfe,
And seking death in fyrst front of his rage,
Comes desperately to Alexander's face,
At him with dartes one after other throwes,
With recklesse wordes and clamour him provokes,
And sayth, Nectanak's bastard shamefull stayne
Of mothers bed, why lokest thou thy strokes,
Cowardes among, turne thee to me, in case
Manhood there be so much left in thy heart:
Come fight with me, that on my helmet weare
Apollo's laurell both for learninges laude,
And eke for martiall praise, that in my shielde
The seven-fold sophie of Minerve contain,
A match more mete syr king then any here.
The noble prince amoved takes ruth upon
The wilfull wight, and with soft words ayeen,
O monstrous man (quoth he) what so thou art,
I pray thee live, ne do not with thy death
This lodge of lore, the muse's mansion marre;

That treasure house this hand shall never spoyle,
My sword shall never bruise that skilfull brayne,
Long gather'd heapes of science some to spill;
O how fayre fruites may you to mortall men
From wisdom's garden give; how many may
By you the wiser and the better prove:
What error, what mad moode, what frenzy thee,
Perswades to be downe, sent to kepe Avérne,
Where no artes flourish, nor no knowledge vailes
For all these sawes. When thus the sovereign
said,

Alighted Zoroas with sword unsheathed,
The careless king there smoate above the greve,
At th' opening of his quilles wounded him,
So that the blood down traile on the ground:
The Macedon perceiving hurt, gan gnashe,
But yet his mynde he bent in any wise,
Hym to forbear, sett spurs unto his stede,
And turnde away, lest anger of his smarte
Should cause revenger hand deale balefull blowes.
But of the Macedonians chieftaines knights,
One Meleager could not bear this sight,
But ran upon the said Egyptian reuk,
And cutt him in both knees: He fell to ground,
Wherewith a whole rout came of souldiours
sterne.

And all in pieces hewed the sely seg,
But happely the soule fled to the starres,
Where, under him, he hath full sight of all,
Whereat he gazed here with reaching looke:
The Persians waild such sapient to forgoe,
The very sone the Macedonians wisht
He would have lived, King Alexander selfe
Demde him a man unmete to dye at all;
Who woulde like praise for conquest of his yre,
As for stoute men in fildes that day subdued;
Who princes taught how to discern a man,
That in his head so rare a jewel beares,
But over all those fame Caneries, those fame,
Divine Camenes, whose honour be procure;
As tender parent doth hys daughters weale,
Lamented, and for thanks all that they can,
Do cherish hym decaist, and sett him free,
From dark oblivion of devouring death.

Marcus Tullius Cicero's death.

THEREFORE when restless rage of wynde and
wave,

He saw by fates, alas, calde for, (quoth he)
Is hapless Cicero, sayle on, shape course
To the next shore, and bring me to my death.
Perdy these thankes rescued from evill sword,
Wilt thou my country pay? I see myne end:
So powers divine so bid the gods above,
In citie saved that consul Marcus shend,
Speaking no more, but drawing from diep hart
Great grones, even at the name of Rome rehearst,
His eyes and cheekes with showers of teares he washt;
And (though a route in daily dangers worn)
With forced face the shipmen held their teares,
And strivng long, the seas rough flood to passe,
In angry winde and stormy showers made way.

And at the last safe ancred in the rode,
Came heavy Cicero a land, with payne,
His faynted lymmes the aged fyre doth drawe,
And round about their master stood his band:
Nor greatly with their own hard hap dismayde,
Nor plighted faith prove in sharpe tyme to breake,
Some swordes, prepare some theyr dere Lord af-
fist:

In littour laid, they lead him unkouth wayes.
If so deceave Antonius cruell gleaves,
They might, and threats of following routs escape:
Thus lo, that Tullie, went that Tullius,
Of royal robe and sacred senate prince,
When he a farre the men approache espyeth;
And of his sone the ensign doth acknow,
And with drawn sword, Popilius threat'ning
death,

Whose life and whole estate, in hazard once
He had preserved, when Rome, as yett to free,
Heard him, and at his thundring voice amazed:
Herennius eke more tyger than the rest,
Present enflam'd with fury, him pursues.
What might he do, should he use in defence
Dysarmed handes, or pardon ask for Mede?
Should he with wordes to turne the wrath
Of th' armed knight, whose safeguard he had
wrought:

No age forbids, and fixt within diepe brest
His countrys love, and falling Romes ymage;
The charret turn, sayth he, let lose the raines,
Runne to the undeserved death mee, lo,
Hath Phœbus soule, as messenger forewarnde,
And Jove desires a new heavens man to make.
Brutus and Cassius souls, live you in blifs?
In case, yet all the fates gain strive us not,
Neither shall wee, perchance, dye unrevenged.
Now have I lived, O Rome! ynough for me;
My passed life nought suffreth me to doubt:
Noylome oblivion of the loathsome death.
Slea me: Yett all the offspring to come shall
know,

And this decaise shall bring eternal life;
Yea, and (unlesse I fall, and all in vaine:
Rome, I sometime thy augur chosen was)
Not evermore shall friendly fortune thee
Favour, Antonius, once the day shall come,
When her dear wights, by cruell spight thus
slaine,

Victorious Rome shall at thy hands require:
Me likes ther while, go see the hoaped heaven.
Speche had he left, and therewith, he, good man,
His throat prepar'd, and held his head unmov'd.
His hasting to those fates the very knights
Be loth to see, and rage rebated, when
They his bare necke beheld, and his hoare heares;
Scant could they hold the teares that fourth gan
burst,

And almost fell from bloody hands the swordes;
Only the sterne Herennius, with grim looke,
Dastards, why stand you still? he sayeth, and
straight

Swaps of the head with his presumptuous yron.
Ne with that slaughter yett he is not filde:
Foul shame on shame to heape, is his delight,
Wherefore the handes also doth he of smyte,

Which darst Antonius life so lyfely paint.
 Him yelding, strained ghost, from welkin hye,
 With lothy chere lord Phœbus gan behold,
 And in black cloud, they say, long hid his head.
 The Latine muses and the graces they wept,
 And for his fall eternally shall pepe :
 And lo, here piercing Pitho, (strange to tell)
 Who had to him suffisde both sence and wordes,
 When so he spake, and drest with nectar foode
 That flowing tong, when his wind pipe dif-
 clofd,
 Fled with her fleeing frend, and (out alas)
 Hath left ther earth, ne will no more retourne :
 Popilious flieth ther while, and leaving there

The senseless stock, a griezely sight doth bear,
 Unto Antonius boord with mischief fed,

Of M. T. Cicero.

For Tullie late a tombe I gan prepare,
 When Cynthic, thus, bad me my labour spare :
 Such manner thinges become the dead, quoth
 he,
 But Tully lives, and still alyve shall be.

N. G.

S f iij

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS SACKVILLE,
LORD BUCKHURST.

Containing his

INDUCTION TO THE MIRROR FOR
MAGISTRATES.

COMPLAINT OF HENRY DUKE OF
BUCKINGHAM.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

In vain I think, right honourable lord,
By this rude rime to memorize thy name,
Whose learned muse hath writ her owne record
In golden verse, worthy immortal fame.
Thou much more fit, were leifure for the same,
Thy gracious soveraigne's prayers to compile,
And her imperiall majestie to frame.
In loftie numbers, and heroick stile.

SPENSER'S SONNET TO LORD BUCKHURST.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE;

Anno 1793.

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS SACKVILLE

LORD BUCKHURST.

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

In which I think, might be made use of, to
my little book, to show, in the name,
What I think, may be, in the name,
In which I think, might be made use of, to
my little book, to show, in the name,
What I think, may be, in the name,
In which I think, might be made use of, to
my little book, to show, in the name,
What I think, may be, in the name,

EDINBURGH

PRINTED BY MURRAY & CO. ROYAL BANK CLERK.

THE LIFE OF SACKVILLE.

IN the turbulent and sanguinary reign of Queen Mary, when the fires of persecution were kindled in Smithfield, and every part of England was polluted with murders, more atrocious than the slaughters of the most bloody civil war; the cultivation of polite literature was neglected amidst the calamities of the state, and only one poetical production, of prominent excellence, intitled, *A Mirror for Magistrates*, illuminates that interval of darkness between Surrey and Spenser.

More writers than one were concerned in the composition of that popular poem, which originated in the reign of Mary, and was not finally completed till the beginning of the seventeenth century; but its inventor, and most distinguished contributor was THOMAS SACKVILLE, the first Lord Buckhurst, and Earl of Dorset, Lord High Treasurer of England, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, author of the first genuine English tragedy, and "the Patriarch of a race of genius and wit."

This distinguished statesman and poet, was the son of Richard Sackville, Esq. of Buckhurst, in the parish of Withiam, in Suffex, where he was born in the year 1527. His mother was a daughter of Sir John Bruges, Lord Mayor of London, and afterwards wife of John Powlet, Marquis of Winchester.

He discovered, from his childhood, a lively wit and vigorous understanding, and was removed from a domestic tuition, to Hart-hall in Oxford, where he resided some time; but took no degree. He afterwards removed to Cambridge, where he did not reside long; but had the degree of Master of Arts conferred on him.

At both universities he became celebrated as a Latin and English poet. Wood mentions him as "having been in his younger years poetically inclined; and wrote, while he continued in Oxon, several Latin and English poems: though published, either by themselves, or mixed among other men's poems, yet I presume they are lost or forgotten, as having no name to them, or that the copies are worn out."

He afterwards entered himself a student in the Inner Temple, and at an early period of life was called to the bar.

He carried his love of poetry, which he seems to have almost solely cultivated, to the Inner Temple, where, in conjunction with Thomas Norton, a fellow-labourer of Hopkins and Sternhold, he wrote a tragedy, intitled, *Ferrex and Porrex*, which was acted before Queen Elizabeth, at Whitehall, by the students of the Inner Temple, in 1561. It was printed incorrectly and surreptitiously in 1565; more accurately in 1570; in 1590, by the title of *Gorbodue*; and reprinted by Doddsley in 1736, with a preface by Mr. Spence, by the procurement of Pope, "who wondered that the propriety and natural ease of it had not been better imitated by the dramatic authors of the succeeding age."

About the year 1557, he formed the plan of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, in which all the illustrious but unfortunate characters of the English history, from the Conquest to the end of the fourteenth century, were to pass in review before the poet, who descends, like Dante, into hell, and is conducted by Sorrow. Every personage was to recite his own misfortunes in a soliloquy. But he had leisure only to finish a poetical preface, called an *Induction*, and one legend, which is the *Life of Henry Stafford Duke of Buckingham*.

Relinquishing, therefore, the design abruptly, and hastily adapting the close of his *Induction* to the appearance of Buckingham, whose story was to have been the last in his series, he recommended the completion of the whole to Richard Baldwyne and George Ferrers, men of the greatest wit in that age.

Deterred, perhaps, by the greatness of the attempt, they invited to their assistance Churchyard, Phayer, and other men of wit and genius, who chose such lives from the chronicles of Fabian and Hall, as seemed to display the most affecting catastrophes, and which were probably pointed out by Sackville.

This collection was printed in 4to, 1559, with the following title, *A Myrroure for Magistrates, wherein may be seen, by example of others, with howe greuous plagues vices are punished, and how frail and unstable worldly prosperitie is founde, even of those whom fortune seemeth most highly to favour.* "*Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.*" Anno 1559, *Edibus Thomæ Marshe.*

As he early quitted the study of the law for the flowery paths of poetry; so the poet was soon lost in the statesman; and negotiations and embassies extinguished the milder ambitions of the ingenious muse.

In the fourth and fifth years of Queen Mary, his name appears in the parliamentary lists; and in the fifth of Queen Elizabeth, 1564, when his father was elected knight of the shire for Sussex, he was returned one of the members for Buckinghamshire.

Not long after this, he travelled into France and Italy, and was detained some time a prisoner at Rome, in consequence of some pecuniary inconvenience.

On his father's death in 1566, his liberty was procured, and he returned to England, to take possession of an ample patrimony.

His eminent accomplishments and abilities having acquired the confidence and esteem of Queen Elizabeth, he was knighted in 1567, in her presence, by the Duke of Norfolk, and at the same time promoted to the peerage, by the title of *Baron Buckbush.*

In consequence of the Queen's frequent admonitions, he is said to have corrected his taste for magnificence and expence, which had some times subjected him to considerable inconveniencies.

In 1573, he went ambassador to France. In 1574, he sat on the trial of the Duke of Norfolk; at which time he was also in the Privy Council.

He was nominated one of the commissioners for the trial of Mary Queen of Scots; but it does not appear that he was present at her condemnation at Fotheringay Castle; yet after the confirmation of the sentence, he was appointed to bear the unhappy tidings to her, and to see the sentence put in execution.

In 1587, he went ambassador to the States-General; but, having incurred the displeasure of the Earl of Leicester and Lord Burleigh, he was recalled, and confined to his house nine months.

On the death of Leicester, he recovered the Queen's favour, and was made Knight of the Garter, one of the peers who sat on the trial of Lord Arundel, and joined with Burleigh, in negotiating a peace with Spain and Holland.

In 1591, he was, by the Queen's recommendation, elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford, in opposition to Essex, the object of her capricious passion, and incorporated Master of Arts.

On Burleigh's death, he was appointed Lord High Treasurer, and soon after joined in commission with Essex and Sir Thomas Egerton for negotiating an alliance with Denmark; and when that unfortunate nobleman was brought to his trial, with his friend Southampton, he was constituted Lord High Steward on the occasion.

At the accession of King James, his patent of Lord High Treasurer was renewed for life; and in 1603, he was created *Earl of Dorset*, and appointed one of the commissioners for executing the office of Lord Marshal.

He died suddenly at the council-table, Whitehall, April 19th 1608, in the 81st year of his age, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

His funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Abbot, his chaplain, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, in which he is very lavish in his praise.

The character of Sackville, as a statesman, is to be sought elsewhere. It is sufficient to say, that few first ministers have left so fair a character. Amidst the intrigues of an artful court, he preserv-

ed the integrity of a private man. His family disdained the offer of an apology for him, against some little cavils of a rival party. In the exercise of his political functions, the brilliancy of his imagination grew more correct, not less abundant. Naunton relates, that his "secretaries had difficulty to please him, he was so *facete* and choice in his style." Even in the decisions of that rigid tribunal, the Star Chamber, which was never esteemed the school of eloquence, "so strong," says Lloyd, "was his invention, that he was called the *Star Chamber Bell*." Amidst the business of an envoy at Paris, he found time to prefix a *Latin Epistle* to Clerke's Latin translation of Castiglione's "Courtier," which is not an unworthy recommendation of a treatise remarkable for its polite Latinity. Himself a poet, he encouraged the art which he improved, by his liberality; and left his wit and patronage of polite literature to his descendants, of whom was Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, the well known patron of Dryden and Prior;

— Whose great forefathers every grace,
Reflecting and reflected in his race;
Where other *Buckbursts*, other *Dorsets* shine,
And poets still, or patriots deck the line.

He was more courted and complimented by poets than any nobleman of his time, except Essex, whose love of literature, heroism, integrity, and generosity, made him the favourite of the nation, and the subject of innumerable sonnets and ballads, from Spenser to the lowest rhymers: And if panegyric were any where justifiable, it must be when paid to the man, who endeavoured to save Spenser from starving in the streets of Dublin, and who buried him in Westminster Abbey, with becoming solemnity.

As a poet, Sackville has pretensions to the gratitude of posterity, which have not hitherto been fully considered or allowed. He is entitled to rank with Spenser, Shakspeare, and Marlowe, the most eminent poets of his age; by the first of whom he is only surpassed in the perfection of allegory, by having had the disadvantage of writing before him; and, by the second, in his magic power of moving the passions, and the unrivalled excellence of his dramatic dialogue.

His tragedy of *Gorboduc* has the merit of being the first specimen in our language of a heroic tale written in blank verse, divided into acts and scenes, and clothed in all the formalities of a regular drama. It is praised by Sidney for its *notable moralitie*; but it was never popular, owing to the uninteresting nature of the plot, the tedious length of the speeches, the want of a discrimination of character, and almost a total absence of pathetic incidents. The dialogue, however, contains much dignity, strength of reflection, and good sense; and the language has great purity and perspicuity, and is entirely free from that tumid phraseology, and those exaggerated imageries and pedantic metaphors, which are the chief blemishes of the scenes of Shakspeare.

The assistance of Norton, to whom the three first acts are given by Wood, may be justly doubted. Every scene of *Gorboduc* is marked by Sackville's characteristic manner, which consists in a perspicuity of style, and a command of numbers, superior to the tone of his age.

In the *Mirror for Magistrates* he has two poems of considerable length, the *Induction*, and *Legend of Buckingham*, which are the chief foundation of his fame.

The collection, of which they make a conspicuous part, was reprinted in 1563, 1571, 1574, and in 1587, with an *Induction*, and the additions of many new lives, by John Higgins. At length the whole was digested anew, with additions by Richard Niccols, an ingenious poet, and printed in 1610, under the following title: *A Mirrour for Magistrates, being a true chronicle historie of the untimely fates of such unfortunat princes, and men of note, as have happened since the first entrance of Brute into this island, until this our age, newly enlarged, with a last part, called, A Winter's Night Vision, being an addition of such tragedies, especially famous, as are exempted in the former historie, with a poem annexed, called, England's Eliza*. At London, imprinted by Felix Kyngston, 1610.

Sackville's share in it is illustrated in the preface. "I purpose only to follow the intended scope of that most honorable patronage, who, by how much he did surpass the rest in the eminence of his noble condition, by so much he hath exceeded them all in the excellence of his heroical stile,

which, with golden pen, he hath limned out to posterity in that worthy object of his minde, *THE TRAGEDIE OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM*, and in his preface, then intituled *MASTER SACKVILL'S INDUCTION*." This edition, which contains 86 lives and 875 pages, has never been reprinted, and is extremely scarce. That it was in high esteem throughout the reign of Queen Elizabeth, appears not only from its numerous editions, but from the testimonies of Sidney, Heywod, Webbe, Bolton, and other contemporary writers. It is reasonable to suppose, that it enriched the stores, and extended the limits of our drama. Shakspeare is indebted to it for many scenes in his plays. Much of it might bear republication, and make good its claim to public notice; particularly the legends written by Churchyard and Niccols, which have considerable merit, and often shew a command of language and versification. But the *Induction* and *Legend* of Sackville, afford the most favourable specimen of those popular legends, and deserve being revived equally as compositions of real and intrinsic merit, and as objects of curiosity. They are now received, for the first time, into a collection of classical English poetry.

The Earl of Orford and Mr. Warton have characterised the poetry of Sackville with such elegance and minuteness, that it will be sufficient to add their testimonies as a justification of the revival of his writings, and as unquestionable authorities in his favour.

"Our historic plays," says Lord Orford, "are allowed to have been founded on the heroic narratives in the *Mirror for Magistrates*; to that plan, and to the boldness of Lord Buckhurst's new scenes, perhaps we owe Shakspeare."

"Sackville's *Induction*," says Mr. Warton, "loses much of its dignity and propriety, by being prefixed to a single life, and that of no great historical importance; the plan is confessedly copied from Boccaccio's *De Casibus virorum illustrium*, translated by Lydgate; the descent into hell, from Dante's *Commedia*," and the sixth book of Virgil. The shadowy inhabitants of hell-gate are his own, and conceived with the vigour of a creative imagination, and described with great force of expression; they are delineated with that fullness of proportion, that invention of picturesque attributes, distinctness, animation, and amplitude, of which Spenser is commonly supposed to have given the first specimens in our language, and which are characteristic of his poetry. The readers of the "*Faery Queene*" will easily point out many particular passages, which Sackville's *Induction* suggested to Spenser."

"The *Complaynt of Henrye Duke of Buckingham*, is written with a force and even elegance of expression, a copiousness of phraseology, and an exactness of versification, not to be found in any other parts of the collection. On the whole, it may be thought tedious and languid; but that objection unavoidably results from the general plan of these pieces. It is impossible that folioloquies of such prolixity, and designed to include much historical, and even biographical matter, should every where sustain a proper degree of spirit, pathos, and interest."

THE INDUCTION

TO A

MIRROUR FOR MAGISTRATES.

THE wrathfull winter proching on a pace,
With blustering blastes had al ybared the treen,
And olde Saturnus with his frosty face
With chilling colde had pearst the tender green :
The mantels rent, wherein enwrapped been
The gladfom groves that nowe laye overthrowen,
The tapets torne, and every blome downe blownen.

The soyle that erst so seemly was to seen,
Was all despoyled of her beauties hewe :
And foot freshe flowers (where with the sommers
queen [blewe
Had clad the earth) now Boreas blastes downe
And small fowles flocking, in their song did rewe
The winters wrath, wher with eche thing defaste
In woful wife bewayled the sommer past.

Hawthorne had lost his motley lyverye,
The naked twiggess were shivering all for colde :
And dropping downe the teares abundantly,
Eche thing (me thought) with weping eye me
tolde
The cruell season, bidding me withholde
My selfe within, for I was gotten out
Into the feldes whereas I walkte about.

When loe the night with mistie mantels spred,
Can darke the daye, and dim the azure skyes,
And Venus in her message Hermes sped
To bluddy Mars, to wyl him not to ryse,
While she her selfe approcht in speedy wife :
And Virgo hiding her disdainful brest
With Thetis now had layd her downe to rest.

Whiles Scorpio dreading Sagittarius dart,
Whose bowe prest bent in sight, the string had
dlypt,
Downe fliyd into the ocean flud aparte,
The Beare that in the Iryshe seas had dipt
His griesly feete, with speede from thence he
whypt :
For Thetis hasting from the Virgines bed
Pursued the Bear, that ear she came was fled.

And Phaeton nowe neare reaching to his race
With glistering beames, gold streamynge where
they bent

Was prest to enter in his resting place.
Crythius that in the carte fyrst went
Had even now attaynde his journeyes stent
And fast declining hid away his head,
While Titan couched him in his purple bed.

And pale Cinthea with her borrowed light
Beginning to supply her brothers place,
Was past the noonsteede fyre degrees in sight,
When sparkling starres amyd the heavens face
With twinkling light shien on the earth apace,
That whyle they brought about the nightes
chare
The darke had dimmed the day car I was ware.

And sorowing I to see the sommer flowers
The livly greene, the lusty leas forlorne,
The sturdy trees so shattered with the showers,
The fields so fade that floorist so beforne
It taught me wel all earthly thinges be borne
To dye the death, for nought long time may last ;
The sommers beauty yeeldes to winters blast.

Then looking upward to the heavens leames
With nightes starres thicke powdred every where,
Which erst so glistered with the golden streames
That chearefull Phebus spred downe from his
sphere,
Beholding darke oppressing day so neare :
The sodayne sight reduced to my minde
The sundry chaunges that in earth we fynde.

That musing on this worldly wealth in thought,
Which comes and goes more faster than we see
The flyckering flame that with the fyre is wrought,
My busie minde presented unto me
Such fall of pieras as in this realme had be :
That ofte I wihst some would their woes def-
cryve.
To warne the rest whom fortune left alive

And strayt forth stalking with redoubled pace
For that I sawe the night drewe on so fast,
In blacke all clad there fell before my face
A piteous wight, whom woe had all forwaste,
Furth from her iyen the cristall teares outbraist,
And syghing fore her handes she wrong and
folde,
Tare al her heare, that ruth was to beholde.

Her body small forwithered and forespent,
As is the stalk that sommers drought opprest;
Her wealked face with woful teares besprent,
Her colour pale, and (as it seemd her best)
In woe and playnt reposed was her rest.
And as the stone that droppes of water weares;
So dented wer cher cheekes with fall of teares.

Her iyes swollen with flowing streames afloate,
Wherewith her lookes throwen up full piteoufflie,
Her forceles handes together ofte the smote,
With doleful shrikes, that echoed in the skye:
Whose playnt such sighes dyd strayt accompany,
That in my doome was never man did see
A wight but halfe so woe begon as she.

I floode agast beholding all her plight,
Twene dread and dolour so distreyned in hart,
That while my heares upstart with the sight,
The teares out streamde for rowe of her smart:
But when I sawe no ende that could aparte
The deadly dewle, which she so fore dyd make,
With dolefull voice then thus to her I spake.

Unwrap thy woes what ever wight thou be,
And flint betime to spill thy selfe wyth playnt;
Tell what thou art, and whence, for well I see
Thou canst not dure with sorowe thus attaynt.
And with that worde of forrowe all forsaynt
She looked up, and prostrate as the laye
With piteous sound loe thus she gan to faye.

Alas! I wretche whom thus thou seest distreyned
With waisting wees that never shall asslake,
Sorowes I am, in endeles tormentes payned,
Among the furies in the infernall lake:
Where Pluto god of hel so grievly blacke
Doth hold his throne, and *Lethus* deadly taste
Doth rieve remembraunce of eche thyng forepast.

Whence come I am, the drery destinie
And luckeles lot for to bemone of those,
Whom fortune in this maze of miserie
Of wretched chauce most wofull myrrours chose
That when thou seest how lightly they did lose
Theyr pope, theyr power, and that they thought
most sure
Thou mayest soone deeme no earthly joy may dure

Whose rufull voyce no sooner had out brayed
The woful wordes, wherewith she sorrowed so,
Thou out alas! she shryght and never slayed,
But downe, and all to dasht her selfe for woe.
Fell cold pale dread my lymes gan overgo
The I so sorrowed at her sorowes est, [rest]
And what with grife and feare my wittes were
That

I strecht my selfe, and strayt my heart revives,
That dread and dolour erst did so appale;
Lyke him that with the fervent fever stryves
When sicknes seekes his castell health to skale:
With gathered spirites so forst I feare to avale:
And rearing her with anguise all fordone,
My spirits return'd, and then I thus begonne.

O Sorrowe, alas! sith sorrowe is thy name,
And that to thee this dreere doth well pertayne,
In vayne it were to seeke to ceas the same:
But as a man hym selfe with forrowe slayne,
So I, alas! do comfort thee in payne,
That here in forrowe art forsonke so depe
That at thy sight I can but sigh and wepe.

I had no sooner spoken of a stike,
But that the storm so rumbled in her brest;
As Eolus could never roare the like,
And showers downe rayned from her iyen so fast,
That all bedreynt the place, till at the last
Well eased they the dolour of her minde,
As rage of rayne doth swage the stormy wynde.

For furth she placed in her fearfull tale:
Cum, cum, (quod she) and see what I shall shewe,
Cum heare the playning, and the bytter bale
Of worthy men, by fortune overthrowe.
Cum thou and see them rewing all in rowe.
They were but shades that erst in minde thou rolde.
Cum, cum with me, thine eyes shall them beholde.

What could these wordes but make me more agast:
To heare her tell whereon I musde while care:
So was I mazed therewith, tyll at the last,
Musing upon her wordes, and what they were,
All sodaynly well lessioned was my feare:
For to my minde returned howe she telde
Both what she was, and where her wun she helde.

Whereby I knewe that she a goddesse was,
And therewithall resorted to my minde
My thought that late presented me the glas
Of brittle fate, of cares that here we finde,
Of thousand woes to silly men assynde:
And howe she nowe byd me come and beholde,
To see with iye that erst in thought I rolde.

That downe I fell, and with al reverence
Adored her, perceyving nowe that she
A goddesse sent by godly providence,
In earthly shape thus showed herself to me,
To wayle and rue this worldes uncertayntye:
And while I honoured thus her godheds might,
With playning voyce these wordes to me she
shryght:

I shall the gayde first to the grievly lake,
And thence unto the blisful place of rest,
Where thou shalt see and heare the playnt they
make,
That whilom here bare swinge among the best.
This shalt thou see, but great is the unrest
That thou must byde before thou canst attayne
Unto the dreadfull place where thes remayne.

And with these wurdcs as I uprayed stood,
And gan to folowe her that strayght furth paced,
Eare I was ware, into a desert wood
We nowe were cum : where hand in hand im-
braced,
She led the way, and through the thicke so traced
As but I had beene guided by her might,
It was no way for any mortall wight.

But loe, while thus amid the desert darke,
We passed on with steppes and pace unmette :
A rumbling roar confusde with howle and bark
Of dogs, shoke all the ground under our feete,
And firoke the din within our eares so deepe
As haffe disfraught unto the ground I fell,
Besought retourne, and not to visite hell.

But the forthwith uplifting me apace
Removed my dread, and with a stedfast minde
Bad me come on, for here was now the place,
The place where we our travayle ende should finde.
Wherewith I arose, and to the place assynde
Astoynde I stalke, when strayt we approached nere
The dredfull place, that you wil dread to here.

An hydeous hole al vaste, withouten shape,
Of endless depth, orewhelmde with ragged stone,
Wyth ougly mouth, and grisly jawes doth gape,
And to our sight confounds it selfe in one.
Here entred we, and yeding forth, anone
An horrible lothly lake we might discerne
As blacke as pitche, that cleped is Averno.

A deadly gulfie where nought but rubbishie grows,
With fowle blacke swelth in thickned lumpes
lyes,

Which up in the ayer such stinking vapors throwes
That over there, may flye no fowle but dyes,
Choakt with the pestilent favours that aryle.
Hither we cum, whence forth we still dyd pace,
In dreadful feare amid the dreadfull place.

And first within the portche and jawes of hell
Sate deepe Remorse of Conscience, al besprent
With teares : and to her selfe oft would she tell
Her wretchednes, and cursing never stent
To sob and sigh ; but ever thus lament,
With thoughtful care, as she that all in vayne
Would weare and waste continually in payne.

Her iyes unstedfast rolling here and there,
Whurld on eche place, as place that vengeaunce
brought,

So was her minde continually in feare,
Tossed and tormented with the redious thought-
Of those detested crymes which she had wrought :
With dreadful cheare and looks thrown to the
skye,

Wyshyng for death, and yet she could not dye.

Next sawe we Dread al tremblyng how he shooke,
With foot uncertayne proferd here and there :
Benumde of speache, and with a gassly looke
Searcht evry place al pale and dead for feare,
His cap borne up with starting of his heare,

Vet. I.

Stoynde and amaze at his owne shade for deed,
And fearing greater daungers than was nede.

And next within the entry of this lake
Sate fell Revenge gnashing her teeth for yre,
Devising means howe she may vengeaunce take,
Never to rest tyll she have her desire :
But frets within so far forth with the fyre
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she,
To dye by death, or vengde by death to be.

When fell Revenge with bloudy soule pretence
Had showed her selfe as next in order set,
With trembling limmes we softly parted thence,
Tyll in our iyes another sight we met :
When fro my hart a sigh forthwith I set,
Rewing alas upon the wofull plight
Of Miserie, that next appeared in sight.

His face was leane, and sumdeale pynd away,
And eke his handes consumed to the bone,
But what his body was I can not say,
For on his carkas rayment had he none,
Save cloutes and patches pieced one by one.
With stasse in hande, and skrip on shoulders cast,
His chiefe defence agaynst the winters blast.

His foode for most, was wyldc fruytes of the tree,
Unles sumtimes sum crummes fell to his share :
Which in his wallet long, Ged wote, kept he,
As on the which full dayntlye would he fare.
His drinke the running streame : his cup the bare
Of his palme clofed : his bed the hard colde
grounde.

To this poore life was Miserie ybound.

Whose wretched sate when we had well behelde
With tender ruth on him and on his feres,
In thoughtful cares, furth then our pace we helde :
And by and by, an other shape apperes,
Of greedy Care, stil brushing up the breres,
His knuckles knob'd, his fleshe depe dented in,
With tawed handes, and hard ytanned skyn.

The morrowe graye no sooner had begunne
To sprede his light even peping in our iyes,
When he is up and to his worke yrunne :
But let the nightes blacke mistye mantels rise,
And with fowle darke never so much disguise
The sayre bright day, yet ceaseth he no whyle,
But hath his candels to prolong his toyle.

By him lay heavy Slepe the cosin of death
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corps, save yelding forth a breath.
Small kepe took he whom Fortune frowned on,
Or whom she lifted up into the trone
Of high renowne, but as a living death,
So dead alyve, of lyef he drew the breath.

The bodies rest, the quyetie of the hart,
The travayles ease, the still nightes feer was he,
And of our life in earth the better parte,
Reuen of sight, and yet in whom we see
Thingcs of that tide, and ofte that never bee.

T t

Without respect esteeming equally
Kyng Crcfus pompe, and Irus povertie.

And next in order sad Old Age we found
His beard all hoare, his eyes hollow and blynde,
With drouping chere still poring on the ground,
As on the place where nature him affinde
To rest, when that the sisters had untwynde
His vitall threde, and ended with theyr knyfe
The fleeting course of fast declining life.

There heard we him with broken and hollow
playn,

Rewe with him selfe his ende approaching fast,
And all for nought his wretched minde torment
With swete remembraunce of his pleasures past,
And freshe delites of lusty youth forwaste.
Recounting which, how would he sob and shrike :
And to be yong againe of Iove bescke.

But and the cruell fates so fixed be
That time forpast can not retourne agayne,
This one request of Iove yet prayed he :
That in such withered plight, and wretched paine,
As elde (accompanied with his lothsom trayne)
Had brought on him, all were it woe and grieve.
He might a while yet linger forth his lief ;

And not so soone descend into the pit,
Where death, when he the mortall corps hath
slayne,

With retchles hande in grave doth cover it,
Thereafter never to enjoye agayne
The glad some light, but in the ground ylayne
In depth of darknes waste and weare to nought,
As he had never into the world been brought.

But who had seene him sobbing, howe he stode
Unto himselfe, and howe he would hemone
His youth forepast, as though it wrought hym good
To talke of youth, al wer his youth foregone,
He would have mufed, and mervayled muche
whereon

This wretched age should life desyre so sayne,
And knowes ful wel life doth but length his payne.

Crookebackt he was, tooth shaken, and blere eyed,
Went on three feete, and sometime crept on fower,
With olde lame bones, that rattled by his syde,
His skalpe all pilde, and he with elde forlore :
His withered fist stil knocking at deatnes dore,
Tumbling and driveling as he drawes his breth ;
For brieft, the shape and messenger of death.

And fast by him pale Maladie was plaste,
Sore sicke in bed, her colour all forgone,
Bereft of stomake, favor, and of taste,
Ne could she brooke no meat but brothes alone.
Her breath corrupt, her keepers every one
Abhorring her, her sicknes past recure,
Detesting phisicke, and all phisickes cure.

But oh the doleful sight that then we see.
We turnde our looke, and on the other side
A grisly shape of Famine mought we see,

With greedy lookes, and gaping mouth that
cried,

And roard for meat as she should there have dyed,
Her body thin and bare as any bone,
Wharto was left nought but the case alone ;

And that alas was knawen on every where
All full of holes, that she mought refrayne
From teares, to see how she her armes could teare,
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in wayne :
When all for nought she fayne would so sustayne
Her starven corps, that rather seemde a shade,
Then any substance of a creature made.

Great was her force whom stonewall could not
stay,

Her tearyng nayles scratching at all she sawe :
With gaping jawes that by no means ymay
Be satisfied from hunger of her mawe,
But eates her selfe as she that hath no lawe :
Gnawing alas her carkas all in wayne, [wayne.
Where you may count eche sinow, bone, and

On her while we thus firmly fixt our eyes,
That bled for ruth of such a drery sight,
Loe sodaynelye she shryght in so huge wyse,
As made hell gates to shryver with the myght.
Wherewith a dart we sawe howe it did lyght
Ryght on her breast, and therewithal pale death,
Enthryling it to rave her of her breath.

And by and by a dum dead corps we sawe,
Heavy and colde, the shape of death aryght,
That dauntes all earthly creatures to his lawe :
Agaynst whose force in wayne it is to fyght
Ne pieres, ne princes, nor no mortall wyght,
No townes, ne realmes, cities, ne strongest tower,
But al perforce must yeld unto his power.

His dart anon out of the corps he tooke,
And in his hand (a dreadful sight to see)
With great triumphe estones the same he shooke,
That most of all my feares affrayed me :
His bodie dight with nought, but bones perdye,
The naked shape of man there sawe I playne,
All save the fleshe, the synowe, and the wayne.

Lastly stode Warre in glitteryng armes yclad.
With visage grym, sterne lookes, and blackely
hewed :

In his right hand a naked sworde he had,
That to the hiltes was al with bloud embrewed :
And in his left (that kinges and kingdomes rewed)
Famine and fyre he held, and therewithall
He razed townes, and threwe downe towers and
all.

Cities he sakt, and realmes that whilom flowered,
In honour, glory, and rule above the best,
He overwhelnde, and all theyr fame devoured,
Consumed, destroyed, wasted, and never ceast,
Tyll he theyr wealth, their name, and all opprest.
His face forehewed with woundes, and by his
side

There hunge his terge with gashes depe and wyde ;

In mids of which, depaynted there we founde
Deadly Debate, al ful of snaky heare,
That with a bloody fillet was ybound,
Out breathing nought but discord every where.
And round about were portrayed here and there
The hugie hostes, Darius and his power,
His kynges, prynces, his pieres, and all his flower;

Whom great Macedo vanquisht there in fight,
With diepe slaughter, dispoyling all his pryde,
Pearst through his realmes, and daunted all his
might.

Duke Hanniball beheld I there beside,
In Cannas field, victor howe he did ride,
And woful Romaynes that in vayne withstoode,
And Consul Paulus covered all in blood.

Yet sawe I more, the fight at Trasimene,
And Trebery fyeld, and eke when Hannibal
And worthy Scipio last in armes were seene
Before Carthago gate, to trye for all
The worldes empyre, to whom it should befall.
There sawe I Pompeye, and Cesar clad in armes,
Theyr hostes alyed, and al theyr civil harmes.

With conquerours hands forbathe in their owne
blood,

And Cesar weeping over Pompeyes head.
Yet sawe I Scilla and Darius where they stoode,
Theyr great crueltie, and the diepe bludshed
Of frendes: Cyrus I sawe and his host dead,
And howe the queene with great despyte hath
slonge
His head in bloud of them she overcome.

Xerxes the Percian kyng yet sawe I there,
With his huge host that dranke the rivers drye,
Dismounted hilles, and made the vales upre,
His hoste and all yet sawe I slayne perdye.
Thebes I sawe all razde howe it dyd lye
In heapes of stones, and Tyrus put to spoyle, [spoyle.
With walles and towers flat evened with the

But Troy, alas! (me thought) above them all,
It made mine eyes in very teares consume,
When I beheld the wofull werd befall,
That by the wrathful wyl of Gods was come:
And Jove's unmooved sentence and foresome
On Priam kyng, and on his towne so bent.
I could not lyn, but I must there lament.

And that the more sith Destinie was so sterne
As force perforce, there might no force awayle,
But she must fall: and by her fall welearne,
That cities, towres, wealth, world, and all shall
quayle. [vayle,

No manhoode, might, nor nothing mought pre-
Al wer there prest, ful many a prynce and piere,
And many a knight that fold his death full decre.

Not worthy Hector wurthyest of them all,
Her hope, her joye; his force is now for nought.
O Troy, Troy, there is no boote but bale;
The hugie horse within thy walles is brought:
Thy turrets fall, thy knyghtes that whilom fought

In armes amyd the fyeld, are slayne in bed,
Thy Gods desyde, and all thy honour dead.

The flames upspring, and cruelly they cresse
From wall to roofe, til all to cindres wasse;
Some fyre the houles where the wretches slepe,
Sum ruthe in here, some run in there as fast.
In every where or sword or fyre they taste.
The walles are torne, the towers whurld to the
ground:

There is no mischiefe but may there be found.

Cassandra yet there sawe I howe they haled
From Pallas' house, with sperckled trefle undone,
Her wiftes fast bound, and with Grecks rout em-
paled:

And Priam eke in vayne howe he did runne
To armes, when Pyrrhus with despite hath done
To cruel death, and bathed him in the bayne
Of his sonnes blud before the altare slayne.

But howe can I descryve the doleful sight,
That in the shyld so livlike layer did shyne?
Sith in this world I think was never wyght
Could have set furth the halfe, nor halfe so fyne.
I can no more but tell howe there is seene
Fayer Ilium fall in burning red gledes downe,
And from the soyle great Troy Neptunus towne.

[drawe,
Herefrom when scarce I could mine eyes with-
That fyld with teares as doth the sprynging well,
We passed on so far furth tyl we sawe
Rude Acheron, a lothsome lake to tell,
That boyles and bubs up swelth as blacke as hell,
Where grisly Charon at theyr fixed tide
Still ferries ghostes unto the farder side.

The aged god no sooner Sorowe spied,
But halting strait unto the banke apace
With hollow call unto the rout he cryed,
To swarve apart, and geve the godesse place.
Strait it was done, when to the shoar we pace,
Where hand in hand as we then linked faste,
Within the boate we are together plasse.

And furth we launch full fraughted to the brinke,
Whan with the unwonted weght, the rustye keele
Began to cracke as if the same should sinke.
We hoysed up mast and sayle, that in a whyle
We fet the shore, where scarcely we had while
For to arryve, but that we heard anone
A thre found barke confounded al in one.

We had not long furth past, but that we sawe,
Blacke Cerberus the hydeous hound of hell,
With bristles reard, and with a thre mouthed jawe,
Foredinning the ayr with his horrible yel.
Out of the diepe dark cave where he did dwell,
The godesse strait he knewe, and by and by
He peaste and couched, while that we passed by.

Thence cum we to the horror and the hel,
The large great kyngdomes, and the dreadful
raygne

Of Pluto in his trone where he dyd dwell,

Tt ij

The wyde waste places, and the hugye playne:
The waylinges, thrykes, and sundry fortes of
payne,

The syghes, the fobbes, the diep and deadly groane,
Earth, ayer, and all resounding playnt and moane.

Here pewled the babes, and here the maydes un-
wed.

With folded handes theyr fory chaunce bewayled;
Here wept the gyltes slayne, and lovers dead,
That slewe them selves when nothing else awayled:
A thousand fortes of sorrowes here that wayled
With sighes and teares, fobs, thrykes, and all yfere,
That (oh, alas!) it was a hel to heare.

We stayed us strayt, and wyth a rufull feare,
Beheld this heavy sight, while from mine eyes
The vapored teares downfilled here and there,
And Sorowe eke in far more woful wyse,
Looke on with playnt, up heaving to the skyes
Her wretched handes, that with her crye the rout
Gan all in heapes to swarme us round about.

Loe here (said Sorowe) prynces of renowne,
That whilom sat on top of Fortune's wheele
Now layed ful lowe, like wretches whurled downe,
Even with one frowne, that slayed but with a
smyle,

And now beholde the thing that thou erstwhile,

Saw only in thought, and what thou now shalt
heare

Recompt the same to Kefar, King; and Pier.

Then first came Henry Duke of Buckingham,
His cloke of blacke al pilde and quite forworne,
Wringing his handes, and Fortune ofte doth
blame,

Which of a duke hath made him now her skorne.
With ghastly lookes as one in manner lorne,
Oft spred his armes, stretcht handes he joynes as
fast,

With ruful chere, and vapored eyes upcast.

His cloke he rent, his manly breast he beat,
His heare al torne about the place it laye,
My hart so molte to see his grieve so great,
As felingly me thought it dropt awaye:
His iyes they whurled about withouten staye,
With stormy syghes the place dyd so complayne,
As if his hart at eche had burst in twayne.

Thryse he began to tell his doleful tale,
And thryse the sighes did swallowe up his voyce,
At eche of which he shryked so wythall
As though the heavens vied with the noyse:
Tyll at the last recovering his voyce,
Supping the teares that all his brest beraynde,
On cruel Fortune weeping thus he playnde.

THE COMPLAINT

OF

HENRYE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Who trustes to much in honour's highest throne
And warily watche not flye dame Fortune's snare :
Or who in courte will beare the fwayne alone,
And wysely weygh not how to wyeld the care,
Beholde he me, and by my death beware :
Whom flattering Fortune falsely so begyld,
That loe she slewe, where erst ful smooth she
fmylde.

And Sackeville sith in purpose nowe thou hast
The woful fal of prynces to discryve,
Whom Fortune both uplyft, and gayn downe cast,
To shewe thereby the unfurety in this life,
Mark wel my fal, which I shall shawe belyve,
And paynt it furth that all estates may knowe :
Have they the warning, and be mine the woe.

For noble bloud made me both prince and pier,
Yea pierles too, had reason purchast place,
And God with giftes endowed me largely here.
But what avayles his giftes, where fayles his
grace :

My mothers syer sprong of a kyngly race
And calde was Edmund Duke of Somerset,
Bereft of lyfe ere tyme by nature set.

Whose faithfull hart to Henry syrt so wrought,
That never he hym in weale or woe forooke,
Tyl lastly he at Tewsbury fyeld was cougth
Wherewith an axe his violent death he toke :
He never cougth Kyng Edwardes party brooke,
Tyll by his death he vouchte that quarell good,
In which his syer and graundfyer spylt theyr
bloud.

And such was erst my fathers cruell chaunce,
Of Stafford Earle, by name that Humfrey hyght,

Who ever prest dyd Henries parte advance,
And never ceast tyl at Saynt Albones fight
He lost his lyfe, as than did many a knyght :
Where eke my graundfyer Duke of Buckingham
Was wounded fore, and hardly skapte untane.

But what may boote to stay the sisters three ?
When Atropos perforce wil cut the threde :
The doleful day was come when you might see
Northampton fyeld with armed men crept,
Where fate would al gates have my graundfyer dead :
So rushing furth amyd the fyercest fight,
He lived and dyed there in his masters ryght.

In place of whom, as it befel my lot,
Like on a stage, so slept I in strait waye,
Enjoying there but wofully, God wot,
As he that had a slender part to playe :
To teache therby, in earth no state may stay,
But as our partes abridge, or length our age,
So passe we all, while others fyll the stage.

For of my selfe, the dreary fate to playne,
I was sometime a prince withouten pier,
When Edward Fift began his rusul raygne,
Ay me, then I began that hatefull yeare,
To cumpas that which I have bought so deare :
I bare the swynge, I and that wretched wyght,
The Duke of Glocester that Rychard hyght.

For when the fates had rest that royal prince
Edward the Fourth, chiefe myrrour of that name,
The Duke and I fast joyned ever since,
In faythfull love, our secreete dristes to frame :
What he thought best to me so seemde the same,
My selfe not bent so much for to aspyer,
As to fulfyl that greedy Dukes desyre ;

Whose restless minde sore thyrsting after rule,
When that he sawe his nephewes both to ben
Through tender yeares as yet unfit to rule,
And rather ruled by theyr mothers kyn,
There fought he first his mischyeffe to hegyn,
To plucke from them theyr mothers frendes as-
synde,

For wel he wist they would withstand his mynde.

To folowe which, he ran so headlong swyft,
With eyrr thyrst of his desired draught,
To seeke theyr deathes that fought to dashe his
dryft,
Of whom the chiefe the queenes allyes he thought,
That bent thereto with mountes of mischief
fraught,
He knewe theyr lyves would be so fore his let,
That in theyr deathes his only helpe he set.

And I most cursed caytif that I was,
Seeing the state unstedfast howe it stood,
His chief complice to bryng the same to passe,
Unhappy wretche, consented to theyr blood:
Ye kinges and piers that swim in worldly good,
In seeking blud the ende advert you playne,
And see if bloud ey aike not blud agayne.

Consyder Cyrus in your cruell thought,
A makeles prynce in ryches and in myght,
And weygh in minde the bloody dedes he
wrought,
In theading which he set his whole delyght:
But see the guerdon lotted to this wyght,
He whose huge power no man might overthrowe,
Tomyris queen with great despite hath slowe.

His head dismembred from his mangled corps,
Her selfe she cast into a vessel fraught
With clotted bloud of them that felt her force.
And with these wordes a just reward she taught:
Drynke nowe thy fyll of thy desired draught.
Loe marke the fine that did this prynce befall:
Marke not this one, but marke the ende of all.

Behold Cambises and his fatal daye,
Where murders mischief myrrour like is left:
While he his brother Mergus cast to slaye,
A dreadful thing, his wittes were him bereft.
A sword he caught, wherewith he perced eit
His body gored, which he of lise benoomis:
So just is God in all his dreadfull doomes.

O bluddy Brutus, rightly didst thou rew,
And thou Cassius justly came thy fall,
That with the sword wherewith thou Cesar slewe
Murderst thy selfe, and rest thy life withall.
A myrrour let him be unto you all
That murderers be, of murder to your meede:
For murder crieth out vengeance on your seede.

Loe Bessus, he that armed with murderers knyfe,
And traitorous hart agaynst his royall king,
With bluddy handes bereft his maysters life,
Advert the fine his fowle offence dyd bryng:
And loosing murder as most lethy thing,

Beholde in him the just deserved fall,
That ever hath, and shall betide them all.

What booteth him his false usurped raygne,
Whereto by murder he did so ascende?
When like a wretche, led in an yron chayne
He was presented by his chiefe frende
Unto the foes of him whom he had slayne:
That even they should venge so fowle a gylt,
That rather fought to have his bloud yspylt.

Take hede ye princes and ye prelates all
Of this outrage, which though it sleepe a while,
And not disclofde, as it doth seeld befall,
Yet God that suffreth silence to beguyle
Such gyltes, wherewith both earth and ayre ye
file,
At last discryes them to your fowle deface,
You see the examples set before your face.

And deeply grave within your stony hartes,
The drery dewle that myghty Macedo,
With teares unfolded wrapt in deadly smertes,
When he the death of Clitus sorowed so,
Whom erst he murdered wyth the deadly blowe,
Raught in his rage upon his frende so deare,
For which beholde loe how his panges appere.

The launced spear he writhes out of the wound,
From which the purple blud spins on his face:
His heynous gylt when he returned found,
He throwes him selfe upon the corpses alas.
And in his armes howe ofte doth he imbrace
His murdered frende? and kyssyng him in vayne,
Furth slowe the fudds of false repentant rayne.

His frendes amaze at such a murder doen,
In fearful flockes begyn to shynke away.
And he theate with heapes of grief forenoen,
Hateth him selfe, wishing his latter daye.
Nowe he him selfe perceyved in lyke slaye,
As is the wilde beast in the desert bred,
Both dreading others, and him selfe adred.

He calles for death, and loathing lenger lyfe,
Bent to bis bane, refuseth kyndely foode:
And ploungde in depth of death and dolours styffe,
Had quelde him selfe, had not his frendes wyth
foode.
Loe he that thus had shed the gylteles blud,
Though he were kyng and Cesar over all,
Yet chose he death to guerdon death withall.

This prynce whose pyer was never under sonne,
Whose glyttening fame the earth did overglyde,
Whych with his power welnye the world had
wonne,
His bluddy handes him selfe could not abyde,
But fully bent with famine to have dyed:
The wurthy prynce deemed in his regarde
That death for death could be but just reward.

Yet we that were so drowned in the depth
Of deep desyre to drinke the gylteles blud,
Lyke to the wulfe, with greedy lookes that lepth

Into the snare, to feede on deadly foode,
So we delighted in the state we boode,
Blinded so farre in all our blynded trayne,
That blind, we sawe not our destruction playne.

We spared none whose life could ought forlet
Our wycked purpose to his pas to cum.
Fower wurthy knyghtes we headed at Pomfret,
Gyltles (God wot) withouten lawe or doome.
My heart even bleedes to tell you al and some,
And howe Lord Hastings when he feared least,
Dispiteously was mured and opprest.

These rockes upcught, that threatned most our
wrecke,

We seemde to sayle much surer in the streame :
And fortune sayring as she were at becke,
Layed in our lap the rule of all the realme.
The nephews strait depowde were by the game;
And we advaunt to that we bought full deare,
He crowned king, and I his chyefest pyer.

Thus having wonne our long desirid pray,
To make him king that he might make me chiefe,
Dowthrow we strait his fellie nephews twaye
From princes pompe, to woful prisoners lyfe :
In hope that nowe stynt was all funder stryfe.
Sith he was king, and I chief stroke did beare,
Who joyed but we, yet who more cause to feare ?

The gyltles bloud which we unjustly shed,
The royal babes devesest from theyr trone,
And we like traytours raygning in theyr sted,
These heavy burdenis pressed us upon,
Tormenting us so by our selves alone,
Much like the felon that pursued by night,
Starts at eche bushe as his foe were in sight.

Nowe doubting state, nowe dreading losse of life,
In fear of wrecke at every blast of wynde,
Nowe start in dreames through dread of murderers
knyfe,

As though even then revengement were assynde.
With restles thought so is the gylty minde
Turmoyled, and never feelth ease or stay,
But lives in feare of that which followes aye.

Well gave that judge his doome upon the death
Of Tirus Clelius that in bed was slayne :
Whan every wight the cruell murder leyeth
To his two sonnes that in his chamber layen,
The judge, that by the prooffe perceyveth playne,
That they were found fast sleeping in theyr bed,
Hath deemde them gyltles of this blud yshed.

He thought it could not be, that they which brake
The lawes of God and man in such outrage,
Could so forthwith them selves to slepe betaké :
He rather thought the horror and the rage
Of such an haynous gylt, could never twage,
Nor never suffer them to slepe or rest,
Or dreadles breath one breath out of theyr brest.

So gnawes the grieve of conscynce evermore,
And in the hart it is so diepe ygrave,
That they may neyther slepe nor rest therefore,

Ne thynke one thought but on the dread they
have.

Styl to the death fortossed with the wave
Of restles woe, in terror and dispeyre,
They lead a lyf continually in feare.

Like to the dere that stryken with the dart,
Withdrawes him selfe into some secrete place,
And feeling green the wound about his hart,
Startles with pangas tyl he fall on the grasse,
And in great feare lyes gasping there a space,
Furth braying sighes as though eche pange had
brought

The present death which he doeth dread so oft.

So we diepe wounded with the bluddy thought,
And gnawing wurme that grieved our conscience so,
Never took ease, but as our hart furth brought
The strayed fyghes in wytnes of our woe,
Such restles cares our fault did well beknowe :
Wherewith of our deserved fall the feares
In every place rang death within our cares.

And as yll grayne is never well ykept,
So fared it by us within a while !
That which so long wyth such unrest we reapt,
In dread and daunger by all wyt and wyle,
Loe see the fine, when once it felt the whele
Of slipper fortune, stay it mought no slowne,
The whele whurles up, but strait it whurleth
downe.

For having rule and riches in our hand,
Who durst gaynfay the thing that we averde ?
Wyl was wyfedom, our lust for lawe dyd stand,
In sorte so straunge, that who was not afearde
When he the sound but of Kyng Rychard heard ?
So hatefull wart the hearyng of his name,
That you may deeme the residewe by the same.

But what awaylde the terror and the fear,
Wherewith he kept his lieges under awe ?
It rather wan him hatred every where,
And fayned faces forst by feare of lawe :
That but while fortune doth with favour blaw
Flatter through fear : for in their hart lurkes aye
A secrete hate that hopeth for a daye.

Recordeth Dionisius the kynge,
That with his rigor so his realme opprest,
As that he thought by cruell feare to bryng
His subiects under, as him lyked best :
But loe the dread wherewith him selfe was stress,
And you shall see the fine of forced feare,
Most myrrour like in this proud prynce appeare.

All were his head with crowne of golde ysprad,
And in his hand the royal scepter set,
And he wito princely purple rychely clad,
Yet was his hart wyth wretched cares orefret :
And inwardly with deadly fear beset,
Of those whom he by rygour kept in awe,
And fore opprest with might of tyrants lawe.

Agaynst whose feare, no heapes of golde and glie,
Ne strength of garde, nor all his hired power,

Ne prowde hyghe towers that preaced to the skye,
His cruel hart of safetie could assure :
But dreading them whom he should deeme most
sure, [cear,
Hym selfe his beard wyth burning brand would
Of death deserue so vexed him the feare.

This might suffice to represent the fine
Of tyrantes force, theyr feares, and theyr unrest.
But hear this one, although my hart repyne
To let the sound once synk wythin my brest;
Of fell Phereus, that above the rest,
Such lothsum crueltee on his people wrought,
As (oh alas) I tremble wyth the thought.

Sum he encased in the coates of beares,
Among wyld beastes devoured so to be :
And sum for preye unto the hunters speares,
Lyke savage beastes withouten ruth to dye.
Sumtyme to encrease his horrible crueltee,
The quicke with face to face engraved hee,
Eche others death, that eche mought living see.

Loe what more cruell horror mought be found,
To purchase feare, if feare could staye his raygne ?
It booted not, it rather strake the wounde
Of feare in him, to feare the lyke agayne.
And so he dyd full ofte and not in wayne :
As in his life his cares could wynne well
But moſte of all his wretched ende doth tell.

His owne dere wyfe whom as his life he loved,
He durst not trust, nor proche unto her bed,
But causing fyrst his slave with naked sworde
To go before, him selfe with tremblyng dread
Strayt foloweth fast, and whorling in his head
His rolling iyen, he searcheth here and there
The diepe daunger that he so fore did feare.

For not in wayne it ranſt yll in his brest,
Sum wretched hap should hale him to his ende.
And therefore alwaye by his pillowe prest
Had he a sworde, and with that sworde he wende,
In wayne (God wote) all perylls to defende :
For loe his wife foreyrked of his rayne,
Sleeping in bed this cruell wretche hath slayne.

What should I more now seeke to say in this ?
Or one jot farder linger furth my tale ?
With cruel Nero, or with Phalaris,
Caligula, Domician, and all
The cruell route ? or of theyr wretched fall ?
I can no more, but in my name advert
Al earthly powers beware of tyrants hart.

And as our state endured but a throwe;
So best in us the slaye of such a state
May best appeare to hang an overthrowe,
And better teache tyrantes deserved hate
Than any tyrantes death to fore or late.
So cruell seemde this Rychard Thyrd to me,
That loe my selfe now loathde his crueltee.

For when, alas ! I saw the tyrant kyng
Content not only from his nephewes twayne
To ryve worldes blyſſe, but also al worldes bryng,

Saunce earthly gylt ycausing both be slayne,
My hart agreyed that such a wretch should
raygne,
Whose bluddy brest so salvaged out of kynde,
That Phalaris had never so bluddy a minde.

Ne could I brooke him once wythin my brest,
But wyth the thought my teeth would gnashe
wythal :

For though I earst wer his by sworne behest ;
Yet when I sawe mischiefe on mischiefe fall,
So diepe in blud, to murder prynce and all,
Ay then thought I, alas, and wealaway,
And to my selfe thus mourning would I say.

If neyther love, kynred, ne knot of bloud,
His own alegeaunce to his prynce of due,
Nor yet the state of trust wherein he stode,
The worldes defame, nor nought could turn him
true. [rue?
Those gyltles babes, could they not make him
Nor could theyr youth, nor innocence withal
Move him from reveng them theyr lyfe and all ?

Alas, it could not move him any jote,
Ne make him once to rue or wet his iye,
Sturde him no more than that that styrrerth not :
But as the rocke or stone that wyl not plye,
So was his hart made hard to crueltee,
To murder them; alas I weepe in thought,
To thinke on that which this fell wretche hath
wrought.

That nowe when he had done the thing he sought,
And as he would, complyſt and cumpast all,
And sawe and knewe the treason he had wrought
To God and man, to slaye his prynce and all,
Then seemde he fyrst to doubte and dreade us all,
And me in chiefe, whoes death all meanes he
myght,

He sought to wurke by malice and by might,

Such heapes of harmes upharbard in his brest,
With envyous hart my honour to deface,
As knowing he that I whych woted best
His wretched drystes, and all his curled case,
If ever sprang within me sparke of grace,
Must nedes abhorre him and his hatefull race :
Now more and more can cast me out of grace.

Which sodayne change, when I by secrete
chaunce,

Had well perceyved by prooffe of envyous frowne,
And sawe the lot that did me to advaunce
Hym to a kyng that fought to cast me downe,
To late it was to linger any stowne :
Syth present choyse lay cast before myne iye,
To wurke his death, or I my selfe to dye.

And as the knyght in fyeld among his foes,
Beset wyth swurdes, must slay or there be slayne ;
So I, alas, lapt in a thousand woer,
Beholding death in every syde so playne,
I rather chose by sum slye secrete trayne
To wurke his death, and I to lyve thereby,
Than he to lyve, and I of force to dye.

Which heavy choise so hastened me to chole,
That I in parte agryeved at his disdayne,
In part to wreke the dolefull death of thole
Two tender babes, this silly nephewes twayne,
By him alas commaunded to be slayne,
With paynted chere humbly before his face,
Strayght rooke my leave, and rode to Brecknocke
place.

And there as close and covert as I myght.
My purposed practise to his passe to bryng,
In secrete drystes, I lingred day and night :
All howe I might depose this cruell kyng,
That seemd to all so much desyred a thyng,
As thereto trusting I empyrde the same;
But to much trusting brought me to my bane.

For while I nowe had fortune at my becke,
Mistrusting I no earthly thing at all,
Unwares, alas, least looking for a checke,
She mated me in turning of a ball :
When least I fearde, then nereest was my fall,
And when whole hoastes wer prest to stroy my
foen,
She chaunged her chere, and left me post alone.

I had uprayside a mighty band of men,
And marched furth in order of array,
Leadyng my power amyd the forest Dene,
Agaynst that tyrant banner to displye :
But loe my souldiers cowardly shranke away.
For such is fortune when she lyst to frowne;
Who seemes most sure, him soonest whurles she
downe

O let no prynce put trust in commontie,
Nor hope in fayth of gyddy peoples mynde,
But let all noble men take hede by me,
That by the prooffe to well the payne do fynde :
Loe, where is truth or trust ? or what could bynde
The vayne people, but they will swarve and swaye,
As chaunce bryngs chaunge, to dryve and draw
that way ?

Rome, thou that once advaunced up so hye,
Thy staye, patron, and flower of excellence,
Hast nowe throwen him to depth of miserye,
Exiled him that was thy whole defence,
He comptest it not an horryble offence :
To ryven him of honour and of fame.
That wan is thee, when thou hadst lost the same.

Beholde Camillus, he that erst revyved
The state of Rome, that dyng he dyd fynde,
Of his own state is nowe alas depryved,
Banisht by them whom he dyd thus det hynde :
That cruel folke, unthankful and unkynde,
Declared wel theyr false inconstancye,
And fortune eke her mutabilitye.

And thou Scipio, a myrrour mayst thou be
To all nobles, that they learn not too late,
Howe they once trust the unstable commontye,
Thou that recuredst the torne dismembred state,
Even when the conquerour was at the gate,

Art now expide, as though thou not deserved
To rest in her, whom thou hadst so preserved.
Ingrateful Rome hast shewed thy crueltye,
On hym, by whom thou lyvest yet in fame,
But not thy dede, nor his desert shall dye,
But his owne wurdcs shal witnes aye the same :
For loe hys grave doth thee most justly blame.
And with disdayne in marble sayes to thee :
Unkynde cowntrey, thy bones shalt thou not see.

What more unworthy than this his eryle :
More just than this the wofull playnt he wrote :
Or who could shewe a playner prooffe the while,
Of moste false sayth, than they that thus forgot
His great desertes : that so deserved not :
His cindres yet loe, doth he them denye,
That him denyed amongst them for to dye.

Milciades, O happy hast thou be,
And well rewarded of thy cowntrey men.
If in the fyeld when thou hadst first to flye
By thy prowes, thre hundred thousand men,
Content they had bene to eryle thee then :
And not to cast thee in depth prison so,
Laden wyth gyves to ende thy lyfe in woe.

Alas howe harde and steely hartes had they,
That not contented there to have thee dye,
With fettered gyves in pryson where thou laye,
Increast so far in hateful crueltye,
That buryall to thy corps, they eke denye
He wyl they graunt the same tyll thy sonne have
Put on thy gyves to purchase thee a grave.

Loe Hanniball as long as fired fate,
And bryttle fortune had ordayne so,
Who ever more advauntst his cowntrey state
Then thou, that lyvest for her and for no moe :
But when the stormy waves began to grow,
Without respect of thy desertes erwhile,
Art by thy cowntrey throwen into exyle.

Unfrendly Fortune, shall I thee now blame :
Or shal I faulte the fates that so ordayne ?
Or art thou Jove the causer of the same ?
Or crueltie her selfe, doth she constrayne ?
Or on whom els alas shal I complayne ?
O trustles world I can accusen none,
But fyckle fayth of commontye alone.

The polipus nor the chameleon straunge,
That turne them selves to every hewe they see,
Are not so full of bayne and fickle chaunge
As is this false unstedfast commontye.
Loe I alas with mine adversitie
Have tryed it true, for they are fled and gone,
And of an host there is not left me one.

That I alas in this calamitie
Alone was left, and to my selfe mought playne
This treason, and this wretched cowardye,
And eke with teares bewepen and complayne
My hateful hap, styll looking to be slayne.
Wandryng in woe, and to the gods on hye
Cleapyng for vengeance of this treacherye.

And as the turtle that hath lost her make,
Whom grying forowe doth so fore attaynt,
With doleful voyce and found which she doth
make

Mourning her losse, fylles all the grove with playnt;
So I, alas! forsaken, and forsaynt,
With restless foote the wud come up and downe,
Which of my dole al shyvering doth refowne.

And beyng thus alone, and all forsake,
Amyd the thicke, forwandred in despayer,
As one dismayed he wyft what waye to take,
Untyll at last gan to my mynde repayer,
A man of mine called Humfrey Banastar:
Wherewyth me feeling much recomforted.
In hope of succour to his house I fled.

Who beyng one whom earst I had upbrought
Even from his youth, and loved and lyked best,
To gentrye state avaucing him from nought;
And had in secrete trust above the rest,
Of speycal trust nowe being thus dystrest
Full secretly to him I me conveyed
Not doubting there but I should fynde some ayde.

But out alas on cruell trecherye,
When that this caytif once an ynklyng hard,
How that Kyng Rycharde had proclaymde, that he
Which me deservyd should have for his rewarde
A thousand poundes, and farther be prefarde,
His truthe so turnde to treason, all distaynde,
That sayth quyte fled, and I by trust was traynde.

For by this wretch I beyng strait betrayed,
To one John Mitton, shiriffe of Shropshire then,
All sodaynely was taken, and conveyed
To Salisbury, wyth rout of harnest men,
Unto Kyng Rycharde there encamped then:
Fast by the citey with a myghtye hoste
Withouten doome where head and lyfe I lost.

And with these wordes, as if the are even there
Dismembred had his head and corps aparte,
Dead sel he downe: and we in woful feare
Stoode mazed when he would to lyf revert:
But deadly griefes still grewe about his hart,
That styll he laye, sumtyme revived wyth payne,
And wyth a sygh becuming dead agayne.

Mydnyght was cum, and every vitall thing
With swete sound slepe theyr weary lyms did rest,
The beastes were still, the lytle hyrdes that syng,
Nowe sweetely slept besides theyr mothers brest:
The olde and all were shrowded in theyr nest.
The waters calme, the cruel seas did ceas,
The wuds, the fyeldes, and all things held theyr
peace.

The golden stars wer whyrld amyde thyer race,
And on the earth did laugh with twinkling lyght,
When eche thing nestled in his resting place,
Forgat dayes payne with pleasure of the nyght:
The hare had not the greedy houndes in sight,
The fearfull deare of death stood not in doubt,
The partrydge drept not of the falcons foot.

The ougly beare nowe myndeth not the flake,
Nor how the cruell mastyves do hym tear;
The stag lay still unroued from the brake,
The fomy bear feard not the hunters spear.
All thing was still in desert, bush, and brear.
With quyet heart now from their travailes rest,
Soundly they slept in midst of all their rest.

When Buckyngham amidst his plaint oppress,
With surgyng sorowes and with pinching paynes
In fort thus fowned, and with a sigh he ceast.
To tellen furth the treachery and the traynts,
Of Banastar, which him so fore distraynes.
That from a sigh he falles into a founde,
And from a founde lyeth ragyng on the ground.

So twichyng wer the panges that he assayed,
And he so fore with rufull rage distraught,
To thinke upon the wretch that hym betrayed,
Whom earst he made a gentylman of naught,
That more and more agreed with this thought,
He stormes out sighes, and with redoubled fore,
Stroke with the furies, rageth more and more.

Who so hath seene the bull chafed with darters,
And with dyepe woundes forgald and gored so,
Tyl he oppressed with the deadly smartes,
Fall in a rage, and runne upon his foe,
Let him I saye, beholde the ragyng woe
Of Buckyngham, that in these grypes of gryefe
Rageth gaynst him that hath betrayed his lyf.

With blud red yven he stareth here and there,
Frothing at mouth, with face as pale as cloute:
When loe my lymmes wer trembling all for feare,
And I amaze stoode styll in dread and doubt,
While I mought see him throwe his armes about:
And gaynst the ground him selfe plounge with
such force,
As if the lyfe forth wyth should leave the corps.

With smoke of syghes sumtyme I myght beholde
The place al dymde, like to the morning myst:
And strait agayne the teares how they downrolde
Alongst his cheekes, as if the ryvers hyll:
Whoes flowing streemes ne wer no sooner whist,
But to the stars such dreadfull shoutes he sent,
As if the trone of mighty Jove should rent.

And I the while with spirites wel nye bereft,
Beheld the plyght and panges that dyd him strayne,
And howe the blud his deadly colour left,
And strait returnde with flaming red agayne:
When sodaynly amid his ragyng payne,
He gave a sygh, and with that sygh he fayed:
O! Banastar, and strait agayne he fayed.

Dead laye his corps as dead as any stone,
Tyll swelling syghes stormyng within his brest
Uprayde his head, that downe ward fell anone,
With lockes upheast, and syghes that never ceast:
Furth streamde the teares, recordes of his unrest,
When he wyth shrykes thus groveling on the
ground,

Ybrayed these wordes with shryll and doleful sound.

Heaven and earth, and ye eternal lampes
That in the heavens wrapt, wyl us to rest,
Thou bryght Phebe, that clearest the nightes dampes,
Witnes the playntes that in these panges opprest
I woful wretche unlade out of my breist.
And let me yeld my last wordes ere I part,
You, you, I call to record of my finart.

And thou, Alecto, feede me wyth thy foode,
Let fal thy serpentes from thy snaky heart,
For such relyefe wel fittes me in this moode,
To feede my playnt with horror and wyth feare,
While rage affeigne thy venomd worme trear.
And thou Sibilla, when thou seest me saynte,
Addres thy selfe the gyde of my complaynt.

And thou, O Jove, that with thy depe foorldome
Dost rule the earth, and raygne above the skyes,
That wrekest wronges, and gevest the dreadful
doome

Agaynst the wretche that doth thy trone despyse,
Receyve these wurdes, and wreake them in such
wyse,

As heaven and earth may witnesse and beholde,
Thy heapes of wrath upon this wretche unfold.

Thou, Banaster, gaynst thee I clepe and call
Unto the gods, that they jult vengeance take
On thee, thy bloud, thy stayned stocke and all :
O Jove, to thee, above the rest I make
My humble playnt, guyde me that what I speake
May be thy wyl upon this wretche to fall,
On thee, Banaster, wretche of wretches all.

O would to God, that cruel dismal daye,
That gave me lyght fyrst to behold thy face,
With fowle eclipse had rest my syght away :
The unhappy hower, the tyme, and eke the place,
The sunne and moone, the sters, and all that was
In theyr aspectes helping in ought to thee,
The earth, and ayer, and all accursed bee.

And thou, caytief, that like a monstar swarved,
From kynde and kyndenes, hast thy mayster lorne,
Whom neyther truth, nor trust wherein thou ser-
ved,

Ne his desertes, could move, nor thy fayth sworne
Howe shall I curse, but wyth that thou unborne
Had bene, or that the earth had rent in twaye,
And swallowed thee in cradle as thou laye.

To this did I even from thy tender youth
Witfave to bryng thee up : dyd I therefore
Beleve the oath of thy undoubted trouth ?
Advance thee up, and trust thee evermore ?
By trusting thee that I should dye therefore ?
O wretche, and wurse than wretche, what shal I
say,

But cleap and curse gaynst thee and thyne for aye ?

Hated be thou, disdaynd of every wyght,
And poynted at where ever that thou goe,
A trayterous wretche, unworthy of the light,
Be thou esteemed : and to encrease thy woe,
The sound be hatefull of thy name also :

And in this sort with shame and sharpe reproche,
Leade thou thy life till greater grief approach.

Dole and depayer, let those be thy delight,
Wrapped in woes that can not be unfold,
To wayle the day, and wepe the weary night,
With rayny iyen and fyghes can not be tolde,
And let no wyght thy woe seeke to withhold :
But coumpt thee wurthy (wretche) of sorrowes
store,
That suffryng much, oughtest still to suffer more.

Deserve thou death, yea be thou denied to dye
A shamefull death, to ende thy shamefull lyfe :
A syght longed for, joyfull to every iye,
When thou shalt be arraygned as a thief,
Standing at bar, and pleading for thy lyf,
With trembling tounge in dread and dolors rage,
Lade with white lockes, and fowerkore yeres of
age.

Yet shall not death deliver thee so soone
Out of thy woes, so happye shalt thou not bee :
But to the eternal Jove this is my beone,
That thou may live thine eldest sonne to see
Rest of his wits, and in a fowle bores styte
Te ende his dayes in rage and death distrest,
A wurthy tumber where one of thyns should rest.

And after this, yet pray I more, thou may
Thy second sonne see drowned in a dyke,
And in such sorte to close his latter daye,
As heard or seen earst hath not bene the lyke :
Ystrangled in a puddle not so deepe
As halfe a foote, that such hard losse of lyfe,
So cruelly chaunst, may be thy greater gryefe.

And not yet shall thy hugie sorrowes cease ;
Jove shal not so withhold his wrath fro thee,
But that thy plagues may more and more increase,
Thou shalt still lyve, that thou thy selfe mayst see
Thy deare daughter stroken with leprosy :
That she that earst was all thy hole deliyght,
Thou now mayst loath to have her cum in sight.

And after that, let shame and sorrowes gryefe
Feede furth thy yeares continually in wo,
That thou mayest live in death, and dye in lyf,
And in this sorte forewayld and wearyed so,
At length thy ghost to parte thy body fro :
This pray I Jove, and wyth this latter breath,
Vengeance I aske upon my cruell death.

This sayd, he sloung his retchles armes abroad,
And groveling flat upon the ground he lay,
Which with his teeth he al to gnast and gnawed :
Depe groanes he fet, as he that would awaye.
But loe in vayne he dyd the death assay :
Although I thinke was never man that knewe,
Such deadly paynes where death dyd not enfewe.

So strove he thus a while as with the death,
Nowe pale as lead, and colde as any stone.
Nowe styl as calme, nowe storming forth a breath
Of smoaky fyghes, as breath and al were gone :
But every thing hath ende : so he anone

Came to him selfe, when wyth a sygh outbrayed,
With woful cheare these woful wurdes he sayd.

Ah where am I, what thing, or whence is this?
Who rest my wits? or howe do I thus lye?
My lims do quake, my thought agasted is,
Why syghe I so? or whereunto do I
Thus grovel on the ground: and by and by
Uprayde he stode, and wyth a sygh hath stayd,
When to him selfe returned, thus he sayd.

Suffiseth nowe this playnt and this regrete,
Whereof my hart his bottome hath unfraught:
And of my death let pieres and princes wete
The wolues untrust, that they thereby be taught.
And in her wealth, sith that such chaunge is
wrought,

Hope not to much, but in the myds of all
Thinke on my death, and what may them befall.

So long as fortune would permyt the same,
I lyved in rule and ryches wyth the best:
And past my time in honour and in fame;
That of mishap no feare was in my brest:
But false fortune when I suspected least,
Dyd turne the wheele, and wyth a dolefull fall
Hath me bereft of honour, life, and ail.

Loe what avayles in ryches fluds that flowes:
Though she so smyle as all the world wer his:

Even kinges and kefars byden fortunes throwes,
And simple forte must bear it as it is.
Take hede by me that blithd in balefull blisse:
My rule, my riches, royall blind and all,
Whan fortune frounde, the feller made my fall.

For hard mishaps that happens unto such,
Whoes wretched state earlt never fell no chaunge,
Agryve them not in any part so much,
As theyr distres to whome it is so straunge,
That all theyr lyves nay passed pleasures raunge:
Theyr sodayne wo that ay wield welth at will,
Algates their hartes more pearcingly must thrill.

For of my byrth, my blud was of the best,
Fyrst borne an Earle, than Duke by due discent:
To swinge the sway in court amonge the rest,
Dame Fortune me her rule most largely lent:
And kynd with corage so my corps had blent,
That loe on whom but me dyd the most smyle:
And whom but me lo, dyd the most begyle?

Now hast thou heard the whole of my unhap,
My chaunce, my chaunge, the cause of all my
care:

In wealth and wo, how fortune dyd me wrap,
With world at will to win me to her snare.
Byd kynges, byd kefars, byd all states beware,
And tell them this from me that tryed it true:
Who reckles rules, right soone may hap to rue.

A GLOSSARY.

A, which is commonly called the indefinite article, is really nothing more than a corruption of the Saxon adjective *ane* or *an*, before a substantive beginning with a consonant.—It is sometimes prefixed to another adjective, the substantive to which both belong being understood, e. g. A Frere there was, a wanton and a mery.—It is also joined to nouns plural taken collectively, as, an hundred frankes, a thousand frankes,—and to such as are not used in the singular number, as a lifes. So the Latins said *Una litera*, Cic. ad Att. v. 9, and the French formerly *unes lettres*, *unes lettres*, *unes tréves*. *Froissart*, v. i. c. 153; 237, v. ii. c. 78

A, *prep.* before a gerund, is a corruption of *on*. To go a begging, i. e. on begging. The *prep.* is often expressed at length; on hunting ben they ridden; To ride on hawking.—In the same manner, before a noun it is generally a corruption of *on* or *in*; e. g. a'bed; a'fire; a'God-des name; a'morwe; a'night; a'werke; though in some of these instances perhaps it may as well be supposed to be a corruption of *at*.—**A**, in composition, in words of Saxon original, is an abbreviation of *af* or *of*, of *at*, of *on* or *in*, and often only a corruption of the prepositive particle *ge* or *y*. In words of French original it is generally to be deduced from the Latin *ab*, *ad*, and sometimes *ex*

A, *interj.* ah!

Abacke, *adv. Sax.* backwards

Abaisht, *part. pa. Fr.* abashed, ashamed

Abate, *v. Fr.* to beat down

Abawed, *part. pa. Fr.* *esbai*, astonished; I was abawed for *marveille*. *Orig.* *Moult m'esbahy de la merveille*

Abegge, *abeye*, *abic*, *v. Sax.* to suffer for

Abet, *n. Sax.* help

Abide, *v. Sax.* to stay

Abiden } *part. pa.*

Abiden }

Abit for *abiderth*

Able, *adj. Fr.* fit, proper

Abote, *part. pa. of abate*

Abought, *part. pa. of abegge*

Abouten, *prep. Sax. on-bucan*, about

Abraide, *v. Sax.* to awake, to start. See *Braide*

Abraide, *pa. t.* awaked, started.

Abrede, *adv. Sax.* abroad

Abrege, *v. Fr.* to shorten, to abridge

Abroche, *v. Fr.* to tap, to set abroach; spoken of a vessel of liquor

Abusion, *n. Fr.* abuse, impropriety

Accesse, *n. Fr.* properly the approach of a fever, a fever

Accidie, *n. Fr.* from *Auidia*, *Gr.* negligence; arising from discontent, melancholy, &c.

Accord, *n. Fr.* agreement

Accord, *v. Fr.* to agree

Accordeden, *pa. t. pl.*

Accordant, } *part. pr.*

According, }

Accuse, *v. Fr.* to discover

Achate, *n. Fr.* purchase

Achatour, *n. Fr.* a purchaser, a caterer

Acheked, *part. pa. Sax.* choked

Acheve, *v. Fr.* to accomplish

Acele, (akele) *v. Sax.* to cool

Acloye, *v.* may perhaps mean to cloy, to embarrass with superfluity

Acoie, *v. Fr.* to make quiet

Acomberd, *part. pa. Fr.* encombered

Acroke, *adj. Fr.* crooked, awkward.

Adawe, *v. Sax.* to awake

Ado, *v. Sax.* to do; it is used to express the *Fr.* *à faire*, to have ado; to have to do; and don all that they han ado. *Et facent ce qu'ils doivent faire.*

Adon, (corruption of *oi-don*) *part. pa. Sax.* done away

Adon, *pr. n.* Adonis

Adoun, *adv. Sax.* downward

Adrad, *adrade*, *part. pa. of adrede*, *v. Sax.* afraid

Adriane for *Ariadne*, *pr. n.*

Advertence, *n. Fr.* attention

Advocacies, *n. pl. Fr.* law-suits

Advocas, *n. pl. Fr.* lawyers, advocates

Afered, *aferde*, *part. pa. Sax.* afraid, frightened

Affecte, *n. Lat.* affection

Affermed, *part. pa. Fr.* confirmed

Affie, *v. Fr.* to trust

Affray, *v. Fr.* to affright

Affray, *n. Fr.* disturbance, fear

Affriken, *pr. n.* the elder Scipio Africanus

Afile, *v. Fr.* to file, polish

Aforen, *aforne*, *afore*, *adv. Sax.* *et-feran*, before.

Again, *prep. Sax.* against, toward, *adv.*
 Agaste, *v. Sax.* to terrify
 Agast, for agasted, *part. pa.* terrified
 Agathon, *pr. n.* I have nothing to say concerning this writer, except that one of the same name is quoted in the prol. to the tragedie of Cambrises, by Thomas Preston. There is no ground for supposing, with Gloss. Ur. that a philosopher of Samos is meant, or any of the Agathoes of antiquity
 Ageins, *prep.* against
 Agen, *adv.* again
 Agilte, *v. Sax.* to offend, to sin against
 Agilte, for agilted, *pa. t.* sinned
 Ago, agon, for ygon, *part. pa. Sax.* gone, past
 Agree, *Fr. a gré*, in good part
 Agrese, (a'grese) in grief
 Agrege, *v. Fr.* to aggravate
 Agreved, *part. pa. Fr.* injured, agrieved
 Agrise, *v. Sax.* to shudder, to make to shudder
 Agrose, *pa. t.* shuddered, trembled
 Agroted, *part. pa.* cloyed, surfeited; agrotone with mete or drinke. *Ingurgita.* Prompt. parv.
 Aguiler, *n. Fr.* a needle-case
 Ajust, *v. Fr.* to apply
 Akehoins, *n. pl. Sax.* acorns
 Aknowe, *part. pa. Sax.* to ben aknowe; I am aknowe; I acknowledge
 Al, alle, *adj. Sax.* all; al and som, the whole thing, at al, in the whole; over all, through the whole; in alle manere wise, by every kind of means; at alle rightes, with every thing requisite
 Alain, *pr. n.* a poet and divine of the 12th century. Beside his *Planctus Naturæ*, or *Plaint of Kinde*, which is here quoted, he wrote another poem in Latin verse, called *Anticlaudianus*. For the rest of his works see *Fabric. Bibl. Med. Æt.* in v. *Alanus de Insulis*
 Alder, aller, *gen. ca. pl.* of all; it is frequently joined in composition with adjectives of the superl. deg. e. g. alderfirst; alderlast; alderlevest; first, last, dearest of all
 Al, all, *adv. Sax.* generally answers to the Lat. *omnino*; al alone, quite alone; al hol, entire; al holly, entirely; all in ope, at the same time; all newe, anew; al only, solely, singly. It is sometimes used elliptically for although, or all be it that; all tell I not now as now his observances; all be ye not of o complexion
 Alarged, *part. pa. Fr.* estargi, given largely
 Alauns, *n. pl.* a species of dog. They were much esteemed in Italy in the 14th century. *Guat. de la flamma*, [ap. Murator. Antiq. Med. Æ. t. II. p. 394.] commends the governors of Milan, "quod equos emiffarios equabus magnis commiscuerunt, et procreati sunt in nostro territorio Destrarii nobiles, qui in magno pretio habentur. Item Canes Alanus altæ staturæ et mirabilis fortitudinis nutrire studuerunt"
 Alayne, *n. Fr.* alloy, a mixture of base metal
 Albification, *n. Lat.* a chemical term for making white [salt
 Alcaly, *n. Arab.* a chemical term for a species of
 Alchymistre, *n. Fr.* alchymist

Aldrian, *pr. n.* a star on the neck of the lion, Sp. Ale and bred. This oath of Sire Thopas on ale and bred was perhaps intended to ridicule the solemn vows which were frequently made in the days of chivalry to a peacock, a pheasant, or some other noble bird. See *M. de Sainte Palaye, Sur l'anc. cheval. Mem. IIIme.* I will add here, from our own history, a most remarkable instance of this strange practice. When Edward I. was setting out upon his last expedition to Scotland in 1306, he knighted his eldest son and several other young noblemen with great solemnity. At the close of the whole, (says Matthew of Westminster, p. 454.) "Allati sunt in pompaticâ gloria duo cygni vel colores ante regem, phalerati retibus aureis vel fistulis deauratis, desiderabile spectaculum intuenti. bus. Quibus visis, Rex votum vocit Deo celi et cygnis le prolesci in Scotiam, mortem Johannis Comynet fidem læsam Scottorum vivus sive mortuus vindicaturus," &c. This practice is alluded to in Dunbar's wish, *that the king were Johne Thomsonnis man*, *ms. Maitland*, lt. 5-i.

I wold gif all that ever I have
 To that condition, so God me saif,
 That ye had *owit to the swan*
 Ane yeir to be Johne Thomsonnis man.

And so in the Prol. to the Contin. of The Cant. T. the Hosteler says—I make a vowe to the peacock ther shall wake a foule mist
 Alege, *n. Fr.* to alleviate
 Alegeance, *n. Fr.* alleviation
 Aleis, *n. Fr.* alive, the lote tree
 Alembikes, *n. pl. Fr.* vessels for distilling, stills
 Ale-stake, *n. Sax.* a stake set up before an alehouse by way of sign
 Aleye, *n. Fr.* an alley
 Algates, Algate, *adv. Sax.* always; toutesfois
 Algezir, *pr. n.* a city of Spain
 Alight, *v. Sax.* to descend; alight, *pa. t.* for alighted
 Alifandre, *pr. n.* Alexandria, a city in Egypt
 Allege, *v. Fr.* to alledge
 Almagest, *pr. n.* the Arabs, called the *Msyala* *Zuvraçes* of Ptolomee Almagesthi or Almegisthi, a corruption of *Msyala*. See D'Herbelot, in v.
 Almandres, *n. pl. Fr.* almond trees
 Almesse, *n. Sax.* from the Lat. Gr. *eleemosyna*, *alms*, Almesses, *pl.*
 Alnath, *pr. n.* the first star in the horns of Aries, whence the first mansion of the moon takes its name, Sp.
 Alonge, (a'longe) on land
 Along, *prep. Sax.* whereon it was along, by what it was occasioned; on me is nought along thine evil fare, thy ill fare is not occasioned by me
 Alofed, *part. pa. Fr.* praised
 Aloue, *v. Fr.* to allow, to approve, his dedes are to allowe for his hardynesse, therefore lords allow him lile, or lyften to his reason
 Allowe, *adv. Sax.* low
 Alpes, *n. pl.* bullfinches
 Als, *conj. Sax.* also, as

Amalgaming, a chemical term for mixing of quicksilver with any metal
 Ambassatic, *n. Fr.* embassy
 Ambes as, two aces at dice, *Fr.*
 Ambling, *part. pr. Fr.*
 Amende, *v. Fr.* to mend
 Amenuise, *v. Fr.* to lessen
 Ameved, *part. pa. Fr.* moved
 Amias, *pr. n.* the city of Amiens
 Amidde, *prep. Sax.* at, or in the middle
 Amis, *adv. Sax.* ill, badly. See Mis
 Amoneste, *v. Fr.* to admonish, to advise
 Among, *adv. Sax.* together, at the same time, at the same place, *Du.* 298, ever among, ever at the same time, *Conf. Am.* 114, b.
 Amonges, *prep. Sax.* among
 Amorette, *n. Fr.* an amorous woman.—And eke as well by [*r. be*] amorettes.—*Car aussi bien font amourettes*, orig.
 Amorily, is perhaps put by mistake for merrily.
 Amortised, *part. pa. Fr.* killed
 Amorwe, on the morrow [sions
 Amphibologies, *n. pl. Fr. Gr.* ambiguous expressions
 An, for on, *prep.*
 Ancille, *n. Lat.* a maid-servant
 Ancre, *n. Fr.* anchor
 And, *conj. Sax.* if
 Anelace, *n.* a kind of knife or dagger, usually worn at the girdle. See *Gloss. to M. Paris*, in v. *Analacius*
 Anes, *adv.* for ones, once
 Anhang, *v. Sax.* to hang up
 Anientified, *part. pa. Fr.* reduced to nothing
 Night, in the night
 Anker, *n. Sax.* an anchorite or hermit
 Annueler, *n.* a priest employed solely in singing annuals, or anniversary masses for the dead
 Annunciat, *part. pa. Lat.* foretold
 Anoie, *n. Fr.* hurt, trouble
 Anoie, *v.* to hurt, to trouble
 Anoiful, *adj.* hurtful, unpleasant
 Antem, *n. Sax.* an anthem
 Anticlaudian, the title of a Latin poem by Alanus de Insulis. See *Alain*
 Antilegion, *pr. n.* Antiochus, *Du.* 1064. [anthems
 Antiphonere, *n. Lat. Gr.* a book of antiphones or
 Anvelt, *n. Sax.* an anvil, *Du.* 1165.
 Any, *adj. Sax.* either, one of two. It usually signifies one of many
 Apaid, *part. pa. Fr.* paid, satisfied
 Apeire, *v. Fr.* See Apeire
 Ape, *n. Sax.* metaphorically a fool, the monk put in the mannes hode an ape, and in his wife's eke, the monk made a fool of the man and of his wife too—Win of ape.
 Apeire, *v. Fr.* to impair, to detract from; our state it apeires—to be impaired, to go to ruin.
 Apert, *adj. Fr.* open, prive and apert, in private and in public
 Apies, for opies, *n. pl. Fr.* opiates
 Appalled, *part. pa. Fr.* made pale
 Apparaile, *v. Fr.* to prepare
 Apparence, *n. Fr.* an appearance
 Apperceive, *v. Fr.* to perceive
 Apperceivings, *n. pl.* perceptions
 Appetite, *v. Fr.* to desire, to covet

Appose, *v. Fr.* to object to, to question. It seems to be a corruption of oppose
 Approver, *n. Fr.* an informer
 Apprentise, *n. pl. Fr.* apprentices, novices
 Aqueintable, *adj. Fr.* easy to be acquainted with
 Aquite, *v. Fr.* to pay for
 Arace, *v. Fr.* to draw away by force
 Arande, *n. Sax.* a message
 Araye, *n. Fr.* order, situation, clothing, equipage
 Araye, *v. Fr.* to dress, to dispose
 Arblasters, *n. pl. Fr.* arbalestres, engines to cast darts, &c
 Archangel, *n.* the herb so called; a dead nettle, *Gloss. Ur.*—In the orig. it is mesange, the bird which we call a titmouse
 Archebishop, *n. Sax. Lat.* an archbishop
 Archedeken, *n. Sax. Lat.* an archdeacon
 Archediacre, *n. Fr.* Archdeacon
 Archewives, wives of a superior order
 Ardure, *n. Fr.* burning
 Arede, *v. Sax.* to interpret, *Du.* 289. See Rede
 Areise, *v. Sax.* to raise
 Arerage, *n. Fr.* arrears
 Arefone, *v. Fr.* arraisoner, to reason with
 Areste, *n. Fr.* arrest, constraint, delay
 Areste, *v. Fr.* to stop
 Arette, *v. Fr.* to impute to
 Argoil, *n. Fr.* potters clay
 Ariete, *pr. n.* Aries, one of the signs in the zodiac
 Aristotle, *pr. n.* a treatise on perspective under his name is mentioned by Vincent of Beauvais in the 13th century, *Spec. Histor.* l. iii. c. 84, *Extat etiam liber, qui dicitur, Perspectiva Aristotelis*
 Arivage, *n. Fr.* as arivale
 Arivaille, *n. Fr.* arrival
 Ark, *n. Lat.* a part of the circumference of a circle
 Arme, *n.* may perhaps be put for defence, security
 Arm-grete, *adj. Sax.* as thick as a man's arm
 Armipotent, *adj. Lat.* mighty in arms
 Armles, *adj. Sax.* without an arm
 Armorike, *pr. n.* Basse Bretagne in France, called anciently Britannia Armorica
 Armure, *n. Fr.* armour
 Arn, *pl. n.* of am, *v. Sax.* are
 Arnolde of the newe town, *pr. n.* of a physician and chemist of the 13th century. See *Fabris. Bibl. Med. Æt.* in v. *Arnaldus Villanovanus*
 Aroume, seems to signify at large; aroume, or more utter, remote. deprope. seorsum. Prompt. Parv. [cessively
 A'row, in a row, probably from the *Fr. rue, succ.*
 Arismetrike, *n. Lat.* arithmetic
 Arte, *v. Lat. t.* to constrain
 Artelries, *n. pl. Fr.* artillery
 As, *adv. Sax.* also; omnino sic. As fast, very fast; as swith, very quickly, immediately [say
 Ascaunce, askow, aside, sideways;—as if, as if to
 Ashen, *n. pl. Sax.* ashes
 Allake, *v. Sax.* to slacken, to abate
 Aspe, *n. Sax.* a sort of poplar
 Aspen, *adj.* of an asp
 Aspie, *v. Fr.* to espy
 Aspre, *adj. Fr.* rough, sharp
 Aspreness, *n.* sharpness
 Assault, *n. Fr.* assault

- Affége, n. Fr.** siege
Affeth, n. Fr. sufficient, enough
Affise, n. Fr. situation
Affoile, v. Fr. to absolve, to answer, affoileth, imp. m. 2d pers. pl.
Affomoned, part. pa. summoned
Affure, v. Fr. to confide
Aferte, v. Sax. to escape, to release; aferte for asterted, *part. pa.*
Afstoned, afstoned, part. pa. Fr. confounded, astonished
Astrelabre, n. Fr. astrolabe
Astrologien, n. Fr. astrologer
Afweved, part. pa. Sax. stupified, as in a dream
Afwone, in a swoon
At, atte, prep. Sax. at after supper, as soon as supper was finished; at day, at break of day; at on, of one mind
Atake, v. Sax. to overtake—for ataken, *part. pa.*
A'thre, in three parts
Attamed, part. pa. Fr. entamé, opened, begun, tasted, felt, disgraced
Attempre, adj. Fr. temperate
Attemprely, adv. Fr. temperately
Attour, n. Fr. head-dress
Attry, atterly, adj. Sax. poisonous, pernicious
A'twinne, a'two; in two, afunder
Avale, v. Fr. to lower, to let down, to fall down
Avance, v. Fr. to advance, to profit
Avant, n. Fr. boat
Avantage, n. Fr. advantage
Avante, v. Fr. to boast
Avaut, adv. Fr. forward
Ancloricee, n. Lat. a text of Scripture or of some respectable writer
Auctour, n. Lat. a writer of credit
Avenaunt, adj. Fr. becoming
Aventaile, n. Fr. the fore part of the armour *St.* the aperture for breathing in a helmet
Aventure, n. Fr. adventure
Averrois, pr. n. Ebn Rofchd, an Arabian physician of the 12th century. See *D'Herbelot* in v. *Rofchd.*
Avicen, pr. n. Ebn Sina, an Arabian physician of the 10th century. See *D'Herbelot* in v. *Sina*
Aught, n. Sax. any thing. It is sometimes used as an adverb; if that the childes mother were taught she, can he ought tell a merry tale or tweie?
Aught, pa. t. of owe, as ought
Aught-where, adv. Sax. any where
Augrim, a corruption of Algorithm
Augrim stones, the pebbles or counters which were anciently used in numeration
Avis, n. Fr. advise
Avifand, part. pr. observing
Avife, v. Fr. to observe; avifeth you, imp. m. 2d pers. pl.; look to yourselves, take care of yourselves
Avifion, n. Fr. vision
Aumble, n. Fr. an ambling pace
Auniener, n. Fr. aumoniére, a purse
Aumere, n. aumere of filke, bourse de soy, orig. It seems to be a corruption of aumener. [ture
Auntre, v. Fr. corruption of aventure, to adven-
- Auntrous, adj.** adventurous
Aurora, the title of a Latin metrical version of several parts of the Bible by Petrus de Riga, Calon of Rheims, in the 12th century. Leyser, in his *Hist. Poet. Med. Ævi.* p. 692—736, has given large extracts from this work, and among others the passage which Chaucer seems to have had in his eye
Aure Jehal varios ferramenti notat ictus.
Pondera l'brat in his. Con sona quæque facit,
Hoc inventa modo prius est ars musica, quam.
vis
Pythagoram dicant hanc docuisse prius.
- Avouterer, avouter, n. Fr.** an adulterer
Avouterie, avouterie, n. adultery
Avow, n. Fr. vow
Auter, n. Fr. altar
Awate, n. Fr. watch
Awaiting, part. pr. keeping watch
Awaped, part. pa. Sax. confounded, stupified
Awayward, adv. Sax. away
Awreke, v. Sax. to revenge
Axe, v. Sax. to ask
Axing, n. request
Ay, adv. Sax. ever
Ayel, n. Fr. grandfather
Ayen, adv. and prep. again
Ayent, prep. against
Ayenward, adv. Sax. back
- B**
- Ba, v.** seems to be formed from *basse, v. Fr.* to kiss
Bachelor, n. Fr. an unmarried man, a knight, one who has taken his first degree in an university
Bachelorie, n. Fr. knighthood, the bachelorie, the knight
Bade, pa. t. of bede
Badder, comp. d. of bad, adj. Sax. worse
Bagge, v. to swell, to disdain, *St.*; rather perhaps to squint
Baggingly, adv. seems to be the translation of *ca lorgneyant*, squintingly
Baillie, n. Fr. custody, government
Baite, v. Sax. to feed, to stop to feed
Balance, n. Fr. doubt, suspense, I dare lay in balance all that I have, I dare wager all that I have
Bale, n. Sax. mischief, sorrow
Bales, r. balais, pr. n. Fr. a sort of bastard ruby
Balkes, n. pl. Sax. the timbers of the roof
Balled, adj. smooth as a ball, bald
Bandon, n. Fr. See *Du Cange* in v. *Abandons.* To her bandon, to her disposal; a son bandon, orig.
Banc, n. Sax. destruction
Barbe, n. a hood or muffler which covered the lower part of the face and the shoulders. See *Du Cange* in v. *Barbuta*
Baren, pa. t. pl. of bere, v. Sax. bore
Bargaine, n. Fr. contention
Bargaret, n. Fr. hergerette, a sort of song

Barme, *n. Sax.* the lap
 Barme-cloth, an apron
 Barre, *n. Fr.* a bar of a door, a stripe
 Barreine, *adj. Sax.* barren
 Basilicok, *n. a.* a basilisk
 Basse, *n. Fr.* a kiss
 Basting, *part. pr.* sewing slightly
 Batailed, *part. pa. Fr.* embattled
 Bathe, for bothe
 Bathe, *v. Sax.* we should rather say to bask
 Baude, *adj. Fr.* joyous
 Bauderie, baudrie, *n.* pimping, keeping a bawdy-house
 Baudy, *adj.* dirty, with bawdy cote, *Lydg. Tra. b.* ix. f. 26. b.
 Bayard, *pr. n. Fr.* originally a bay horse; a horse in general
 Bay-window, a large window, probably so called, because it occupied a whole bay, *i. e.* the space between two crossbeams
 Be, *prep. Sax.* by
 Be, for been, *part. pa. Sax.*
 Beau Semblant, *Fr.* fair appearance
 Beau Sire, *Fr.* fair Sir, a mode of address
 Bebledde, *part. pa. Sax.* covered with blood
 Beblotte, *v. Sax.* to stain
 Becke, *v. Fr.* to nod
 Beclappe, *v. Sax.* to catch
 Bedaffed, *part. pa. Sax.* made a fool of. See Dasse
 Bede, *v. Sax.* to order, to bid, to offer, to pray; to bede his necke, to offer his neck for execution
 Bedote, *v. Sax.* to make to dote, to deceive. See Dote
 Dedrede, *adj. Sax.* confined to bed
 Bedreinte, *part. pa.* drenched, thoroughly wetted
 Been, *n. pl. Sax.* bees
 Befill, for befell, *pa. t.* of befall, *v. Sax.*
 Beforen, beforen, *adv.* and *prep. Sax.* before
 Begiled, *part. pa. Fr.* beguiled
 Begon, *part. pa.* of bego, *v. Sax.* gone; wel begon, in a good way; wo begon, far gone in wo; worfe begon, in a worfe way; with gold begon, painted over with gold, *à or painter*, orig.
 Begonne, *part. pa.* of beginne, *v. Sax.* begun
 Behalve, *n. Sax.* half, side or part
 Beheste, *n. Sax.* to promise
 Behete, *v. Sax.* to promise
 Behewe, *part. pa. Sax.* coloured. See Hewe
 Behighte, *v. Sax.* promise
 Behighte, *part. pa.* promised
 Behighthen, *pa. t. pl.* promised
 Behove, *n. Sax.* behoof, advantage
 Bejaped, *part. pa. Sax.* tricked, laughed at
 Beknowne, *v. Sax.* to confess
 Bellamy, *Fr.* good friend
 Believe, *n. Sax.* belief; his belve, his creed
 Belle, *adj. fem. Fr.* fair
 Belle, *v. Sax.* to roar
 Belle chere, *Fr.* good cheer
 Belle Ifaude, *F. iii.* 707, the fair Ifaude, the mistress of Tristan; she is called Ifaude
 Belous, *n. Sax.* bellows
 Bemcs, *n. pl. Sax.* trumpets
 Ben, *inf. m. Sax.* to be, *pr. t. pl. are, part. pa.* been

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Benched, *part. pa.* furnished with benches
 Bende, *n. Fr.* a band or horizontal stripe
 Bending, *n.* striping, making of bands or stripes
 Bene, *n. Sax.* a bean, and al n'as wurth a bene
 Benedicite! *at.* an exclamation, answering to our blefs us! it was often pronounced as a trisyllable, Bencite!
 Benigne, *adj. Fr.* kind
 Benime, *v. Sax.* to take away
 Benison, *n. Fr.* benediction
 Benomen, *part. pa.* of benime, taken away
 Bent, *n. Sax.* the bending or declivity of a hill
 Berained, *part. pa. Sax.* rained upon
 Berde, *n. Sax.* beard; to make any one's berde, to cheat him.
 Bere, *n. Sax.* a bear
 Bere, *v. Sax.* to bear, to carry; to bere in or on hand, to accuse falsely, to persuade falsely; to bere the belle, to carry the prize
 Bere, *n. Sax.* a bier, a pillowbear
 Bering, *n. Sax.* behaviour
 Berme, *n. Sax.* yest
 Bernard, *pr. n. L. W.* 16. St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux in the 12th century. Our author alludes to a proverbial saying concerning him, *Bernardus ipse non vult omnia.* See Hoffman in v.
 Bernard, *pr. n.* a physician of Montpellier in the 13th century
 Berne, *n. Sax.* a barm
 Besant, *n. Fr.* a piece of gold, so called because first coined at Byzantium, now Constantinople, *S.*
 Beseke, *v. Sax.* to beseech
 Beset, besette, *part. pa. Sax.* placed, employed
 Besey, *part. pa.* of besee, *v. Sax.* beseen; evil besey, ill-beseen, of a bad appearance; richly Bēsey, of a rich appearance
 Beshet, *part. pa. Sax.* shut up.
 Beshrewe, *v. Sax.* to curse
 Beside, *prep. Sax.* by the side of
 Besmotred, *part. pa. Sax.* smutted
 Bespet, *part. pa. Sax.* spit upon
 Bestadde, bestad, *part. pa. Sax.* situated; it is sometimes used in an ill sense for distressed
 Beste, *n. Fr.* a beast
 Besty, *adj. sup. Sax.* best
 Besy, *adj. Sax.* busy
 Bet, bette, *adv. comp.* for better
 Betake, *v. Sax.* to give, to recommend to
 Betaught, *pa. t.* recommended to
 Bete, *v. Sax.* to prepare, make ready; to bete fires, to make fires—to mend, to heal; to bete nettes, to mend nets; to bete sorwe, to heal sorrow
 Bete, *v. Fr.* to beat
 Betecheu, *v.* as betake
 Beth, *imp. m. 2d pers. pl. Sax.* be ye
 Betid, betidde, *pa. t. et part.* of betide, *v. Sax.* happened
 Betoke, *pa. t.* of betake, recommended
 Betraided, *part. pa. Fr.* betrayed; thei have betraided thee
 Betwix, betwixen, *prep. Sax.* between
 Bewepe, *v. Sax.* to weep over
 Bewrey, bewrie, *v. Sax.* to discover

U u

- Beye, v. Sax.** to buy. See *Abeye*
Beyete, part. pa. Sax. begotten
Bialacoil, pr. n. Fr. Bel-accueil, courteous reception
Bibbed, part. pa. Lat. drunk
Bible, n. Fr. any great book
Bicchel bones, used in playing a particular kind of game of hazard
Bidde, v. as *bede*
Bie, v. Sax. to suffer. See *Abeye*
Bigine, pr. n. Fr. Beguine, a nun of a certain order. See *Du Cange* in *v. Beguine*
Biker, n. Sax. a quarrel
Bilder, n. Sax. a builder; the *bilder oke*, the oak used in building
Bill, n. a letter
Bimene, v. Sax. to bemoan
Bint, for bindeth
Birde for bride, n. Sax.—hir chere was simple, as *birde in bour, i. e.* as bride in chamber—*simple fut comme une espousee*, orig.
Bismare, n. Sax. abusive speech; and bold, and abiding, *bismares* to suffer
Bit, for bidderth
Bitore, n. Fr. a bittern
Bitrent, part. pa. twisted, carried round; perhaps from the *Sax. circumdare*
Biwopen, part. pa. of *bewepe*, drowned in tears.
Blancmanger, n. Fr. seems to have been a very different dish in the time of Chaucer, from that which is now called by the same name. There is a receipt for making it in *ms. Harl.* one of the ingredients is the brawne of a capon teased small
Mandise, v. Fr. to flatter
Blanche fevere. See Catgrawe in v. Fievers blanches; the agues wherewith maidens that have the greenickness are troubled; and hence *il a les fievers blanches*, either he is in love or sick of wantonness
Ble, n. Sax. colour
Blec, pr. n. a forest in Kent. *Ur.*
Bleine, n. Sax. a pustule
Blend, v. Sax. to blind, to deceive
Blend, pa. t. of *blend*
Blent, pa. t. of *blenche, v. Sax.* shrunked, started, aside
Blered, part. pa. Sax. in its literal sense is used to describe a particular disorder of the eye, attended with soreness and dimness of sight; but more commonly, in Chaucer, a man's eye is said to be *blered*, metaphorically, when he is any way imposed upon
Bleve, v. Sax. to stay
Blin, v. Sax. to cease
Blisse, v. Sax. to bless
Blive, believe, adv. Sax. quickly
Blofme, n. Sax. blossom, *v.* to blossom
Blofmy, adj. full of blossoms
Bob-up-and-down, pr. n. of a town in the road to Canterbury: it is not marked in the common maps
Bobance, n. Fr. boasting
Boche, n. Fr. bosse, a swelling, a wen or boil
Bode, bocen, part. pa. of *bede, v. Sax.* bidden, commanded
Bode, pa. t. of *bide, v. Sax.* remained
Bode, n. Sax. a stay or delay, an omen
Bodekin, n. Sax. a dagger
Boece, pr. n. Boethius. His most popular work, *De Consolatione Philosophia*, was translated by Chaucer certainly before 1381, and probably much earlier; the reflections on predestination (of which there is no trace in the *Filosostrato*) are almost entirely taken from *Bo. v. pr. 3.*
Boifte, n. Fr. a box
Boiftous, adj. Sax. boisterous, rough,
Boiftously, adv. roughly
Bokeler, n. Fr. a buckler
Bokeling, part. pr. Fr. buckling
Boket, n. Sax. a bucket
Bolas, n. bullace, a sort of plumb or floc
Bole armoniac, Armenian earth, Fr. Gr.
Bollen, part. pa. of *bodge, v. Sax.* swollen
Bolt, n. Sax. an arrow, bolt-upright, straight as an arrow
Bone, n. Sax. a boon, petition, he bade hem all a bone, he made a request to them all.
Boras, n. Fr. borax
Bord, n. Fr. a border; the side of a ship; over bord
Borde, n. Sax. a table
Bordel, n. Fr. a brothel—*bordel-women*, whores
Bordellers, n. pl. keepers of bawdyhouses
Borel, n. Fr. bureau, coarse cloth of a brown colour. See *Du Cange* in *v. Burellus*
Borel, adj. made of plain coarse stuff—*borel folk*, borel men, laymen.
Borwe, n. Sax. a pledge; hath laid to borwe; hath pledged; have here my feith to borwe; have here my faith for a pledge; Seint John to borwe; St. John being my security.
Bosard, n. Fr. a buzzard, a species of hawk unfit for sporting
Bosse, n. Fr. a protuberance
Bost, n. Sax. pride, boasting
Bost, adv. aloud; he cracked bost
Bote, n. Sax. remedy, help, profit
Bote, v. Sax. to help
Bote, pa. t. of *bite, v. Sax.* bit
Boteles, adj. Sax. bootless, remediless
Botel, bottelle, n. Fr. bottle
Boterflie, n. Sax. a butterfly
Bothe, adj. Sax. two together; our bothe labour, the labour of us two together; *nostrum amborum labor*
Bothe, conj. is generally used to copulate two members of a sentence, but sometimes more.

And rent adoun bothe wall, and rafter—
 To whom bothe heven, and erthe, and see,
 is fene.

So the Greeks sometimes used *Ἀμφότεροι*. *Od. O. 78.*
Ἀμφότεροι κνιδος τε καὶ ἀγλαῖαν καὶ οὐρίαν.
Bothum, n. Fr. bouton, a bud, particularly of a rose
Bougeron, n. Fr. a Sodomite
Boughton-under-blec, pr. n. of a town in Kent
Bouke, n. Sax. the body
Boulke, v. Sax. to sift, to separate the flour of wheat from the bran

- Boun, *adj. Sax.* ready; and bade hem all to be
bowne
- Bountee, *n. Fr.* goodneſs
- Bourde, *n. Fr.* a jeſt
- Bourde, *v. Fr.* to jeſt
- Bourdon, *n. Fr.* a ſtaff
- Boure, *n. Sax.* a houſe, a chamber
- Bowe, *n. Sax.* a bow; a dogge for the bowe; a
dog uſed in ſhooting.
- Boxe, *n.* a blow
- Bracer, *n. Fr.* armour for the arm
- Bradwardin, *pr. n.* Thomas Bradwardine, Arch-
biſhop of Canterbury in 1349. His book *De*
Cauſa Dei, to which our author alludes, is in
print. See *Tanner* in *v. Bradwardinus*
- Braide, *n. Sax.* a ſtart
- Braide, *v. Sax.* to awake, to ſtart. See *Abraide*.
Out of his wit he braide, he ran out of his ſen-
ſes; to take off
- Bracket, *n. Brit.* bragod, a ſweet drink made of
the wort of ale, honey, and ſpice: it is ſtill in
uſe in Wales. Richards in *v. Bragod*
- Brail, *n.* a wood uſed in dying to give a red co-
lour. See *Huetiana*, p. 268. In the invento-
ry of the effects of Henry V. Rot. Parl. H.
VI. m. 20, is the following article, *II Grâundes*
pees du Braille, pris vis. viiij.
- Bratt, *n. Sax.* a coarſe mantle
- Brech, *n. Sax.* breeches
- Brede, *n. Sax.* breadth; in brede, abroad
- Breme, *adj. Sax.* furious
- Brenne, *v. Sax.* to burn—Brent, *pa. t. & part.*
burnt
- Brenningly, *adv. Sax.* hotly
- Breres, *n. pl. Fr.* briars
- Breſte, *v. Sax.* to burſt
- Bret-ful, *adj.* the ſenſe is much more clear than the
etymology.
- Bribe, *n. Fr.* properly what is given to a beggar;
what is given to an extortioner or cheat,
- Briben, *inf. m. Fr.* to beg, or perhaps to ſteal.—
See Rot. Parl. 22 E. IV. n. 30, have ſtolen and
bribed ſignetts, (cygnets.) And ſo in P. P.
115, b. a bribour ſeems to ſignify a thief, as
bribors, pilors, and pikeharneis, are claſſed to-
gether; and ſtill more plainly in *Lydg. Tra.*
152;
- Who ſaveth a theſe whan the rope is knet—
With ſome ſafe turne the bribour will him
quite.
- See alſo ancient Scottiſh Poems, p. 171, ſt. vii. l. 3
- Briboures. Upon ſecond thoughts I believe that
I was wrong in adopting this word from mſ. C.
1, and that we ſhould rather read, with other
mſs.;
- Certaine he knew of briberies mo.
- Bridale, *n. Sax.* a marriage feaſt
- Briddes, *n. pl. Sax.* birds
- Brige, *n. Fr.* contention
- Brike, *n. Sax.* breach, ruin
- Brimme, *adj.* See *Breme*
- Brocage, *n.* a treaty by a broker or agent
- Broche, originally the tongue of a buckle or clasp;
and from thence the buckle or clasp itſelf.
- Broided, *part. pa. Fr.* braided, woven
- Brokking, *part. pr.* throbbing, quavering
- Bromeholme, *pr. n.* a priory in Norfolk
- Bronde, *n. Fr.* a torch
- Broſten, *part. pa. of breſte*
- Brotel, *adj. Sax.* brittle
- Brotelnelle, *n.* brittlenelle
- Brotherhed, *n. Sax.* brotherly affection
- Brouded, *part. pa. Fr.* brodé embroidered
- Brouken, *inf. m. Sax.* to brook, enjoy, uſe
- Buckes horne, a buck's horn; to blow the buckes
horne is put for any uſeleſs employment.
- Buffette, *n. Fr.* a blow
- Bugle-horn, *n.* a drinking veſſel made of horn.—
Gloſſ. Ur. derives it from *bucula cornu*; the
gloſſ. to Anc. Scott. Po. explains bowgle to
mean a buffalo. I have been told that in ſome
parts of the north a bull is now called a boogle.
- Bumble, *v. Sax.* to make a humming noiſe; it is
uſed to deſcribe the noiſe made by a bittern
- Burdoun, *n. Fr.* burdon, a humming noiſe, the
baſis in muſick
- Buriels, *n. pl. Sax.* burying places
- Burned, *part. pa. Fr.* burniſhed
- Burnel the aſſe. The ſtory ſuppoſes that the
prieſt's ſon, when he was to be ordained, di-
rected his ſervant to call him at cockcrowing,
and that the cock whoſe leg he had formerly
broken having overheard this, purpoſely re-
frained from crowing at his uſual time, by
which artifice the young man was ſuffered to
ſleep till the ordination was over.
- Burnette, *n. Fr.* brunette, cloth dyed of a brown co-
lour. See *Du Cange* in *v. Burnetum*.
- Buſk, a buſh
- Butte, but, *adv. & conj. Sax.* but, ſed—unleſs, *niſi*,
I ne'ere but loſt, *non eſſem niſi perditâ*—only,
which that am but loſt.
- But, *prep. Sax.* without, *gloſſ. Ur.* I cannot ſay
that I have myſelf obſerved this prepoſition in
Chaucer, but I may have overlooked it. The
Saxons uſed it very frequently, and how long
the Scottiſh writers have laid it aſide I am
doubtful. It occurs repeatedly in *Bp. Douglas*;
but ſpot or fault, p. 3 l. 53; poete but pere, p.
9. l. 19; but and ben, p. 123, l. 40, without
and within; but an and binnan, originally, I ſup-
poſe, *bi utan* and *bi innan*. By and with are of-
ten ſynonymous.
- Buxome, *adj. Sax.* obedient, civil
- Buxumly, *adv. Sax.* obediently
- By, *prep. Sax.* has ſometimes the ſignification of
in; by the morwe, in the morning or daytime;
by his life, in his lifetime. It is ſometimes uſed
adverbially; by and by, near hard by.—By and
by, *ſigillatim*, *Prompt. Parv.* theſe were his
wordes by and by, *i. e.* ſeverally, diſtinctly;
and ſo perhaps this phraſe ſhould be underſtood
in the paſſages above quoted.
- Byforne. See *Beſorne*
- Byleve, *v. Sax.* to ſtay

Byraft, *part. pa.* of byreve, *v. Sax.* bereeved, taken away

Byword, *n. Sax.* a proverb

C.

Cacche, *v.* to catch

Cadence, *n. Fr.* a species of poetical composition

Cairrud, *pr. n.* of a city in Bretagne

Caitif, *n. & adj. Fr. cétif*, a wretch, wretched

Calcination, *n. Fr.* a chemical process by which bodies are reduced to a calx

Calculated, *pa. t. Fr.* calculated

Caleweis, probably miswritten; the original has *la poire du caillonet*. Cotgrave says that *caillonet* is the name of a very sweet pear

Calidone, *pr. n.* it should be Lacedonie

Caliphia, *pr. n.* We should rather read Calypso, with the two Bodl. mss. for Calypso.

Calle, *n. Fr.* a species of cap

Camaille, *n. Fr.* a camel

Cameline, *n. Fr.* a stuff made of camel's hair

Camuse, *adj. Fr.* flat

Can, *v. Sax.* to know. See Conne

Cananée *adj. Fr.* Cananean

Cane, *pr. n.* Cana in Galilee

Canel, *n. Fr.* canal, channel

Canelle, *n. Fr.* cinnamon

Canevas, *n. Fr.* canvas

Canon, the title of Avicenne's great work. See *D'Herbelot* in *v. Canon*

Cancl, *n. Sax.* a fragment

Capel, *n. Lat.* a horse

Capitaine, *n. Fr.* a captain

Capitolie, *n. Lat.* the Capitol at Rome

Cappe, *n. Lat.* a carp or hood; to set a man's cap, to make a fool of him.

Captif, *adj. Fr.* captive

Cardiacle, *n. Fr. Gr.* a pain about the heart

Carectes, *n. pl. Lat. Gr.* characters

Carfe, *pa. t. of carve, v. Sax.* cut

Carle, *n. Sax.* a churl, a hardy country fellow

Carmes, *n. pl. Fr.* Carmelite friars

Carole, *n. Fr.* a sort of dance

Carole, *v. Fr.* to dance, in caroling, in dancing

Carpe, *v.* to talk; by carping of tongue, by speech

Carraine, *n. Fr.* a carrion, dead or putrified flesh

Cartike, *n. Fr.* a large ship

Carte, *n. Sax.* a chariot

Carter, *n. Sax.* a charioteer

Cas, *n. Fr. cas*, chance, upon *cas*, by chance

Cas, *n. Fr. casse*, a case, quiver

Castidore, *pr. n.* Castiodorus, a Roman senator and consul, several of his works are extant. See *Fabric. Bibl. Lat. and Bibl. Med. Æt.*

Cast, *n. Sax.* a contrivance

Cast, *v.* to throw, to contrive

Casteloigne, *pr. n.* Catalonia in Spain

Casuel, *adj. Fr.* accidental

Catapuce, *n. Fr.* a species of spurge

Catel, *n. Fr.* goods, valuable things of all sorts

Caterwawed. To gon a caterwawed seems to signify the same as to go a caterwawing, or caterwawling, as it has been called by later writers.

Caught, *pa. t. & part. of catch*

Cavilatioun, *n. Fr.* cavil

Cecile, Cecilie, *pr. n.* Cecilia

Ceise, cefe, are misprinted for seise, *v. Fr.* to seize, to lay hold of.

Celerer, *n. Lat. Celerarius*, the officer in a monastery who had the care of the provisions

Celle, *n. Lat.* a religious house, it seems to be put for a man's head

Celsitude, *n. Fr.* highness

Censer, *n. Fr.* an incense pot

Censing, *part. pr. Fr.* fumigating with incense

Cenaurie, *pr. n.* of an herb

Cercele, *v. Fr.* to surround

Cercles, *n. pl. Fr.* circles

Cerial, *adj. Fr.* belonging to the species of oak called *cerrus*, *Lat. cerra*, *Ital. cerre*

Certain, *adj. Fr.* is used sometimes as a substantive; of unces a certain, a certain of gold, *i. e.* a certain number of ounces, a certain quantity of gold

Certain, *certes, adv.* certainly

Ceruse, *n. Fr.* whitelead

Cesed, *part. pa.* for seised, is used in a legal sense; to that he be cesed therewith, till that he be possessed thereof, till he have seisin thereof

Cesse, *v. Fr.* to cease

Chace, *v. Fr.* to chase, to pursue,

Chafe, *v. Fr.* to grow warm or angry

Chaffare, *n. Sax.* merchandise

Chaffare, *v. Sax.* to merchandise

Chaire, *n. Fr.* a chair; the chair or pulpit of a professor or preacher.

Chalons, blankets, or coverlets, probably so called from being made at Chalons

Chamberere, *n. Fr.* a chambermaid

Champartie, *n. Fr.* a share of land, a partnership in power. Lydgate has the same expression, *Tra. 139, b. viii. 17.*

Clantepleure, *n. Fr.* a sort of proverbial expression for singing and weeping successively. See *Lydg. Tra. stan.* the last, where he says that his book is

Lyke chantepleure, now singing now weping.

In mss. Harl. 4333, is a ballad which turns upon this expression: it begins *Moult vaut mieus pleure chante que ne fait chante pleure*

Chanterie, *n. Fr.* an endowment for the payment of a priest to sing mass agreeably to the appointment of the founder. There were thirty-five of these chanteries established at St. Paul's, which were served by fifty-four priests, *Dugd. Hist. pref. p. 41.*

Chapman, *n. Sax.* a merchant or trader

Chapmanbede, *n. Sax.* the condition of a chapman or tradesman

Char, *n. Fr.* a chariot

Charboucle, *n. Fr.* a carbuncle

Charge, *n. Fr.* a load, burthen, business of weight; it n'ere no charge; it were no harm: of which there is no charge, from which there is no consequence to be expected; of that no charge, no matter for that

Charge, *v. Fr.* to weigh, to incline on account of

weight—which chargeth not to say, which it is of no importance to say

Chargeant, *part. pr.* burthensome

Charmereffe, *n. Fr.* an enchantress

Chastelaine, *n. Fr.* the wife of a chastelein or lord of a castle

Chastie, *v. Fr.* to chastise

Chaunteclere, *pr. n.* of a cock

Checkere, *n. Fr.* a chessboard

Chees, *pa. t.* of chese, *v. Sax.* chose

Cheffis, we should read cheses. The orig. has fromages

Cheke, a term at ches, to give notice to the opposite party that his king, if not removed or guarded by the interposition of some other piece, will be made prisoner: it is derived originally from the Persian *shâb*, *i. e.* king, and means, take care of your king. See Hyde, Hist. Shahilud, p. 3, 4.

Chekclatoun, a robe of state

Chekemate, or simply mate, is a term used at ches when the king is actually made prisoner, and the game consequently finished. The Persian phrase is *shâb mât*, *i. e.* the king is conquered. See Hyde, Hist. Shahilud, p. 132

Chelaundre, *n. Fr.* a goldfinch

Chepe, *v. Sax.* to cheapen, to buy

Chepe, *n.* cheapness

Chepe, *pr. n.* Cheapside in London

Cherche, *n. Sax.* a church

Chere, *n. Fr.* countenance, appearance, entertainment, good cheer

Cherice, *v. Fr.* to cherish

Cherifance, *n. Fr.* comfort

Cherl, *n. Sax.* a man of mean birth and condition

Cherisk, *adj.* illiberal

Ches, *n. Fr.* the game of ches

Chese, *v. Sax.* to choose

Chese, for cheseth

Cheste, *n. Lat.* a coffin

Cheste, *n.* debate

Chesteine, *n. Fr.* the chestnut tree, the chestnut fruit

Chevachie, *n. Fr.* an expedition

Chevalrie, *n. Fr.* knighthood, the manners, exercises, and valiant exploits, of a knight

Chevalrous, *adj.* valiant

Cheve, *v. Fr.* to come to an agreement or conclusion; yvel mote he cheve, ill may he end

Chevefaile, *n. Fr.* a necklace

Chevetain, *n. Fr.* chieftain

Chevisance, *n. Fr.* an agreement for borrowing of money

Chiche, *adj. Fr.* niggardly, sparing

Chideresse, *n. Sax.* a female scold

Chidester, *n. Sax.* a female scold

Chiertee, *n. Fr.* tenderness, affection

Chike, *n. Sax.* a chicken

Chimbe, *n. Sax.* the prominent part of the staves beyond the head of a barrel

Chimbe, *v.* to found in consonance like bells

Chimney, *n. Fr.* a chimney

Chinche, *adj.* as chiche

Chincherie, *n.* niggardliness

Chirche, *n. Sax.* a church

Chirchereve, *n. Sax.* a churchwarden

Chirchhawe, *n. Sax.* a churchyard

Chirk, *v. Sax.* to chirp as a sparrow

Chirking, *n.* a disagreeable sound

Chit, for chideth

Chivachee, *n.* as chevachie

Chiver, *v. Sax.* to shiver

Cierges, *n. pl. Fr.* wax tapers

Cipivoun, *pr. n.* Scipio

Cipris, *pr. n.* Venus

Circes, *pr. n.* for Circe

Citee, *n. Fr.* a city

Citole, *n. Fr.* a musical instrument. Sir John Hawkins, in his very curious Hist. of Musick, v. ii. p. 106, n. supposes it to have been a sort of dulcimer, and that the name is a corruption of the *Lat. cistella*. Beside the passage which he has quoted from Gower, Conf. Am. 178, it is mentioned again in fol. 189, among the instruments which fowned lowe. See also *Da Cange* in v. *Citola*, and *M. de la Ravaillere, Poësies du Roy de Navarre*, t. i. p. 243.

Citrin, *adj. Fr.* of a pale yellow or citron colour

Citrination, *n.* a chymical term. *Arnoldus in Rosario*, mss. l. i. c. 5; "*Citrinacio nihil aliud est quam completa albedinis digestio, nec albedo est aliud quam nigredinis ablatio.*" Gloss. Carpent. in v.

Clamben, *pa. t. pl.* of climb, *v. Sax.*

Clapers, *n. pl. Fr.* rabbit-burrows,

Clappe, *v. Sax.* to knock repeatedly, to talk fast

Clapping, *n.* noisy talking

Clap'd, claped

Clarré, *n. Fr.* wine mixed with honey and spices, and afterwards strained till it is clear; it was otherwise called piment, as appears from the title of the following receipt in the *Medulla Chirurgie Rolandi*, mss. Bodl. 761, fol. 86; "*Clarré* retum bonam, sive pigmentum.—Accipe nucem moschatam, cariosilos, gingebas, macia, cinamomum, galangum; quæ omnia in pulverem redacta distempera cum bono cum tertiâ parte mellis; post cola per sacculum, et da ad bibendum. Et nota, quod illiud item potest fieri de cerevisiâ."

Clatternden, *pa. t. pl.* of clatter, *v. Sax.*

Classe, *n. Fr.* an end or conclusion

Claw, *v. Sax.* to stroke, he clawed him on the back, he stroked him on the back to encourage him; to claw on the gall, signifies the same as to rub on a sore place

Cled, for clad

Clenesse, *n. Sax.* purity

Clepe, *v. Sax.* to call, to name

Clergie, *n. Fr.* the clerical profession

Clergial, *adj.* learned

Clergion, *n.* a young clerk

Clerk, *n. Fr.* a person in holy orders, a man of learning, a student at the university

Cleves, *n. pl. Sax.* rocks. See Cliffe

Cliffe, *n. Sax.* a rock

Clifte, *n. Sax.* a cleft

Cliket, *n. Fr.* a key

Clinke, *v. Fr.* to ring, *neut.* to tinkle

U u ij

Clippe, *v. Sax.* to cut hair, to embrace

Clippy, *adj.* as if eclipsed

Clobbed, *adj. Sax.* like a club

Cloistre, *n. Fr.* a cloister, an enclosure

Clomben, *pa. s. pl.* of climb, *v. Sax.*

Clofer, *n. Fr.* an enclosure

Cloze-lese, a leaf of the burdock, or clotebur

Clotered, *part. pa. Sax.* clotted

Cloue-gilofre, *Fr.* a clove-tree or the fruit of it

Cloutes, *n. pl. Sax.* small pieces

Clum. This word seems to be formed from the *Sax. v. cluraian, mustiare muturare*, to express the mumbling noise which is made by a congregation in accompanying prayers which they cannot perfectly repeat

Coagulat, *part. pa. Lat.* curdled

Cokes bones, a corruption of a familiar oath

Cod, *n. Sax.* a bag

Cofre, *n. Fr.* a chest

Cogge, *n. Sax.* a cockboat. See *Du Cange* in *v. Cogo*

Coillons, *n. pl. Fr.* testicles

Coine, *n. Fr.* a piece of money, a quince

Coit, *adj. Fr.* neat, trim

Coke, *n. Lat.* a cook

Cokeray, *n.* a cook

Cockwold, *n.* a cuckold. How this word has been formed is difficult to say, but probably it has some relation to the *Fr. cocu*. In the best mss. of *The Canterbury Tales*, it is constantly spelled as above, and is always, I believe, to be pronounced as a trisyllable. The author of *The Remedy of Love*, ver. 288, *seq.* pretends that the true orthography of this word is cockold, according to a most absurd etymology which he has there given of it; an additional proof (if any were wanted) that *The Remedy of Love* was not written by Chaucer

Col, *n. a.* a common name for a dog

Cold, *v. Sax.* to grow cold

Coler, *n. Fr.* a collar

Colered, *part. pa.* collared, wearing collars

Collation, *n. Fr.* a conference

Collinges, *n. pl. Fr.* embraces round the neck

Coltish, *adj. Sax.* playful as a colt

Columbine, *adj. Lat.* belonging to a dove, dove-like

Combre-world, *n.* an incumbrance to the world

Combust, *adj. Lat.* burnt, a term in astrology when a planet is not more than $8^{\circ} 30'$ distant from the sun.

Come, for cometh

Comensal, *n. Fr.* a companion at table

Cominune, *n. Fr.* commonality

Communes, *n. pl.* commoners, common people

Compaignable, *adj. Fr.* sociable

Compame, for compagne

Compas, *n. Fr.* a compass a circle; the *Trine* compas, the Trinity; an appellation borrowed, as it seems, from the common emblem of that mystery, a circle circumscribing a triangle—contrivance

Compasment, *n.* } contrivance

Compasling, *n.* }

Compas, *v.* to contrive, he compassed his thoughts he contrived in his thought

Compenable, *adj.* as compaignable

Compere, *n. Fr.* a gossip, a near friend

Complin, *n. Fr.* complie, even-song, the last service of the day, singing in general

Compowned, *part. pa.* composed, put together

Compte, *n. Fr.* account

Conceite, *n. Fr.* conception, apprehension

Condescende, *v. Fr.* to yield

Condisse, *n. pl. Fr.* conduits

Confecture, *n. Fr.* composition

Confuse, *adj. Fr.* confounded, he became so confused, he conneth not loken

Conjecte, *v. Fr.* to project

Consaunce, *n. Fr.* understanding

Conjure, *v. Fr.* to adjure

Conne, *v. Sax.* to know, to be able; I shal not conne answer; I shall not know how—or be able, to answer; thou shalt never—Con, knowen, thou shalt be never able to know—to conne thank, to be pleased or obliged, *savoir gré*, *Fr.* to conne maugre, to be displeased, *savoir mal gré*, orig.

Conseil, *n. Fr.* counsel

Consentant, *part. pr. Fr.* consentant of this cursedness, consenting to it.

Conserve, *v. Fr.* to preserve

Coristory, *n. Fr.* signifies usually an ecclesiastical court, pontus, any court of justice

Constablerie, *n. Fr.* a ward or division of a castle under the care of a constable. *Du Cange* in *v. Constabularius castri*

Conteke, *n. Sax.* contention

Contenance, *n. Fr.* appearance, pretence

Contract, *part. pa. Lat.* contracted

Contrariauntes, *part. pr.* is used in the plural number, according to the French custom, opposing, contradicting

Contrarie, *v. Fr.* to contradict

Contrarious, *adj. Fr.* opposite, perverse

Contrary, *n. Fr.* adversary

Contrelete, *v. Fr.* to counterfeit, imitate

Controve, *v. Fr.* to invent

Contubernial, *adj. Lat.* familiar

Contune, for continue. This is one of those licences, for the sake of rhyme, which universal custom can alone justify. Our Author seems to have been ashamed of it, as I do not recollect to have met with it in *The Canterbury Tales*. Lydgate has been less scrupulous. See *Trag.* 2. b. 14. b. 24. b.

Cope, *n. Fr.* cape, a cloak

Coppe, *n. Sax.* the top of any thing

Corage, *a. Fr.* heart, inclination, spirit, courage

Corbettes, *n. pl. Fr.* niches for statues

Cordeth, for accordeth

Cordewane, *n. Fr.* cordouan, Spanish leather so called from Corduba

Cordileres, *n. pl. Fr.* Cordeliers, an order of friars so called from their wearing a cord instead of a Corinne, *pr. n.* [girdle]

Cornewaile, *fr. n.* Cornouaille in Bretagne

Corniculere, *n. Lat.* an officer in the Roman government. See *Plut. Lex. Lat. Rom.* in *v. Cornicularius*

Cornmuse, *n. Fr.* a bagpipe
 Corny, *adj. Sax.* strong of the corn or malt
 Coroune, *n. Fr.* a crown or garland
 Corps, *n. Fr.* body
 Corpus, *n. Lat.* body, *corpus Domini*, God's body; *corpus Madrian*
 Corrige, *v. Fr.* to correct
 Corruptable, *adj. Fr.* corruptible
 Corrumpe, *v. Fr.* to corrupt
 Corse, *v. Sax.* to curse
 Corseint, *n. Fr.* a holy body, a saint, the corseint and the kirke
 Corven, *part. pa.* of carve, *v. Sax.* cut
 Cousin, *n. Fr.* a cousin or kinsman: it is sometimes used adjectively, allied, related
 Cofinage, *n. Fr.* kindred
 Coitage, *n. Fr.* cost, expence
 Coiteic, *v. Fr.* to go by the coast
 Costlewe, *adj.* costly
 Costrell, *n.* a drinking vessel. See *Du Gange*, in *v. Costrellus*
 Cote, *n. Sax.* a cottage
 Cote, *n. Fr.* a coat, cote-armure, a coat worn over armour, upon which the armorial ensigns of the wearer were usually embroidered
 Cotidian, *n. Fr.* daily; it is used as a substantiv for a quotidian ague
 Couche, *v. Fr.* to lay
 Couched, *part. pa.* laid, couched with perles, laid or trimmed with pearls
 Coud, coude, *pa. t.* of conne, knew, was able
 Coveite, *v. Fr.* to covet
 Covenable, *adj. Fr.* convenient, suitable
 Coverchiefs, *n. pl. Fr.* headclothes
 Covercle, *n. Fr.* a potlid
 Covert, *adj. Fr.* secret, covered
 Covine, *n. Fr.* secret contrivances
 Coulepe, *n. Fr.* a fault
 Count, *v. Fr.* to account, to esteem
 Counterpeise, *n. Fr.* a counterpoise, a weight which balances another
 Counterpeise, *v. Fr.* to counterpoise
 Counterplete, *v. Fr.* to plead against
 Counterwaite, *v. Fr.* to watch against
 Countour, *n. Fr.* *comptoir*, a countinghouse *compteur*, an arithmetician, *Du. 435*
 Countretaille, *n. Fr.* a tally answering exactly to another, hence Echo is said to answer at the countretaille
 Coure, *v. Fr.* to sit crouching like a brooding hen
 Courtepy, a short cloke of coarse cloth
 Court-man, a courtier, *homme de cour*, *Fr.*
 Couth, couthe, *pa. t.* of conne, knew, was able *part. pa.* known
 Cowardise, *n. Fr.* want of courage. As to the etymology of the *adj.* from which this word has been formed, I think the opinion of Twysden and Somner [*Gloss. ad X. Script. v. Fridwile*] much the most probable, who derive it from the *herb. Lat. culum vertere*, to turn tail, to run away. See *Du Gange* in *v. Culverla* and *Culvertagium*, who rejects the opinion above mentioned, but without suggesting any thing so plausible. Culvert (as it is written in the oldest and

best French mss. that I have seen) might easily be corrupted, according to the French mode of pronunciation, into *court* and *coward*—I have somewhere seen the French language seriously charged with indelicacy for its frequent and wanton use of the word *cul* in composition: nor can the charge be said to be groundless. Beside the numerous instances which will occur to every body, I suspect that this monosyllable makes part of a common and solemn term in our law, imported originally from France. *Culprist* seems to have been a vulgar name for a prisoner, a person taken by that part which is most exposed in running away. Holinshed has expressed the same idea more delicately, vol. iii. p. 842; "The prentises were caught by the backs, and had to prison." And so it is expressed in Ancient Scottish Poems, p. 182, ver. 15—Yet Deid [Death] sal tak him be the bak
 Coye, *v. Fr.* to quiet, to soothe
 Craftesman, *n. Sax.* a man of skill
 Crake, *v. Fr.* to crack
 Crake, crakel, *v. Sax.* to quaver hoarsely in singing
 Crampish, *v. Fr.* to contract violently, as the cramp does, *An. 170*
 Cratching, *n. Sax.* scratching
 Crased, *part. pa.* *Fr. cecé*, broken
 Creance, *n. Fr.* faith, belief
 Creance, *v. Fr.* to borrow money
 Create, *part. pa.* *Lat.* crinced, circularly formed, perhaps from the *Island, kringe, cirino, gyro*
 Crepil, *n. Sax.* a cripple
 Crevasse, *n. Fr.* a chink or crevice
 Criande, *part. pr.* of crie, *n. Fr.* crying
 Crips, *F. iii.* as crispe
 Crisippus, *pr. n.* I find the title of a work in Montfaucon, *Bibl. Bibl.* p. 513. to which Chaucer may possibly allude; *Chryssippi, discipuli Eulymii*, in *Joanem encomium*—and again, p. 1314. *Chryssippi Presbyteri laudatio, S. Joannis Baptista*. It is not unlikely that a panygerist on the Baptist might be led by his rage against Herodias to say some harsh things of women in general
 Crispe, *adj. Lat.* curled
 Croce, *n. Sax.* a cross
 Crois, *n. Fr.* a cross
 Cromes, *n. pl. Sax.* crumbs
 Crommed, *part. pa.* *Sax.* stuffed, crammed [Killian
 Crone, *n. Sax.* an old woman; *kronis, ovis vetula*
 Crope, copen, *part. pa.* of crepe, *v. Sax.* crept
 Croppes, *n. pl. Sax.* the extremities of the shoots of vegetables; now in the crop, now at the top; crope and rote, root and branch; the whole of a thing
 Crosselet, *n. Fr.* a crucible
 Crouche, *v. Sax.* to sign with the cross
 Croude, *v. Sax.* to shove together
 Crouke, *n. Sax.* an earthen pitcher
 Croun, *n. Fr.* signifies head
 Croupe, *n. Fr.* the ridge of the back
 Crows feet, the wrinkles which spread from the outer corner of the eyes: Spenser describes this mark of old age in the same manner, *eccl. 12*;

And by mine eie the crow his claw doth wright.

Crowned, *part. pa.* wearing a crown; crowned malice, sovereign malice.
 Crull, *adj. Sax.* curled
 Cucurbit, *n. Lat.* a gourd, a vessel shaped like a gourd, used in distillation
 Culpons, *n. pl. Fr.* threads, logs
 Culver, *n. Sax.* a dove
 Cuppe, *n. Fr.* a cup; withouten cuppe he drank all his penance, he took large draughts of grief; he made no use of a cup, but drank out of the pot
 Curation, *n. Fr.* cure, healing
 Cure, *n. Fr.* care; I do no cure, I take no care
 Curfew-time, according to the Conqueror's edict, is said to have been 8 h. p. m. Walsingham, speaking of an event on the 2d of September 1311, mentions 9 h. as the *hora ignitegii*. It probably varied with the seasons of the year
 Curious, *adj. Fr.* careful
 Curteis, *adj. Fr.* courteous
 Customer, *adj. Fr.* accustomed

D.

Dasse, *n. Sax.* a fool; thou dotest, dasse, quod she, dull are thy wittes
 Dagge, *n.* a slip or shred, pierce plough, 6. b.
 Dagged, *part. pa.* cut into slips
 Dagging, *n.* flitting, cutting into slips
 Dagon, *n.* a slip or piece
 Damascene, *pr. n.* the country about Damascus
 Damascene, *pr. n.* Joannes Mefae Damascenus, an Arabian physician in the 8th and 9th century. See *Fabric. Bibl. Gr. t. xiii. p. 256.*
 Dame, *n. Fr. Lat. domina*, mistress, lady, mother
 Dampne, *v. Fr.* to condemn
 Dan, *n. Fr. Lat. dominus*, lord, was a title commonly given to monks. It is also prefixed by Chaucer to the names of other persons of all sorts; Dan Arcite, Dan Burdell, Dan Caton
 Dance, *n. Fr.* the old dance, the old game. The French have the same phrase, *elle seait offez de la vieille Danse*. Colgrave
 Danger, *n. Fr.* a dangerous situation: in danger, coynefs, sparingnefs, with danger, sparingly.
 Dangerous, *adj.* difficult, sparingly
 Dante, *pr. n.* See Gloss. in v. Lavender.
 Dapple-gray, the colour which is called in Fr. *pommelé*
 Darc, *v. Sax.* to stare
 Dares, *pr. n.* of a supposed historian of the Trojan war, *Du 1070*
 Darreine, *v. Fr.* defrener, *Lat.* derationare, to contest
 Dart, *n. Sax.* a spear or javelin; the dart is sette up for virgintee. There is an allusion to the same custom in *Lydg. Tr. a. 26*;

And oft it happeneth he that hath best ron
 Doth not the spere like his desert possede.

Dafen, *pr. t. pl.* of dase, *v. Sax.* grow dim-sighted
 Daunt, *v. Fr.* to conquer, that ne with love may daunted be, orig. *qui pay amours ne fuit domptex*

Dawe, *v. Sax.* to dawn
 Dawning, *n. Sax.* daybreak
 Dawes, *n. pl.* for dayes
 Daye, *n. Sax.* day, time, at my day, at the day appointed to me; to graunt him dayes of the remenant, to permit him to pay the remainder at certain days by instalments
 Deaurat, *part. pa. Lat.* gilded
 Debate, *v. Fr.* to fight
 Debonaire, *adj. Fr.* courteous, gentle
 Decoped, *part. pa. Fr.* cut down
 Decorate, *pr. n.* Decoratus
 Dede, *v. Sax.* to grow dead; *part. pa.* dead
 Dedly, *adj. Sax.* devoted to death
 Deduit, *n. Fr.* pleasure
 Defait, defaisted, *part. pa. Fr.* wasted
 Defame, *n. Fr.* infamy
 Defame, *v. Fr.* to make infamous
 Defaute, *n. Fr.* want defautes, *pl.* defects
 Defende, *v. Fr.* to forbid, to ransom
 Defence, *n. Fr.* prohibition
 Definisse, *v. Fr.* to define, to make a definition of
 Degree, *n. Fr.* a stair, or set of steps, rank in life
 Deiden, *part. t. pl.* of deye, *v. Sax.* died
 Deine, for deien, *inf. m.* of deye, *v. Sax.* to die
 Deinous, *adj. Fr.* disdainful
 Deintee, *n. Fr.* value, a thing of value; hath deintee, values highly; told no deintee of, set no value upon; it was deintee, it was a valuable thing
 Deinteous, *adj.* choice, valuable
 Deis, *n. Fr.* a wooden floor
 Del, *n. Sax.* a part; never a del, not a bit; every del, every part
 Dele, *v. Sax.* to divide
 Delibere, *v. Fr.* to deliberate
 Delicacie, *n. Fr.* pleasure
 Delices, *n. pl. Fr.* delights
 Delie, *adj. Fr.* delié, thin, slender
 Delit, *n. Fr.* delight
 Delitable, *adj. Fr.* delectable
 Deliver, *adj. Fr.* nimble, *Conf. Am. 177, b.*
 Deliverly, *adv.* quickly
 Deliverness, *n. Fr.* agility
 Delve, *v. Sax.* to dig
 Delavy, *n. Lat.* deluge
 Demaine, *v. Fr.* to manage
 Demaine, *n. Fr.* management
 Deme, *v. Sax.* to judge
 Demoniac, *n. Fr.* one possessed by a devil
 Dent, *n. Sax.* a stroke. See Dint
 Denwere, *n.* doubt, *St.* This interpretation suits well enough with the only passage in which I have found this word; but I should be glad to see some other instance of the use of it.
 De par dieux jeo assente, in God's name I agree.
 Depart, *v. Fr.* to part, to distribute
 Depeint, *part. pa. Fr.* painted
 Dequace, *v.* to shake down, q?
 Dere, *v. Sax.* to hurt
 Dere, *adj. Sax.* dear
 Dereling, *n. Sax.* darling
 Dereworth, *adj. Sax.* precious, valued at a high rate

Derne, *adj. Sax.* secret
 Derre, *comp.* of dere
 Des, *F. iii.* 270, as deis
 Descensorie, *n. Fr.* a vessel used in chemistry for the extraction of oils *per descensum*
 Descriven, *inf. w. Fr.* to describe
 Desirous, *adj. Fr.* eager
 Desolat, *part. pa. Lat.* abandoned, distressed
 Despite, *n. Fr.* malicious anger
 Despitous, *adj.* angry to excess
 Despitously, *adv.* angrily
 Despoile, *v. Fr.* to undress
 Destreine, *v. Fr.* to vex, to constrain
 Destrer, *n. Fr.* a war horse, *Lat. dextrarius*
 Destric, destruire, *v. Fr.* to destroy
 Determinat, *part. pa. Lat.* fixed, determined
 Detteles, *adj.* free from debt
 Deve, *adj. Sax.* deaf
 Devining, *n. Fr.* divination
 Devise, *n. Fr.* direction
 Devise, *v. Fr.* to direct, to order, to relate; at point devise; a point devisé, *Fr.* with the greatest exactness
 Devoir, *n. Fr.* duty; wele thei stode and did ther devere
 Dey, *n.* probably originally meant a day-labourer in general, though it may since have been used to denote particularly a superintendent of a dayerie. See *Du Cange*, in *v. Ducria*, *Dayeria*, *Dogafaki*
 Deye, *v. Sax.* to dye
 Deyer, *n. Sax.* a dyer
 Diapred, *part. pa. Fr.* diversified with flourishes, &c.
 Diche, *v. Sax.* to dig, to surround with a ditch
 Dide, *for* died
 Dide, *pa. s. of do, v. Sax.* iden, *pa. s. pl.*
 Die, *v. Sax.* to tinge
 Diete, *n. Fr.* daily food
 Diffame, *n. Fr.* bad reputation. See *Defame*
 Digestible, *adj. Lat.* easy to be digested
 Digestives, *n. pl. Fr.* things to help digestion
 Dight, *v. Sax.* to dispose, to dress
 Digne, *adj. Fr.* worthy, proud, disdainful
 Dike, *v. Sax.* to dig, to make ditches
 Dilatation, *n. Fr.* enlargement [thunder
 Dint, *n. Sax.* as dent; thonder-dint, a stroke of
 Dioscorides, *pr. n. of a Greek writer on plants,* whose work is extant
 Difarray, *n. Fr.* disorder
 Disavaunce, *v. Fr.* to drive back
 Disaventure, *n. Fr.* misfortune
 Disblame, *v. Fr.* to clear from blame
 Discemiture, *n. Fr.* defeat
 Discomfort, *n. Fr.* displeasure
 Discowerten, *v. Fr.* to discourage
 Discoverte, *adj. Fr.* at discoverte, uncovered; a discouvert
 Disdeinous, *adj. Fr.* disdainful
 Difencrese, *n. Fr.* diminution
 Difencrese, *v. neut. Fr.* to decrease
 Disfigure, *n. Fr.* deformity
 Disherited, *part. pa. Fr.* disinherited, stripped of possessions
 Dishevels, *part. pa. Fr.* with hair hanging loose, *dishevels*

Disjoint, *n. Fr.* a difficult situation
 Disobesiant, *part. pr. Fr.* disobedient
 Disordeined, *part. pa. Fr.* disorderly
 Disordinate, *adj. Lat.* disorderly
 Disordinaunce, *n. Fr.* irregularity
 Disparage, *n. Fr.* a disparagement
 Dispence, *n. Fr.* expence
 Disperance, *n. Fr.* despair
 Dispitous, *adj.* angry to excess. See *Despitous*
 Displefance, *n. Fr.* displeasure
 Dispone, *v. Lat.* to dispose
 Disport, *n. Fr.* deport, sport, diversion
 Disport, *v.* to divert
 Dispreifing, *part. pa. Fr.* undervaluing
 Disputifon, *n. Fr.* dispute; the clergy of the south made a disputefoun
 Disrully, *adv.* irregularly
 Dissimule, *v. Fr.* to dissemble
 Dissimulings, *n. pl. Fr.* dissemblings
 Dissoned, *part. pa. Fr.* dissonant
 Distaine, *v. Fr.* to discolour, to take away the colour
 Distinct, *v. Lat.* to distinguish
 Distinguished, *part. pa. Fr.* distinguished
 Distourbled, *pl. s. Fr.* disturbed
 Distreine, *v. Fr.* to constrain. See *Destreine*
 Distrouble, *v. Fr.* to disturb
 Disturne, *v. Fr.* to turn aside
 Dite, *v. Fr.* to dictate, to write
 Dites, *n. pl. Fr.* sayings, ditties
 Ditus, *pr. n. Diatus Cretensis*
 Diverse, *adj. Fr.* different
 Diverse, *v.* to diversify
 Divine, *n.* for divinity
 Divinistre, *n. Fr.* a divine
 Do, *v. do, for don, part. p.*
 Doand, *part. pr. doing*
 Dogerel, *adj.* derived, I suppose, from dog, so that rime-dogere may be understood to mean what in French may be called *rime de chien*. See *Cobgrave* in *v. Chien*; *chose de chien*, a paltry thing, a trifle, trash, trumpery
 Dogge for the bowe, a dog used in shooting
 Doke, *n. Sax.* a duck
 Dole, *n. Sax.* as del
 Dole, *n. Fr.* grief, mourning
 Dolven, *part. pa. of delve, v. Sax.* buried
 Dömbe, *adj. Sax.* dumb
 Dome, *n. Sax.* judgment, opinion
 Domelman, *n. Sax.* a judge
 Donet, *n.* a grammar, the elements of any art, from *Ælius Donatus*, a Roman grammarian, whose Introduction to the Latin language [*inter Gramm. Vet. Putsch.* p. 1735.] was commonly read in schools; then drave I me among drapers my donet to lerne, *Pierce Plough*, 23. b.
 Donmow, *pr. n.* See *Pierce Plough*, 44. b.
 Donne, *don, adj. Sax.* of a brown or dun colour
 Dormant, *part. pr. Fr.* fixed, ready—*Les vaiffeaux qui là dormoient l'anre, Froissart*, v. iii. c. 52
 Dortour, *n. Fr.* a dormitory, or common sleeping-room
 Dosein, *n. Fr.* a dozen
 Doffer, *n. Fr.* a basket to be carried on the back

Date, *v. Sax.* to be foolish through age or other-wise

Doth, *imp. m. 2d per. pl.* of do, do ye

Douced, may perhaps be a corruption of doucete, which is the name of a musical instrument in a poem of Lydgate's, *ms. Bodl. Fairf. 16.*

Ther were trumpes and trumpetes,
Lowde shallys and doucetes.

Doughtren, *n. pl. Sax.* daughters

Doutance, *n. Fr.* doubt

Doute, *v. Fr.* to fear

Douteles, *douteles, adv.* without doubt

Doutous, *adj.* doubtful

D'outre mere, *Fr.* from beyond sea, *Du. 253.*

Dowaire, *n. Fr.* dower

Dradde, *drad, p. t. & part.* of drede, *v. Sax.* feared

Draf, *n. Sax.* things thrown away as unfit for man's food

Draf-sack, a sack full of draff

Draffy, *adj. Sax.* of no more value than draff

Dragges, *n. pl. Fr.* drugs

Drede, *n. Sax.* fear, doubt; withouten drede, without doubt; out of drede, out of doubt

Drede, *v. Sax.* to fear, *dred, pa. t.* for *drad*

Dredeful, *adj.* timorous

Dredeles, *adv.* without doubt

Dreint, *pa. t. & part.* of *drenche*, drowned

Drenche, *v. Sax.* to drown

Drenche, *v. neut. Sax.* to be drowned

Drerineffe, *n. Sax.* sorrow

Drery, *adj. Sax.* sorrowful

Dresse, *v. Fr.* to address, apply

Dretche, *v. aët. Sax.* to vex, to trouble

Dretched, *part. pa.* oppressed, troubled, *Conf. Am. 79*

Dretche, *v. neut. Sax.* to delay, *Conf. Am. 178*

Dretching, *n.* delay

Drie, *v. Sax.* to suffer

Drife, *v. Sax.* to drive

Drinkeles, *adj. Sax.* without drink

Dronkelew, *adj. Sax.* given to drink, *Pierce Plough 41*

Dronken, *part. pa.* of drink, *v. Sax.* drunk

Drough, *pa. t.* of draw, *v. Sax.* drew

Drovy, *adj. Sax.* dirty

Druerie, *n. Fr.* courtship, gallantry, a mistress. See *Du Gange* in *v. Drudaria*.—The reader may perhaps be not displeased to see the following description of a drut or lover, by Guillem Aclmar, a Provençal poet, *ms. Crofts, fol. 219.*

Ben paoc ama drut, qi non es gelos,

Et paoc ama, qi non est airos,

Et paoc ama, qi non es soletis,

Et paoc ama, qi non fa tracios;

Mais vaut d amor qi ben est enveios

Un dolz plorar non fait qatorze ris.

Quant eu li quier merce en genoillos,

E la mi colpa et mi met ochaisos,

Et l aigua m cur avel per mer lo vis,

Et ela m fai un regard amoros,

Et eu li bais la bucha els ols amdos,

Adonc mi par un ioi de paradis.

Drugge, *v. Sax.* to drag

Dubbed, *part. pa. Sax.* created a knight; the phrase is derived from the stroke (with a sword or otherwise), which was always a principal ceremony at the creation of a knight; at dubban, Island, signifies to strike: this stroke in French was called *la colée*. See *L'Ordene de Chevalerie par Hue de Tabarie*, ver. 244, *fig.* published by M. Barbazan and *Du Gange* in *v. Alapa Militari*

Duttee, *n. Fr.* duty, what is due to any one

Dulle, *v. aët. Sax.* to make dull

Dulle, *v. neut. Sax.* to grow dull

Dun is in the mire. See Ray's Proverbial Similes, p. 319, as dull as Dun in the mire. I suppose Dun was a nickname given to the ass from his colour, as well as Burnell

Dure, *v. Fr.* to endure

Durelle, *n. Fr.* hardship, severity

Dusked, *pa. t. Sax.* grew dark or dim

Dutee, as *duttee*

Dwale, *n. Sax.* a sleeping potion

Dwellings, *n. pl. Sax.* delays; moras, orig,

Dwined, *part. pa. Sax.* waited

E.

Eared, *part. pa.* ploughed. See *Ere*

Ebraike, *adj.* Hebrew

Ecclesiast, *n.* an ecclesiastical person, the book of Ecclesiastes or Ecclesiasticus

Eche, *adj. Sax.* each, each one, every one, of any number

Eche, *v. Sax.* to add, to add to, to encrease

Edippe, *pr. n.* Œdipus

Effect, *n. Fr.* substance

Eft, *adv. Sax.* again

Eftone, *eftones, adv. Sax.* soon after, presently

Egaltee, *n. Fr.* equality

Eger, *egre, adj. Fr.* sharp

EGge, *v. Sax.* to incite

Eggement, *n. Sax.* incitement

Egging, *n.* as *eggement*

Egremoine, *n. Fr.* agrimony

Eire, for air

Eisel, *n. Sax.* vinegar

Elat, *part. pa. Lat.* elated

Elde, *n. Sax.* old age

Elde, *v. Sax.* to make old, *v. neut.* to grow old

Elenge, *adj. strange, Ur.* It sometimes seems to signify dull, cheerless, as in *Pierce Plough, III, b.* heavy-chered I yede, and elenge in herte.

Elengeneffe, *n.* in the orig. soucy, care, trouble

Elfe, *n. Sax.* a witch, a fairy

Elf-quene, *n.* queen of elves or faeries

Eli, *pr. n.* seems to be put for Elie. See *I Kings*, chap. 19

Elie, *pr. n.* Elijah. The Carmelites pretend that Elijah was the founder of their order

Elisee, *pr. n.* Elisha, the disciple of Elijah

Elles, *adv. Sax.* else; elles what, anything else; el-les wher, elsewhere

Elvish, *adj. Sax.* faery-like, fantastick; it sometimes seems to signify shy, reserved

Embellise, *v. Fr.* to beautify

Embolde, *v. Fr.* to make bold
 Embouffement, *n. Fr.* ambush
 Embrouded, *part. pa. Fr.* embroidered
 Eme, *n. Sax.* uncle
 Emforth, *prep. Sax.* even with; emforth my might, even with my might, with all my power; emforth my wit, to the utmost of my understanding: it is a corruption of evenforth, which occurs at length in *Pierce Plough*, 66, b: evenforth with thyselfe
 Empeire, *v. Fr.* to impair, hurt
 Emperice, *n. Fr.* emperers
 Emplastre, *v. Fr.* to plaster over
 Emplie, *v.* to infold, to involve; implicat, orig.
 Empoisoner, *n. Fr.* a poisoner
 Empresse, *v. neut. Fr.* to crowd
 Emprise, *n. Fr.* undertaking
 Empte, *v. Sax.* to empty
 Embattelled, *part. pa. Fr.* indented like a battlement
 Enbibing, *part. pr. Lat.* imbibing
 Enbosed, *part. pa. Fr.* embosqué, sheltered in a wood, *Du.* 353
 Enbossed, *part. pa. Fr.* embossé, raised
 Enbrace, *v. Fr.* to take hold of
 Enbraude, *v. Fr.* to embroider
 Encense, *n. Fr.* incense
 Encense, *v. Fr.* to burn incense, to burn incense to
 Enchaufing, *n. Fr.* heat
 Encheson, *n. Fr.* cause, occasion
 Encorporing, *part. pr. Fr.* incorporating
 Endelong, *prep. Sax.* along, *adv.* lengthways
 Endetted, *part. pa. Fr.* indebted
 Endite, *v. Fr.* to dictate, relate
 Endoute, *v. Fr.* to doubt, to fear
 Endrie, *v. Sax.* to suffer
 Enece, *pr. n. Æneas*
 Eneidos, *pr. n. Virgils Æneis*
 Enfamined, *part. pa. Fr.* hungry
 Infecte, *v. Fr.* to infect, *part. pa.* infected
 Enforce, *v. Fr.* to strengthen
 Enforced, *part. pa.* constrained by force
 Enfortune, *v. Fr.* to endow with a certain fortune
 Engendrure, *n. Fr.* generation
 Engined, *part. pa. Fr.* racked, tortured
 Engluting, rather enluting, stopping with clay
 Engregge, *v. Fr.* to aggravate
 Engreve, *v. Fr.* to hurt
 Enhaunse, *v. Fr.* to raise
 Enhaunfed, *part. pa.* raised
 Enhort, *v. Fr.* to exhort
 Enlaced, *part. pa. Fr.* entangled
 Enlangoured, *part. pa. Fr.* faded with langour
 Enleven, *num. Sax.* eleven
 Enlumine, *v. Fr.* to illuminate
 Enoint, *part. pa. Fr.* anointed
 Enfeled, *part. pa. Fr.* sealed up, kept secret
 Enspire, *v. Fr.* to inspire
 Ensure, *v. Fr.* to assure
 Entaile, *n. Fr.* shape
 Entailed, *part. pa. Fr.* carved
 Entalente, *v. Fr.* to excite
 Entend, *v. Fr.* to attend
 Entendement, *n. Fr.* understanding

Entente, *n. Fr.* intention
 Ententif, *adj. Fr.* attentive
 Enterchageden, *pa. t. pl. Fr.* exchanged
 Entermelled, *part. pa. Fr.* intermixed
 Entermete, *v. Fr.* to interpose
 Enterpart, *v. Fr.* to share
 Entetched, *part. pa. Fr.* entaché; it is applied indifferently to things and persons marked or endowed with good or bad qualities: entetched and defouled with yvel, stained and defiled with evil; the best entetched, endowed with the best qualities
 Entree, *n. Fr.* entry
 Entremees, *n. pl. Fr.* choice dishes served in between the courses at a feast, *Coq.*
 Entriike, *v. Fr.* to deceive, to entangle
 Enruned, *part. pa. Fr.* tuned
 Entunes, *n. pl. Fr.* songs, tunes, *Du.* 309
 Envenime, *v. Fr.* to poison
 Enveniming, *n.* poisoning
 Envie, *v. Fr.* to vie, to contend, *Du.* 406
 Environ, *adv. Fr.* about, *Conf. Am.* 239
 Environ, *v. Fr.* to surround
 Envoluped, *part. pa. Fr.* wrapt up
 Envyned, stored with wine
 Epistolis, *Lat.* epistles
 Equipolences, *n. pl. Fr.* equivalents
 Er, *adv. Sax.* before, before that
 Erande, *n. Sax.* a message, an errand, *Du.* 134
 Ere, *v. Fr.* to plough
 Ereos, for Eros, *pr. n. Gr.* Love
 Erke, *adj. Sax.* weary, sick
 Erly, *adv. Sax.* early
 Erme, *v. Sax.* to grieve
 Ermin, *adj.* Armenian
 Erniest, *n. Sax.* zeal, studious pursuit of any thing
 Ernestful, *adj.* serious
 Erratike, *adj. Fr.* wandering, applied to the planets
 Erraunt, *part. pr. Fr.* strolling, applied to a thief
 Ers, erse, *n. Sax.* the fundament
 Erst, *adv. Superl.* of ery, first, at erst, at first, for the first time; it is sometimes redundant, long erst or, long before
 Ertheles, *adj. Sax.* without earth
 Eschaunge, *n. Fr.* exchange
 Escheve, eschue, *v. Fr.* to shun, to decline
 Esculapius, *pr. n.* a book of medicine under his name is mentioned by *Fabris. Bibl. Gr.* t. i. p. 56, n.
 Ese, *n. Fr.* pleasure
 Ese, *v.* to accommodate
 Esement, *n.* relief
 Esie, *adj.* gentle, light; esie sighes, which passage Lord Surrey has copied; Songes, &c. p. 12, "and easy sighes, such as folkes draw in love"
 Esier, *comp. d.* lighter; of esier avail; of lighter or less value
 Esilich, *adv.* gently
 Esperus, *pr. n.* Hesperus, a name of the planet Venus
 Espaille, *n. Fr.* spying, private watching
 Espirituell, *adj. Fr.* spiritual, heavenly
 Essoine, *n. Fr.* a legal excuse
 Estat, estate, *n. Fr.* state, condition, administration of government

- Eftatclich**, *adj.* stately
- Eftres**, *n. pl. Fr.* the inward parts of a building
- Eterne**, *adv. Lat.* everlasting
- Ethe**, *adj. Sax.* easy
- Evangiles**, *n. pl. Fr.* gospels
- Even**, *adj. Sax.* equal; an even Cristen, a fellow
- Evenlike**, *adj. Sax.* equal
- Evenlike**, *adv.* equally
- Ever**, *adv. Sax.* always; ever in-on, continually in the same manner; ever lenger the more, where this elliptical phrase is expressed at length.
- Everich**, *adj. Sax.* every one of many, each of two
- Ew**, *n. Sax.* yew
- Exaltat**, *part. pa. Lat.* exalted
- Exametron**, is explained by the context to signify a verse of six feet; it usually signifies the heroic verse, but here, I suppose, must be understood to mean the iambic, in which the ancient tragedies were commonly versified.
- Executour**, *n. Fr.* executioner
- Executrice**, *n. Fr.* a female executioner
- Exorcisations**, *n. pl. Fr.* exorcisms, conjurations
- Expans yeres**, "In this and the following verses the poet describes the Alphonfine astronomical tables by the several parts of them, wherein some technical terms occur which were used by the old astronomers, and continued by the compilers of those tables. Collect years are certain sums of years, with the motions of the heavenly bodies corresponding to them, as of 20, 40, 60, &c. disposed into tables; and expans years are the single years, with the motions of the heavenly bodies answering to them, beginning at 1, and continued on to the smallest collect sum, as 20, &c. A root or radix is any certain time taken at pleasure, from which as an era the celestial motions are to be computed. By proportionel convenientes are meant the tables of proportional parts." *Gloss. Ur.*
- "Argument in astronomy is an arch whereby we seek another unknown arch proportional to the first." *Chambers*
- Expeſtaunt**, *part. pa. Fr.* waiting
- Expleite**, *v. Fr.* to perform
- Ey**, *n. Sax.* an egg; but as it were a grypes aye, *Conf. Am. 22*
- Ey**, *interj.*
- Eyen**, *n. pl. Sax.* eyes
- Eyre**, *for air*
- Eyrith**, *adj.* aerial, belonging to the air
- Fable**, *n. Fr.* idle discourse
- Faconde**, *n. Fr.* eloquence
- Facondue**, *adj.* eloquent *Du. 926.*
- Faerie**, *n. Fr.* the nation of Faeries. Enchantment, the work of faeries; king of Faerie; queue of Faerie; contree of Faerie
- Fain**, *adj. Sax.* glad; than was I as fayne as foule of fayre morowe, *Pierce Plough, 47, b.*
- Fain**, *adv.* gladly
- Faine**, *v. Fr.* to feign, to dissemble; to swinke and travail he not faineth, he does not feign or pretend only to labour, *i. e.* he labours seriously.
- Fairehede**, *n. Sax.* beauty
- Faitour**, *n. Fr.* a lazy idle fellow, *Pierce Plough, 32 b. 33 b.* faitard, faiteur, un paresseux, *piger.*
- Falding**, a kind of coarse cloth, *St.* He derives it from the A. S. feald, plica: however that may be Helmodus [*Cbron. Slav. l. i. c. 1.*] speaks of *indumenta lanca* (probably coarse enough) *que nos appellamus faldnes*; and *fallin* in Irish, according to Lhuyd, signifies a mantle. Giraldus Cambr. [*Topog. Hibern. dist. 3. c. 10.*] describes the Irish as clothed in *phalingis lancia*, *vice palliorum*. Faldyng cloth, *Amphibalus. Birrus-Prompt. Parvi* Row cloth, as faldyng and other like. *Endromis Amphibalus ibid.* See *Du Cange*, in *v. Amphibalus*
- Fall**, *for fallen*, *part. pa.*
- Falsen**, *v. Fr.* to falsify, to deceive
- Falwe**, *adj. Sax.* yellow
- Falwes**, *n. pl. Sax.* harrowed lands
- Famuler**, *adj. Lat.* domestic
- Fan**, *n.* the quintaine, which is called a fan or van, from its turning round like a weathercock. See *Du Cange* in *v. Vana. Menchrier sur les turnois. Dist. Synop.* in *v. Quintaine*, and *Kennet's Paroch.*
- Fande**, *part. t. of finde*, *v. Sax.* found
- Fane**, *n.* a weathercock
- Fantaſie**, *n. Fr.* fancy
- Fantome**, *n. Fr.* any false imagination; *et direct plusieurs qu'il avoient été en fantome. Freiffart, v. 1. c. 63.*
- Farte**, *v. Fr.* farder, to paint
- Fardel**, *n. Fr.* a burthen
- Fare**, *v. Sax.* to go; to fare wel, to speed, to be happy
- Fare**, *n.* seems to have been derived from the French *v. faire*, whenever it can be interpreted by the word *ado*; this hore fare; for which the wardein chidde and made fare; what a mounteth all this fare? betwixt us two nedeth no strange fare; and leve this nice fare. In other instances it follows the sense of the Saxon *v. fare*, as in the compound words *welfare*, *thoroughfare*, &c.
- Faren**, *fare*, *part. pa.*
- Fares**, *for fareth*
- Faring**, *part. pr.*
- Farme**, *n. Fr.* food, a meal. See *Speiman* in *v. Firma*
- Farle**, *v. Fr.* farcir, to stuff
- Fathe**, *n.* See *Lathe*
- Faute**, *n. Fr.* want
- Fawe**, *adj. Sax.* glad; as fain
- Fay**, *n. Fr.* faith
- Fayre**, *adj. Sax.* fair
- Fayre**, *adv.* fairly, gracefully
- Feblesſe**, *n. Fr.* weakness
- Fecche**, *v. Sax.* to fetch
- Fecē**, *n. Sax.* money. It seems to signify inheritable possessions, in contradistinction to money or moveables

Fesse, *v. Fr.* to inſeoff, to preſent
Feine, *v. Fr.* to feign
Fel, *adv. Sax.* cruel, deſtructive
Felaw, *n. Sax.* fellow, companion
Felawſhip, *n. Sax.* company
Felawſhips, *v.* to accompany
Felde, *n. Sax.* a field
Felden, *pa. t. pl. of felle*, *v. Sax.* felled, made to fall
Fele, *adj. Sax.* many
Fele, *v. Sax.* to feel, to have ſenſe, to perceive
Fell, *n. Sax.* ſkin
Felonie, *n. Fr.* all ſorts of criminal violence
Feloun, *adj. Fr.* cruel
Feminie, *pr. n.* the country of Amazons
Femininitee, *n. Fr.* womanhood
Fend, *n. Sax.* an enemy, the devil
Fendliche, *adj.* devilish
Fenne, *n.* the name of the ſections of Avicenne's great work intituled *Canon*. See *Canon*
Feeffed, *part. pa. Fr.* infeoffed
Fer, *adv. Sax.* far
Ferre, *comp.* further
Ferrell, *superl.* furtheſt
Ferd, *fered*, *part. pa. of fere*, terrified
Ferd, *ferde*, *pa. t. of fare*
Ferden, *pa. t. pl.*
Fere, *n. Sax.* a companion, a wife, in *fere*, together, in company
Fere, *for fire*
Fere, *n. Sax.* fear
Fere, *v. Sax.* to terrify
Ferforth, *ferforthly*, *adv. Sax.* far forth
Ferly, *adj. Sax.* ſtrange
Fermacie, *for pharmacie*, *n. Fr.* a medicine
Ferne, *n. Fr.* a farm
Fermerere, *n. Lat. infirmarius*, the officer in a religious houſe who had the care of the infirmary, *Du Cange* in *v.*
Ferne, *adv. Sax.* before
Fers, *adj. Fr.* fierce
Fers, *n. Du 654, ſeq.* the piece at cheſs next to the king, which we and other European nations call the 'queen, though very improperly, as Hyde has obſerved. *Pberz* or *Pberzán*, which is the Perſian name for the ſame piece, ſignifies the king's chief counſellor or general. *Hiſt. Shabibud.* p. 88, 9
Ferthing, *n. Sax.* a ſarthing, any very ſmall thing; no ſerthing—of greſe, not the ſmalleſt ſpot of greaſe
Fest, *n. Sax.* fiſt
Feste, *n. Fr.* feaſt
Fefteying, *part. pr. Fr.* feaſting
Fetlich, *adj.* uſed to feaſts
Fetch, *n. Sax.* a vetch
Fete, *n. Fr.* work
Petiſe, *adj.* well made, neat
Petiſely, *adv.* neatly, properly
Fette, *fer*, *part. pa. of fecche*
Fey, *n. Fr.* faith
Fe, re, *n. Fr.* a fair or market
Fiance, *n. Fr.* truſt
Fidel, *n. Sax.* a fiddle
Fill, *for fell*, *pa. t. of fall*

Finch, *n. Sax.* a ſmall bird; to pull a finch, was a proverbial expreſſion, ſignifying to ſtrip a man by fraud of his money, &c.

If I may gripe a riche man
 I ſhall ſo *pulle* him, if I can,
 That he ſhall in a ſewe ſtoundes
 Leſe all his markes and his poundes.—
 Our maidens ſhall eke plucke him ſo
 That him ſhall neden fethers mo.

Withoute ſcalding they hem *pulle*.

Find, *v. Sax.* to find, to ſupply. *Fint*, *for findeth*
Fine, *fin*, *n. Fr.* end
Fine, *v. Fr.* to ceaſe
Fine, *adj. Fr.* of fine force, of very neceſſity
Fit, *n. Sax.* a diviſion or ſhort portion of a poem.
 See *Gloſſ. Percy* in *v.*
Fittingeſt, *adj. ſup. Sax.* moſt fitting
Fixe, *adj. Fr.* fixed
Flaic, *for fley*, *pa. t. of flee*, flew
Flaine, *part. pa. of flaie*, *v. Sax.* ſlaied or head,
Flambe, *n. Fr.* flame
Flatour, *n. Fr.* a flatterer. *Conf. Am.* 154, b.
Flawe, *adj.* yellow, from the *Lat. flavus*. *Gloſſ. Ur*
Flecked, *adj.* ſpotted
Fleckering, *part. pr.* See *Flicker*
Flee, *v. neut. Sax.* to fly
Fleen, *n. pl. Sax.* fleas
Fleme, *v. Sax.* to baniſh
Flemed, *part. pa.*
Flemer, *n.* baniſher
Flete, *v. Sax.* to float, to ſwim
Flete, *for fletch*
Fleting, *part. pr.*
Flicker, *v. neut. Sax.* to flutter
Flit, *v. neut. Sax.* to fly; *elle fuiſt*, orig.
Flit, *v. aſi. R.* to remove
Flitering, *part. pr.* floating, *ſuſtantius* orig.
Flitted, *part. pr.* removed, ſhifted
Flo, *n. Sax.* an arrow, *Flone*, *pl.*
Flockmel, *adv. Sax.* in a flock
Florin, *pr. n.* a ſpecies of gold coin
Flotery, *adj. Sax.* floating
Flotte, *v. Fr.* to float,
Flotte, *v.* as *flete*
Flourees, *adj.* without flower
Flourette, *n. Fr.* a ſmall flower
Floyting, playing on the flute
Foine, *v. Fr.* to make a paſs in fencing, to puſh
Foiſon, *n. Fr.* abundance
Foled, *part. pa. Sax.* foaled
Folehardineſs, *n. Fr.* raſhneſs,
Fole-large, *adj. penult.* fooliſhly liberal
Folie, *n. Fr.* folly
Folily, *adv.* fooliſhly
Folwe, *v. Sax.* to follow
Foly, *adj.* fooliſh
Fond, *adj. Sax.* fooliſh
Fond, *pa. t. of find*
Fonde, *v. Sax.* to try
Fong, *v. Sax.* to take
Fonne, *n. Sax.* a fool

- Fonnc, v.** to be foolish
Font-stone, n. Sax. a font for baptizing
For, prep. Sax. pro. Lat. pour. Fr. ; it is frequently prefixed to verbs in the infinitive mood in the French manner; for to tellen; for to don; *pour dire, pour faire*; for to han ben, *pour avoir été*. It sometimes signifies against; for percing of his herte, against, or to prevent, piercing; for steling of the rose; against stealing. See *Pierce Plough*; 31. some shall sowe the sacke for shedding of the wheate, i. e. to prevent shedding
For, conj. Sax. quia, Lat. pour ce que, Fr. because that; for him luste to ride so; for she wolde virtue please; for I teche
For, in composition, has various powers; it is most commonly intensive of the signification of the word with which it is joined, as in *fordronken, fordry, forfered, &c.*; sometimes privative, as in *forboden, foryete*; and sometimes only communicative of an ill sense, as in *forfaite, forfare, forjuged, &c.*
For, Fr. and ver, Belg. have similar powers in composition
Forbere, v. Sax. to abstain
Forbodeh, part. pa. of forbede, v. Sax. forbidden
Forbrake, pa. t. broke off; abrupt, orig.
Forbrused, part. pa. Fr. sorely bruised
Force, n. Fr. no force, no matter; I do no force, I care not; I do no force of your divinitee, I care not for your divinity; no force of death, no matter for death; they yewe no force, they care not; *de fruit avoir ne fait force. orig.*
Forcutte, v. Sax. to cut through
Fordo, v. Sax. to do away, to ruin
Fordon, fordo, part. pa. undone
Fordrive, (fordriven) part. pa. Sax. driven away
Fordronken, part. pa. Sax. very drunken
Fordry, adj. Sax. very dry
Fordwined, part. pa. Sax. wasted away
Fore, (foren) part. pa. of fare, v. Sax. gone
Fore, prep. Sax. is seldom used by itself; in composition it has the power of before.
Forein, n. a jakes, *Gloss. Ur. from Sk.*; the context seems rather to require that it should signify an outward court or garden
Foreweting, n. Sax. foreknowledge
Forewote, forewete, v. Sax. to foreknow
Forfaite, v. Fr. to misdo
Forfare, v. Sax. to fare ill
Forfered, part. pa. Sax. much afraid
Forgifte, n. Sax. forgiveness
Forgon, inf. v. Sax. to omit, to lose
Forgrowen, part. pa. Sax. overgrown
Forjuged, part. pa. Fr. wrongfully judged
Forkerve, v. Sax. to carve or cut through
Forlast, part. pa. Sax. left off entirely
Forlese, v. Sax. to lose entirely
Forlete, v. Sax. to give over, to quit
Forlore, (sorloren) part. pa. Sax. utterly lost
Forloyne, n. Fr. forlonge, a term of the chase, which signifies that the game is far off, *Du. 386*
Forme, adj. Sax. first; Adam our forme father
Formest, adj. sup. Sax. first, *Du. 890*
Formell, A. F. 371, is put for the female of any fowl, more frequently for a female eagle
Forpined, part. pa. Sax. wasted a way, tormented
Forseke, v. Sax. to deny
Forshapen, part. pa. Sax. transformed
Folshronke, (forshronken) part. pa. Sax. shrunk up
Forfleuthe, forflouthe, forflugge, v. Sax. to lose through sloth
Forlongen, part. pa. Sax. tired with singing
Forster, n. Fr. a forester
Forstraught, part. pa. Sax. distracted
Forthby, adv. Sax. forward by
Forthgr, v. Sax. to further, to advance
Forthinke, v. Sax. to grieve, to vex
Forthought, pa. t. of forthinke
Forthren, inf. m. of forthr
Forthy, conj. Sax. therefore
Fortroden, part. pa. of fortread, v. Sax. troden down
Portuit, adj. Fr. accidental
Fortune, v. Fr. to make fortunate, to give good or bad fortune
Fortunous, adj. proceeding from fortune
Forwaked, part. pa. Sax. having waked long
Forwanded, part. pa. Sax. having wandred long
Forwelked, part. pa. Sax. much wrinkled
Forwept, part. pa. Sax. having much wept
Forwered, part. pa. Sax. worn out
Forewerie, adj. Sax. very weary
Forword, (foreword) n. Sax. a promise or covenant
Forwounded, part. pa. Sax. much wounded
Forwrapped, part. pa. wrapped up
Foryelde, v. Sax. to repay
Foryete, v. Sax. to forget
Foryetten, part. pa.
Foster, n. Fr. as foster
Fostred, part. pa. of foster, v. Sax. nourished
Fostring, n. nutriment
Fote-hot, immediately
Fote-mantel, means, I suppose, a sort of riding-peticoat, such as is now used by market-women
Fother, n. Sax. a carriage-load; an indefinite large quantity
Foudre, n. Fr. lightning
Foule, v. Sax. a bird
Found, pa. t. of find, supplied
Founde, v. as fonde
Foundred, pa. t. of founder, v. Fr. fell down
Fowertie, num. Sax. forty
Foxerie, n. foxish manners
Fra, for fro, prep. Sax. from; it is sometimes used adverbially, till and fra, to and fro
Fraine, v. Sax. to ask
Franknet, n. pl. Sax. spots, freckles
Franchise, n. Fr. frankness, generosity
Frank, n. a denomination of French money; answering at present to the *livre Tournois*
Franklein, pr. n.
Fraught, v. Sax. to freight, load a ship
Fre, adj. Sax. willing, unconstrained, at liberty, liberal, bountiful
Fredom, n. Sax. as franchise
Freelee, n. Fr. frailty
Fregius, for Phrygius

Fremde, fremed, *adj. Sax.* strange; to frend he to fremed, *Pierce Plough*, 79
 Frenetike *adj. Fr.* frantic
 Frenseic, *n. Fr.* a frenzy
 Frenc, *n. Fr.* a frier, *Pierce Plough*, 12. a. b.
 Frefhe, *v. Fr.* to refresh
 Fret, *n. Fr.* a band
 Fret, frette, *part. pa. Fr.* fraught, filled, or perhaps wrought in a kind of fretwork: a sort of blazon is called *frette*; and through the fret full of falshede—we should read—a trouthe fret full of falshede
 Frete, *v. Sax.* to eat, devour
 Fretting, *part. pr.*
 Frette, (*freted*) *part. pa.*
 Freyne, *v. Sax.* as fraine
 Friſe, *pr. n. Friezland*
 Frote, *v. Fr.* to rub
 Frounceles, *adj. Fr.* without wrinkle
 Froward, *adj. Sax.* averſe
 Fro ye, from you; ye is put for you, that fro ye may rhyme, in appearance at least, with joye and Troye
 Fructuous, *adj. Fr.* fruitful
 Fruitestere, *n. Sax.* a female seller of fruit
 Ful-drive, *part. pa.* fully driven, completed
 Fulke, (*Fr. folke*) *n. Sax.* people
 Fulſumneſſe, *n. Sax.* satiety
 Fumetere, *pr. n.* of a plant, fumitory, *fumaria—purgat bilem et humores aduſos. Ray's Synopſis.*
 Fumofitee, *n. Fr.* fumes arising from excessive drinking
 Fundament, *n. Fr.* foundation
 Furial, *adj. Fr.* raging
 Fuſible, *adj. Fr.* capable of being melted
 Fy, *interj. Fr.* I ſay fy, I cry ſhame

G.

Gabbe, *v. Fr.* to talk idly, to lie; gabbe I of this? *num id mentior?*
 Gacides, is probably a misprint for *Racides*, though I do not know what Chiron had any right to that title
 Gadling, *n. Sax.* an idle vagabond
 Gadred, *part. pa. Sax.* gathered
 Gailer, *n. Fr.* gaoler
 Gaillard, *adj. Fr.* brisk, gay
 Gaitre-beries, berries of the dog-wood tree, *cor-nus femina*
 Galaxie, *pr. n.* the Milky Way, a track in the heavens so called
 Gale, *v. Sax.* Galan Lax, signifies *canere*.
 Galfride, *pr. n.* Geoffrey of Monmouth, Geoffrey Vinſauf. See *Gaufride*
 Galice, *pr. n.* a province of Spain, the famous shrine of St. James at Compoſtella was in Galicia
 Galingale, *pr. n.* sweet cypress
 Gallien, Galian, *pr. n.* Galen
 Galoche, *n. Fr.* a ſhoe
 Galpe, *v. Sax.* to gape, to yawn
 Galping, *part. pr.* gaping, yawning
 Galwes, *n. pl. Sax.* the gallows

Gan, *pa. t. of ginne, v. Sax.* began
 Gannen, *pl.*
 Gar, *v. Sax.* to make
 Gardebrace, *n. Fr.* armour for the arm
 Gargate, *n. Fr.* the throat
 Garifoun, seems to be used as a *v.* to heal; the orig. has garifon, a *n.* healing, recovery
 Garnement, *n. Fr.* a garment
 Garner, *n. Fr.* a granary or storeroom
 Garnison, *n. Fr.* a guard or garrison
 Gaſtneſs, *n. Sax.* gaſtlineſs
 Gate, gatte, *pa. t. of get, v. Sax.* gat, began
 Gate, *n. Sax.* a way; went her gate, went her way
 Gatſiden, *pr. n.* John Gateſden, author of a medical work, entitled *Roſe Anglicana*, in the 14th century. See *Tanner* in *v.*
 Gaude, *n. Fr.* jeſt, gaudes, *pl.* ridiculous tricks
 Gaufride, *pr. n.*
 Gaure, *v.* to ſtare, for them that gaured and caſt on me their ſight *Lyd. Gra. b. ix. f. 32. b.*
 Gawain, *pr. n.* nephew to King Arthur by his ſiſter, married to King Lot: ſo ſays the Brit. Hiſt. which goes under the name of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and I believe it will be in vain to look for any more authentick genealogiſt of all that family; he is there called Walgannus. The *Fr.* romancers, who have built upon Geoffrey's foundations, agree in deſcribing Gawain as a model of knightly courteſy: to this his eſtabliſhed character our author alludes
 Gayler, *n. Fr.* as gailer
 Geant, *n. Fr.* giant; the crane the geant
 Gear, *n.* See *gere*
 Gende, for gent
 Genelon, *pr. n.* of one of Charlemagne's officers, who by his treachery was the cauſe of the defeat at Roncevaux, the death of Roland, &c. for which he was torn to pieces by horſes. This at leaſt is the account of the author who calls himſelf Archbiſhop Turpin, and of the romancers who followed him, upon whoſe credit the name of Genelon or Ganelon was for ſeveral centuries a ſynonymous expreſſion for the worſt of traitors. Our Author alludes to his treachery, and to his puniſhment. See alſo *Du. 1121.*
 Gent, *adj. Fr.* neat, pretty
 Genterie, *n. Fr.* gentility
 Gentil, *adj. Fr.* in its original ſenſe means welborn, of a noble family, "Il y avoit un Chevalier, "Capitaine de la ville:—point gentilhomme n' eſtoit:—et l'avoit fait, pour ſa vaillance, le "Roy Edouard Chevalier," *Fraiſart, v. ii. c. 77.* It is commonly put for civil, liberal, gentlemanlike
 Gentileſſe, *n. Fr.* follows the ſignifications of gentil
 Geomancie, *n. Fr.* divinations by figures made on the earth
 Gere, *n. Sax.* all ſorts of inſtruments; of cookery, of war, of apparel, of cheſmiftry; in hir quainte geres, in their ſtrange faſhions
 Gerie, gerful, changeable, probably from the *Fr.* girer, to turn round; gierful
 Gerlond, *n. Fr.* a garland, the name of a dog

- Gesse, *v. Sax.* to guess
 Gest, *n. Sax.* a guest
 Gestes, *n. pl. Lat.* actions, adventures
 Gestour, *n.* a relater of jests
 Get, *n. Fr.* geste, fashion, behaviour; with that false get, with that cheating contrivance
 Gethe, for goeth
 Gie, *v. Sax.* to guide
 Gigges, *n. pl.* irregular sounds produced by the wind, &c. Gigue, *Fr.* signified a musical instrument like a fiddle, and from thence a sort of light tune, *Ménage* in *v.* It is probably a word of Teutonic original. See Junius
 Gilbertin, *pr. n.* an English physician of the 13th century. See Fulbrius, *Bibl. Med. Æt.* in *v.* Gilbertus de Aquilla
 Gilt, *part. pa. Sax.* gilded, of the colour of gold
 Gilt, *n. Sax.* guilt
 Gilour, *n. Fr.* a deceiver
 Gilte-les, *adj. Sax.* free from guilt
 Giltif, *adj. Sax.* guilty, *Conf. Am.* 62, b.
 Gin, *n. Fr.* engine, contrivance
 Ginger, *n. Fr.* ginger
 Ginne, *v. Sax.* to begin
 Gipciere, *n. Fr.* a pouch or purse
 Gipe, *n. Fr.* an upper frock or cassock
 Gipon, *n. Fr.* a short cassock
 Girde, *v. Sax.* to strike, to smite; this word is perhaps the original of gride in Spenser. See *Obf.* on Spens. *v.* ii. p. 62
 Girdelhede, *n. Sax.* the waist, the place of the girdle
 Girdles, *n. pl. Sax.* young persons either male or female
 Girt, *part. pa.* of girde; thurgh girt, smitten through
 Gisarme, *n. Fr.* a battleax. See *Du Cange* in *Gisarme*
 Gise, *n. Fr.* guise, fashion; at his owen gise, in his own manner, as he would wish
 Gite, *n. Fr.* a gown
 Giterne, *n. Fr.* a guitar
 Gitering, *n.* playing on a giterne
 Glade, *v. Sax.* to make glad
 Glader, *n.* one that maketh glad
 Gladfom, *adj. Sax.* pleasant
 Glase, for glasse
 Glase, *v. Sax.* to put glasse into windows, *Du.* 323
 Glasinge, *n.* glassework, *Du.* 327
 Gle, *n. Sax.* mirth, music; glee, *pl.* musical instruments
 Glede, *n. Sax.* a burning coal; gledes, *pl.* sparks of fire
 Gleire, *n. Fr.* the white of an egg
 Glent, *pa. t.* glanced
 Gleve, *n. Fr.* glaive, a lance
 Glimsing, *n.* glimmering
 Gliteren, *par. t. pl.* of glitter, *v. Sax.*
 Glode, *pa. t.* of glide, *v. Sax.* she glode forth as an adder doth, *Conf. Am.* 105
 Glombe, *v. Sax.* to look gloomy
 Glofe, *n. Fr.* a comment or interpretation
 Glofe, *v.* to comment or interpret, to speak tenderly, to flatter
 Gloton, *n. Fr.* a glutton
 Gloweden, *pa. t. pl.* of glow, *v. Sax.*
 Gnarre, *n.* a hard knot in a tree
 Gnat, *n. Sax.* is put for any little worthless thing
 Gniding, *part. pr. Sax.* rubbing
 Gnoffe, *n.* an old cuff, a miser, *Gloss. Ur.* I know not upon what authority
 Gnowe, *pa. t.* of gnawe, *v. Sax.*
 Go, *v. Sax.* means sometimes to walk, in contradistinction to riding
 Go, (gon) *part. pa.*
 Gobbet, *n. Fr.* a morsel, a bit
 God, *n. Sax.* God toforne, God going before; Deo favente, Goddes armes two; Goddes bones, vulgar oaths. A' Goddes half. See Halfe
 Gode, good, *n. Sax.* wealth, goods
 Gode-les, *adj.* without money or goods
 Godelyhede, *n. Sax.* goodness
 Godeness, *n. Sax.* at godeness, at advantage; and so we should read where the edit. have at godemes, the orig. has *en bon point*
 Godsh, *n. Sax.* a gossip, a godfather
 Gofish, *adj.* foolish, from the *Fr.* goffe, dull stupid
 Gold, *n.* a flower commonly called a turnsol
 Gower says that Leucothea was changed into a floure was named golde,
 Whiche stont governed of the sonne.
Conf. Am. 121. b.
 Gold-hewen, *adj. Sax.* of a golden hue or colour
 Goldsmithrie, *n. Sax.* goldsmiths work
 Golet, *n. Fr.* the throat or gullet
 Goliardeis, *Fr.* This jovial sect seems to have been so called from Goliath, the real or assumed name of a man of wit toward the end of the 12th century. He wrote the *Apocalypse Golia*, and other pieces, in burlesque Latin rhymes, some of which have been falsely attributed to Walter Map. See *Tanner's Bibl. Brit.* in *v. Goliardus*. In several authors of the 12th century, quoted by *Du Cange*, the *Goliardi* are classed with the *juculares et buffones*
 Gomme, *n. Fr.* gum
 Gon, *inf. m. Sax.* to go; so mote I gon, so may I fare well; so mote I ride or go, so may I fare well riding or walking, *i. e.* in all my proceedings. See *Go*.—*Gon, par. t. pl. part. pa.* gone,
 Gonfanon, *n. Fr.* a banner or standard
 Gong, *n. Sax.* a little house, a jakes
 Gonne, *n.* a gun
 Gonnen, *gonne, pa. t. pl.* of ginne
 Gore, *n.* It has been suggested to me by a learned person, whom I have not the honour to know, that gore is a common name for a slip of cloth or linen, which is inserted in order to widen a garment in any particular place. *Gore* of a cloth, *lacinia, Prompt. Parv.* See also the glossary to Kennet's *Paroch. Antig.* in *v. Gore*. This sense will suit very well with the context, unless we suppose that *gore* is there put for shirt, because shirts have usually gores in them; the expression would certainly be very awkward, and unlike Chaucer's general manner, but in this place (The Rime of Sire Thopas) he may be

supposed to have taken it purposely from one of those old romances which are the objects of his ridicule.

Gole, for goes, goeth

Gospellere, *n. Sax.* evangelist

Gossamer, *n.* a thin cobweb-like substance which flies about in the air

Gost, *n. Sax.* spirit, mind

Goth, *imp. d. pers. pl.* go ye

Gouvernaille, *n. Fr.* government, steerage

Goune-cloth, cloth enough to make a gown

Gourd, *n.* a vessel to carry liquor, perhaps so called from its shape

Gower, *pr. n.* an eminent English poet, to whom Chaucer directs his *Troilus* and *Creseide*

Grace, *n. Fr.* favour; fery grace, harde grace, misfortune

So full of sorowe am I, sothe to sayne;
That certainly no more hard grace
May sit on me, for why? there is no space.

So Hercules, ap. Eurip. H₂.

Грѣхъ иже не ѡчищенъ, не ѡчищенъ.

The criticism of Longinus, sect. xl. is perhaps equally applicable to both passages.—With *harde grace*, is to be understood as spoken in a parenthesis of the cherl, misfortune attend him! See With. Save your grace, with your favour, *favore voire grace*

Gracious, *adj. Fr.* agreeable, graceful

Grame, *n. Sax.* grief, anger; telle it to gode or grame

Grammere, *n. Fr.* grammar

Grand mercie, *Fr.* great thanks

Grane, *n. Fr.* a grain, a single seed

Grange, *n. Fr.* a farm-house

Grapinel, *n. Fr.* a grappling-iron

Gratche, is perhaps the same with *graithe*, if not mistaken for it. *Gloss. Ur.* See *Greithe*. The orig. has—*s'aourne comme beguigne*.

Graunson, *pr. n.*

Grave, *v. Sax.* to carve, to engrave

Grave, (graven) *part. pa.* buried

Gre, *n. Fr.* pleasure, satisfaction, from *gratus*, *Lat.* to receive in gre, to take kindly; the gre, the prize.—From *gradus*, *Lat.* it signifies a step or degree

Grede, *n. Sax.* a greedy person

Grede, *v. barb. Lat.* to cry

Grein, *n. Fr.* *grein de Paris, de Paradis*, orig. grains of Paradise, a sort of spice; grain of Portingale, a sort of scarlet dye called kermes or vermillion

Greithe, *v. Sax.* to prepare, make ready

Grenehed, *n. Sax.* childifhness

Grese, *n. Fr.* grease

Grete, for grede

Grette, *pa. of grete, v. Sax.* greeted, saluted

Greves, *n. pl. Sax.* groves

Grille, *adj. Fr.* horrible, grymm, gryl, and horrible; *borridus, Prompt. Parv.*

Grint, for grindeth

Grinte, *pa. t. of grind, v. Sax.* ground; grint with his teeth, gnashed with his teeth

Grinting, *n.* grinding, gnashing

Vol. I.

Gris, *n. Fr.* a species of fur

Grisly, *adj. Sax.* dreadful

Groche, *v. Sax.* to grutch, to murmur

Groff, *adj. Sax.* flat on the ground

Groine, *n. Fr.* the snout of a swine, a hanging lip

Groine, *v. Sax.* to hang the lip in discontent

Grone, *v. Fr.* to groan, to grunt

Gront, *pa. t.* groaned

Grope, *v. Sax.* to search, to examine by feeling

Grot, *n.* a coin worth fourpence

Grounden, *part. pa. of grind*

Groyning, *n.* discontent. See Groine

Guerdon, *n. Fr.* reward, recompense

Guerdon, *v.* to reward

Guerdonles, *adj.* without reward

Guido, *pr. n.* Guido de Columpnis, Guido dalle Colonne, of Messina in Sicily, a lawyer and a poet, died about 1290. *Quadrio*, vol. li. p. 165.

His history of the Trojan war, to which our Author refers, was written in Latin, and finished in 1287. I have there intimated my suspicion that he translated it, for the most part, from a French romance of Benoit de Sainte More. However that may have been, Guido's work is certainly the original from which the later writers of the middle ages have generally taken their accounts of Trojan affairs. It was translated into Italian in 1324 by Filippo Cessi, a Florentine, [*Quadrio*, vol. vi. p. 475.] A French translation is also extant, in which it is said to be "translatée, en François, premierement du commandement du Maire de la cité de Beauvais, en nom et en honneur de Karles le Roy de France, l'an mil. ecc. quatre vingtz," [ms. Reg. 16 F. ix.] This is probably the French translation mentioned by Lydgate in the Prologue to his Boke of Troye, which is a mere paraphrase in verse of Guido's history, with some digressions and additions of his own. Lydgate's work was finished (as he tells us himself at the end) in 1420.

H.

Habergeon, *n. Fr.* a diminutive of hauberg, a coat of mail

Habilitée, *n. Fr.* ability

Habitacles, *n. pl. Fr.* places of habitation

Habitc, *v. Fr.* to dwell

Habundant, *part. pr. Fr.* abundant

Hackenaie, *n. Fr.* an ambling horie or pad

Hacking, *n. Fr.* cutting in pieces

Hadden, *pa. t. pl. of have*

Haf, *pa. t. of heve, v. Sax.* heaved, raised

Haic, hay, *n. Fr.* a hedge

Haile, *n. Sax.* health, welfare

Hailles, *pr. n.* of an abbey in Gloucestershire

Haire, *n. Fr.* a haircloth

Hakeney, *n. Fr.* as hackenaie

Haketon, *n. Fr.* a short cassock without sleeves

Halden, for holden, *part. pa. of hold*

Halfe, *n. Sax.* a side, a part; a' Goddes half, *Dr.* 370, on God's part, with God's favour; a' this halfe God, on this side of God; four halves, four sides

Hali, *pr. n.* an Arabian physician, *Fabric. Bibl.* Gr. t. xiii. p. 17.

Halke, *n. Sax.* a corner
Halpe, *pa. t. of help, v. Sax.*
Hals, *n. Sax.* the neck
Halse, *v. Sax.* to kiss round the neck—to con-
 jure
Halt, *pa. t. of hold, v. Sax.* held or kept
Halt, for **Holt**, *i. e.* holdeth, *Du.* 621.
Halte, *v. Fr.* to go lamely, *Du.* 622.
Hame, for home, *n. Sax.*
Hamele, *v. Sax.* to hamstring, to cut off
Hamers, *n. pl. Sax.* hammers, *Du.* 1164.
Han, *inf. m. of have, v. Sax.*
Hanselins, appears from the context to mean a
 sort of breeches
Happe, *n. Sax.* chance
Happe, *v.* to happen
Hard, *adj. Sax.* hard; harde grace, misfortune.
 See **Grace**. It is used adverbially
Harde, *v. Sax.* to make hard
Hardely, (**hardily**) *adv. Fr.* boldly, *adv. Sax.* cer-
 tainly
Harding, *n. Sax.* hardening
Harie, *v. Fr.* to hurry; to harie and drawe
Haried, *part. pa.* hurried; *ils feroient hariez en*
grand nombre. Froissart, v. i. c. 225.
Harlot, *n.* was anciently applied to men as well as
 women
Harlotries, *n. pl.* ribaldries
Harneia, *n. Fr.* armour, furniture
Harneise, *v. Fr.* to dress
Harow, *interj.*
Harpour, *n. Fr.* a harpou. In the act of resump-
 tion, 28 H. VI. there is a proviso in favour of
 John Turges, harpou with the queen, for the
 reversion of an annuity of 10 marks, after the
 death of William Langton minstrel
Harwed, *p. t. of harwe, v. Sax.* harrassed, subdued
Hazardour, *n. Fr.* a playe at hazard, a gamester
Hazardrie, *n. Fr.* gaming in general
Hafelwode. All the passages in which this word
 occurs plainly allude to the same proverbial
 saying, which appears to have been used in
 scorn or derision of any improbable hope or ex-
 pectation; why it was so used is beyond my
 reach to discover: it may be proper, however,
 to mention that in T. iii. 892, *ms. Harl.* 3943.
reads—Hafelwode is shaken—and that the pas-
 sage, T. v. 1174, is an imitation of the follow-
 ing in the *Filoftrato*.

Ma Pandero feco tacitamente
 Ride di cio che Troylo dicea—
 Chel si fusse fsembiante facea
 Di crederlo, e dicia, di mungibelo
Aspetta il vento questo topinello.

Hastif, *adj. Fr.* hasty
Hastify, *adv.* hastily
Hate, *v. Sax.* to be named
Hauber, *n. Fr.* a coat of mail
Haunce, *v. Fr.* to raise, to enhance
Haut, *n. Fr.* custom, practice
Haunte, *v. Fr.* to practise
Haunted, *pa. t. pl.* practised, frequented
Hantein, *adj. Fr.* haughty, loud, a hautein faucon,
 a highflying hawk, faulcon haultain, *Fr.*
Haven, *inf. m. of have, v. Sax.*; it is more com-
 monly abbreviated into **han**

Havoir, for **avoir**, *n. Fr.* wealth
Have, *n. Sax.* a hawthorn berry, a farmyard—a
 churchyard
He, *pron. Sax.* is often prefixed in all its cases to
 proper names emphatically, according to the
 Saxon usage; he Moses, he Tityus. *He* is al-
 so frequently used for *it* in all cases
Hed, *n. Sax.* head; on his hed, on pain of losing
 his head
Hedde, for **hidde**, (**hidden**)
Hegges, *n. pl. Sax.* hedges
Heifugge, *carruca*, a little bird which is supposed
 to hatch the cuckoo's egg, and to be destroyed
 by the young cuckoos, *Sp.*
Hele, *v. Sax.* helan, to hide
Hele, *v. Sax.* helan, to heal, to help
Hele, *n. Sax.* health
Heleles, *adj.* helpless
Helise, *pr. n.* Elysiun
Helmed, *part. pa. Fr.* armed with an helmet
Helowis, *pr. n.* Eloisa the mistress of Abelard.—
 See a summary of their history in *Rom. de la*
Rose
Hem, *obl. c. pl. of he*, them. See **Him**
Hemself, **hemselfe**, **hemselven**. See **Self**
Henchmen, *n. pl.* pages. See a note on the Mid-
 summer Night's Dream of Shakespeare, act. ii.
sc. 2. last edit.
Hende, **hendy**, *adj. Sax.* civil, courteous
Henen, **henne**, **hennes**, **hens**, *adv. Sax.* hence
Heng, *pa. t.* and *part. of hang*
Hennesforth, *adv. Sax.* henceforth
Hente, *v. Sax.* to take hold of, to catch
Hent, *pa. t. & part.*
Hepe, *n. Sax.* a heap; to hepe; together, in a
 heap—the fruit of the dogrose
Heraud, *n. Fr.* a herald
Herbergage, *n. Fr.* lodging
Herbergeours, *n. pl. Fr.* providers of lodgings,
 harbingers
Herberwe, *n. Sax.* an inn, a lodging—the place of
 the sun: it rather means, I think, a harbour—
 herber, an arbour
Herberwe, *v. Sax.* to lodge
Herd, **hierde**, *n. Sax.* a keeper—herdegrömes,
 shepherd-boys
Herdes, *n. pl.* coarse flax; herde, fibra lini, *Kilian*

That not of heme ne heerd is was.

So this ver. is written in *ms. Hunter*; the orig.
 has only—*lle ne fut de bourras*
Here, for hire, *pron.*
Here, *adv. Sax.* in this place
Here, in composition, signifies this, without in-
 cluding any idea of place; hereagaines, against
 this; herebefore, before this
Here, *v. Sax.* to hear—Herd, herde, *pa. t. & part.*
Herden, *pa. t. pl.*
Here, *n. Sax.* hair
Heren, *adj.* made of hair
Herking, *part. pr. of herke, v. Sax.* hearkening
Hermes, *pr. n.* a chymical treatise under his name
 is extant in the *Theat. Chemic.* t. iv. See *Fabr.*
Bibl. Gr. l. i. c. 10. *Hermes Bakennus*, whether
 a different person from him just mentioned, I
 cannot tell
Herue, *n. Sax.* a corner

Heronere, *n. Fr.* a hawk made to fly only at the heron

Heronfews, *n. pl. Fr.* young herons

Herte, for hurt, *v. Sax. Du.* 883

Herte, *n. Sax.* heart; herteblood, heart's blood; herte-spone

Herteles, *adj.* without courage

Hertly, *adj.* hearty

Hery, *v. Sax.* to praise

Herying, *n.* praise

Heste, *n. Sax.* command—promise

Het, hette, *pa. t.* of hete, *v. Sax.* heated

Hete, *v. Sax.* to promise, to be called, *Du.* 200
See Highte

Hetheneffe, *n. Sax.* country of heathens

Hething, *n. Sax.* contempt, all is thy hething fallen upon thee

Heve, *v. Sax.* to heave, to raise—*v. neut.* to labour

Heved, *n. Sax.* head; every virtue in my heved; so I apprehend this line should be read, instead of in me heved

Heven-quene, *n. Sax.* the queen of heaven, the Virgin Mary

Hew of Lincoln, *pr. n.*

Hewe, *v. Sax.* to cut—*v. neut.* he that heweth to hie, with chippes he may lese his fight; so in the *Conf. Am.*

Full ofte he heweth up so hie,
That chyppes fallen in his eye.

Hewe, *n. Sax.* colour, appearance

Hewed, *part. pa.* coloured

Hext, *adj. superl. Sax.* highest; hegh, heghest heghst, hext. In the same manner next is formed from negh

Hidous, *adj. Fr.* dreadful

Hidoufly, *adv.* terribly

Hie, *v. Sax.* to hasten

Hie, *n.* haste, diligence; in or on hie, in haste

Hie, highe, *adj. Sax.* high

Hierdesse, *n. Sax.* a shepherdess. See Herde

Highen is perhaps miswritten for highe

Hight, *n. Sax.* heighth, on hight seems to signify—aloud, in a high voice; *en baut, Fr.*

Highte, *v. Sax.* called

Him, *obl. c.* of he, is often used alone in that reciprocal sense, which is generally expressed by the addition of the *adj. self*; than hath he don his frend ne him no shame, *i. e.* nor himself; as he him laid; and clad him; and bare him.—

It is also frequently put without the usual preposition; him to grete shame; to great shame of him; she falleth him to fete, she falleth at the feet of him; she swore him, she swore to him: hem and hire are used in the same manner

Himself, himselfe, himselfen. See Self

Hinderest, *superl. d.* of hind, *adv. Sax.* hindmost

Hine, *n. Sax.* a servant in husbandry, a hind

Hine, *n. Bel. Vil.* 35, should probably be hiene: the gall of an hyena was used to cure a certain disorder of the eye, *Plin. N. H. l. xxix. c. 38.*

Hippocras, *pr. n.* Hippocrates

Hir, *pron. poss. Sax.* their

Hire, *obl. c.* of she, *pron. Sax.* is often put for herself, and without the usual preposition. See Him

Hire, *pron. poss. Sax.* her

Hireself, hireselfe, hireselfen. See Self

Hirs, *pron. poss. Sax.* theirs

Historial, *adj. Fr.* historical

Ho, *interj. Fr.* commanding a cessation of any action

Hochepot, *a. Fr.* a mixture of various things shaken together in the same pot

Hoker, *n. Sax.* frowardness

Hokerly, *adv.* frowardly

Hold, *n. Sax.* a fort or castle

Hold, *v. Sax.* to keep; to hold in honde, to keep in suspense; to amuse in order to deceive

Hold, holden, *part. pa.* obliged

Hole, hol, *adj. Sax.* entire, whole, sound

Holly, *adv.* entirely, wholly

Holour, *n. Sax.* a whoremonger

Holt, *n. Sax.* a grove or forest

Holt, for holdeth

Homly, *adj. Sax.* domestic—plain, simple

Homlineffe, *n. Sax.* domestic management, familiarity

Honde, *n. Sax.* a hand; an honde-brede, an hand's breadth; withouten honde, without being pulled by any hand—Honden, *pl.*

Honest, *adj. Fr.* means generally, according to the French usage, creditable, honourable, becoming a person of rank

Honestete, honestee, *n. Fr.* virtue, decency—good manners

Hong, *v. Sax.* to hang

Hont, *n. Sax. Du.* 385, as hunt

Hony-swete, *adj. Sax.* sweet as honey

Hope, *v. Sax.* to expect

Hoppeleres, *n. pl. Sax.* dancers

Hord, *n. Sax.* treasure—a private place fit for the keeping of treasure

Hore, hoor, *adj. Sax.* hoary, gray

Horowe, *adj. Sax.* foul

Horriblete, *n. Fr.* horribleness

Hors, *n. pl. Sax.* horses

Horfe, *adj. Sax.* hoarse, *Du.* 347.

Horfly, *adj.* is applied to a horfe, as manly is to a man

Hospitalers, *n. pl. Lat.* religious persons of both sexes who attended the sick in hospitals—knights Hospitalers of different orders. See *Du Cange* in *v. Hospitalarius*

Host, *n. Fr.* an army

Hostelere, *n. Fr.* an innkeeper

Hostelrie, *n. Fr.* an inn or lodging-house

Hostilements, *n. pl.* household furniture

Hote, *adj. Sax.* hot

Hote, hoten, *part. pa.* of hete, called

Hove, *v. Sax.* to hover

Hound-fish, *n. Sax.* the dog-fish

Houne, *n.* for hound, thus said both here and

houne, *i. e.* hare and hound, all sorts of people

Houped, *pa. t. Fr.* hooped or hollowed

Houfel, *n. Sax.* the eucharist

Houfel, *v.* to administer the sacrament—to be housed, to receive the sacrament

Howwe, *n. Sax.* a cap or hood

Hulfere, *n. Sax.* holly

Hulfred, *part. pa. Sax.* hidden

Humblechede, *n. Sax.* humble state

Humbleſſe, *n. Fr.* humility
 Humbling, *n.* a humming; *bommelen bombilari*,
bombum edere, *Kilian*; hence our humble-bee
 Hunt, *n. Sax.* a huntsman
 Hurtle, *v. Fr.* to puff
 Huſbandrie, *n. Sax.* thrift, economical manage-
 ment
 Huſbond-man, *n. Sax.* the maſter of the family
 Huſt, *adj. Sax.* ſilent, whiſt
 Hylde, *v. Sax.* to pour
 Hyllled, *part. pa. Sax.* hidden. See Hele

I.

I, at the beginning of a word, in the common edit. and even the ms. of Chaucer, is often uſed to expreſs a corruption of the Saxon prepoſitive particle Ge, which in this edit. of The Canterbury Tales, is always expreſſed by y; all ſuch words therefore occurring in the Works of Chaucer not contained in this edition, ſhould be looked for either under y or under their ſecond letters

Jacobin, *pr. n.* a gray frier
 Jacke Straw, *pr. n.* the noiſe made by the followers of this rebel, to which our Author alludes, he had probably heard himſelf; it is called by Walsingham, p. 251; "Clamor horrendiſſimus, non ſimilis clamoribus queſ edere ſolent homines, ſed qui ultra omnem æſtimationem ſuperaret omnes clamores humanos, et maxime poſſet aſſimulari ululatus infernalium incolarum." Many Flemings (*Flandrenſes*) were beheaded by the rebels *cum clamore conſueſto*. Walsingham, *ibid.*

Jambeaux, *n. pl. Fr.* boots, armour for the legs

Jane, *n.* a coin of (*Janua*) Genoa; it is put for any ſmall coin

Jangle, *v. Fr.* to prate, to talk much or faſt

Jangle, *n.* prate, babble

Jangler, janglour, *n.* a prater

Janglerieſſe, *n.* a female prater

Jape, *n. Sax.* a trick, a jeſt

Jape, *v.* to jeſt—to cheat, to laugh at

Japer, *n.* a common jeſter or buffoon

Japerie, *n.* buffoonery

Jape-worthy, *adj.* ridiculous

Ich, iche, *pron. Sax.* I. ſo the ich, ſo the iche, ſo may I proſper

Idel, *adj. Sax.* idle, fruitleſs; in idel, in vain

Idolaſtre, *n. Fr.* an idolater

Jeopard, *v.* to hazard, to put in danger

Jeopardie, *n.* danger

Jeopardiſe, *Du.* 666.

Jeremie, *pr. n.* Jeremiah

Jerome, *pr. n.* Our Author has made much uſe of a treatiſe of St. Jerome *contra Jovinianum*

Jeſtes, *n. pl.* as geſtes

Jewerie, *n. Fr.* a diſtrict inhabited by Jews

Jewiſe, *n.* judgment, puniſhment; it may have been formed by corruption either of the Lat. *judicium* or the Fr. *juſtice*

Ik, *pron. Sax.* I. See Ich

Ilion, *pr. n.* the citadel of Troy

Ilke, *adj. Sax.* ſame

Imaginatif, *adj. Fr.* ſuſpicious

Imped, *part. pa. Sax.* planted

Impes, *n. pl. Sax.* ſhoots of trees

Impetren, *pr. t. pl. Fr.* obtain by prayer

Importable, *adj. Fr.* intolerable—impoſſible

Importune, *adj. Fr.* troubleſome

Impoſſible, *adj. Fr.* uſed as a ſubſtantive

In, *prep. Sax.* upon, in with, within

Incombrous, *adj. Fr.* cumberſome

Inconſtance, *n. Fr.* inconſtancy

Inde, *adj. Fr.* azure-coloured

Indigne, *adj. Fr.* unworthy

Inched, *part. pa. Sax.* inſerted

Inequal, *adj. Fr.* unequal

Infortunat, *adj. Lat.* unfortunate

Infortune, *n. Fr.* miſfortune

Ingot, *n.* a mould for caſting ingots

Inhabit, *part. pa. Fr.* inhabited

Inhilde, *v. Sax.* to pour in. See Hyilde

Injure, *n. Fr.* injury

Inly, *adv. Sax.* inwardly, deeply, thoroughly

Inne, *prep. Sax.* in

Inne, in, *n. Sax.* a houſe, habitation, lodging

Inned, *part. pa. Sax.* lodged

Innerreſte, *adj. ſup. Sax.* inmoſt

Innocent, *adj. Fr.* ignorant

Inſeſed, *part. pa. Fr.* atteſted under ſeal

Inſet, *part. pa. Sax.* implanted

Interminable, *adj. Fr.* infinite

Inwitte, *n. Sax.* underſtanding

Joce, *pr. n.* or Joſſe—Sanctus Judocus was a ſaint of Ponthieu. *Vocab. Hagiol.* prefixed to Menage, *Etymol. Fr.*

Joconde, *adj. Fr.* joyous, pleaſant

Jogelour, *n. Fr.* a juggler

Joinant, *part. pr. Fr.* joining

Joine, *v. Fr.* to enjoin

Jolie Robin, the name of a dance, *de la danſe le Beau Robin*, orig.

Joliſ, *adj. Fr.* jolly, joyful

Jombre, *v.* to jumble

Jonglerie, *n.* ſhould rather be janglerie, idle talk

See Jangle

Joſſa, *interj.* ſeems to be partly formed from the Fr. *ea*, come hither

Jovis, *pr. n.* Jupiter

Journee, *n. Fr.* a day's journey, a day's work

Jouſtes, *n. pl. Fr.* juſts

Joweles, *n. pl. Fr.* jewels

Joye, *v. Fr.* to enjoy

Ipocras, *n. Fr.* wine mixed with ſpices and other ingredients, ſo named, becauſe it is ſtrained through a woollen cloth called the ſleeve of Hippocrates. See Clarre

Ire, *n. Fr.* anger

Irous, *adj.* paſſionate

Iſande, *pr. n.* See Belle Iſande—She is called *Yſent* by Bernard da Ventador, *ms. Criſt.*, fol. 67;

Tant trag pena d'amor,

Q'anc Triſtan l'amador

Non ſoſſrèt maior dolor

Per Yſent la blonda.

And ſo in *Fabliaux*; *Ec.* t. i. p. 242; *Yſent la blonda*. Petrarch calls her *Iſotta*, *Trionfo d'Amore*, iii. 82. A late French writer, in what he has been pleaſed to ſtyle *Hiſtoire littéraire d'*

Troubadours, [t. ii. p. 323,] having quoted a passage celebrating the love of Tristan à Isault, adds very coolly—*C'est une allusion à quelque Roman*; which is just as if a commentator upon Ovid should say of the epistle from Paris to Helen, that it alludes to some Greek story
It, *pron. 3d pers. neut. gen. Sax.* is used instead of he and the
Itaille, *pr. n.* Italy
Jubaltare, *pr. n.* Gibraltar
Jubbe, *n.* a vessel for holding ale or wine
Judicum, the book of Judges; so *Metamorphoseos* is put for the *Metamorphosis* of Ovid, and *Encidos* for the *Æneis* of Virgil
Juge, *n. Fr.* a judge
Juil, *pr. n.* the month of July
Julian, *pr. n.*
Jupardie, *n.* as jeopardie
Jupartie, *n. Fr.* jeopardie
Justice, *n. Fr.* a judge
Justinian, *pr. n.* The law referred to is in the Code, l. xi. tit. 25, *De medicantibus validis*
Juvenal, *pr. n.* the Roman satirist

K.

Kalender, *n. Lat.* a calendar, a guide or director
Kalendes, *n. pl. Lat.* the first day of the month, the beginning of any thing
Kaynard, *n.* a term of reproach
Kele, *v. Sax.* too cool
Kembed, kemped, *part. pa. Sax.* combed
Kemelín, *n. Sax.* a tub
Kenelm, *pr. n.* See his life in all the edit. of the English Golden Legend
Kepe, *n. Sax.* care, attention
Kepe, *v.* to take care
Kerchief, *n.* a corruption of coverchief
Kernels, *n. pl. Fr.* battlements
Kers, *n. Sax.* watercreffes; of paramours ne raught he not a kers, he cared not a rush for love: creffe is used in the same sense
Kerver, *n. Sax.* a carver
Kesse, *v. Sax.* to kiss
Keste, *pa. t.* kissed
Ketche, *v. T. iii.* as cacche
Kever, *v. Fr.* to cover, it signifies to cover
Kichel, *n. Sax.* a little cake
Kid, kide, *pa. t. & part.* of kithe, made known, discovered
Kike, *v. Sax.* to kick
Kin, *n. Sax.* kindred; by my fader kin, by my father's kindred
Kin, *adj.* of the same nature
Kind, *n. Sax.* nature
Kindly, *adv.* naturally
Kinrede, *n.* kindred
Kirtel, *n. Sax.* a tunick or waistcoat, in kirtels and none other wede; *qui estoient en pure cottes*, orig.
Kithe, *v. Sax.* to shew, to make known, ne kithe hire jaloufie, nor shew to her any jealousy
Kithed, *part. pa.* See Kid
Kitte, *pa. t. Sax.* cut
Knakkes, *n. pl. Sax.* trifling tricks: the word seems to have been formed from the knocking or snapping of the fingers used by jugglers. See

Coty. in v. *Metastaser des mains* and *Niquet*—trifling words, p. 215
Knappe, *n.* a short sleep, a nap
Knarry, *adj. Sax.* full of gnarres or knots
Knave, *n. Sax.* a servant, properly a boy-servant—a knave-child, a male child—this boie knave, *ce garcon*, orig.
Knedde, *part. pa.* of knede, *v. Sax.* kneaded
Kneen, knene, *n. pl. Sax.* knees
Knet, *part. pa.* as knit
Knight, *n. Sax.* a servant, generally a servant in war, a soldier—a dubbed knight
Knighthode, *n.* valour
Kuit, *part. pa. Sax.* joined, bound—agreed
Knobbles, *n. pl. Sax.* excrescencies in the shape of buds or buttons. See Knoppe
Knoppe, *n. Sax.* a button—a rosebud
Knopped, *part. pa.* buttoned, fastened
Knotte, *n. Sax.* a knot: in some instances it is used in the sense of *noeud*, *Fr.* for the chief point or head of a matter
Knottetes, *adj. Sax.* without a knot, without any thing to obstruct or retard the passage
Knowe, for knee
Knowleche, *v. Sax.* to acknowledge
Knowleching, *n.* knowledge
Konning, *n.* as conning, cunning
Kyke, *v. Sax.* to look headfastly; *kijcken*, *Teut. speicare*, *Kilian*

L.

Labbe, *n.* a blab, a great talker
Labbing, *part. pr.* blabbing
Laced, *part. pa. Fr.* tied, bound
Lacert, *n. Fr.* a fleshy muscle, so termed from its having a tail like a lizard
Lache, *adj. Fr.* sluggish
Lachesse, *n. Fr.* slackness, negligence
Lad, ladde, *pa. t.* of lede, *v. Sax.* led, carried
Last, *pa. t. & part.* of leve, *v. Sax.* left
Laie, *n. T. i.* as lay
Laied, *part. pa.* of lay, *v. Sax.*; with orsreys laied, *i. e.* trimmed: so this word is frequently used by Hollinshed, vol. iii. p. 1317; laied with gold lace—laid on with red filke and gold lace—laid about with silver lace. See Couched
Laine, *inf. v. Sax.* to lay
Lainers, *n. pl. Fr.* straps or thongs
Lake, *n.* it is difficult to say what sort of cloth is meant; *laeken*, *Belg.* signifies both linen and woollen cloth, *Kilian*
Lakke, *n. Sax.* a fault, a disgraceful action, want
Lakke, *v.* to find fault, to blame
Lamben, *n. pl. Sax.* lambs
Langure, *v. Fr.* to languish
Lapidaire, a treatise on precious stones so entitled; probably a French translation of the Latin poem of Marbodius *De Gemmis*, which is frequently cited by the name of *Lapidarius*, *Fabric. Bibl. Med. Æt.* in v. *Marbodius*
Lappe, *n. Sax.* a skirt or lappet of a garment
Large, *adj. Fr.* spacious, free, prodigal; at large, at liberty; til that was prime large, till prime was far spent
Largely, *adv.* fully
Las, *n. Fr.* a lace—a snare
X r iii

Lasse, las, *adj. comp. Sax.* less
 Latche, *n.* as las
 Lateral, *part. pa. Sax.* delayed
 Lathe, *n.* a barn; it is still used in Lincolnshire,
St. In. F. iii. where the edit. have rathe and
 fathe, the mss. give the true reading—lathe
 Laton, *n. Fr.* a kind of mixed metal of the colour
 of brass
 Laude, *n. Lat.* praise
 Laudes, the service performed in the fourth or
 last watch of the night; "dicuntur autem lau-
 des, quod illud officium laudem præcipue
 "sonat divinam," &c. *Du Cange* in *v. Laus* 2.
 The same service was often called Matins.
Idem in *v. Matutini*
 Laved, *part. pa. Fr.* drawn; spoken of water taken
 out of a well
 Lavender, *n. Fr.* a washerwoman or laundress.
 In the passage of *Dante* which is here quoted,
 Envy is called

*La meretrice, che mai dall' ospizio
 Di Cesare non torse gli occhi putti,
 Morte commune, e delle corte vizio.*

Inf. xiii. 64.

Laverock, *n. Sax.* a lark
 Launcegay, *n.* a sort of lance
 Lancelot du Lke, an eminent knight of the
 Round Table, whose adventures were the sub-
 ject of a romance begun by Chrestien de Troyes,
 one of the oldest of the romance poets, and fi-
 nished by Godefroid de Leigni. See *Fauchet*,
l. ii. c. 10, 11. They have been repeatedly
 printed in French prose, and make a consider-
 able part of the compilation called *Mort d'*
Arthur: his accomplishments as a courtier and
 a man of gallantry have been alluded to before.
 Signor Volpi, in his notes upon *Dante*, *Inf. v.*
128, has most unaccountably represented Lan-
 cilotto as *inamorado di Ginevra, moglie del Re*
Marco. If there be any faith in history, Gi-
 nevra was the wife of King Arthur. The sto-
 ry in *Dante*, which is the occasion of Signor
 Volpi's note, is a curious one; it is alluded to
 by Petrarch, *Trionfo d' Amore*, *iii. 82*;

*Vedi Ginevra, Motta, e l' altre amanti,
 E la coppia d' Arimino.*

Launde, *n. Fr.* a plain not ploughed
 Lavoures, *n. pl. Fr.* lavers
 Laureat, *adj. Lat.* crowned with laurel
 Laureole, *n. Fr.* spurge-laurel
 Laurer, *n.* laurel
 Laus, *adj. Sax.* loose; laus, *Island. solutus.* This
 is the true original of that termination of ad-
 jectives so frequent in our language in les or
 leis. *Consuetud. de Beverly*, mss. *Hart. 560.* "Hujus
 "sacrillegii emenda non erat determinata, sed
 "dicebatur ab Anglis Botalaus, i. e. sine emen-
 "dâ." So Chaucer uses boteles, and other
 words of the same form, as detteles, drinkeles,
 giletes, &c.
 Lawe, *adj.* for low
 Laxatif, *n. Fr.* a purging medicine
 Lay, *n. Sax.* law, religious profession
 Lay, *n. Fr.* a species of poem
 Lay, *pa. t.* of lie, or ligge layen, *pl.*

Lezar, *n. Fr.* a leper
 Leche, *n. Sax.* a physician; leche-craft, the skill
 of a physician
 Leche, *v.* to heal
 Lecherous, *adj.* provoking lechery
 Lechour, *n. Fr.* a lecher
 Lectorne, *n. Lat.* a reading-desk
 Leden, *n. Sax.* language
 Ledge, *v.* as alleys
 Lees, *n. Fr.* a leash by which dogs are held
 Lees, *adj. Sax.* false; withouten lees, without ly-
 ing, truly
 Lefe, *adj. Sax.* pleasing, agreeable; al be him
 lothe or lese, though it be unpleasing to him
 or pleasing—for lese ne lothe, for friend nor
 enemy; he turned not—for leve ne for lothe.
 It sometimes signifies pleased; I n'am not lese
 to gabbe, I am not pleased to prate, I take no
 pleasure in prating
 Lefull, *adj.* lawful
 Legge, *v. Sax.* to lay
 Legge, *v. Fr.* to calve, as alge
 Leie, *v. Sax.* to lay
 Leiser, *n. Fr.* leisure, opportunity
 Leite, *n. Sax.* light; thonder-leite, lightning
 Leke, *n. Sax.* a leak; it is put for any thing of
 very small value
 Lemces, *n. pl. Sax.* flames
 Lemman, *n. Sax.* a lover or gallant, a mistress
 Lendes, *n. pl. Sax.* the loins
 Lene, *adj. Sax.* lean
 Lene, *v. Sax.* to lend, to grant
 Lenger, *adv. comp. Sax.* longer
 Lente, *pa. t.* of lene
 Leinton, *n. Sax.* the season of Lent
 L'envoy, *Fr.* was a sort of postscript sent with
 poetical compositions, and serving either to re-
 commend them to the attention of some parti-
 cular person, or to enforce what we call the
 moral of them. The six last stanzas of *The*
Clerkes Tale are in many mss. entitled *L'envoy*
de Chaucer a les mariz de noire temps. See also
 the stanzas at the end of *The Complaint of the*
Black Knight, and of Chaucer's *Dreme*
 Leon, *n. Lat.* a lion
 Leonine, *adj.* belonging to a lion
 Leopart, lepart, *n. Fr.* a leopard
 Leos, *n. Gr.* people
 Lepande, *part. fr.* of lepe, *v. Sax.* leaping
 Lepe, lep, for lepe, *3d pers. sing.*
 —for leped, *pa. t.*
 Lepe, *pr. n.* a town in Spain
 Lere, lerne, *v. Sax.* to learn, to teach—Lered,
pa. t. & part.
 Lere, *n. Sax.* the skin
 Lese, *n. Fr.* as lees; in lustie lese, in love's leash
 Lese, *adj. Sax.* as lees
 Lese, *v. Sax.* to lese
 Leseth, *2d pers. pl. imp. m.* lose ye
 Lesing, *n. Sax.* a lie, a falsity
 Lesinges, *pl.*
 Lest, list, lust, *n. Sax.* pleasure
 Leste, liste, luste, *v.* to please; it is generally used
 as an impersonal, in the third person only, for
 it pleaseth or it pleased; him luste to ride so;
 it pleased him to ride so; wel to drink us leste;
 it pleased us well to drink; if you lest, if it
 please you; me list not play, it pleaseth me not
 to play

Leſte, adj. Sax. ſuperl. d. leaſt, at the leſte way, at the leſte, at leaſt
Leſte, for laſt
Let, v. Sax. to leave, to omit; to leave, to permit; let thy japes be; let the Sompnour be, to cauſe, to hinder
Letc, pr. n. the river Lethe
Letgame, n. Sax. a hinderer of pleaſure
Lette, n. delay, hinderance
Lettowe, pr. n. Lithuania
Lettre, adj. Fr. learned
Lettrure, letterure, n. Fr. literature
Lettuarie, n. Fr. an eleſtuary
Leve, v. for live
Leve, n. Sax. deſire, inclination
Leve, adj. dear. See Leſe
Leve, v. Sax. to believe—Leveth, imp. m. 2d perf. pl.; leveth me, believeth me; leveth is miſprinted for leſeth

He leſeth more than ye may doe.

So this verſe ſhould be written :

Plus y pert-il que vous ne faiſtes. Orig.

Leve is alſo miſprinted for lene
Leveles, adj. Sax. without leave
Leven, n. Sax. lightning
Lever, comp. d. of leſe, more agreeable; it were me lever, I hadde lever, hire hadde lever
Leveſell, n. a leaſy ſeat, an arbour. I am by no means ſatiſfied with the explanation here given of this word, the interpretation of it in the Prompt. Parv. will not help us much; "Leve-cel before a windowe or other place, umbra-culum."
Lewed, lewde, adj. Sax. ignorant, unlearned, laſcivious
Leye, v. Sax. as legge, to lay, to lay a wager
Leyes, pr. n. Layas in Armenia
Leyte, n. Sax. flame. See Leite
Liard, pr. n. belonged originally to a horſe of a gray colour
Licenciāt, n. Lat. ſeems to ſignify that he was licenſed by the Pope to hear confeſſions, &c. in all places, independently of the local ordinaries
Liche-wake, n. the cuſtom of watching with dead bodies
Lide, pr. n. Lydia
Lieges, n. pl. Fr. ſubjects
Lien, pr. t. pl. of lie or ligge
Lien, part. pa. of lie or ligge, lain
Lies, n. pl. Fr. lees of wine, &c.
Lieth is miſprinted for leyeth
Lifty, adv. Sax. like the liſe
Ligeance, n. Fr. allegiance
Ligge, lie, v. neut. Sax. to lie down
Ligging, part. pr. lying
Light, v. Sax. to enlighten—to make light or pleaſant—v. neut. to deſcend, to alight
Ligne, n. Fr. lineage, lineal deſcent; ligne ſhould probably be lignee, to rhyme to compagnee
Ligne aloes, lignum aloes, a very bitter drug
Like, liken, v. Sax. to compare
Like, v. Sax. to pleaſe; if you liketh, if it pleaſeth you; it liketh hem, it pleaſeth them
Likeroous, adj. Sax. gluttonous, laſcivious

Liking, part. pr. pleaſing
Liking, n. pleaſure
Limaile, n. Fr. filings of any metal
Limc, v. Sax. to ſinear as with birdlime
Limed, part. pa. caught as with birdlime
Limed, part. pa. Fr. poliſhed as with a file
Limer, n. Fr. limier, a bloodhound, Du. 362, 5.
Lime-rod, a twig with birdlime
Limitation, n. Lat. a certain precinct allowed to a limitour
Limitour, n. a friar licenſed to beg within a certain diſtrict
Limmes, n. pl. Sax. limbs
Linage, n. Fr. family
Linde, n. Sax. the limetree
Liſſe, n. Sax. remiſſion, abatement
Liſſe, v. neut. Sax. to grow eaſy
Liſſed, part. pa. of liſſe, v. Sax. eaſed, relieved
Liſſe, v. See Leſſe
Liſſeneth, imp. m. 3d perf. pl. of liſſen, v. Sax. hearken ye
Liſſes, n. pl. Fr. liſſe, a place enclōſed for combats, &c.
Litargo, n. Fr. white lead
Lite, adj. Sax. little
Lith, n. Sax. a limb
Lith, for lieth
Lithe, adj. Sax. ſoft, flexible, Du. 953.
Lithe, v. Sax. to ſoften
Lither, adj. Sax. wicked; [in the edit. it is lithy,] further and quede. See Qyade
Litherly, adv. Sax. very ill
Litling, Sax. very little
Livand, part. pr. Sax. living
Live, n. Sax. life; on live, in liſe, alive; lives creature, living creature; lives body, living body
Lodemanager, { See the ſtatute 3 Geo. I. c. 13,
Lodeſterre, { where lodmanage is uſed repeatedly in the ſenſe of pilotage
Lodeſmen, n. pl. Sax. pilots
Loft, adv. Sax. on left, on high, aloft
Loge, n. Fr. a lodge, habitation
Logged, part. pa. Fr. lodged
Logging, n. lodging
Loke, v. Sax. to ſee, to look upon
Loken, Loke, part. pa. of loke, v. Sax. locked, ſhut cloſe, Conf. Am. 29, his one eye anon was loke
Loller, n. a lollard
Lollius, pr. n. a writer from whom Chaucer profeſſes to have tranſlated his poem of Troilus and Creſeide
Londe, n. Sax. land
Londenoyes, a Londoner, one born in London
Lone, n. Sax. a loan, any thing lent
Long, v. Sax. to belong; longing for his art, belonging to his art, to deſire
Long. See Along
Loos, los, n. Fr. praiſe; loſes, pl.
Lord, n. Sax. a title of honour given to monks, as well as to other perſons of ſuperiour rank; lordes is uſed in the ſenſe of lordings
Lordings, n. pl. ſirs, maſters, a diminutive of lords
Lordſhip, n. Sax. ſupreme power
Lore, n. Sax. knowledge, doctrine, advice
Lorel, n. Sax. a good-for-nothing fellow. Skinner ſuppoſes it to be derived from the Lat.

X x iij

lurco; and in the *Promptorium Parvulorum* *lofel*, or *lorcl*, or *lurden*, is rendered *lurco*; but *lurco*, I apprehend, signifies only a glutton, which falls very short of our idea of a lorcl: and besides, I do not believe that the word was ever sufficiently common in Latin to give rise to a derivative in English. One of Skinner's friends deduces it with much more probability from the Belg. [rather Sax.] *loren*, lost, *perditus*

Lorne, *part. pa.* of *lese*, *v. Sax.* lost, undone
Los, *n. Sax.* loss
Loosed, *part. pa. Sax.* loosed
Loſed, *part. pa. Fr.* praised
Loſenge, *n. Fr.* a quadrilateral figure of equal sides but unequal angles, in which the arms of women are usually painted; *loſynges* seems to signify small figures of the same form in the fret-work of a crown
Lolengeour, *n. Fr.* a flatterer
Loteby, *n.* in the orig. *campaigne*, a private companion or bedfellow; the concubines of priests are called their *lotebies*; perhaps it may be derived from the Sax. *loute*, to lurk
Loth, *adj. Sax.* disagreeable, odious
Lothor, *comp. d.* more hateful
Lotheſt, *superl. d.* most unwilling
Lothly, *adj.* loathsome
Love-dayes, *n. pl.* a day appointed for the amicable settlement of differences, was called a love-day
Love-drinke, *n. Sax.* a drink to excite love
Love-longing, *n. Sax.* desire of love
Lovesome, *adj. Sax.* lovely
Lough, *part. t.* of laugh, *v. Sax.* laughed
Louke. In *Pierce Plough.* 20, wrong is called a wicked *luske*, and I learn from Cotgrave, that *luske* is a synonymous word to *lowt*, *lorcl*, &c.; so that perhaps *louke* may be still another term for an idle good-for-nothing fellow. See *Cotg.* in *v. Luske*, *Eng.* and in *v. Loricard*, *Falourdin*, *Fr.*
Loure, *v. neut. Sax.* to look discontented
Louring, *part. pr.*
Loute, *v. Sax.* to bow, to lurk
Low, *n.* for law
Lowlyhede, *n. Sax.* humility
Lutan, *pr. n.* the Roman poet
Luce, *n. Lat.* the fish called a pike
Lucina, *pr. n.* the moon
Lulled, *part. t.* of lull, *v. Sax.* invited to sleep
Lumbardet, *n. pl.* bankers, remitters of money
Lunatic, *pr. n.* of a herb, moonwort
Lure, *n. Fr.* a device used by falconers for calling their hawks
Lure, *v. Fr.* to bring to the lure
Lusheburghes, base coins, probably first imported, as Skinner thinks, from Luxembourg. They are mentioned in the Stat. 25. E. III. c. 2. "La monie appellé Lucynbourg," and in *Pierce Plough.* fol. 82. b.

As in *Lusburgh* is a *luther alay*, yet *loketh* like *Sterling*.

Lust, *n.* See *Left*
Luste, *v.* See *Lefte*
Lustyhede, *n. Sax.* pleasure, mirth
Luxurie, *n. Fr.* lechery
Lynian, *prin.* a learned correspondent, to whom I am obliged for other useful hints, has suggested

to me that *Fabricius*, upon the authority of *Ghi- lini*, has placed the death of *Joannes Lignanus* in 1383, *Bibl. Med. Æt.* in v. This furnishes an additional reason for believing that *The Canterbury Tales* were composed, or at least collected into a body, after that period

M.

Mace, *n. Fr.* a club
Machabe, *pr. n.* the books of the Maccabees
Macrobes, *pr. n.* *Microbius*, *Du.* 284; the author of the commentary on the *Somnium Scipionis* of *Cicero*
Madde, *v. Sax.* to be mad
Madrian. I have found that the French have a saint called *Materne*—but Mr. Steevens, with much more probability, supposes that the precious body by which the Host swears was that of St. Mathurin. See his story in *The Golden Legend*, edit. 1527, by *Winkin de Worde*, 151, b.: "Than toke they the precious body, and enoynted it with moche reverence; and when they had laid it in the erth, on the morowe they came to the sepulture and found the body above the erth nigh unto the same sepulture, and than were they all abashed, and wyſt not what to do." It seems the knights who had brought him out of France had promised that if he died on his journey he should be sent back and buried "where as they had taken him," and therefore his body would not stay in the ground till it was deposited, according to promise, in France, where it afterwards worked many miracles
Maleic, *Fr. maſey*, by my faith
Magicien, *n. Fr.* a magician
Magike, *n. Fr.* magic; *magike*, natural
Mahownd, *pr. n.* *Mahomet*. See *Du Gange* in v.
Maille, *n. Fr.* a coat of mail
Mainte, *part. pa.* as *meint*
Maintenance, *n. Fr.* behaviour, *Du.* 834.
Maisondewe, *Fr.* *maison Dieu*, an hospital
Maister, *n. Fr.* a skilful artist, a maister; maister-strete, the chief street; maister-temple, the chief temple; maister-tour, the principal tower
Maisterful, *adj.* imperious
Maisterie, *maistrice*, *n. Fr.* skill, skilful management, power, superiority

Love wol not be constrained by maistrice.
 Whan maistrice cometh the god of love anon
 Beteth his winges, and farewell he is gone.

I cite these elegant lines as I omitted to observe before that *Spenser* has inserted them in the *Faery Queen*, b. ii. c. i, st. 25, with very little alteration, and certainly without any improvement:

Ne may love be compell'd by mastery,
 For soon as mastery comes sweet love anon
 Taketh his nimble wings, and soon away is gone.

A *maistrice*, a masterly operation; *un coup de maitre*, for the maistrice
Maistrice, *n. Fr.* mistress, governess

Maistrife, *n. Fr.* masterly workmanship
Make, *n. Sax.* a fellow, a mate, a husband, a wife; make or metche, compar. *Prompt. Parv.*
Make, *v. Sax.* to compose or make verses, to solace him sometimes as I do when I make, *Pierce Plough. 60.* to make a man's berde, to cheat him
Make, why make ye your backes! we should read—*nake*, *i. e.* make naked; *cur inerte terga nudatis?* orig.
Maked, *part. pa.* made
Makeless, *adj. Sax.* peerless, without a fellow
Making, *n.* poetry; makings, *pl.* poetical compositions; and thou medlest with makings, *Pierce Plough. 60.*
Malapert, *adj.* pert, forward; the word seems to be evidently of French original, though I do not recollect to have seen it used by any French writer. **Appert**, *adj. Fr.* signifies expert, &c. *Cotgrave*
Male, *n. Fr.* a budget or portmanteau
Malefice, *n. Fr.* enchantment
Male-talent, *n. Fr.* ill-will
Malison, *n. Fr.* malediction, curse; I gyve it my malifoun
Malt, *pa. t.* of melt, *v. Sax.* melted
Malvelie, *pr. n.* Malnsey wine
Malure, *n. Fr.* misfortune
Manace, *n. Fr.* a threat
Manace, *v.* to threaten
Manacing, *n.* threatening
Manciple, *n.* an officer who has the care of purchasing victuals for an inn of court. The name is probably derived from the Lat. *manceps*, which signified particularly the superintendent of a public bakehouse, and from thence a baker in general. See *Du Cange* in *v. Mancus* 2. The office still subsists in several colleges as well as inns of court.
Mandement, *n. Fr.* mandate
Manere, *n. Fr.* carriage, behaviour, kind or fort; a *manere* Latin, a kind of Latin; swiche a manner love-drinke, such a sort of love-potion; swiche maner rime
Mangonel, *n. Fr.* an engine used to batter walls
Manic, *n. Fr. Gr.* madness
Manniish, *adj. Sax.* human, proper to the human species—*masculine*, proper to man as distinguished from woman; in this last sense when applied to a woman it is a strong term of reproach
Manor, *n. Fr.* dwelling, *Du. 1004.*
Manuete, *adj. Fr.* gentle
Mantelet, *n. Fr.* a short mantle
Marcian, *pr. n.* Martianus Capella
Marcian, *adj.* martial, under the influence of Mars
Mareis, *n. Fr.* a marsh
Margarite, *n. Fr.* a pearl
Marie, *mary*, *n. Sax.* marrow; *marie-bones*, marrowbones
Market-beter, I am enclined to believe that this word is to be understood in a sense similar to that in which the *Fr.* phrases *Bateles rues*—and *Bateur de pavex*, are used; *Batre les rues*, to revel, jet, or swagger, up and down the streets at night; *Bateur de pavex*, a jettor abroad in the streets—a pavement-beater. See *Cot-*

grave in *v. Bateur*, *Batre*, *Pavé*, so that he was a market-beter atte full, may mean perhaps—he was used to swagger up and down the market when it was fullest—a circumstance which suits very well with the rest of his character:—*Market-dachar*, *circumferant*, *Prompt. Parv.*

Markis, *n. Fr.* a marquis

Markis, for markises, *gen. ca. sing.*; in the same manner *Peneus* is put for *Peneuses*; *Theseus* for *Theseuses*; *Venus* for *Venuses*; *Ceres* for *Cerefes*; *Melibeus* for *Melibeuses*: Perhaps it might have been proper to add a mark of apostrophe to the words so abbreviated. As to the present method of expressing the genitive cases of nouns ending in *s* by adding another *s* with a mark of syncope, as *Peneus's*, *Theseus's*, *Venus's*, &c. it seems absurd, whether the addition be intended to be pronounced or not. In the first case the *s* should not be cut out; in the second the *s* is quite superfluous. But the absurdity of this practice is most striking when the genitives of monosyllable nouns are thus written, an ox's horns, an ass's ears, a fish's tail, St. James's park; notwithstanding that the *s*, which is thus directed to be cut out, is constantly and necessarily to be pronounced, as if the several words were written at length, oxes, asses, fishes, Jameses

Markisessie, *n. Fr.* the wife of a marquis

Marte, *pr. n.* Mars

Martire, *n. Fr.* martyrdom, torment

Martire, *v. Fr.* to torment

Mary, *Marie*, *pr. n.* a vulgar oath; by *Mary*

Mase, *n.* a wild fancy

Mase, *v. neut.* to doubt, to be confounded

Masedness, *n.* astonishment, confusion

Maselin, *n.* rather mazerin, a drinking-cup. See *Du Cange* in *v. Mazer*

Mate, *part. pa.* of mate, *v. Fr.* dejected, struck dead; so feble and mate, *Conf. Am. 127, b.*

Matire, for *matere*, *n. Fr.* matter

Maugre, *malgre*, *Fr.* in spite of; *maugre* all thy might; *maugre* thin eyen; *maugre* hire hed—The original of this expression appears more plainly in the following passages, I drede thou causit me grete *maugre*

Car je cuide, que me scevez

Malgré.

Orig.

Malgre his, with his ill will, against his will; *malgré lui.*

Mavis, *n. Sax.* a thrush

Mavis is probably a mistake for *muis*, *n. pl. Fr.* the orig. has *cent muys de froment*; the Paris muid contains something more than five quarters English

Maumet, *n.* an idol

Maumetrie, *n.* the religion of Mahomet; idolatry

Mawe, *n. Sax.* the stomach

Maximian, *pr. n.* the author of six elegies which have been frequently printed under the name of Gallus: he is said by Fabricius [*Bibl. Lat. t. i. p. 297, ed. Patav.*] to have lived under the Emperor Anastasius, q. 1. or 11. ? A translation or rather abridgment of these elegies in English verse is in *ms. Harl. 2253.*

May, *v. Sax.* to be able, physically, morally. See Mowe

May, *n. Sax.* a virgin; of Mary, moder and may, a young woman

Maydenhed, *n. Sax.* virginity

Meaneliche, *adj. Sax.* moderate; *mediocribus*, orig.

Mebles, *n. pl. Fr.* moveable goods

Mede, *n. Sax.* reward, a meadow

Mede, methe, meth, *n. barb. Lat.* mead, a liquor made of honey

Medle, *v. Fr.* to mix

Medlee, *adj.* of a mixed stuff or colour

Meinie, *n. Fr.* household attendants, an army—

Harlewaynes meyne. This obscure phrase, I think, may be understood to relate to a particular set of ghostly apparitions which were used to run about the country at night, and were called in French *La mesnie de Hellequin* or *Hellequin*. The fullest account that I have seen of them is in *L'histoire de Richard sans peur, Duc de Normandie, qui fut fils de Robert le Diable*. In one of his rides he meets with three black knights whom he engages: "Et quand les Chevaliers veirent le ju mal party pour eux ils monterent a cheval et s'enfuyrent;—et Richard—chevaucha apres eux; et ainsi qu'il chevauchoit il appercent une dance de gens noirs qui s'entretenoyent. Adonc luy souvint de la mesnie de Hellequin, dont il avoit autres foyz ouy parler." The title of the next chapter (4.) is *Cy devise de la mesnie de Hellequin et qui il estoit*. He is there said to have been a knight who, having spent all his substance in the wars of Charles Martel against the Saracens, lived afterwards by pillage. "Adonc il avint qu'il mournt et fut en danger d'estre damme, mais Dieu luy fit pardon, pource que il avoit bataille contre les Sarrazins et exaulce la foy. Si fut condamne de Dieu que pour un tems de termine luy et ceux de son lignage seroient penitence et yroient toute la nuit parmy la terre, pour leurs penitences faire et endurer plusieurs maux et calamitez." The belief of such apparitions was certainly of great antiquity in Normandy, as they are mentioned by Ordericus Vitalis under the title of *familia Herlechini*, in a most extraordinary story related by him, l. viii. p. 695, and 1991; and I suspect that in a passage quoted by Du Cange in *v. Herlinini*, from *Petr. Blesens*, ep. 14, we should read *Herlinini* instead of *Herlinini*.—Gervase of Tilbery, who wrote in 1211, mentions another set of apparitions which were called *familia Arturi*. *Of. Imper. Dec. ii. c. 12*; "In sylvis Britannie majoris aut minoris consimilia contigisse refertur, narrantibus nemorum custodibus, quos *forestarios*—vulgus nominat, se alternis diebus circa horam meridianam, et in primo noctium conticinio sub plenilunio luna lucente, sapissime videre militum copiam ventantium et canum et cornuum strepitum, qui scissitantibus se de societate et familia Arturi esse affirmant." He had just said that Arthur, not long before, had been seen in a palace, *miro opere constructo*, in a most delicious valley in the neighbourhood of Mount Aetna,

where he had resided ever since the time of his supposed death, *vulneribus quotannis recrudescentibus*.

Meint, *part. pa.* of *menge*, *v. Sax.* mixed, mingled

Meke, *adj. Sax.* meek, humble

Meke, *v.* to become meek

Meles, *n. pl. Sax.* meals, dinners, &c. *Du.* 612.

Mele-tide, *n. Sax.* dinner-time

Melle, *v. Fr.* to meddle

Melle, *n.* for mille

Memorie, *n. Fr.* remembrance; to be drawn to memorie; to be recorded;

And for to drawe into memorye

Her names bothe and her historye.

Conf. Am. f. 96.

Memorie, *v.* to remember

Mendians, *n. pl. Fr.* friars of the begging orders

Mene, *v. Sax.* to mean, to intend

Mene, *n. Fr.* moyen, a mean or instrument; where the orig. has *mezzano*, a procurer. *Menes*, *pl.*

Mene, *adj.* middle

Menivere, *n. Fr.* a sort of fur

Mercenrike, *pr. n.* the kingdom of Mercia

Mercia, *pr. n.* Marfayas is probably meant, but our poet, I know not upon what authority, has turned him into a female

Merciabile, *adj. Fr.* merciful

Meritorie, *adj. Fr.* meritorious

Merke, *n. Sax.* a mark, an image; all the merke of Adam, all the images of Adam, all mankind

Merke, *adj. Sax.* dark

Merlion, *n. Fr.* *emerdillon*, a merlin, a sort of hawk

Mervaille, *n. Fr.* wonder, marvel

Mery, *adj. Sax.* merry, pleasant

Mes, at gode mes, should probably be at gode-nefs; the orig. has *en bon point*. See Gode-nefs

Mese, *n.* for messe

Mesel, *n. Fr.* a leper

Mesalrie, *n. Fr.* leprosy

Message, *n. Fr.* a messenger

Messagerie, *pr. n.* a fictitious attendant in the temple of Venus; Boccace calls her *Ruffiana*, *Theaida*, b. vii.

Messe, *n. Fr.* the service of the mass

Meste, *adj. Sax.* *superl. d.* as moste

Mesurable, *adj. Fr.* moderate

Mesure, *n. Fr.* moderation

Metamorphoseos, *Metamorphose*, Ovid's *Metamorphosis*. See *Judicum*

Mete, *adj. Sax.* fitting, convenient

Mete, *n. Sax.* meat; during the metes space, during the time of eating

Mete-borde, *n. Sax.* an eating-table

Metely, *adj.* proportionable

Mete, *v. Sax.* to meet, to dream

Mette, *met, pa. t.* dreamed; I mette, me mette, I dreamed

Meticiens, *n. pl.* writers in verse

Mevable, *adj. Fr.* moveable

Mewe, *n. Fr.* a cage for hawks while they mew or change their feathers, a cage in general, or any sort of confinement; in mew, in secret

Mewet, *adj. Fr.* mute; in mewet, dumbly, speaking inwardly

Michet, *n.* a thief, *lierres orig.* mychin or pryvely stelyn fmale things; *surripio, Prompt. Parv.*
 Might, *pa. t.* of may. *v. Sax.* was able, mighten, *pl.*
 Might, *part. pa.* if godely had he might, if he had been able with propriety
 Might, *n. Sax.* power, strength
 Milkfop, *n.* an effeminate fellow
 Milne-stones, *n. pl. Sax.* millstones
 Minde, *n. Sax.* remembrance, *Conf. Am.* 148, as the bokes maken minde
 Mine, *v. Fr.* to penetrate
 Ministralles, *n. pl. Fr.* minstrels
 Ministres, *n. pl. Fr.* officers of justice, ministers, minstrels
 Minoreffe, *n.* a nun under the rule of St. Clare, *Du Cange in v. Minorissa.* It is not clear, however, why Chaucer has likened Hate to a sister of this order; his original gave him no authority
 Minour, *n. Fr.* a miner
 Minstralcie, *n. Fr.* music, musical instruments
 Mirrour, *n. Fr.* a lookingglass
 Mirtheles, *adj. Sax.* without mirth
 Mis, *adv.* ill, amifs; it is often to be supplied to a second verb, having been expressed in composition with a former; if that I mispeke or say; that hire misdoth or saith; there is nothing misfaide nor do, *Du.* 528
 Mis, *n.* a wrong
 Mis-accompted, *part. pa.* misreckoned
 Mis-aventure, *n.* misfortune
 Mis-avise, *v.* to advise wrongly
 Mis-boden, *part. pa.* of mis-bede, injured
 Mis-borne, *part. pa.* of mis-bere, misbehaved
 Mischance, *n. Fr.* misfortune; with mischance. See With
 Mischese, *n. Fr.* misfortune
 Miscoveting, *n.* should probably be miscompting; mescompter, orig.
 Mis-departe, *v.* to distribute, wrongly
 Misericorde, *n. Fr.* mercy, pity
 Mis-ease, *n.* uneasiness
 Mis-foryave, *pa. t.* of mis-foryave, misgave
 Mis-gied, *part. pa.* of mis-gie, misgued
 Mis-gon, Mis-go, *part. pa.* of mis-go, gone wrong
 Mis-happing, *part. pr.* falling amifs
 Mis-lede, *v.* to conduct amifs
 Mis-lived, *part. pa.* having lived to a bad purpose
 Mis-metre, *v.* to spoil the metre of verses by writing or reading them ill
 Mis-fate, *pa. t.* of mis-fit, misbecame
 Mis-fayde, *part. pa.* of mis-faye, ill-spoken of
 Mis-fayer, *n.* an evil speaker
 Misfe, *v. Sax.* to fail
 Misfe-metre, *v.* See Mis-metre
 Mistake, *v.* to take a wrong part, to transgress; mesprendre, orig.
 Mistere, *n. Fr.* trade, occupation—condition of life; what mistere men ye ben, what kind of men ye are—need
 Mithede, *n. Sax.* darkness
 Mistily, *adv. Sax.* darkly
 Mistrist, *v.* for mistrust
 Mis-waie, *n.* a wrong way
 Mis-went, *part. pa.* of mis-wende, gone amifs

Mis-write, *v.* to write wrong
 Mitaine, *n. Fr.* a glove
 Mitche, *n. Fr.* a manchete, a loaf of fine bread
 Mite, *n. Sax.* a small worm
 Mixen, *n. Sax.* a dunghill
 Mo, for me
 Mo, for more, *adj. comp. adv. comp.*
 Mochel, moche, *adj. Sax.* great in quantity, in number, in degree—*adv.* much, greatly
 Moder, modre, *n. Sax.* mother—the matrix or principal plate of the astrolabe, *Afr.*
 Moison, *n. Fr.* harvest, growth
 Moist, moisty, *adj. Fr.* new
 Mokel, *n.* may perhaps signify size, magnitude, as michel seems to be used in that sense in *Pierre Plough.* 89, b. of one michel and might
 Molethe, *n. Fr.* trouble
 Molte, *pa. s.* of melte, *v. Sax.* melted, *part. pa.*
 Monche, *v.* to chew
 Mone, *n. Sax.* the moon—lamentation
 Monesse, *v. Fr.* to admonish
 Moniours, *n. pl. Fr.* coiners: in the orig. it is *faulx monnoyeurs*
 Monstre, *n. Fr.* a monster or prodigy—a pattern
 Mood, *n. Sax.* anger
 Morcels, *n. pl. Fr.* morsels
 More, *adj. comp. Sax.* greater in quantity, in number and degree—*adv. comp.* it is usually joined to adjectives and adverbs to express the *comp. deg.*
 Mormal, *n.* a cancer or gangrene
 Morter, *n. Fr.* a sort of waxlight
 Mirtific, *v. Fr.* to kill, (speaking of quicksilver)
 Mortrewes, *n.* Lord Bacon, in his *Nat. Hist. c.* 48, speaks of a mortreis made with the brawn of capons stamped and strained. He joins it with the cullice (*coulis*) of cocks. It seems to have been a rich broth or soup, in the preparation of which the flesh was stamped or beat in a mortar, from whence it probably derived its name, *une mortreufe*, though I cannot say that I have ever met with the French word
 Morwe, *n. Sax.* the morning; in the morning of the following day—To-morwe, I believe, always means the following day, and it includes the whole day; to-morwe at night
 Morwening, *n. Sax.* the morning, morwenings, *pl.*
 Mosel, *n. Fr.* the muzzle, mouth of a beast
 Mouste, *adj. superl. Sax.* greatest in quantity, in number, in degree—*adv. superl.* it is usually joined to adjectives and adverbs to express the superlative degree
 Most, *v. Sax.* must; Mosten, *pl.*
 Mote, *v. Sax.* must, may; Moten, *pl.*
 Mote, *n. Sax.* an atom
 Mothes, *n. pl. Sax.* moths
 Motif, *n. Fr.* a motive, incitement
 Mought, *pa. t.* of mowe, *v. Sax.* might
 Mouie, *v. Sax.* to grow mouldy
 Mouled, *part. pa.*
 Moun, for mowen, *pr. t. pl.* of mowe, *v. Sax.* may
 Mountance, *n. Fr.* amount in value; in quantity; not full the mountance of a mile, *Conf. Am.* 187.
 Mourdant, *n. Fr.* the tongue of a buckle
 Mowe, *v. Sax.* may, to be able. Mowen, *pl.*—it is sometimes used in the *inf. m.* which thou

shalt not mowe suffre, which thou shalt not be able to endure—to mowen such a knight done live or die, to be able to make such a knight to live or die—she should not con ne mow attaine, she should not know nor be able to attain
Mowe, *n. Fr.* a distortion of the mouth; what do I than but laugh and make a mowe? *Lydg. Tra.* 137.
Mowing, *n.* ability. In the following passage it seems to be used as a *gerund*; that shrewes weren dispoiled of mowing to don yvel
Much, *muchel.* See **Miche**
Muckre, *v. Sax.* to heap
Mue, *v. Fr.* to change
Muet, *adj. Fr.* dumb, mute
Mullo, *n. Sax.* dung, rubbish
Multiplication, *n. Fr.* the art of making gold and silver
Multiplic, *v. Fr.* to make gold and silver
Musard, *n. Fr.* a musier or dreamer
Muse, *v. Fr.* to gaze
Myself, *myselfe*, *myselfen.* See **Self**

N.

Na, for no
N'adde, for ne hadde, had not
Naile, *n. Sax.* a nail; by nailes, by Goddes nailes, an oath
Nakere, *n.* a kind of brazen drum used in the cavalry. See *Du Cange* in *v. Niagara*
Nale, *n. Sax.* an alehouse. But I am the less inclined to adopt Skinner's explanation of this word, because I observe that ale alone is commonly put for an alehouse, and I cannot find that nale is ever used, except where it follows the preposition *atte*. In the passage in *Pierce Plough.* 32, b. the *Cotton* ms. *Vesp. B.* xvii. has at the ale; and so in *Pierce Plough.* 26, b. with idle tales at the ale.—Robert of Brunne's translation of *Manuel des Pechés*, ms. *Bodl.* 2313, fol. 1;

In gaymes, in festys, and at the ale.

fol. 38. Or yf thou leddest any man to the ale. I suspect therefore that nale, in those few passages in which it is found, should be considered as merely a corruption which has arisen from the mispronunciation and consequent miswriting of *atte nale* for *atten ale*. A similar corruption seems to have taken place in the name of that celebrated personage in our law Mr. John A-Noke, whose original appellation, I believe, was John Atten Oke, as that of his constant antagonist was John Atte Stile *sim.* Atte Stile is a name in *Pierce Plough.* 23, b. and there are many others of the same form, as Atte-cliff, Atte-ley, Atte-well, Atte-wood, &c. That the letter *n* is apt to pass from the end of one word to the beginning of another, we have an instance in *nemt*, which has certainly been formed, by corruption, from an *ewt* or *est*; and perhaps *nedder*, *n. Sax.* may have been formed in the same way from an *adder*: the word in the Teutonic is *adder*, as we write it now, without the initial *n*. The same corrup-

tions have happened in other languages. See the notes of Signor Redi upon his *Bacco in Tescana*, p. 133, 4, 5, 182, 3.
N'am, for ne am, am not
Name, *pa. t.* of *nime*, *v. Sax.* took
Nappe, *v. Sax.* to sleep. See **Knap**
Narcoticke, *n. pl. Fr. Gr.* drugs causing sleep
Narwe, *adj. Sax.* close, narrow; when they hem narwe awise, when they closely confider their conduct
Nas, for ne was, was not
Nafo, *pr. n. P.* Ovidius Nafo. See **Ovid**
Nat, *adv. Sax.* not
Natal, *adj. Lat.* presiding over nativity
Nathelesse, *natheles*, *adv. Sax.* not the less, nevertheless
Nation, *n. Fr.* nation—family
Naught, *nought*, *n. Sax.* nothing
 —, *adv.* not, not at all, it may more properly perhaps be considered as a noun used adverbially. See **Nothing**
Nay, *adj. Sax.* it seems to be used sometimes as a noun; it is no nay, it cannot be denied
Nay, *v.* to deny
Ne, *adv. Sax.* not; ne had he ben holpen, had he not been helped
Ne, *conj. Sax.* nor
Nece, *n. Fr.* a niece—a cousin
Necessaire, *adj. Fr.* necessary
Nede, *n. Sax.* need, necessity
Nede, *v.* is generally used as an impersonal; it nedeth thee nought teche; nedeth him no dwale; neded no more to hem to go ne rid
Nedeful, *adj.* distrust, indigent
Nedely, *adv.* necessarily
Nedes, *nede*, *adv.* necessarily; it is usually joined with *muft*
Nedder, *n. Sax.* an adder; **Neders**, *pl.*
Neighe, *adj. Sax.* nigh
Neighe, *v.* to approach, to come near
Nekke, *n. Sax.* the neck; nekke-bone
Nempne, *v. Sax.* to name
Ner, *adv. Sax.* near
Nere, *comp. d.* nigher; never the nere, never the nigher; nere and nere, nigher and nigher; ferre ne nere, later nor earlier
N'ere, for ne were, were not; n'ere it, were it not; n'ere the friendship
Nerfe, *n. Fr.* nerve, sinew
Neshe, *adj. Sax.* soft, tender; Nesch and hard
Nete, *n. Sax.* neat cattle
Nether, *adj. comp. Sax.* lower
Nettle in dock out. See **Raket**
Neven, *v. Sax.* to name
Newew, *n. Fr.* a nephew—a grandson
Newe, *adj. Sax.* new, fresh
Newe, *adv.* newly; newe and newe, again and again; all newe; of newe, newly, lately; all new, anew, afresh
Newe, *v.* to renew
Newed, *part. pa.* renewed
Newefangel, *adj.* desirous of new things
Newefangelnesse, *n.* inconstancy
Nexste, *superl. d.* nighest; it generally signifies the nighest, following, but sometimes the nighest preceding
N'hath, for ne hath, hath not
Nicc, *adj. Fr.* foolish

- Nicetee, *n.* folly; do his nicetee; so the French use *faire folie*
 Niffles, *n. pl.* trifles
 Nigard, *n.* a stingy fellow
 Nigardie, *n.* stinginess
 Nightertale, night-time
 Night-spel, *n. Sax.* a night-charm
 N'll, for ne will, will not
 N'is, for ne is, is not
 N'iste, for ne wiste, knew not, *sing.*; n'isten, for ne wisten, knew not, *pl.*
 Nobledest, *pa. t. 2nd pers. sing.* of noble, *v. Fr.* ennobled
 Noblesse, *n. Fr.* dignity, splendour
 Nobley, *n.* as noblesse
 Nocked, *part. pa.* notched
 Noie, *n. Fr.* hurt, trouble
 Noie, *v.* to hurt, to trouble
 Noife, *v. Fr.* to make a noise
 N'olde, for ne wolde, would not
 Nombre, *n. Fr.* number
 Nomen, nome, *part. pa.* of nime, *v. Sax.* taken
 Nomperer, *n.* an arbitrator. See the passage quoted above in *v. Lovedaie*. The sense of this word is established by the *Prompt. Parv.* nowmper or ewmper, Arbiter, Sequester. If the etymology of it were as clear, we might be able to determine which of the two methods of writing it is the best; custom has long declared for the latter. The modern word is umpire; and in *Pierce Plough*, 25, b. the edit. read—an umpir, but the *Cotton ms. Vesp. B. xvi.* has—a numper. I cannot find that any such word is used, in the same sense, in any other of the Gothic or romance languages: it has been supposed by some to be a corruption of *un pere*, *Fr.* which I can hardly believe; and perhaps the reader will be as backward to admit of a derivation of it from the *Fr. nonpai*, an odd or third person, which an arbitrator generally is. This however is the most probable etymology that has occurred to me, and I see that the compiler of the statutes for the University of Oxford (whoever he was) had the same idea, for he expresses the word umpire in his Latin by *impar*, tit. xv. § 14. *Index, impar, aut arbitrator, in quacunque causa electus*
 Non, *adj. Sax.* not one, none
 Non, *adv. Fr.* not; absent or non; whether ye wol or non
 None, *n. Fr.* the ninth hour of the natural day, nine o'clock in the morning; the hour of dinner
 Nones, for the nones
 Nonne, *n. Fr.* a nun
 Norice, *n. Fr.* a nurse; in other passages, it is printed by mistake for norie, *n.* a foster-child, *alumnus*
 Nortelric, *n.* nurture, education
 Nofethirles, *n. pl. Sax.* nostrils
 N'ot, for ne wot, know not
 Notabilitee, *n. Fr.* a thing worthy of observation
 Note, *n. Sax.* need, business
 Note, *n. Fr.* a musical note; to cry by note, to cry aloud, in a high tone
 Notemuge, *n.* nutmeg
 Nute, *n. pl. Sax.* nuts
 Not-hed, a head like a nut
 Nother, *conj. Sax.* nor, neither
 N'other, *adj. Sax.* for ne other; neither n'other, nor one nor other; he n'is in neither n'other habite; *neutro est habitu*, orig.
 Nothing, *adv. Sax.* not, not at all
 Nouches, *n. pl.* It is probable, I think, that *nouche* is the true word, and that *ouche* has been introduced by a corruption the reverse of that which has been taken notice of in *Nale*. See *Du Cange* in *v. Nobia* and *Nusa*, and *Schiter*, *Gloss. Teut.* in *v. Nucht*, from whence it appears that *nuschin*, *Teut.* signifies *stula*, a clasp or buckle. As these were some of the most useful instruments of dress they were probably some of the first that were ornamented with jewels, by which means the name by degrees may have been extended so as to include several other sorts of jewels; the same thing may have happened in the case of the word *broche*, [see above] which indeed seems originally to have been a French expression for *nouche*
 Nought, *n. & adv. Sax.* See Naught
 Nouth, *adv. Sax.* now
 Novelries, *n. pl. Fr.* novelties
 Now, *adv. Sax.* now and now, once and again; now adays, in these days
 Nowel, *n. Fr.* Christmas
 Noyfaunce, *n. Fr.* offence, trespass

O

- O, for ho. See Ho
 O, *adj.* for on, one; in the curious old ballad on the battle of Lewes, [*Anc. Post. v. ii. p. 4. l. 10.*] offering should be written, I believe, o ferling, i. e. one farthing
 Obeysance, *n. Fr.* obedience; obeying
 Obeyant, *part. pr. Fr.* obedient; obeying
 Obsequies, *n. pl. Fr.* funeral rites
 Observance, *n. Fr.* respect
 Observe, *v. Fr.* to respect, to pay regard to
 Occident, *n. Fr.* the west
 Octavien, *pr. n.* I do not suppose that Augustus is meant, but rather the fabulous emperor who is the subject of a romance entitled *Octavian Imperator*, *ms. Cotton, Calig. ii.* See *Percy's Catalogue*, n. 18. The same Octavian, I apprehend, was celebrated in a piece of Arras hangings, which made part of the furniture of Henry V. and is thus described in the inventory, *Roll Parl. 2. Hen. VI.* Item 1 autre pece d'arras *D'or q. comence en l'essorie*, Le Octavien Roy de Rome
 Ocy, ocy, the nightingale's note
 Oerthrow, for overthrow, *part. pa. Sax.* overthrown
 Oetus, *pr. n.* Æetes
 Of, *adv. Sax.* off
 Offended, *part. pa. Fr.* hurt
 Offensoun, *n.* offence, damage
 Offertorie, *n. Fr.* a part of the mass
 Offring, *n. Fr.* offering at mass
 Oft, ofte, *adv. Sax.* often: often-fith, oftentimes
 Oinment, *n. Fr.* ointment
 Olifaunt, *n. Fr.* elephant

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Pace, *v. Fr.* to pass away, to surpass
Page, *n. Fr.* a boy-child, a boy servant
Paic, *n. Fr.* liking, satisfaction
Paic, *v. Fr.* to please, to satisfy, to pay; *paide*,
part. pa. pleased, payed
Paillet, *n. Fr.* a couch, (properly of straw)
Paindemaine, *n. Fr.* a sort of bread
Paire, *v. Fr.* to impair; if I speke ought to *paire*
 her loos, *i. e.* to impair their credit or reputa-
 tion; so this line is written in edit. 1542, and
ms. Hunter
Palamedes, *pr. n.* not the son of Nauplius, one of
 the Grecian commanders at the war of Troy,
 but a knight of the Round Table, called Palomi-
 des in *Mort d'Arthur*, the unsuccessful rival of
 Tristram, for the love of *la Belle Isoude*. See *Mort*
d'Arthur, b. ii. which seems to be compiled
 chiefly from the *Roman de Tristram*
Palatins, *n. pl. Fr.* ladies palatins, ladies of the
 court; in the orig. *palatines*. See *Du Cange* in *v.*
Palatini
Palatie, *pr. n. Palatbia* in *Anatolia. Sp.*
Pale, *n.* a perpendicular stripe in heraldry
Pale, *v. Fr.* to make pale
Paleis, *n. Fr.* a palace
Pulfreis, *n. pl. Fr.* horses for the road, where stedes
 are horses for battle; ne large palfrey esy for the
 nones
Paling, *n. Fr.* imitating pales
Palladion, *n. Gr.* the image of Pallas at Troy
Palled, *part. pa. Fr.* made pale
Palmeres, *n. pl.* pilgrims to foreign parts
Palmerie, *pr. n. Palmyra* in Syria
Pamphilus, *pr. n.*
Pampred, *part. pa.* pampered, made plump. See
Jun. Etymol. who derives it from the *Fr. pampre*,
 a vine branch full of leaves
Pan, *pr. n.* the Heathen deity
Pan, *n. Sax.* the skull, the head
Panter, *n. Fr.* a net
Papelard, *n. Fr.* a hypocrite
Papelardie, *n. Fr.* hypocrisy
Paper-white, *adj.* white as paper
Par, *prep. Fr.* par amour, with love; par compagne,
 for company; par chance, by chance; par cuere,
 by heart, *memoriter*
Paraboles, *n. pl. Fr.* parables, the Proverbs of So-
 lomon
Parage, *n. Fr.* kindred
Paraille, *n. Fr.* apparel
Paramour, *paramours*, *n. Fr.* love, gallantry, a lo-
 ver of either sex
Paraventure, *adv. Fr.* haply, by chance
Paraunter, corruption of paraventure
Parcæ, *n. pl. Lat.* the Fates
Parcel-mele, *adv.* by parcels or parts
Parde, *pardiaux*, a common French oath, which
 most of the personages in Chaucer expresses very
 frequently in English, with as little ceremony as
 the Greeks used their *μη Δία*, and with as little
 meaning too [cics
Pardoncr, *n. Fr.* a seller of pardons or indulgen-

Parements, *n. pl. Fr.* ornamental furniture &
 clothes
Parentele, *n. Fr.* kindred
Parfay, *Fr. par foy*, by my faith
Parfei, as parfay
Parfit, *adj. Fr.* perfect
Parfitly, *adv.* perfectly
Parfourme, *v. Fr.* to perform
Parishens, *n. pl. Fr.* parishioners
Paritorie, *n. Fr. Lat.* the herb parietaria, or pelli-
 tory of the wall
Parlement, *n. Fr.* an assembly for consultation, a
 consultation
Parten, *inf. m. Fr.* to take part
Partie, *n. Fr.* a part, a party in a dispute
Parvis, *n. Fr.* a portico before a church, *Du Cange*
 in *v. Paradisus* i. It appears that books were
 commonly sold *au Parvis devant Notre Dame* at Pa-
 ris. At London the *Parvis* was frequented by Ser-
 jeants at Law. See *Fortescue de Laud. leg. Ang.*
c. li. "Post meridiem curiæ non tenentur; sed
 "placitantes tunc se divertunt ad Pervi-
 "sum et alibi, consulentes cum Servientibus
 "ad Legem et aliis consiliariis suis." There is
 a difference of opinion where the parvis at Lon-
 don, to which the lawyers resorted, was situated;
 Somner supposes it to have been in Old-Palace-
 yard, before Westminster-hall, *Gloss. in X Script.*
v. Triforium; but others, with more probabili-
 ty, think it was what Dugdale calls The Per-
 vyse of Pawles. When the Serjeants had dined
 in any of the inns of court, St. Paul's lay much
 more conveniently for an afternoon consultation
 than Westminster-hall
Pas, *n. Fr.* a footpace; his horse—on which he
 rode a pas sul softly [sentence
Pas, *v. Fr.* to surpass, to excel, to judge, to pass
 Passant, passing, *part. pr.* excelling [ter noster
Patren, *inf. m.* to pray, properly to repeat the *Pa-*
Pavade, *n.* a weapon of offence
Paumes, *n. pl. Fr.* the palms of the hands
Pax, to kisse the pax: for an account of this cere-
 mony, see *Du Cange* in *v.*
Payen, *adj. Fr.* Pagan
Paynes, *n. pl.* Heathens
Paysaunce, *n.* pausing or stopping, *Gloss. Ur. q. ?*
Pecunial, *adj.* pecuniary, paid in money
Pees, *n. Fr.* peace; when used as an interjection, it
 signifies the same as hold thy pees, be silent
Peine, *n. Fr.* penalty; up peine of deth. See *Up*.—
 Grief, torment, labour
Peine, *v. Fr.* to torture, to put to pain; she peined
 hire, she took great pains
Peise, *v. Fr.* to poise, to weigh
Pell, *n.* a house, a cell, *Sp.* and *SA.* f. a palace,
Gloss. Ur. q. ?
Pellet, *n. Fr.* pelotte, a ball
Penance, *n. Fr.* repentance, pains to be undergone
 by way of satisfaction for sin, pain, sorrow
Penant, *n. Fr.* a person doing penance
Pencell, *n. Fr.* pennoncel, a small streamer
Penible, *adj.* industrious pains-taking
Penitencer, *n. Fr.* a priest who enjoins penance in
 extraordinary cases
Penmark, *pr. n.* a place in Bretagne

- Penner, *n.* a pencase. In the inventory of the goods of Henry V. *Rot. Parl.* 2 H. VI. n. 15, m. 13, is the following article, *Un penner' et 1 ynkborn d' arg.' dorrez*; and again, m. 20, *1 pennere et 1 corne covert du velvet bloy*
- Penon, *n.* *Fr.* a streamer or ensign
- Pens, *n. pl.* *Sax.* pennies
- Penfell, *n.* as pencell
- Pensfished, *n.* pensiveness
- Peper, *n.* *Lat.* pepper; to brewe peper, seems to be an expression for the preparation of a hot pungent liquor which should burn the throats of the drinkers; in the orig. it is—*dames le brasse-vront tel poivre*
- Peple, *n.* *Fr.* people
- Peplish, *adj.* vulgar
- Perche, *n.* *Fr.* a perch for birds
- Parcel, *adv.* parcel
- Perda, as *pardé*
- Pere, *v.* to appear
- Perc, *n.* *Fr.* a peer, an equal
- Peregal, *adj.* equal
- Peregrine, *adj.* *Fr.* wandering
- Perceles, *adj.* without an equal
- Perjenete, *n.* a young pear
- Pernasa, *pr. n.* Mount Parnassus
- Perric, *n.* *Fr.* jewels, precious stones
- Perfaunt, *part. pa.* *Fr.* piercing
- Perse, *pr. n.* Persia
- Perse, *adj.* *Fr.* sky coloured, of a blewish gray
- Perselee, *n.* *Sax.* *Lat.* parsley
- Person, *n.* *barb. Lat.* a man, generally a man of dignity, a parson or rector of a church
- Pertelote, *pr. n.* of a hen
- Perturbe, *v.* *Fr.* to trouble
- Perturbing, *n.* disturbance
- Pervinke, *n.* *Sax.* *Lat.* the herb periwinkle
- Pery, *n.* *Fr.* a pear tree
- Pesc, *n.* *Fr.* as pees
- Peson, *n. pl.* *Sax.* peas
- Pesible, *adj.* peaceable
- Peter Alfonso, Piers Alfonso
- Petrark, *pr. n.* Our author has inserted a translation of the 102d sonnet of Petrarch into his *Troilus and Creseide*; it is not in the *Filostrato*: there seems to be no sufficient reason for believing that Chaucer had ever seen Petrarch.
- Peytre, *n.* *Fr.* the breastplate of a horse
- Phisike, *n.* *Fr.* medicine
- Phisiologus, *pr. n.* There was a larger work with the same title in prose, which is frequently quoted by Vincent of Beauvais
- Phiton, *pr. n.* the serpent Python
- Phitoness, *n.* *barb. Lat.* a witch
- Pie, *n.* *Fr.* a magpie, a prating gossip or tell-tale
- Pierrie, *n.* *Fr.* jewels, precious stones
- Piggesnie. The Romans used *oculus* as a term of endearment; and perhaps Piggesnie, in vulgar language, only means *oculus*, the eyes of that animal being remarkably small
- Pight, *pa. t.* of pike, *v.* *Sax.* pitched
- Pike, *v.* *Sax.* to pitch, to pick, as a hawk does his feathers, to steal, to peep
- Pike, *n.* *Sax.* a fish so called
- Pikerel, *n.* *Sax.* a young pike
- Pilche, *n.* *Sax.* a coat or cloak of skins, *Prov.* 4; *toga pellicea, Junius* in v.
- Piler, *n.* *Fr.* a pillar
- Pille, *v.* *Fr.* piller, to rob, to plunder
- Pilled, rather piled, *part. pa.* *Fr.* *pelé*, bald
- Pillours, *n. pl.* *Fr.* plunderers
- Pilwe, *n.* *Sax.* a pillow
- Pilwe-bere, *n.* *Sax.* the covering of a pillow
- Piment, *n.* *barb. Lat.* spiced wine, wine mixed with honey
- Pinche, *v.* *Fr.* to squeeze; ther coude no wight pinche at his writing, no one could lay hold of any flaw in his writings
- Pine, *n.* *Sax.* pain, grief
- Pine, *v.* *Sax.* to torment
- Pined, *part. pa.* tortured
- Pipe, *v.* *Sax.* to play on a pipe; to pipe in an ivy lefe, is put for any useless employment, as is now said of a disappointed man, He may go whistle. See Buckes horn
- Pistell, *n.* *Sax.* *Lat.* an epistle, a short lesson
- Pitance, *n.* *Fr.* a mess of victuals; it properly means an extraordinary allowance of victuals given to monks, in addition to their usual commons. See *Du Cange* in v. *Picantia*
- Pith, *n.* *Sax.* marrow, strength
- Pitous, *adj.* *Fr.* merciful, compassionate, exciting compassion
- Pitoufly, *adv.* pitifully
- Plage, *n.* *Lat.* the plague
- Plages, *n. pl.* *Lat.* the divisions of the globe; the plagues of the north, the northern regions
- Plain, *n.* *Fr.* a plain
- Plain, *adj.* simple, clear; it is often used as an adverb
- Plain, *v.* to make plain
- Plaine, *v.* *Fr.* to complain
- Plainliche, *adv.* plainly
- Plat, platte, *adj.* *Fr.* flat, plain, the flat of a sword; it is often used as an adverb; all plat, *i. e.* flatly; full plat and eke ful plain
- Plate, *n.* a flat piece of metal; a breast-plate, armour for the breast; a pair of plates, armour for the breast and back
- Play, *n.* *Sax.* sport, pleasure
- Play, *v.* to sport, to take pleasure, to act upon a stage, to play upon musical instruments, to lead a pilgrimage, to withdraw upon pretence of going on a pilgrimage
- Ple, *n.* *Fr.* an argument or pleading
- Plein, *adj.* *Fr.* full, perfect
- Plenere, *adj.* *Fr.* complete
- Plesance, *n.* *Fr.* pleasure
- Plesinges, *n. pl.* pleasures
- Plete, *v.* *Fr.* to plead
- Pleting, *n.* pleading
- Plie, *v.* *Fr.* to bend or mold
- Plight, *n.* condition
- Plight, *pa. t.* & *part.* of pluck, *v.* *Sax.* pulled, plucked
- Plight, *v.* *Sax.* to engage, to promise
- Plight, *pa. t.* plighen, *pl.*
- Plite, *v.* to plait or fold. See Plie
- Plite, *n.* condition, form. See plight
- Plungy, *adj.* *Fr.* wet, rainy

Poileis, *adj. Fr.* of Apulia, anciently called Poile.
William's daughter Converse in Poyle to wyve be
nome

Point, *n. Fr.* the principal business, a stop or full point; in good point, in good case or condition; at point devise, with the greatest exactness; at point to brest, in point for to brest, ready to burst

Pointel, *n. Fr.* a style or pencil for writing

Pointen, *inf. m. v. Fr.* to prick with any thing pointed

Poke, *n. Fr.* a pocket, a bag. See Pouche

Poke, *v. Fr.* to thrust

Polive, *n.* a pulley

Pollax, *n. Sax.* a halberd, *lipennis. Prompt. Parv.*

Pomel, *n. Fr.* any ball or round thing, the top of the head

Pomelee, *adj. Fr.* spotted with round spots like apples, dappled; pomelee gris, of a dapple-gray colour

Popelot, *n.* This word may either be considered as a diminutive from pouple, a puppet, or as a corruption of papellot, a butterfly

Popet, *n. Fr.* a puppet

Popingay, *n.* a parrot; *papegaut, Fr. papegay, Belg. papagallo, Ital.*

Popped, *adj. Fr.* nicely dressed

Popper, *n.* jolly popper, a bodkin, according to *Sp.* and *St.* who however produce no authority for such interpretation. The name seems to be fitter for a pistol

Pore, *v.* to look earnestly, poren, *pr. t. pl.*

Pore, *adj.* for poure

Porisme, *n. Gr.* is used in the sense of—a coronary, a theorem deduced from another

Porphurie, *pr. n.* of a species of marble, porphyry

Port, *n. Fr.* carriage, behaviour

Portecolise, *n. Fr.* a falling gate, a portcullis

Portor, *n.* a breviary, *Du Cange* in *v. Portiforium*

Pose, *n.* a rheum or deflection obstructing the voice, *catarris, corisa, Prompt. Parv.*

Pose, *v. Fr.* to suppose; I pose I had sinned for

Posse, *v. Fr.* to push

Possed, *part. pa.*

Possessioners, *n. pl. Lat.* an invidious name for such religious communities as were endowed with lands, &c. the mendicant orders professed to live entirely upon alms

Post, *n. Sax.* a prop or support

Posté, *n. Fr.* power

Potecary, *n. Fr.* an apothecary

Potent, *n. Fr.* a crutch, a walking stick

Potential, *adj. Fr.* strong, powerful

Potestat, *n. Fr.* a principal magistrate

Pouche, *n. Fr.* pocket, pouch

Poudre, *n. Fr.* powder, poudres, *pl.*

Poverte, *n. Fr.* poverty; it is to be pronounced poverte, the final *e* being considered as an *e* feminine

Poulce, *n. Fr.* the poulce

Poule, *pr. n. St. Paul*

Pounfoned, *part. pa.* punched with a bodkin

Poupe, *v.* to make a noise with a horn

Pourchace, *n. Fr.* to buy, to provide

Pourchas, *n. Fr.* acquisition, purchase

VOL. I.

Poure, *v.* as pore

Poure, *adj. Fr.* poor

Pourtraic, *v. Fr.* to draw a picture

Pourtraieur, *n.* a drawer of pictures

Pourtaiture, a picture or drawing

Practike, *n. Fr.* practice

Preamble, *n. Fr.* preface

Preambulatioun, *n.* preamble

Precious, *adj. Fr.* over nice

Predestiné, *n. Fr.* predestination

Predication, *n. Fr.* preaching, a sermon

Prees, *n. Fr.* a press or crowd

Prese, preve, *n. Fr.* proof, trial; at preve, on trial; with evil prese, evil may it prove. See With [trate]

Presect, *n. Fr. Lat.* a governor or principal magis-

Preise, *n. Fr.* commendation

Preise, *v. Fr.* to commend, to value

Prentis, *n. Fr.* an apprentice

Prentishode, *n.* apprenticeship

Preparat, *part. pa. Lat.* prepared

Prés, *adv. Fr.* near, so I suspect this word is to be understood; of prés, *i. e.* at hand, close; *de prés, Fr.* or perhaps of prés may be put for in a prees. See Prees

Prese, *v. Fr.* to press or crowd

Present, *v. Fr.* to offer, to make a present of; and with the wine the gan hem to present; and smote his head of, his fader to present

Presentarie, *adj. Lat.* present

Prest, *adj. Fr.* ready

Pretend, *v. Fr.* to lay claim to

Preterit, *adj. Fr.* passed

Preve, *v. Fr.* to try, to demonstrate by trial

Preve, *v. neut.* to turn out upon trial

Prick, *n. Sax.* a point, a pointed weapon

Prick, prike, *v. Sax.* to wound, to spur a horse, to ride hard

Prickasour, *n.* a hard rider

Pricking, *n.* hard riding

Prideles, *adj. Sax.* without pride

Prie, *v.* to look curiously

Prikke, *n.* See Prick

Prime, *adj. Fr. Lat.* first; at prime temps, at the first time; at prime face, at first appearance

Prime, *n.* the first quarter of the artificial day; half way prime, prime half spent; prime large, prime far advanced

Primerole, *n. Fr.* a primrose, *Conf. Am.* 148. b.

Primetemps, *n. Fr.* spring

Pris, *n. Fr.* price, praise; it be prys, or it be blame, *Conf. Am.* 165

Privé, *adj. Fr.* private; privé and apert, private and public; privé nian, a man entrusted with private business

Prively, *adv.* privately

Privetee, *n.* private business

Proceffe, *n. Lat.* progress

Proffioun, *n. Fr.* the monastic profession

Proheme, *n. Fr. Gr.* a preface

Proine, *v. Fr.* provigner; it seems to have signified originally to take cuttings from vines, in order to plant them out; from hence it has been used for the cutting away of the superfluous shoots of all trees, which we now call pruning,

Y Y

and for that operation which birds, and particularly hawks, perform upon themselves, of picking out their superfluous or damaged feathers. In allusion to this last sense, Damian is said to proine and pike himself. Gower, speaking of an eagle, says,

For there he pruneth him and piketh,
As doth an hauke, whan him wel liketh.

Conf. Am. 139.

Prolle, *v.* to go about in search of a thing

Provable, *adj. Fr.* capable of being demonstrated

Provende, *n. Fr. prebenda, Lat.* a prebend, a daily or annual allowance or stipend. See *Du Cange* in *v. Prebenda*

Provendre, *n.* a prebendary

Proverbe, *n. Fr. Lat.* a prudential maxim

Proverbe, *v.* to speak proverbially

Provostry, *n. Fr.* the office of provost or prefect; *praefectura*

Prow, *n. Fr.* profit, advantage

Prowesse, *n. Fr.* integrity

Pruce, *pr. n.* Prussia

Pruce, *adj.* Prussian

Pruned, *pa. t.* as pruned

Ptholomee, *pr. n.*

Puella and **Rubeus**, the names of two figures in geomancy, representing two constellations in heaven: *Puella* signifieth Mars retrograde, and *Rubeus* Mars direct. *Sp.*

Pulchritude, *n. Lat.* beauty

Pullaile, *n. Fr.* poultry

Pulled hen, I have been told since that a hen, whose feathers are pulled or plucked off, will not lay any eggs; if that be true, there is more force in the epithet than I apprehended

Punice, *v. Fr.* to punish

Pure, *adj. Fr.* mere, very

Pured, *part. pa.* purified

Purified, *part. pa. Fr.* worked upon the edge

Purpos, *n. Fr.* purpose, design, proposition in discourse

Purprise, *n. Fr.* an enclosure

Purveyance, *n. Fr.* foresight, providence, provision

Purveye, *v.* to foresee, to provide

Puterie, *n. Fr.* whoredom

Putours, *n. pl.* whoremongers

Pythagoras, *pr. n.*

Q.

Quad, *quade*, *adj. Tent.* bad; none quad, nothing evil

Quaille-pipe, *n.* a pipe used to call quails

Quaire, *n. Fr.* a quire of paper, a book

Quakke, *n.* seems to be put for an inarticulate noise occasioned by any obstruction in the throat

Qualme, *n. Sax.* sickness, the noise made by a raven

Quappe, *v.* to tremble, to quake

Quarels, *n. pl. Fr.* square arrows

Queint, *n.* See *Junii Etymolog.* in *v.*

Queinte, *adj. Fr.* strange; I made of that lefe full

queint, he made it strange, cunning, artful, trim, neat

Queinte, *pa. t.* and *part.* of quench, *v. Sax.* quenched

Queintise, *n.* trimness, neatness, excessive trimness, cunning

Quelle, *v. Sax.* to kill, to destroy

Queme, *v. Sax.* to please; wel me quemeth, *Conf. Am. 68*

Quene, *n. Sax.* a queen, a harlot

Querne, *n. Sax.* a handmill

Querrou, *n. Fr.* one that works in a stone quarry

Queste, *n. Fr.* a prayer or demand

Quest-mongers, *n. pl.* packers of inquests or juries

Quethe, *v. Sax.* to say, to declare; I quethe him quite, is a translation of an old technical term in the law *Glamo illi quietum*; the original *Fr.* has only *Je quitte*

Quik, *adj. Sax.* alive

Quikkeft, *superl. d.* speediest; the quikkeft strete, the most expeditious way

Quiken, *v. Sax.* to make alive

Quiked, *part. pa.* made alive

Quiked, *pa. t.* of the same *v.* used in a neutral sense, became alive

Quinible, *n.* is the instrument, I suppose, which is called in barb. *Lat. quinterna* and *quintaria*. See *Du Cange* and *Corpentier* in *v. Quinternizare*, and *Mebus, Vita d' Ambr. Camald. lyrâ, limbatâ, quintariâ, ribebâ, avenâ, tibiisque*

Quishin, *n. Fr.* a cushion

Quistron, *n.* a beggar, *Gloss. Ur.* I rather believe it signifies a scullion, *un garçon de cuisine*

Quite, *adj. Fr.* free, quiet

Quite, *v. Fr.* to requite, to pay for, to acquit

Quitte, *part. pa.* requitted

Quitely, *adv.* freely, at liberty

Quod, *pa. t.* of quethe, said

Quoke, *pa. t.* of quake, *v. Sax.* trembled, shook

R.

Ra, *n. Sax.* a roe deer

Racine, *n. Fr.* a root

Rad, *radde*, *pa. t.* of rede, *v. Sax.* advised, explained, *Du. 281*

Radevore, tapestry; *ras*, in *Fr.* signifies any stuff, as *ras de Châlons*, *ras de Gennes*, *ras de Vore* or *Vaut*, may be a stuff made at such a place, *Gloss. Ur.* There is a town in Languedoc called *La Vaut*, but I know not that it was ever famous for tapestry

Raffles, *n. pl. Fr.* plays with dice

Raste, *pa. t.* of reve, *v. Sax.* took away

Rage, *v. Fr.* to toy wantonly

Ragerie, *n.* wantonness

Ragounces, should probably be jagouces, as in the orig. *Fr.* the precious stones called jacinths or hyacinths

Raines, *pr. n.* the city of Rennes in Bretagne

Rake-blee, *n. Sax.* the handle of a rake

Rakel, *adj.* hasty, rash

Rakelneffe, *n.* raffiness

Raket, to play racket, nettle in dock out, seems to be used as a proverbial expression, signifying to

Be inconstant: what the original of the phrase may have been, is not so clear

Ramage, *adj.* *Fr.* wild

Rammish, *adj.* *Sax.* rank like a ram

Rampe, *v.* *Fr.* to climb; the rampeth in my face, the rises against me, flies in my face

Ran, *pa. t.* of *renne*; *rannen*, *pl.*

Rape, *adv.* quickly, speedily

Rape, *n.* hate

Rape, *v.* *Sax.* to take captive; to rape and renne, to seize and plunder. See *Renne*

Rasis, *pr. n.* an Arabian physician of the 10th century. See *Fabric. Bibl. Gr. t. xiii. p. 46, in v. Al-bubcar*

Raskaile, *n.* a pack of rascals

Rated, *part. pa.* chidden

Rathe, *adv.* *Sax.* soon, early, speedily

Rather, *comp. d.* sooner

Rathest, *superl. d.* soonest

Rather, *adj.* *Sax. comp. d.* former

Ratouns, *n. pl.* *Fr.* rats

Raught, *pa. t.* of *racan*, *v.* *Sax.* reached; on his way he raught, he sprang forth on his way.

Raught, *pa. t.* of *reccan*, *v.* *Sax.* cared, recked

Ravens, (ravinours) *n. pl.* plunderers

Ravine, *n.* *Fr.* rapine; fowlea of raven, birds of prey

Ravisable, *adj.* *Fr.* ravenous

Ravishing, *part. pr.* *Fr.* rapid; with a ravishing swiegh; *rapids turbine*; orig. See *Swegh*

Raunson, *n.* *Fr.* ransom

Raved, *part. pa.* streaked or striped, *Du. 252*

Real, *adj.* *Fr.* royal

Realter, *comp. d.* more royal

Reallich, *adv.* royally

Realtee, *n.* royalty

Rebekke, *pr. n.* Rebecca

Rebekke, *n.* *Fr.* a musical instrument

Rechafed, *pa. t.* *Fr.* a term in hunting, *Du. 579*

Recche, rekke, *v.* *Sax.* to care

Reccheles, *adj.* careless

Recchelesnesse, *n.* carelessness

Reclaime, *v.* *Fr.* a term in falconry for bringing

the hawk to the fist by a certain call

Reclaiming, *n.* calling; in the sense of reclaime

Recomfort, *v.* *Fr.* to comfort

Record, *n.* *Fr.* witness, testimony

Recorde, *v.* *Fr.* to remember; it sometimes seems to be used in a technical legal sense, for what is called to enter upon record in judicial proceedings

Recreandise, *n.* *Fr.* signifies fear, cowardice, desertion of principle

Recreant, *adj.* one who yields himself to his adversary in single combat; for the full import of these two words, see *Du Cange in v. Recrudentia*

Recure, *n.* *Fr.* recovery

Recovered, *part. pa.* *Fr.* recovered

Redde, red, *pa. t.* of *rede*, *v.* *Sax.*

Reddour, *n.* *Fr.* strength, violence

Rede, *n.* *Sax.* advice, counsel, a read

Rede, *v.* *Sax.* to advise, to read, to explain, *Du. 279*

Rede, *adj.* *Sax.* red

Redoute, *v.* *Fr.* to fear

Redouting, *n.* reverence

Redresse, *v.* *Fr.* to recover, to make amends for

Refect, *part. pa.* *Lat.* recovered

Refiguring, *part. pa.* *Fr.* figuring again

Refrain, *n.* *Fr.* the burden of a song

Refraining, *n.* the singing of the burden of a song

Refreide, *v.* *Fr.* to cool

Refrete, *n.* the same as refrain, in *Her.* it is printed corruptly *frefreit*

Reste, riste, *n.* *Sax.* a chink or trevice

Refute, *n.* *Fr.* refuge

Regals, *n. pl.* *Fr.* royalties

Regard, *n.* *Fr.* at regard of, with respect to, in comparison of

Regne, *n.* *Fr.* a kingdom

Rehete, *v.* *Fr.* rehaite; to revive, to cheer

Reheting, according to several mss. and all the reheting of his likes fore; some mss. and most of the printed editions read *richeffe* instead of *reheting*, *Gloss. Ur.* *Richeffe*, though almost as awkward an expression as the other, is more agreeable to the corresponding passage in the *Filoftrato*—

E sospir che gli avea a gran doviaia—

and one can hardly conceive that it could come from any hand but that of the author. I can make no sense of reheting; but at the same time I must allow, that it is not likely to have been inserted by way of a gloss [orig.]

Reile, *v. neut.* to roll; reiloth diversely; vogatur,

Reines. See *Raines*

Rejoie, *v.* *Fr.* to rejoice

Reke, *v.* *Sax.* to exhale

Reken, *v.* *Sax.* to reckon, to come to a reckoning

Rekes, *n. pl.* *Sax.* ricks (of corn)

Relaies, *n. pl.* *Fr.* fresh sets of hounds, *Du. 362*

Relese, *n.* *Sax.* what is left

Relees, *n.* *Fr.* release

Religiousite, *n.* *Fr.* persons of a religious profession, the clergy

Relike, *n.* *Fr.* a relic; reliques, *pl.*

Remenant, *n.* *Fr.* a remnant, a remaining part

Remes, *n. pl.* *Fr.* realms

Remissails, *n. pl.* *Fr.* orts, leavings

Remorde, *v.* *Fr.* to cause remorse, to afflict

Remuable, *adj.* *Fr.* moveable, inconstant

Remue, remewe, remève, *v.* *Fr.* to remove, *Conf.*

Am. 164. b.

Remued, *pa. t.*

Renably, *adv.* *Fr.* reasonably

Renegade, *n.* *Fr.* an apostate from Christianity

Renete, *v.* *Fr.* to renounce, to abjure

Renges, *n. pl.* *Fr.* ranks; the steps of a ladder

Renne, *v.* *Sax.* to run, to rend

Renomee, *n.* *Fr.* renown

Renovelaunce, *n.* *Fr.* a renewing

Renovelle, *v.* *Fr.* to renew

Rent, *v.* *Sax.* to tear or rend

Repaire, *n.* *Fr.* resort

Repaire, *v.* *Fr.* to return

Repentant, *part. pr.* *Fr.* repenting

Repreffe, repreve, *n.* *Fr.* reproof

Repression, *n.* seems to be put for power of repress- [sing]

Y y ij

Requere, *v. Fr.* to require
Rere, *v. Sax.* to raise
Rescous, *n. Fr.* rescue
Rescove, *v. Fr.* to rescue
Reson, *n. Fr.* reason, proportion
Resons, *n. pl. Fr.* discourses
Respite, *n.* may perhaps be put for respect
Respiten, *inf. m. Fr.* to grant a respite, to excuse
Resport, *n.* is probably put for respect
Reste, *n. Sax.* repose
Reste, *v. Sax.* to repose, to cease from labour
Retenue, *n. Fr.* retinue; at his retinue retained by him
Rethor, *n. Fr. Lat.* an orator or rhetorician
Reve, *n. Sax.* a steward or bailiff
Reve, *v. Sax.* to take away
Revel, *n. Fr.* entertainment, properly during the night, sport, festivity
Revelour, *n.* a reveller
Revelrie, *n.* pleasure
Revers, *adj. Fr.* contrary
Reverse, *v. Fr.* to overturn
Revert, *v. Fr.* to turn back
Revest, *v. Fr.* to clothe again
Rew, *n.* a row or line; on a rew, in a line; all by rew. See *A'row*
Rewake, *v. Sax.* to waken again
Reward, *n. Fr.* regard, respect; take reward of thine own value, have regard to thine own value; in reward of, in comparison with. See *Regard*
Rewe, *v. Sax.* to have compassion, to suffer, to have cause to repent
Reyes, *n. pl.* dances in use among the Dutch, *Reys*, Belg. *Chorea celerior, chorea in longam seriem*, Kilian
Reysed, "Les Gandois firent une reyse sur les marches de Haynault, et dedans le pays pillerent, bruslerent, et firent moult de maux."
Mem. de la March. p. 384, where a note in the margin says, "*Reyse en bas Alemand*," signify "un voyage ou course."
Ribaninges, *n. pl.* seems to signify borders
Ribaude, *n.* a poor labourer; but the word generally implies profligacy of manners, as well as meanness of condition. See *Du Gange* in *v. Ribaldus*
Ribaudrie, *n.* ribaldry, indecent words or actions
Ribibe, *n.* a sort of musical instrument
Ribible, *n.* a small ribibe
Richard, *pr.* I have vindicated the character of this heroic prince from an aspersion which was first cast upon him; I find, by Mr. Rymer, in consequence of a mistaken construction of a passage in Hoveden; I am tempted to add here the beginning of a poem which, having been composed after his death, by Anselem Faydit, must stand clear of all suspicion of having been either begged or bought

For chaufaes et tot lo maior dan,
 El maior dol, las! q eu anc mais agues,
 Et zo, don dei toz temps plaigner ploran,
 M aven a dir en chantar et retraire,
 De cel q era de valorz caps et paire,
 Li reis valenz *Rixard*, reis des Engles,

Es morz; ai Deus! cals perda et cals danz es!
 Can estraing mozt et qan greu per audir!
 Ben a dur cor toz hom co po sofrir.

Morz es li reis, et son passat mil an
 Qanc tan pros hom no fo ne nol vit res,
 Ne ia mais hom non et del sen senblant,
 Tan larcs, tan pros, tan ardiz, tals donaire;
 Q Alixandres lo reis, qe venqi Daire,
 No cuit qe tan dones ni tan messes,
 Ni an Charles ni Artus tan valgues,
 Q a tot lo mon sen fez, q i n vol ver dir,
 Als us doptar et als altres grazir.

Mf. Crofts, fol. iix.

Richeffe, *n. Fr.* wealth, riches, *pl.* riches
Riddeled, *part. pa.* plaited, *Gloss. Ur.*
Ridden, *part. pa.* of ride; he is ridden, they be ridden, he had ridden
Ride, *v. Sax.* he rideth him
Riding, *n.* probably a procession
Rife, *rive*, *v. Sax.* to thrust through
Right, *n. Sax.* a right or due; at alle rightes, at all points
Right, *adj.* good, true
Right, *adv.* truly, rightly, exactly, completely; it is frequently joined to adjectives, as the adverbs well and full are, to augment their force
Rime, *n. Fr.* a composition in rhyme; hence the title of *The Rime of Sire Thopas*. *Rime-doggerel*. See *Doggerel*
Rimeyed, *part. pa. Fr.* composed in rhyme or verse
Rimpled, *part. pa. Sax.* wrinkled
Ring, *v. Sax.* to make to sound, *v. neut.* to sound
Rise, *n. Sax.* small twigs of trees or bushes
Rishe, *n. Sax.* a rush
Rist, for *riseth*
Rit, for *rideth*
Rivage. See *Arivage*
Rive, *v. neut. Sax.* to split, to fall asunder
Riveling, *part. pr. Sax.* wrinkling; *ruffelen*, Belg. *rugare*, Kilian
Roche, *n. Fr.* a rock; *roches*, *pl.*
Rode, *n. Sax.* the cross; rode-beem; it is also called the rode-tree, from its being made of wood
Rode, *n. Sax.* complexion
Rody, *adj. Sax.* ruddy
Rose, *pa. t.* of rise; roste should probably be rose
Rogge, *v. Sax.* to shake; roggyn or mevyn, *agito*, *Prompt. Parv.*
Roigne, *n. Fr.* a scab, mange
Roignous, *adj. Fr.* scabby, rough
Rokette, *n. Fr.* a loose upper garment
Roking, *part. pr.* of rokke or rogge, *v. neut. Sax.*
Shaking, trembling; roggyn or waveryn, *vacillo*, *Prompt. Parv.*
Rombel, *n.* a rumbling noise, rumour
Rome, *v. Sax.* to walk about
Rondel, *n. Fr.* a rhyme or sonnet which ends as it begins, *Colgrave*
Rone, *pr. n.* Rouen in Normandy
Rone, *pa. t.* of rain, *v. Sax.* rained
Ropen, *part. pa.* of repte, *v. Sax.* reaped
Rosalgar, red arsenic, a preparation of orpiment
Chambers in *v. Realgar*. It should rather per-

haps have been written Ryfalgar, with mss. c. i., as the Latin name is *rifigallum*
 Rosen, *adj.* rosy
 Roser, *n.* Fr. a rosebush
 Rose-red, *adj.* red as a rose
 Rote, *n.* Sax. a root
 Rote, a root in astrology
 Rote, *n.* a musical instrument. See *Du Cange* in v. *Rofla*. Notker, who lived in the 10th century, says that it was the ancient *psalterium*, but altered in its shape, with an additional number of strings, *Schilter*, in v. *Retta*
 Rote, *n.* Fr. practice; by rote, by heart, *par routine*, *Cog.*
 Rote, *v.* Sax. to rot
 Roten, *part. pa.*
 Rother, *n.* Sax. the rudder of a ship
 Rought, for raught, *pa. t.* of *recche*
 Rouke *v.* Sax. to lie close; but now they rucken in her nest *Conf. Am.* 72.
 Roule, *v. neut.* Sax. to roll, to run easily; where some copies have royle. See *Reile*
 Roume, *n.* Sax. room, space
 Roume, *adj.* wide, spacious
 Roumer, *comp. d.* wider
 Rouncevall, *pr. n.*
 Rounce, *n. barb.* Lat. a common hackney horse. See *Du Cange* in v. *Runcinus*
 Roundel, *n.* Fr. a sort of song. See *Rondel*—a circular figure
 Route, *n.* Fr. a company
 Route, *v.* to assemble in a company
 Route, *v.* Fr. to snore, to rear,
 Routhie, *n.* Sax. compassion, the object of compassion
 Routhies, *adj.* without compassion
 Row, *n.* a line of writing. See *Rew*
 Row, *adj.* Sax. rough,—he looked wel rowe
 Rowne, *v.* Sax. to whisper
 Rubeus. See *Puella*
 Rubins, *n. pl.* Fr. rubies
 Rucking, *part. pr.* of rucke, or rouke, *v.* Sax. lying close
 Rudde, *n.* Sax. complexion. See *Rode*
 Ruddock, *n.* Sax. a bird called robin red-breast
 Rufus, *pr. n.* a Greek physician, of whose works some are extant. See *Fabric. Bibl. Gr.* l. iv. c. 3.
 Ruggy, *adj.* rough
 Russel, *pr. n.* the fox is called Dan Russel, from his red colour, I suppose

S,

Sachelles, *n. pl.* Fr. small sacks
 Sacked freres, friars wearing a coarse upper garment, called *saccus*, *Mat. Paris, ad. an.* 1257;
 “Eodem tempore novus ordo apparuit Londini
 “de quibusdam fratribus ignotis et non praevidis, qui, quia saccis incedebant induti, fratres
 “Saccati vocabantur.”
 Sacre, *n.* Fr. a sacred solemnity
 Sade, *adj.* Sax. grave, steady, sorrowful, repentant

Sadly, *adv.* steadily, carefully; this messenger drank sadly ale and wine; this messenger applied himself to drink, ale and wine
 Sadness, *n.* gravity, steadiness
 Saffron, *v.* Fr. to tinge with saffron
 Saie for seie, *pa. t.* of *se v.* Sax. saw
 Saile, *v.* Fr. to assail
 Sailours, *n. pl.* may mean dancers, from the *Lat. Fr.*; so in *Pierce Plough*, 68, for I can—neither saylen, ne saute, ne syng, to the gyterne: the lines which Chaucer has here translated are not in the best edit. of the *Rom. de la Rose*, Paris, 1735. but they are quoted by Junius, *Etym. Ling. Angl.* in v. *Timbsters*, from an edit. of 1529;

Après y eut farces joyeuses,
 Et batelleurs et batelleuses,
 Qui de passe passe jouoyent.
 Et en l'air ung bassin ruoyent,
 Puis le scavoyent bien recueillir
 Sur ung doy, sans point y faillir.

where it is plain that the author is speaking of jugglers rather than dancers
 Saine, for seine, *part. pa.* of *se v.* Sax. seen
 Saine, *pr. n.* the river Seine
 Salade, *n.* Fr. a sort of armour for the breast
 Salades, *n. pl.* Fr. fallads of herbs
 Salewe, *saluc.* *v.* Fr. to salute
 Salued, *part. pa.*
 Saluings, *n. pl.* salutations
 Samite, *n.* Fr. Gr. a rich silk. See *Du Cange* in v. *Examitus*
 Sanguin, *adj.* Fr. of a blood-red colour
 Sarlinishe, should perhaps be sarinishe, from the *Fr. sarasinis*, a sort of fine silk used for veils. See *Du Cange* in v. *Saracenicum* and *Saracenum*. It is still called saricent
 Sarpleres, *n. pl.* packages of a larger size than sacks. See *Du Cange* in v. *Sarplerium*. *Surpil-lere*, *Fr.* a piece of canvas, &c. to wrap or pack up wares in. *Cotgrave*
 Saten, *pa. t. pl.* of *fit v.* Sax.
 Satalic, *pr. n.* the ancient Attalia
 Save, *n.* Lat. the herb sage
 Sauf, *adj.* Fr. safe. See *Vouche*—saved or excepted
 Saveté, *n.* Fr. safety
 Saule, for soule
 Savour, *v. neut.* Fr. to taste, to relish
 Savouring, *n.* Fr. the sense of tasting
 Savourous, *adj.* sweet, pleasant
 Saufelleme, a composition, of which two of the ingredients are brimstone and quicksilver
 Sautés, *n. pl.* Fr. assault
 Sautrie, *n.* Fr. Gr. a musical string instrument. See *Rote*
 Sawe, *n.* Sax. speech, discourse,—a proverb or wise saying
 Say, for sey, *pa. t.* of *se v.* Sax. saw
 Scall, *n.* Sax. a scale or scab
 Scalled, *adj.* scabby, scurfy
 Scantilone, *n.* Fr. a pattern, a scantling
 Scarce, *adj.* Fr. sparing, stingy
 Scariot, *pr. n.* Judas Icariot

Scarmishe, *n. Fr.* a skirmish, a battle
 Scathe, *n. Sax.* harm, damage
 Scathelul, scatheliche, *adj.* pernicious
 Scatheles, *adj.* without harm
 Schlaundre, *n. Fr.* slander
 Scleudre, *adj.* slender
 Scochons, *n. pl. Fr.* scutcheons of arms
 Scolae, *v. Fr.* to attend school, to study
 Script, *n. Fr.* a writing
 Scriptures, *n. pl. Fr.* writings, books
 Scriven-like, like a scrivener or writing-master;
comme un ecrivain

Scames, *n. pl. Sax.* seams *future*
 Secrec, *adj. Fr.* secret
 Secreneſſe, *n.* privacy [rical,
 Seculer, *adj. Fr.* of the laity, in opposition, to cle-
 sede, *v. Sax.* to produce seed
 See, *n. Fr.* a feat, fees, *pl.*
 See, *v. Sax.* to see; God you see; God him see;
 may God keep you or him in his sight; God
 you save and see; to look; on to see—to look
 on—that ye wolden sometime friendly on me see;
 that ye would sometimes look friendly on me
 See, *n. Sax.* the fee; the grete fee. A learned
 friend has suggested to me, that the sea on the
 coast of Palestine is called The Great Sea in the
 Bible, [See *Numb.* xxxiv. 6, 7, *Job.* xv. 12,]
 which puts the meaning of the appellation in
 this passage out of all doubt

Sege, *n. Fr.* a siege
 Seie, *ſcy. pa. t. of ſee. v. Sax.* ſaw, *part. pa. ſeen*
 Seignorie, *n. Fr.* power
 Sein, *part. pa. of ſee. v. Sax.* ſeen
 Seinde, *part. pa. of ſenge. v. Sax.* ſinged
 Seint, *n. Fr.* cinct, a girdle
 Seintuarie, *n. Fr.* sanctuary
 Seke, *v. Sax.* to ſeck
 Seke, *adj. Sax.* ſick
 Selden, *adv. Sax.* ſeldom, ſelden time
 Sele, *n. Fr.* a ſeal, ſeals, *pl.*
 Self, ſelve, *adj. Sax.* anſwering to the Belg. ſelf, the

Fr. même, the Lat. ipſe, and the Gr. αὐτός. With
 the article prefixed, it anſwers to the *Lat. idem*
 and the *Goth. ſamo*; from whence our ſame; in
 the ſelve moment, in the ſame moment; in the
 ſelve place, in the ſame place.—Theſe two
 uſages of the *adj. ſelf*, when joined to a ſubſtan-
 tive, might be confirmed by the uniform practice
 of all our writers from the earlieſt times down to
 SHAKESPEARE, but as they are both now obſolete,
 I chooſe rather to take this opportunity of adding
 a few words, upon the uſage of the *adj. ſelf*,
 when joined to a pronoun, in which light only
 it appears to have been conſidered by Wallis,
 when he pronounced it a ſubſtative, anſwering
 nearly to the *Latin perſona*.—Dr. Johnson, in his
 Dictionary, has very rightly eſtabliſhed the pri-
 mary ſignification of ſelf to be that of an ad-
 jective; but in its connexions with pronouns he
 ſeems rather inclined to ſuppoſe it a ſubſtative;
 firſt, becauſe it is joined to poſſeſſive or ad-
 jective pronouns, as *my, thy, her, &c.*; and, ſe-
 condly, becauſe it has a plural number, ſelves,
 contrary to the nature of the Engliſh adjective.

—The latter reaſon, I think, cannot have much

weight, when it is remembered that the uſe of
 ſelves, as the plural number of ſelf, has been in-
 troduced into our language ſince the time of
 Chaucer. Selven, which was originally the ac-
 cuſative ca. ſing. of ſelf, is uſed by him indiffe-
 rently in both numbers; I myſelyen; ye your-
 ſelven; he himſelven. The former reaſon al-
 ſo will loſe its force, if this ſhall be admitted, that
 in their combinations with ſelf, the pronouns
my, thy, her, our, your, are not to be conſider-
 ed as poſſeſſive or adjective, but as the old ob-
 liquer caſes of the perſonal pronouns, I, thou,
 he, we, ye. According to this hypotheſis the
 uſe of theſe combinations, with reſpect to the
 pronouns, is almoſt always ſoleciſtical, but not
 more ſo than that of himſelf in the nominative
 caſe, which has long been authorized by con-
 ſtant cuſtom; and it is remarkable that a ſoleciſm
 of the ſame ſort has prevailed in the French
 language, in which *moi* and *toi*, the abl. caſes of
je and *tu*, when combined with *même*, are uſed as
 ungrammatically as *our my* and *thy* have juſt
 been ſuppoſed to be when combined with ſelf. *Je*
l'ai vu moi-même, I have ſeen it myſelf; *tu le ver-*
ras toi-même, thou ſhalt ſee it thyſelf; and ſo in the
 accuſative caſe, *moi-même* is added emphatically
 to *me*, and *toi-même* to *te*.—It is probable, I
 think, that theſe departures from grammar in
 both languages have been made for the ſake of
 fuller and more agreeable ſounds. *Je-même, me-*
même, tu-même, and te-même, would certainly
 found much thinner and more languid than *moi-*
même and *toi-même*; and myſelf, thyſelf, &c. are
 as clearly preferable, in point of pronunciation,
 to Iſelf, meſelf, thouſelf, theſelf, &c. though
 not all, perhaps, in an equal degree. It ſhould
 be obſerved that itſelf, where a change of caſe
 in the pronoun would not have improved the
 ſound, has never undergone any altera-
 tion

Selle, *n. Fr.* celle, cell
 Selle, for ſille, *n. Sax.* a door-fill or threshold
 Selve, *adj.* See Self
 Sely, *adj. Sax.* ſilly, ſimple, harmleſs
 Selyneſſe, *n. Sax.* happineſs
 Semblable, *adj. Fr.* like
 Semblaunt, *n. Fr.* ſeeming, appearance
 Semeliche, ſemel, *adj. Sax.* ſeemly, comely
 Semeliſte, *ſuperl. d.*
 Semelyhede, *n.* ſeemlineſs, comelineſs
 Semifoun, *n. Lat.* a low or broken tone
 Semicope, *n.* a half or ſhort cloak
 Sen, ſene, *inf. m. of ſe. part. pa.*
 Send, for ſendeth [long
 Sendall, *n.* a thin ſilk. See *Du Gange* in *v. Cenda-*
 Senek, *pr. n.* Seneca the philoſopher
 Senge, *v. Sax.* to ſinge
 Senior, *pr. n.*
 Sentence, *n. Fr.* ſenſe, meaning, judgment
 Septe, *pr. n.* Ceuta, formerly ſepta, in Africa,
 over-againſt Gibraltar
 Sepulture, *n. Fr.* grave
 Serapion, *pr. n.* Joannes Serapion, an Arabian
 phyſician of the 11th century, *Fabric. Bibl. Gr.*
t. xiii. p. 299

Sere, *adj. Sax.* dry

Sergeant, *n. Fr.* a squire attendant upon a prince or nobleman, a sergeant of the lawe. His name is derived from his having been originally a servant of the king in his law business, *serviens ad legem*, just as *serviens ad arma*. The king had formerly a sergeant in every country. *Spelman* in *v. Serviens*

Seri, *n. Fr.* series

Sermoning, *n. Fr.* preaching

Servage, *n. Fr.* servitude, slavery

Servand, *part. pr.* of serve, serving

Serve, *v. Fr.* to serve, to behave to

Set, for setteth; for sette, *pa. t.*

Setewale, *n. Sax.* the herb valerian

Sethe, *v.* to boil

Sethe, for sethed, *pa. t.*

Sette, *v. Sax.* to place, to put; setteth him down, placeth himself on a seat; yet sette I cas, yet I put the case, or suppose—to put a value on a thing, to rate; I n'olde sette his forrow at a myte, I would not value his forrow—to sette a man's cappe, to make a fool of him. Sette, *pa. t.*

Seurement, *n. Fr.* security, in a legal sense

Seuretee, *n. Fr.* certainty, surety, in a legal sense

Sewe, *v. Fr.* to follow

Sewes, *n. pl. Fr.* dishes

Seye. See Seie

Shadde, *pa. t.* of shede, *v. Sax.* fell in drops

Shadde, *pa. t.* of shade, *v. Sax.* shaded, covered with shade

Shadowy, *adj. Sax.* unsubstantial

Shaft, *n. Sax.* an arrow

Shal, *auxil. v. Sax.* is used sometimes with an ellipsis of the infinitive mood, which ought to follow it, both swiche as I have ben to you and shal, *i. e.* shall be; first tell me whether I shal, *i. e.* shall go; yet all is don or shal, *i. e.* shall be done

Shale, *n. Sax.* a shell or husk; but all n'is worthe a nutte shale

Shalmies, *n. pl.* shalms, musical string instruments, otherwise called psalteries or fauntries. See Rote

Shame, *n. Sax.* shames dethe, a death of shame, a shameful death; to York he did him lede, schames dede to deie

Shamefast, *adj. Sax.* modest

Shape, *n. Sax.* form, figure

Shapelich, *adj. Sax.* fit, likely

Shapen, shape, *part. pa.* of shape, *v. Sax.* formed, figured, prepared

Shawe, *n. Sax.* a shade of trees, a grove

Shefe, *n. Sax.* a bundle; a sheaf of arrows; sheves, *pl.* of corn

Shefeld, *pr. n.* Sheffield in Yorkshire

Sheld, *n. Sax.* a shield; sheldes, *pl.* French crowns, called in *Fr.* *ecus*, from their having on one side the figure of a shield

Shemering, *n. Sax.* a glimmering

Shend, *v. Sax.* to ruin

Shendship, *n.* ruin, punishment

Shene, *adj. Sax.* bright, shining

Shent, *part. pa.* of shend

Shepen, *n. Sax.* a stable

Shere, *v. Sax.* to cut—to shave

Sherte, *n. Sax.* a shirt. I hadde lever than my

sherte; I would give my shirt, *i. e.* all that I have—it seems to mean the linen in which a new-born child is wrapped; that shapen was my dethe erst than my sherte.

O fatel sustren, whiche or any clothe
Me shapen was, my destinee me sponne—

Sens first that day that shapen was my sherte,
Or by the fatal suster had my dome.—

Alas! that I ne had brought her in my shert! it seems to be put for skirt, (or lap) which perhaps was the original word.

Shete, *v. Sax.* to shoot

Shetes, *n. pl. Sax.* sheets

Shette, shet, *v. Sax.* to close or shut. Shette, shet, *pa. t.* and *part.* so was hire herte shette in hire distresse, so was her heart overwhelmed with her distress

Shift, *v. Sax.* to divide

Shilde, shelde, *v. Sax.* to shield; God shilde! God shield or forbid

Shipman, *n. Sax.* a mariner, the master of a barge

Shiver, *n. Sax.* a small slice

Shode, *n. Sax.* the hair of a man's head

Shode, *part. pa.* of shoe, *v. Sax.* shod, having shoon

Shove, *pa. t.* of shove, *v. Sax.* pushed

Shonde, *n. Sax.* harm

Shope, *pa. t.* of shape

Shore, *part. pa.* of shere

Short, *v. Sax.* to make short

Shot, *part. pa.* of shette, shut

Shoter, *n. Sax.* a shooter. The yew tree is called shooter, because bows are usually made of it

Shottes, *n. pl. Sax.* arrows, darts, any thing that is shot

Shove, showve, *v. Sax.* to push; shove, *part. pa.*

Shrewe, *v. Sax.* to curse

Shrewe, *n. Sax.* an ill-tempered curst man or woman; shrewes, *pl.*

Shrewed, *adj. Sax.* wicked; shreude folk

Shrewednesse, *n. Sax.* ill-nature

Shrift, *n. Sax.* confession

Shriste-faders, *n. pl. Sax.* father confessors

Shright, for shricheth, shrieketh

Shright, *pa. t.* of shrich, *v. Sax.* shrieked

Shrive, *v. Sax.* to make confession

Shriven, *part. pa.* I have ben shriven this day of my curat; I have made my confession this day to my curate

Shroude, *v. Sax.* to hide

Shulde, *pa. t.* of shal, should; shulden, *pl.*

Shullen, shuln, shul, *ind. m. pr. t. pl.* of shal

Sibbe, *adj. Sax.* related, allied

Sie, for seie, saw

Sist, *v. Sax.* to shake in a sieve

Sigh, for seie, saw

Sight, *pa. t.* of like, sighted

Signe, *v. Fr.* to appoint

Signifer, *n. Lat.* the zodiac

Significance, *n. Fr.* signification

Sike, *adj. Sax.* sick: it sometimes seems to be used as a noun, for sickness

Sike, *v. Sax.* to sigh

Sike, *n. Sax.* a sigh, *likes, pl.*
 Siker, *adj. Sax.* sure
 Sikerde, *part. pa. of siker, v. Sax.* assured
 Sikernefle, *n.* security
 Sikerly, *adv.* surely
 Simplefle, *n. Fr.* simplicity
 Sin, *adv. Sax. abbrev.* of sithen, since
 Sinamone, *n. Fr.* cinnamon
 Sip, *n. Sax.* drink
 Sipher, *n.* a cypher or figure of o in arithmetic; although a sipher in augrüm have no might in signification of itselfe, yet he yeveth power in signification to other. There is another passage in *Du. ver.* 435—40, which seems to imply that in Chaucer's time the numerals commonly called Arabian, had not been long in use in this country
 Sire, *n. Fr.* Sieur, Seigneur, a respectful title given formerly to men of various descriptions, as well as to knights; Sire knight, Sire clerk, Sire monk, Sire man of lawe. It was so usually given to priests that it has crept even into acts of parliament; *Rot. Parl.* 12 and 13 E. IV. n. 14. Sir James Thekenes prest; 1. H. VII. p. 11. Sir Oliver Langton prest; Sir Robert Naylor prest. Hence a Sir Jol. came to be a nickname for a priest. Sire is sometimes put for personage; and melancholy that angry Sire.—Our Sire, our husband, our Goodman, as the French in their old familiar language use *notre Sire*
 Sis, *n. Fr.* the cast of six, the highest cast upon a die
 Sit, for sitteth, it sit me not to lie, it doth not become me to lie; it tyt a kynge well to be chaff,
Conf. Am. 166. b.
 Sithe, for sithes, *n. pl. Sax.* times
 Sithen, *sith, adv. Sax.* since
 Sithes, *n. pl. Sax.* sithes
 Sitte, *v. Sax.* to sit—to become, to suit with. See Sit
 Sitrand, *part. pr.*
 Sitten, *part. pa.*
 Skaffaut, *n. Fr.* a scaffold, a wooden tower
 Skaffold, *n.* a scaffold or stage
 Scie, *n. Sax.* a cloud
 Skill, *n. Sax.* reason; skilles, *pl.*
 Skilful, *adj.* reasonable
 Skinke, *v. Sax.* to pour out, to serve with drink
 Skipte, *part. t. of skippe, v. Sax.* leaped
 Skogan, *pr. n.*
 Skorcke, *v. Sax.* to scorch
 Skrippe, *n. Fr.* escharpe, a scrip
 Slacke, *adj. Sax.* slow
 Slain, *part. pa. of sle*
 Snake, *v. Sax.* to appease, to make slack
 Slake, *v. neut.* to fail, to desist
 Slawe, *part. pa. of sle*
 Sle, *v. Sax.* to kill, to slay
 Sleer, *n. Sax.* a killer
 Sleightly, *adv. Sax.* cunningly
 Sleight, *n. Sax.* contrivance
 Sleighthes, *pl.* suche sleighthes as I shall you never—
 so this line should probably be written
 Slen, *part. t. pl. of sle, inf. m.*
 Slepe, slepe, *part. t. of slepe, v. Sax.* slept
 Slete, *n. Sax.* sleet, a mixture of rain and snow

Slevetesse, *adj.* seems to signify idle, unprofitable, as it does still in vulgar language
 Slider, *adj. Sax.* slippery
 Sliding, *part. pr.* uncertain, *Lydg. Tra.* 99. b. sliding fortune, *lubrica fortuna*, orig.
 Slie, *sligh, adj. Sax.* cunning
 Slike, for swilke, *adj. Sax.* such
 Slit, for slideth
 Slit, *v. Sax.* to cut through, to cleave
 Sliver, *n. Sax.* a small slice or piece
 Slo, *v. Sax.* to slay
 Slogardie, *n. Fr.* sloth
 Slomberings, *n. pl. Sax.* slumberings
 Sloppe, *n. Sax.* a sort of breeches
 Slow, *part. t. of slo, flew*
 Slowe, *n. Sax.* a moth. In the orig. *Fr. taigae*,
 Sluggy, *adj. Sax.* sluggish
 Smahh, *adj. Sax.* diminutive of smale or small
 Smerte, *v. Sax.* to smart, to suffer pain
 Smerte, seems to be used as an *adv.* smartly, *Gloss. v. Forthought*
 Smit, for smiteth, *ind. m. 3d pers. sing.*
 Smiteth, *imp. m. 2d pers. pl.* smite ye
 Smithe, *v. Sax.* to forge as a smith
 Smitted, for smitten, *part. pa. of smite*
 Smokles, *adj. Sax.* without a smock
 Smoterlich, *adj.* means, I suppose, smutty, dirty; but the whole passage is obscure
 Sneve, *v. Sax.* to snow, to be in as great abundance as snow
 Snibbe, *v. Sax.* to snub, to reprove
 Snow-white, *adj. Sax.* white as snow
 Soden, *adj. Sax.* fudden
 Soget, *n. Fr.* subject
 Soigne, *n. Fr.* care
 Sojour, *n. Fr.* stay, abode
 Soken, *n. Sax.* toll
 Sokingly, *adv.* suckingly, gently. See Souke.
 Solas, *n. Fr.* mirth, sport
 Solein, *adj. Fr.* one, single, fullen
 Solempne, *adj. Fr.* solemn
 Solempnely, *adv.* solemnly
 Soler hall, a solere window is used for the window of a loft or garret
 Soni, *adj. Sax.* some; this is all and som, this is the whole; all and some, one and all
 Somdel, *adv. Sax.* somewhat, in some measure
 Somer, *pr. n.* In the treatise on the Astrolabe, Ch. professes to make use of the kalenders of the reverent clerkes frere John Somer and frere Nicholas Lenne. The kalendar of John Somer is extant in ms. *Cotton, Vesp. E. vii.*; it is calculated for 140 years from 1367, the year of the birth of Richard II., and is said in the introduction to have been published in 1380, at the instance of Joan mother to the king. The kalendar of Nicholas Lenne or Lyne, was calculated for 76 years from 1387. Tanner in *v. Nicolai Linensis*. The story there quoted from Hakluit, of a voyage made by this Nicholas in 1360, *ad insulas septentrionales antebac Europæ incognitas*, and of a book written by him to describe those countries *a grudu 54 usque ad polum*, is a mere fable, as appears from the very authorities which Hakluit has produced in support of it

Somme, lo ! Troilus—came riding with his tenthe
somme iquere ; so this line stands in the edit., but
a ms. quoted in Gloss. *Ur.* instead of tenthe has
X. and ms. l. tenteth ; perhaps the original
reading was XX. With his twenty some *ifere*,
according to the Saxon mode of expression,
would signify together with some twenty of his
attendants. See *Hickes Gramm. A. S. p. 32, 3.*

Somme, *n. Fr.* a sum

Sommer, *n. Sax.* summer ; a fommer game

Somone, *sompne, v. Lat.* to summon

Sompnour, *n.* an officer employed to summon delinquents to appear in ecclesiastical courts, now called an Apparitor

Sond, *n. Sax. fand* [*Fr. fonde*

Sond, *n.* seems to signify a sounding line, from the

Sonde, *n. Sax.* a message, Goddees sonde, what God has sent, God's gift

Sone, *adv. Sax.* soon

Sone, *n. Sax.* a son ; sones, *pl.*

Sonken, *part. pa.* of sink, *v. Sax.* sunk

Sonne, *n. Sax.* the sun

Sonnish, *adj. Sax.* like the sun

Sooty, *adj. Sax.* foul with soot

Sop, *n. Fr.* a piece of bread dipped in any sort of liquor ; he took a soppe, *Conf. Am. 104*

Sophime, *n. Fr. Gr.* a sophism, a subtle fallacy

Sore, *v. Fr.* efforer, to soar

Sort, *n. Fr.* chance, destiny

Sorted, *pa. t.* of sort, *v. Fr.* allotted

Sorwe, *n. Sax.* sorrow

Sory, *adj. Sax.* sorrowful ; sory grace, misfortune.

See Grace and With

Sote, *n. Sax.* foot

Sote, *swote, adj. Sax.* sweet

Sote, *n. Fr.* a fool

Soted, *part. pa. Fr.* fooled, befotted

Sotel, *adj. Fr.* subtle, artfully contrived

Soth, *adj. Sax.* true, certain ; sother, *comp. d.*

Soth, sothly, *adv.* truly

Sothe, *n. Sax.* truth

Sothfastnesse, *n. Sax.* truth

Sotherne, *adj. Sax.* southern

Sothnes, *n. Sax.* truth, reality

Soth-faw, *n.* veracity, true saying

Soudan, *n.* a sultan, any Mahometan sovereign.

See *D'Herbelot* in *v. Setban.*

Soudanneffe, *n.* the wife of a sultan

Souded, *part. pa.* consolidated, fastened together.

Sowde-metal, *consolidum. Prompt. Parv.*

Soveraine, *adj. Fr.* excellent in a high degree

Soverainly, *adv.* above all

Souke, *v. Fr.* to fuck

Souked, *part. pa.*

Souled, *part. pa. Sax.* endowed with a soul

Soun, *n. Fr.* found, noise

Sounde, *v. Sax.* to make sound, to heal, *v. neut.* to grow sound

Soune, *v. Fr.* to sound ; as fer as souneth into honestie, as far as is consonant to honesty ; that souneth unto gentilleste of love, that is consonant to gentleness of love

Souning, *part. pr.*

Soupe, *v. Fr.* to sup, to take the evening meal, soupem, *pl.*

Souper, *n.* supper, the evening meal

Souple, *adj. Fr.* supple, pliant

Sourde, *v. Fr.* to rise

Sours, *n.* a rise, a rapid ascent, the source of a stream of water

Souter, *n. Lat.* a cobbler

Sowe, *v. Lat.* to sew ; it was usual, and indeed necessary, formerly to sew letters when they were written upon parchment ; but the practice continued long after the invention of paper

Sowe, *v. Sax.* to sow [409]

Sowers, *n. pl.* sores, bucks in their fourth year, *De.*

Span-newe, *adj.* seems to signify quite new, but why it does so I cannot pretend to say

Spannishing, *n. Fr. effanuissement*, the full blow of a flower

Spare, *v. Sax.* to refrain

Spareth, *imp. m. 2d pers. pl.*

Sparande, *part. pr.* sparing, niggardly

Sparhawk, *n. Sax.* a sparrowhawk

Sparre, *n. Sax.* a wooden bar

Sparred, *part. pa.* barred, bolted

Sparthe, *n. Sax.* an ax or halberd. See *Du Cange* in *v. Sparth, Securis, Danica*

Speces, *n. pl. Fr.* sorts or kinds

Spede, *v. Fr.* to dispatch

Spedeful, *adj.* effectual

Spektakel, *n. Fr. Lat.* a spying-glass

Spell, *n. Sax.* sport, play, tale, or history

Spence, *n. Fr.* despence, a store-room for wine or victuals

Spere, *n. Fr.* a sphere

Spere, *n. Sax.* a spear

Spered, *sperted*, as sparred

Sperme, *n. Fr. Gr.* seed

Spiced. I have since met with a passage in which spiced, applied to conscience, seems to signify nice, scrupulous. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Mad Lover*, act iii. when Cleanthe offers a purse the priceless says,

Fy ! no corruption—

Cle. Take it ; it is yours :

Be not so spiced : it is good gold,

And goodness is no gall to the conscience.

Spices, as *Speces*

Spille, *v. Sax.* to waste, to throw away, to destroy, *v. n.* to perish

Spire, *n.* a stake ; a corruption probably of *spere, Sax.*

Spired, *Sax.* enquired

Spitous, *adj. Fr. dispiteux*, angry, spiteful

Spitously, *adv.* angrily

Splaie, *v. Fr. despoiler*, to unfold

Spone, *n. Sax.* a spoon

Sponne, *pa. t.* of spinne, *v. Sax.* spun

Spore, *n. Sax.* a spur

Sporne, *v. Sax.* to strike the foot against any thing

Spoufaile, *n. Fr.* marriage

Spray, *n. Sax.* a twig or sprig

Spreint, *part. pa.* of sprengen, *v. Sax.* sprinkled

Springolds, *n. pl. Fr. espringalle*, machines for casting stones and arrows. See *Du Cange* in *v. Muscetta*

Squames, *n. pl. Lat.* scales
 Squamous, *squameish*
 Squier, *n. Fr.* a squire
 Squier, *v.* to attend as a squire
 Squierie, *n.* a number of squires: and alle ther
 squierie; and of his squierie gentillemen auhtene
 Stace, *pr. n.* Satus the Roman poet
 Stacke, *n. Sax.* a stack of wood, &c.
 Stacke, *pa. t. of stick, v. Sax.* stuck
 Staff-sling, means, I suppose, a sling fastened to a
 staff. *Lyd. Tra.* 39, b. describes David as armed

With a *stiffe syngge*, voyde of plate and mayle.

Staker, *v. Sax.* to stagger
 Stalke, *v. Sax.* to step slowly; full thesely gan he
 stalke; and to the bedde he stalketh stylye, *Conf.*
Am. 32
 Stalkes, *n. pl. Sax.* the upright pieces of a ladder
 Stamen, stamin, *n. Fr. estamine*, a sort of woollen
 cloth
 Stant, for standeth
 Starke, *pa. t. of sterve*, died
 Stark, *adj. Sax.* stiff, stout
 Starlinges, *n. pl.* pence of sterling money
 Staunche, *v. Fr.* to stop, to satisfy
 Steele, *n. Sax.* a handle
 Stellific, *v. Lat.* to make a star
 Stente, *v. Sax.* to cease, to desist
 Stenten, *part. pa.*
 Stepe, *adj.* seems to be used in the sense of deep,
 so that eyen stepe may signify eyes sunk deep
 in the head
 Stere, *v. Sax.* to stir
 Stere, *n. Sax.* a young bullock; a rudder
 Stereles, *adj. Sax.* without a rudder
 Sterefman, *n. Sax.* a pilot
 Sterne, *n. Sax.* a rudder
 Sterne, *adj. Sax.* fierce, cruel
 Sterre, *n. Sax.* a star
 Stert, *n. Sax.* a leap; at a stert, immediately
 Sterte, *pa. t. of sterre, v. Sax.* leaped, escaped, ran
 away
 Sterting, *part. pr.* leaping, nimbly
 Stertling, as sterling
 Sterve, *v. Sax.* to die, to perish
 Steven, *n. Sax.* voice, sound; a time of performing
 any action previously fixed by a message, order,
 summons, &c.; at unset steven, without any
 previous appointment; they setten steven, they
 appointed a time
 Stewe, *n. Fr.* a small pond for fish, a small closet,
 stewes, *pl.* stewes, baudyhouses
 Steye, *v. Sax.* to ascend
 Steyers, *n. pl. Sax.* stairs
 Stibborne, *adj.* stubborn
 Strike, *v. Sax.* to stick, pierce
 Sule, *n. Sax.* a set of steps to pass from one field to
 another; by stile and eke by strete, every where
 in town and country
 Stillatorie, *n. Fr.* a still
 Stille, *adj. Sax.* quiet
 Stithe, *n. Sax.* an anvil
 Stives, as Stewes
 Stoble-goos, a goose fed on stubble grounds

Stocked, *part. pa.* confined
 Stole, *n. Fr. Lat.* part of the ecclesiastical habit,
 worn about the neck. See *Du Gange* in *v. Stola* 2.
 Stole, *n. Sax.* a stool
 Stonden, *part. pa.* of stonde or stande, *v. Sax.* stood
 Stont, for stoneth
 Stopen, *part. pa.* of stepe, *v. Sax.* stepped, advanced
 Store, *n. Fr.* to stock or furnish
 Store, *n.* any thing laid up for use; hence the
 phrase to tell no store of a thing, means to con-
 sider it as of no use or importance
 Storial, *adj. Fr.* historical, true
 Storven, *pa. t. pl.* of sterve
 Stot, *n. Sax.* probably for stod, a stallion
 Stote, *n.* a species of weasel, a polecat
 Stound, *n. Sax.* a moment, a short space of time, in
 a stound, on a sudden; in stound, should pro-
 bably be in a stound: the orig. *Fr.* has *tantost*,
 Stoundes, *pl.* times, seasons
 Stoundemele, *adv.* momentarily, every moment
 Stoupen, should probably be stopen.
 Stoure, *n. Sax.* fight, battle
 Strake, *v. Sax.* to proceed directly; stracken, strick-
 en; tendere, *Kilian*
 Strange, *adj. Fr.* foreign, uncommon; he made it
 strange, he made it a matter of difficulty or nicety
 Straughte, *pa. t. of streche, v. Sax.* stretched, *Conf.*
Am. 184
 Stre, *n. Sax.* straw
 Streight, *part. pa.* of streche, *v. Sax.* stretched
 Streine, *v. Fr.* to constrain, to press closely
 Streite, *adj. Fr.* straight; streite swerd
 Stremeden, *pa. t. pl.* of streme, *v. Sax.* streamed
 flowed
 Stremes, *n. pl.* the rays of the sun
 Strene, *n. Sax.* stock, race, progeny
 Strengest-faithed, *adj.* endowed with the strongest
 faith
 Strepe, *v. Fr.* to strip
 Strete, *n. Sax.* a street
 Strike, *n. Sax.* a line, a streak; a strike of flax
 Stripe, *v. Lat.* stirps, race, kindred
 Stripe, *v.* as Strophe
 Strode, *pr. n.* the philosophical Strode, to whom,
 jointly with the moral Gower, Chaucer directs his
 Troilus, was probably Ralph Strode, of Merton-
 college, Oxford. A Wood, who had made the
 antiquities of that college a particular object of
 his inquiries, says only of him, "*Radulphus*
 "*Strode, de quo sic vetus noster catalogus. Poeta*
 "*fuit et versificavit librum elegiacum vocat.*
 "*Phantasma Rodulphi. Claruit 1370.*" Some
 of his logical works are said to be extant in
 print, *Venet.* 1517, 4to. *Tanner* in *v. Sti odæus*.
 Strof, *pa. t. of strive, v. Fr.* strove, contended
 Stronde, *n. Sax.* a shore
 Strother, *pr. n.* a town in the north
 Stroute, *v.* to strut
 Subarbes, *n. pl. Lat.* suburbs
 Subfumigation, *n. Lat.* a species of charm by smoke
 Subget, *adj. Fr. Lat.* subject
 Sublimatorie, *n. Fr. Lat.* a vessel used by chemists in
 sublimation, *i. e.* separating certain parts of a
 body, and driving them to the top of the vessel
 in the form of a very fine powder

Substance, *n. Fr.* the material part of a thing
 Suckiny, *n. Fr. fouguerie*, a loose frock worn over
 their other clothes by carters, &c.
 Sue, *v. Fr.* to follow
 Sueton, *pr. n.* Suetonius the Roman historian
 Suffisance, *n. Fr.* sufficiency, satisfaction
 Suffisant, *adj.* sufficient
 Sugred, *part. pa.* sweetened as with sugar
 Supplic, *v. Fr.* to supplicate
 Surcote, *n. Fr.* an upper coat or kirtle
 Surplis, *n. Fr.* a surplice
 Surquedrie, *n. Fr.* presumption, an over-weening
 conceit
 Surrie, *pr. n.* Syria
 Surfanure, *n. Fr.* a wound healed outwardly on-
 ly
 Surveance, *n. Fr.* superintendence
 Suspect, *adj. Fr.* suspected,
 Suspect, *n.* suspicion
 Suspection, *n.* suspicion
 Suster, *n. Sax.* sister; sustren, *pl.*
 Swa, *adv. Sax.* so
 Swale, *pa. t.* of swell, *v. Sax.* swelled
 Swappe, *v. Sax.* to throw down—to strike off—
v. neut. to fall down
 Swart, *adj. Sax.* black, of a dark colour
 Swatte, *pa. t.* of swete, *v. Sax.* sweated
 Swegh, *n. Sax.* a violent motion
 Swelt, *pa. t.*
 Swelte, *v. Sax.* to die, to faint
 Swerne, for sweren, *pl. n.* of swere, *v. Sax.* swear
 Sweven, *n. Sax.* a dream; swevenes, *pl.* it is
 written swevenis, for the sake of the rhyme
 Swiche, *adj. Sax.* corruption of swilke, such
 Swinke, *n. Sax.* labour
 Swinke, *v.* to labour
 Swire, *n. Sax.* the neck; it is more commonly
 written swere
 Swithe, *adv. Sax.* quickly, immediately
 Swive, *v. Sax.* to perform the act of generation.
 See *Junii Etymolog.* in v.
 Swoloue, *n. Sax.* a whirlpool
 Swonken, *part. pa.* of swinkie
 Swough, *n. Sax.* sound, noise—a swoon

T.

Tabard. See the quotation from Speght's *Gl.*
Discourse &c. n. 6.
 Tables, *n. pl. Fr.* a game so called—Tables Tol-
 tanes, the astronomical tables composed by or-
 der of Alphonso, X. King of Castile, about the
 middle of the 13th century, were called some-
 times *Tabula Tolotane*, from their being adapted
 to the city of Tolédo
 Taboure, *v. Fr.* to drum
 Tache, *n. Fr.* a spot or blemish
 Taillager, *n. Fr.* a collector of taxes
 Taille, *n. Fr.* a tally, an account scored on a piece
 of wood
 Take, *v. Sax.* to deliver a thing to another per-
 son
 Take, for taken, *part. pa.*
 Takel, *n. Sax.* an arrow

Tale, *v. Sax.* to tell stories; and namely when
 they taken longe *Conf. Am.* 27, b.
 Tale, *n.* speech, discourse—reckoning, account;
 litel tale hath he told of any dreame; he made
 litte account of any dreame
 Talent, *n. Fr.* desire, affection
 Taling, *n.* story-telling
 Tanc, for taken
 Tapes, *n. pl. Sax.* bands of linen
 Tapinage, *n. Fr. en tapinois*, lurking, skulking
 about
 Tapiſer, *n. Fr.* a maker of tapestry
 Tapite, *v. Fr.* to cover with tapestry
 Tappe, *n. Sax.* a tap or spigot which closes that
 orifice through which the liquor is drawn out
 of a vessel
 Tapſtere, *n. Sax.* a woman who has the care of
 the tap in a public house; that office formerly
 was usually executed by women. See *The Ad-
 venture of the Pardoner and the Tapſtere*, in the
Continuation of The Cant. Tales
 Tare, *pa. t.* of tear, *v. Sax.* tore
 Targe, *n. Fr.* a sort of shield
 Tars, *n.* cloth of Tars, Tartarium, a sort of silk.
 See *Du. Cange* in v. *Tarficus, Tartarinus*
 Tas, *n. Fr.* a heap
 Tasseled, *part. pa.* adorned with tassels
 Taste, *v. Fr.* to feel—to examine
 Tatarwagges, *n. pl.* the otig. is—*toutes frétées de
 crotes*, all bedaggl'd with dirt
 Taverner, *n. Fr.* the keeper of a tavern
 Taure, *pr. n.* the constellation Taurus
 Tawe, *n. Sax.* tow
 Teche, *v. Sax.* teach
 Tein, *n.* seems to signify a narrow thin plate of
 metal, perhaps from the *Lat. Gr. tasis*.
 Temps, *n. Fr.* time
 Tene, *n. Sax.* grief, *Conf. Am.* 140
 Tene, *v.* to grieve, to afflict
 Tercelet, tercell, *n. Fr.* the male hawk, the male eagle
 Terins, *n. pl.* a sort of singing bird called in *Fr.*
tarin. See *Coigrave* in v.
 Termagaunt, *pr. n.*
 Terrestre, *n. Fr.* earthly
 Tety, *adj. Sax.* full of tears
 Testeres, *n. pl. Fr.* headpieces
 Testes, *n. pl. Lat.* vessels for assaying metals
 Testif, *adj. Fr.* headstrong
 Tetch, *n.* as Tache
 Tewell, *n. Fr.* a pipe or funnel
 Textuel, *adj. Fr.* ready at citing texts
 Thacke, *n. Sax.* thatch
 Thacke, *v.* to thump, to thwack
 Than, *adv. Sax. quam, Lat.*
 Thank, *n. Sax.* thankfulness, good will; in
 thanks—is taken more—

En plus grant gré, font reccus orig.

So the phrases his thanks, hir thanks, answer to
 the French *son gré, leur g. é*
 Thanne, than, *adv. Sax.* then
 Thar, *v. Sax. imperf.* behoveth
 Thatte, that, *pron. dem. Sax.* used as a relative;
 thatte Seint Peter had; so this verse should be

written—that he mighte, as much as he was able, *quod potuit*.—It is sometimes put, not inelegantly, for the same, with *gris*, and that the finest of the lond, of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous; shall fall a rain, and that so wild wood

Thatte, that, *conj. Sax. quod, Lat.*

The *prep. art. Sax.* The, when prefixed to adjectives or adverbs, in the *compar. deg.* is generally to be considered as a corruption of the *ablative ea, fing.* of the Saxon *art.* used as a pronoun. The merier, *eo latius*; the more mery, *eo latiores*. Of the same construction are the phrases—yet fare they the werse, yet fare I never the bet. When the is repeated with a second *comparative*, either *adj.* or *adv.* the first the is to be understood in the sense of the *Lat. quo*.—The more it brenneth the more it hath desire—to consume every thing—*quo magis—eo magis*—

And ay the further that she was in age
The more trewe (if that it were possible)
She was to him in love, and more penible,

Sometimes the first the is omitted, as in the phrases ever lenger the werse; ever lenger the more; for certes if a man hadde a dedly wound, ever the lenger that he taried to warishe himself the more wold it corrupt—and also the wound wold be the werse for to hele

The *v. Sax.* to thrive

Theodome, *n. Sax.* thrift, success

Thefely, *adj. Sax.* like a thief

Thennes, thenne, *adv. Sax.* thence

Thennesforth, *adv. Sax.* from thencesforth, from that time forward

Theodomas, *pr. n.*

Theopraft, *pr. n.*

Ther, *adv. Sax.* there, in that place, is frequently used in the sense of where

Ther, in composition, signifies that, without including any idea of place. See Here. Ther abouten, thereagain, therbefore, therby, therefore, therfro, thergaine, therof, theron, therto, therwith, therwithall

Thewes, *n. pl. Sax.* manners, qualities

Thider, *adv. Sax.* thither, to that place

Thiderward, *adv. Sax.* toward that place

Thilke, *adj. Sax.* this same, that same

Thinke, *v. Sax.* to consider; it is very frequently used as an impersonal in the *pr.* and *3a. t.* in the sense of seemeth or semed; me thinketh, him thinketh, him thoughte, hir thoughte, how thinketh you? hem thoughte

Thinne, *adj. Sax.* slender, small; a thinne imagination, *tenui imagine*; a thinne suspicion, *tenui suspitione*

Thirle, *v. Sax.* to pierce through

This, *pron. demonstr. Sax.* is sometimes put for the prepositive article

Thise, *pl.*

Tho, *prep. art. pl. da. Sax.* used as a demonstrative pronoun, those

Tho, *adv. Sax.* then

Thole, *v. Sax.* to suffer, and what mischefe and male ease Christ for man toled

Thore, is put for there, for the sake of the rhyme

Thorpe, *n. Sax.* a village

Thoughten, *pa. t. pl.* of thinke, *v. Sax.*

Thrall, *n. Sax.* a slave or villain

Thralle, *v.* to enslave

Thraſte, *pa. t.* of threste

Thred-bare, *adj. Sax.* having the threads bare, the nap being worn away

Thremote, should be written in two words, thre mote, as in the *Bodl. mss. Mot. n. Fr.* is explained by Côtgrave to signify, among other things, the note winded by a huntsman on his horn

Threpc, *v. Sax.* to call

Threste, *v. Sax.* to thrust

Threswold, *n. Sax.* a threshold

Threte, *v. Sax.* to threaten

Threttene, *num. Sax.* thirteen

Thridde, *adj. Sax.* third

Thrie, thries, *adv. Sax.* thrice

Thrilled, for thirled, *pa. t.* of thirle

Thringe, *v. Sax.* to thrust

Thriste, *pa. t.* of threste

Thronge, *pa. t.* of thringe

Thropes, for thorpes

Throstel, *n. Sax.* a thrush

Throw, *n. Sax.* time; but a throw; but a little while; any throw, any space of time; many a throw, many times

Thrust, for thurst, *n. Sax.* thurst

Thrusty, for thursty, *adj. Sax.* thirsty

Thurgh, *prep. Sax.* through, by means of

Thurghfare, *n. Sax.* a passage

Thurghout, *prep. Sax.* throughout, quite through

Thurrock, *n. Sax.* the hold of a ship

Thwitel, *n. Sax.* a whittle, *cultellus*

Thwitten, *part. pa.* chipped with a knife, whittled, *bien dolé, orig.*

Tidde, *part. pa.* of tide, *v. Sax.* happened; thee shulde never have tidde so faire a grace, so fair a fortune should never have happened to thee

Tidise, *n.* the tidise is mentioned as an inconstant bird in the *Edg. of G. W.* ver. 154; as doth the tidise for newfanglenesse. Skinner supposes it to be the titmouse

Tickel, *adj. Sax.* uncertain

Til, *prep. Sax.* to, hire till, to her.

Timbestere, *n.* is supposed by Lye, [*Etym. Ling. Angl.* in v.] to mean the same with tombestere.

The orig. French has been quoted above in v. *Saisours*, which Chaucer has thus imitated;

There was many a timbestere
And sailours, that I dare well fwere
Ycouthe hir craft full parfitly.
The timbres up full subtilly
Thei casten, and hent hem full oft
Upon a finger faire and soft,
That thei ne failed never mo.

According to this description it should rather seem that a timbestere was a woman, who plaid tricks with timbres, (basons of some sort

or other) by throwing them up into the air and catching them upon a single finger; a kind of balance-mistress.

Timbres, *n. pl. Fr.* basons. See *Timbrestere*

Tipet, *n. Sax.* a tippet

Tipped, *part. pa.* headed, covered at the tip or top

Tiptoon, *n. pl. Sax.* tiptoes, the extremities of the toes

Tire, *v. Fr.* to pluck, to feed upon in the manner of birds of prey; for loke how that a gothauke tyreth

Tisfue, *n. Fr.* a riband

Tite, for tideth happeneth

Titering, *n. Sax.* courtship

Titeles, *adj. Sax.* without title

Titus Livius, *pr. n.* the Roman historian

To, *adv. Sax.* too

To, *prep. Sax.* to day, on this day; to morwe, on the morrow, the following day; to yere, in this year.—To, in composition with verbs, is generally augmentative, the helmes they to-hewen and to-shrede, *i. e.* hewe and cut to pieces; the bones they to-breste, *i. e.* break in pieces; to-broten, to-dashed, much bruised; to-rent, rent in pieces; to-swinke, labour greatly—Sometimes the *adv.* all is added; al-to-rent; all-to-share; entirely cut to pieces; all-to-shent; entirely ruined.

Tofore, toforen, *prep. Sax.* before

Together, *adv. Sax.* together

Told, *pa. t.* of tell, *v. Sax.* accounted

Tombestere, *n. Sax.* a dancing woman

Tombesteres, *pl.*

Tomedes, should be written as two words; to mede or to medes, according to the Saxon usage, signifies for reward, in return

Tone, *n. pl. Sax.* toes

Tonne-gret, *adj.* of the circumference of a tun

Toos, *n. pl.* as Tone

Torettes, *n. pl. Fr.* rings

Torne, *v. Fr.* to turn, the devil out of his skinne him torne! may the devil turn him inside out!

Torned, *part. pa.*

Tortous, *adj. Fr.* oblique, winding

Toteler, *n.* a whisperer, *totelar, susurro, Prompt. Parv.*

Totty, *adj. Sax.* dizzy

Tough, *adj. Sax.* difficult; and maketh it full tough, and takes a great deal of pains; or make it tough, or take pains about it; and made it neither tough ne queint; made no difficulty, or strangeness;

Al be it ye make it never fa tewche,
To me your labour is in vane.

Ml. Maitland, The Mourning Maiden.

Will. Swane makis wonder tewche

Ibid. Pebbis to the play. st. 25.

Tought, *adj. Sax.* tight

Tour, *n. Fr.* a tower

Tourret, *n.* should be written tourette, as in *msl.*

Hunter, a turret or small tower

Tout, *n.* the backside

Towail, *n. Fr.* a towel

Towards, *prep. Sax.* toward

Towel, *n.* is perhaps put for tewel, a pipe, the fundament

Trace, *n. Fr.* a track or path—a train

Trade, *pa. t.* of tread, *v. Sax.* trod

Tragetour, *n.* as Tregetour

Traic, *v. Fr.* to betray

Trais, *n. pl. Fr.* traits, the traces by which horses

Tramissene, *pr. n.* a kingdom in Africa

Transmewe, *v. Fr.* to transform

Trappures, *n. pl. barb. Lat.* the clothes with which horses were covered for parade. See *Du Gange* in *v. Trappatura*

Trafshed, *part. pa.* betrayed

Trate, *n.* Bp. Douglas frequently uses trat for an old woman, *Æn. vii.* 416, *involutus sese transformatus aniles*—he renders—and hir in schape transformyt of ane trat

Trave, *n. Fr.* travail, a frame in which farriers put unruly horses

Tre, *n. Sax.* a tree, wood, Cristes tre, the cross

Trechour, *n. Fr.* a cheat

Trede-foule, *n.* a treader of hens, a cock

Tregetour, *n.* a juggler

Trenchant, *part. pr. Fr.* cutting

Trental, *n. Fr.* was a service of 30 masses, which were usually celebrated upon as many different days, for the dead. *Du Gange* in *v. Trentale*

Trepeget, *n. Fr.* a military engine. See *Du Gange* in *v. Trebuchetum*

Tresse, *n. Fr.* an artificial lock or gathering of hair. See *Du Gange*, in *v. Trica, Trezia*

Tressed, *part. pa.* gathered in a tress or tresses

Tressour, *n.* an instrument used in tressing the hair, or an ornament of it when tressed. See *Du Gange* in *v. Tressorium*

Tretable, *adj. Fr.* tractable

Trete, *v. Fr.* to treat, to discourse

Trette, *n.* treaty

Tretis, *n.* treaty

Tretis, *adj. Fr.* long and well proportioned

Trewe, *n. Fr.* a truce

Trewe, *adj. Sax.* true faithful

True-love, *n.* Mr. Steevens has very obligingly suggested to me that there is a herb called true-love, according to Gerard, in his *Herbal*, edit. 1597, p. 328, *Herba Paris*; "One berrie or "herbe truelove—at the very top whereof "come forth fower leaves directly set one "against another, in manner of a Burgunnion "cross, or a true love knot, for which cause "among the auncients it hath been called herbe "true-love" This herb, however, to the best of my remembrance, is rather too large to be carried conveniently under the tongue. A true-love of the same or another sort is mentioned in the concluding stanza of *The Court of Love*;

Eke eche at other threw the floures bright,
The primerose, the violete, and the gold;
So than as I beheld the royal fight
My lady gan me sodenly behold,
And with a trewe love plied many a fold;

She smote me through the very heart as blive,
And Venus yet I thanke I am alive.

Triacle, *n. Fr.* corruption of *theriaque*, a remedy in general

Trice, *v. Sax.* to thrust

Tric, *adj.* tried or refused. *Gloss. Ur.*

Trill, *v. Sax.* to twirl, to turn round

v. neut. to roll, to trickle

Trine, *adj. Fr.* triple; *trine compas*, the Trinity. See *Compas*.

Trippe, *n.* evidently means a small piece of cheese; *les tripes d'un fagot*, in *Fr.* are the smallest sticks in a fagot, *Cotgrave*

Triste, *v.* for *truiste*

Triste, *n.* a post or station in hunting. *Cotwell*.—This seems to be the true meaning of the word, though the etymology is not so clear

Trumpe, *n. Fr.* a trumpet

Trompou, *n.* a trumpeter

Troncheon, *n. Fr.* a spear without a head

Tron, *n. Fr.* a throne

Trophee, *pr. n.* it occurred to me that the reference might possibly be to the original of the *Troilus* and *Creside*, which according to *Lydgate* was called *Trophe*, but I cannot find any such passage as is here quoted in the *Filistrato*.

Trotula, *pr. n.*

Trouble, *adj. Fr.* dark, gloomy

Troubler, *comp. d.*

Trowandise for *Truandise*

Trowe, *v. Sax.* to believe

Truandise, *n. Fr.* begging, truanding

Tulle, *v. Sax.* to allure

Tullius, *pr. n.* M. Tullius Cicero

Turkeis, *n. Fr.* a fort of precious stone

Turkeis, *adj. Fr.* Turkish

Turmentile, *n. Fr.* torment

Turves, *pl.* of turf, *n. Sax.*

Twaine, *tway, twey, tweine*, *numer. Sax.* two

Twefold, *adj. Sax.* double

Twice, *adv. Sax.* twice

Twight, *pa. t. & part.* of *twitch*, *v. Sax.* pulled, plucked

Twinne, *v. Sax.* to depart from a place or thing

Twinned, *part. pa.* separated

Twire, *v.* *twireth* seems to be the translation of *sefurat*, spoken of a bird

Twist, *n. Sax.* a twig

Twiste, *v. Sax.* to twitch, to pull hard

Twiste, *pa. t.* twitched

V.

Valence, *pr. n.* Valencia in Spain, *Gloss. Ur.*

Valerie, *pr. n.*

Valerie, *Valerius*, *pr. n.* Valerius Maximus

Valure, *n. Fr.* value

Varien, *inf. m. v. Fr.* to change, to alter

Varien, *variant*, *part. pr.* changeable

Vassalage, *n. Fr.* valour, courage

Vavafour, *n.* probably a meddling landlord

Vauntour, *n. Fr.* a boaster

Vecke, *n. Ital.* an old woman

Veins-blode, *n.* blood drawn from a vein

Vendable, *n. Fr.* to be sold

Venerie, *n. Fr.* hunting

Venge, *v. Fr.* to revenge

Venime, *n. Fr.* poison, venom

Ventouling, *n. Fr.* cupping

Ver, *n. Lat.* the spring

Verament, *adv. Fr.* truly

Veray, *adj. Fr.* true

Verdegresc, *n. Fr. verd du gris*, the rust of brass, so called from its colour, a gray green

Verdite, *n. Fr.* judgment, sentence

Yerger, *n. Fr.* a garden

Vermeile, *adj. Fr.* of a vermilion colour

Vermelet, *adj.* as *Vermeile*

Vernage, a kind of wine

Vernicle, *n.* diminutive of *Veronike*, *Fr.* a copy in miniature of the picture of Christ, which is supposed to have been miraculously imprinted upon a handkerchief preserved in the church of St. Peter at Rome, *Du Cange* in *v. Veronike*. *Madox*, *Form. Angl.* p. 428. *Tessam. Job. de Nevoill*, an. 1386. "Item Domino Archiepiscopo Eborum "fratri meo, i. vestimentum rubeum de velvet "cum le *Veronike* [r. *Veronike*] in granis rofarum "desuper brondata, [r. *brondata*]." It was used for persons returning from pilgrimages to bring with them certain tokens of the several places which they had visited, and therefore the *Pardoner*, who is just arrived from Rome, is represented with a vernicle sewed upon his cappe. See *Pierce Plough*, 28, b.—

An hundred amples on hys hatte sette,

Synge of Sinay and shelles of Calice,

And many a crouch on his cloke and kayes
of Rome,

The *Vernicle* before, for men should knowe

And se by hys signes whom he sought hadde!

Vernish, *v. Fr.* to varnish

Verre, *n. Fr.* glass

Versifour, *n. Fr.* a maker of verses, a poet

Vertules, *adj.* without efficacy

Vertuous, *adj. Fr.* active, efficacious

Vessell, *n. Fr.* *vaisselle*, plate

Ugly, *adj. Sax.* horrid, frightful

Viage, *n. Fr.* a journey by sea or land

Vicary, *n. Lat.* a vicar

Vice, *n. Fr.* the newel or upright centre of a winding staircase

Vigile, *n. Fr.* the eve of a festival, the wake or watching of a dead body

Vigile, *n. Lat.* as *Vigile*

Vilanie, *n. Fr.* any thing unbecoming a gentleman

Vinoleut, *adj. Lat.* full of wine

Virelaye, *n. Fr.* a round freeman's song, *Cotgrave*.

There is a particular description of a *virelai* in the *Jardin de Plaisance*, fol. 12. where it makes the *decima sexta species rhetorice Gallicane*

Virgile, *pr. n.*

Vilage, *v. Fr.* to front, to face a thing

Vise, *n.* in *ms. A. vense*; perhaps we should read

* *MS. Gales.* Perhaps it should be *Galice*.

- tefe*, a Saxon word signifying violence, impetuosity
- Vitaille, *n. Fr.* victuals
- Vitellon, *pr. n.*
- Unbetide, *v. Sax.* to fail to happen
- Unbodie, *v. Sax.* to leave the body
- Unbodel, *v. Fr.* to unbuckle, to open
- Unce, *n. Fr. Lat.* ounce
- Uncommitted, *part. pa.* office uncommitted oft annoyeth
- Unconning, *part. pr.* ignorant
- Unconning, *n.* ignorance
- Unconvenable, *adj.* inconvenient
- Uncouple, *v.* to go loose, metaphor from hounds
- Uncouplinge, *n.* letting loose, *Du.* 377
- Uncouth, *part. pa.* unknown. See Couth—uncouth, not vulgar, elegant
- Uncouthly, *adv.* uncommonly
- Underpartable, *adj.* not capable of departing
- Underfong, *v. Sax.* to undertake
- Undergrowe, *part. pa.* undergrown, of a low stature
- Underling, *n. Sax.* an inferior
- Undermele, *n. Sax.* I am rather inclined to believe, that undermele signifies the time after the meal of dinner, the afternoon; *undermele postmeridies*, *Prompt. Parv.*
- Udern, *n. Sax.* the third hour of the artificial day, nine of the clock, till it was underne hygh and more, *Conf. Am.* 103, b.
- Udernome, *pa. t.* of undermine, *v. Sax.* took up, received
- Underpight, *pa. t.* See Pight; he dranke and wel his girded underpight, he drank and staffed his girdle well
- Underspore, *v. Sax.* to raise a thing by putting a spear or pole under it
- Understonde, *part. pa.* understood
- Undo, *v. Sax.* to unfold
- Undoubtous, *adj.* undoubted; *indubitata*, orig. See Doubtous
- Uneschauble, *adj. Sax.* unavoidable; *inevitabili*, orig.
- Unese, *n.* uneasiness
- Un-eth, un-ethes, *adv. Sax.* scarcely, not easily
- Unfamous, *adj.* unknown
- Unfessliche, *adj.* not suitable to a feast
- Ungodely, *adj.* uncivil, ungenteel; that I n'olde holde hire ungodely; orig. *que je ne tenisse à vilaine*
- Ungreable, *adj.* unpleasant, disagreeable, *ingratus*, orig.
- Unhele, *n. Sax.* misfortune
- Unhide, *v.* to discover
- Unjoine, *v.* to separate, to disjoin
- Unkindely, *adv.* unnaturally
- Unknowable, *adj.* incapable of being known; *ignorabiles*, orig.
- Unletted, *part. pa.* undisturbed
- Unloven, *v.* to cease loving
- Unlust, *n.* dislike
- Unmanhode, *n.* cowardice
- Unmighty, *adj.* unable
- Unperegal, *adj.* unequal, *impar*, orig.
- Unpin, *v. Sax.* to unlock
- Unpitous, *adj.* cruel; *impia*
- Unplite, *v.* to unfold
- Unrest, *n.* want of rest, uneasiness, trouble
- Unresty, *adj.* unquiet
- Unright, *n.* wrong
- Unfad, *adj.* unsteady
- Unscience, *n.* not science
- Unfely, *adj.* unhappy
- Unset, *part. pa.* not appointed
- Unshette, *pa. t.* opened
- Unskillfully, *adv. Sax.* without reason; *injuria*, orig.
- Unflekke, *part. pa.* unflicked
- Unfleep, *part. pa.* having had no sleep
- Unfelft, *adj.* hard
- Unsolempne, *adj.* uncelebrated; *incelebris*, orig.
- Unisperde, *part. pa.* unbolted
- Unstancheable, *adj.* inexhaustable; *inexhausta*, orig.
- Unstanchd, *part. pa.* unsatisfied; *inexpletam*, orig.
- Unufficient, *adj.* insufficient
- Unfwell, *v.* to fall after swelling
- Unthank, *n.* no thanks, ill will
- Until, *prep. Sax.* to, unto
- Untime, *n.* an unseasonable time
- Unto, *adv. Sax.* until
- Untretable, *adj.* not admitting any treaty, *bellum inexorable*, orig. *Itaque inextinguibile*
- Untressed, *part. pa.* not tied in a tress or tresses
- Untriste, for untrust, *v.* to mistrust
- Untrust, *n.* distrust
- Unusage, *n.* want of usage; *insolentia*, orig.
- Unware, *part. pa.* unforeseen
- Unweld, *adj.* unwieldy
- Unwemed, *part. pa.* unspotted
- Unweting, *part. pr.* not knowing; unweting of this Dorigen, Dorigen not knowing of this
- Unwetingly, *adv.* ignorantly
- Unwist, *part. pa.* unknown; unwist of him, it being unknown to him, not knowing
- Unwit, *n.* want of wit
- Unwote, *v. Sax.* to be ignorant
- Unwrie, *v.* to uncover
- Unyolden, *part. pa.* not having yielded
- Voide, *v. Fr.* to remove, to quit, to make empty
- Voide, *v. neut.* to depart, to go away
- Voided, *part. pa.* removed
- Volage, *adj. Fr.* light, giddy
- Volatile, *n. Fr.* wild fowls, game
- Volunie, *n. Fr.* will
- Volupere, *n.* a woman's cap, a nightcap, *voluptas*, *kercher*, *teristrum*, *Prompt. Parv.* but *teristrum* signifies, properly, a veil. See *Du Cange* in v.
- Vouche, *v. Fr.* vouchen sauf, to vouchsafe; voucheth sauf, vouchsafe ye; as ye have made present the king vouches it save
- Up, *prep. Sax.* upon; ther lieth on up my wombe and up my hed; there lieth one upon my belly and upon my head; up peine, upon pain; up peril, upon peril
- Up, *adv. Sax.* up on lond, up in the country; up so down, upside down; the londe was tourned up so down, *Conf. Am.* 37, 159.—But Pandaze up, an elliptical expression, of which it is not easy to give the precise meaning
- Upper, *comp. d.* higher
- Uphaf, *pa. t.* of upheve, *v. Sax.* heaved up
- Upheping, *n. Sax.* accumulation; *cumulum*, orig.

Upon, *adv.* he had upon a courtsey of grene, he had on a courtsey, &c. or perhaps it is an elliptical expression for he had upon him
 Upperest, *adj. superl.* highest
 Upright, *adj. Sax.* straight; upright as a bolt, straight as an arrow: it is applied indifferently to persons lying as well as standing
 Urchon, *n.* a hedgehog
 Ure, *n. Fr.* fortune, destiny
 Ured, *adj.* fortunate; well ured
 Usage, *n. Fr.* experience, practice
 Usant, *part. pr. Fr.* using, accustomed
 Utter, *comp. d.* of out, *adv. Sax.* outward, more out
 Utterest, *superl. d.* uttermost
 Utterly, *adv. Fr.* *outréement*, thoroughly, entirely
 Uttren, *inf. m.* of utter, *v. Sax.* to publish
 Utren, *pr. t. pl.* give out, sell

W.

Wade, *pr. n.*
 Wade, *v. Sax. Lat.* to pass through water without swimming, to pass generally
 Wafers, *n. pl.* sellers of wafers, a sort of cakes
 Wafones, *n. pl.* wafers, a sort of cakes
 Waget. Upon the whole, I believe that a light waget should be understood to mean a light blue colour
 Walmenting, *n. Sax.* lamentation
 Waine, *n. Sax.* a wagon
 Watte, *v. Fr.* to watch
 Wake, *v. Sax.* to watch
 Walachie, *pr. n.* Walachia
 Wala wa! or wa la wa! *interj. Sax.* wo! alas! wa-la wa the while! alas the time!
 Walnete, *n. Sax.* a walnut, *i. e.* a French or foreign nut
 Walwe, *v. Sax.* to tumble about, to wallow
 Walwing, *part. pr.*
 Wan, *pa. t.* of win, *v. Sax.* gained
 Wane, *v. Sax.* to decrease
 Wang, *n. Sax.* a cheek-tooth
 Wanger, *n. Sax.* a support for the cheek, a pillow
 Wanhope, *n. Sax.* despair
 Wantruff, *n. Sax.* distrust
 Waped, *part. pa. Sax.* stupified
 Wardecorps, *n. Fr.* body-guard
 Wardein, *n. Fr.* a warden of a college, a guard, a keeper of a gate; wardeins, *pl.* guard, watchmen
 Warderere, perhaps a corruption of the French *garde arriere*
 Wardrobe, *n. Fr. garderobe*, a house of office
 Wariangles. See *Cotgrave* in *v. Pie* and *Engonée*, where he explains the wariangle to be a small woodpecker, black and white of colour, and but half as big as the ordinary green one
 Warice, warish, *v. Fr.* to heal; *v. neut.* to recover from sickness
 Warison, *n.* seems to be put for reward; *son merite*, orig. *warison*, *donativum*, *Prompt. Parv.*
 Warne, *v. Sax.* to caution, to apprise, to refuse
 Warnesfore, *v.* to furnish, to store

Warrie, *v. Sax.* to abuse, to speak evil of
 Wasen, *part. pa.* of wath, *v. Sax.*
 Wastel-brede, cake-bread, bread made of the finest flour, from the French *gaufre*, a cake
 Wastour, *n. Fr.* a spoiler
 Wate, *v. Sax.* to know
 Watering of Saint Thomas, a place for watering horse, I suppose, a little out of the borough of Southwark, in the road to Canterbury. The same place, I apprehend, was afterwards called St. Thomas a Waterings, probably from some chapel dedicated to that saint. It was a place of execution in Queen Elizabeth's time. *Wood, Ath. Oxon. i. 229*
 Watlynge-strete, an old street in London
 Wave, *pa. t.* of weave, *v. Sax.* wove
 Wawe, *n. Sax.* a wave
 Way, *n. Sax.* is often put for the time in which a certain space can be passed through; a furlong way, mile way; any short time—at the leste wëy, seems to signify no more than at the leste, at least—a devil way, a twenty devil way
 Way, *adv.* away; do way, do away, put away
 Waye, *v. Sax.* to weigh, to press with weight
 Webbe, *n. Sax.* a weaver
 Wedde, *n. Sax.* a pawn or pledge; to wedde for a pawn; and leyde to wedde Normandie
 Wede, *n. Sax.* clothing, apparel; under wede seems to signify, simply, in my clothing
 Wede, *n. Sax.* a weed, an useless herb
 Wehee, a word to express the neighing of a horse
 Weive, *v. Sax.* to forsake, to decline, to refuse
 Weive, *v. neut.* to depart
 Weived, *part. pa.* departed
 Weke, *v. Sax.* to grow weak
 Weke, *adj. Sax.* weak
 Wel, *adv. Sax.* well, in a good condition; wel was the wenche with him mighte mete; wel were they that thider might twin: it is joined to other adverbs and adjectives, as full and right are, and still more frequently to verbs, in the sense of the French *bien*
 Welde, *v. Sax.* to govern, to wield
 Weldy, *adj. Sax.* active
 Wele, *adv.* for well
 Wele, *n. Sax.* wealth, prosperity
 Weleful, *adj.* productive of happiness
 Welefulneis, *n. Sax.* happiness
 Welke, *pa. t.* of walk, *v. Sax.* walked
 Welked, *part. pa.* of welke, *v. Sax.* withered, mouldy
 Welkin, *n. Sax.* the sky
 Well, *n. Sax.* a spring
 Welle, *v. Sax.* to flow as from a spring
 Welmeth, seems to be put for welletth, springeth
 Welte, *pa. t.* of welde, governed wielded
 Wel-thewed, *adj. Sax.* endowed with good qualities
 Welwilly, *adj. Sax.* favourable, propitious
 Wemme, *n. Sax.* a spot, a fault
 Wenche, *n. Sax.* a young woman
 Wend, for wened *pa. t.* of wene, thought, intended
 Wendë, *v. Sax.* to go
 Wende, *n. Sax.* guess, conjecture, perhaps for wenc

Wene, *n. Sax.* guefs, fuppofition; withouten wene, not by fuppofition, certainly
 Wene, *v. Sax.* to think, to fuppofe
 Went, *part. pa.* of wende, gone
 Went, *part. pa. t.* of wende; went at borde, lived as a boarder
 Went, *n.* a way, a paffage, turn in walking; in bed
 Went, for want
 Wep, *pa. t.* of wepe, *v. Sax.* wept
 Wepely, *adj. Sax.* caufing tears
 Wepen, *n. Sax.* a weapon
 Werche, *n. & v.* as Werke
 Were, for weren, *ind. m. pa. t. pl.* of am, *v. Sax.* it is fometimes ufed for had, according to the *Fr.* custom, with reflected verbs, *thise riotours*—were fet hem in a tavern for to drinke—*s'étoient mis, étoient affis*
 Were, *subj. m. pa. t. fing.* e. g. as it were; if on of hem were; whether she were; were it; it were a game
 Were, *v. Sax.* to wear, to defend
 Were, *n. Fr. guerre*, confufion; his herte in fuch a were is fet, *fon cuer a mys en tel guerre*; and in a were gan I wexe and with myfelf to difpute
 Were, *n. Sax.* for catching fifh
 Weren, *pa. t. pl.* of am, *v. Sax.* were
 Werke, *n. Sax.* work; werkes *pl.*
 Werke, *v. Sax.* to work
 Werne, *v.* as Warne
 Werre, *n. Fr.* war
 Werrie, *v. Fr.* to make war againft
 Werfe, *comp. d.* of ill, *adv. Sax.* worfe
 Werfe, *comp. d.* of bad, *adj. Sax.* worfe
 Werfte, *superl. d.* of bad, worft
 Wery, *adj. Sax.* weary
 Welsh, *pa. t.* of wafh, *v. Sax.* wafhed
 Weftren, *inf. m. v. Sax.* to tend toward the weft
 Wete, *adj. Sax.* wet
 Wete, *v. Sax.* to wet
 Wete, *v. Sax.* to know
 Wether, *n. Sax.* the weather—a castrated ram
 Weting, *n. Sax.* knowledge
 Weve, *v. Sax.* to weave
 Weve, *v. Sax.* to put off, to prevent. See Weive
 Wex, *pa. t.* of waxe or wexe, *v. Sax.* waxed, grew
 Wexing, *part. pr.* increafing
 Weyeden, *pa. t. pl.* weighed. See Waye
 What, *pron. interrog. Sax.* is often ufed by itfelf as a fort of interjection; what!
 What, *pron. indef.* fomething, a little; what for love and for diftreff, partly for love and partly for diftreff; wete ye what? do ye know fomething? ne elles what? nor any thing elfe.—What, when joined to a *n. fubft.* (either expreffed or underftood) is a mere *adj.* anfwering to *qualis*, *Lat. quel*, *Fr.* what they weren, what men they were; what fo, what that, whatfoever
 Wheder, *conj. Sax.* whether
 Whelm, *v. Sax.* to fink, to deprefs
 Whennes, *adv. Sax.* whence
 Wher, *conj. Sax.* whether
 Wher, *adv. Sax.* where
 Wher, in compofition, fignifies which. See Here
 VOL. I.

and Ther—Wherefore, wherin, wherthrough, wherwith, when ufed interrogatively, wherof, wherwith
 Whether, *adj. Sax.* which of two
 Whette, *part. pa.* of whet, *v. Sax.* sharpened
 Whiche, *pron. rel. Sax.* who, whom, *adj.* what, what fort of
 While, *n. Sax.* time; in this mene while, in the mean time; how he might quite hire while, how he might requite her time, pains, &c. God can ful wel your while quite
 Whilere, *adv. Sax.* fometime before
 Whilke, *adj. Sax.* which
 Whilom, *adv. Sax.* once, on a time
 Whine, *v. Sax.* to utter a plaintive cry
 White, *adj. Sax.* fair, fpecious
 White, *v.* to grow white
 Who, *pron. interrog. Sax.*
 Whos, *gen. ca. fing.*
 Who, *pron. rel. Sax.* it is generally expreffed by that
 Whos, *gen. ca. fing.*
 Who, *pron. indef.*

For wel thou woft the name as yet of her
 Amonges the people, as who fayth halowed is

where as who fayth feems to be equivalent to as one fhould fay: the fame phrafe is fometimes ufed to introduce a fuller explanation of a paffage, as we might ufe—that is to fay—who fo, who that, whofoever
 Wide-where, *adv. Sax.* widely, far and near
 Wierdes, *n. pl. Sax.* the Fates or Destinies
 Wif, *n. Sax.* a wife, a woman
 Wifhood, *n. Sax.* the ftate of a wife
 Wifles, *adj. Sax.* unmarried
 Wifly, *adj. Sax.* becoming a wife
 Wight, *n. Sax.* a perfon, male or female, a fmall fpace of time, weight, a witch; wytych cleped nyght mare
 Wight, *adj. Sax.* active, fwift; them that ben deliver and wight, *Conf. Am.* 177, b.
 Wighres, *n. pl.* witches
 Wikke, *n.* for weke
 Wicket, *n. Fr.* a wicket
 Wikke, *adj. Sax.* wicked
 William St. Amour, a doctour of the 13th century, who took part in the difpute between the united and the feveral Dominican friars
 Willy, *adj. Sax.* favourable
 Wiln, for willen, *pl. n.* of wille, *v. Sax.*
 Wilne, *v. Sax.* to defire
 Wimple, *n. Fr.* a covering for the neck; it is diftinguifhed from a veil, which covered the head alfo
 Wering a vaile inftead of wimple,
 As nonnes don in hir abbey.
 Windas, *n. Fr. guindal*, an engine to raife ftones, &c.
 Winde, *v. Sax.* to turn round
 Winde, as Wende, to go
 Winne, *v. Sax.* to gain, to attain
 Z z

Worry, v. Sax. to worry
Wis, adv. Sax. certainly. See **Y-wis**
Wise, n. Sax. manner
Wisly, adv. Sax. certainly
Wisse, v. Sax. to teach, to direct; so God me wisse, so may God direct me
Wiste, pa. t. of wisse, v. Sax. knew
Wite, v. Sax. to know, to blame, to impute to
 wite it the ale of Southwark, impute it to the ale of Southwark; or blame the ale of Southwark for it
Wite, n. Sax. blame
With, prep. Sax. is used in the sense of by; was with the leon fette, was devoured by the lion; in with his thought, in with hire bosom, within his thought, within her bosom; with meschance, with meschance and with misaventure, with forwe and with meschance; with forwe, are phrases of the same import as God yewe him meschance, God yewe me forwe; they are all to be considered as parenthetical curses, used with more or less seriousness; and so are the following phrases, with evil prefe, with harde grace, with fory grace
Withholde, v. Sax. to stop
Withholden, withhold, part. pa. retained, detained
Withlaim, inf. m. of withfay, v. Sax.
Withsaye, withseye, v. to contradict, to deny
Witnesse, n. Sax. testimony, a witness
Witnesfully, adj. Sax. evidently
Witte, n. Sax. understanding, capacity—to my witte; in my judgment
Wittes, n. pl. Sax. the senses of man
Wive, n. for wif
Wivere, n. Sax. a serpent
Wlatom, adj. Sax. loathsome
Wo, n. Sax. wo, sorrow—wo were us; wher me were wo, are expressions derived from the Saxon language, in which us and me were equivalent to *nobis* and *mibi*, without the addition of the prep. to
Wo, adj. Sax. sorrowful
Wo-begon, far gone in wo. See **begon**
Wode, wood, adj. Sax. mad, violent; for wode, like any thing mad
Wode, v. Sax. to grow mad
Wodewale, fr. n. of a bird
Wol, v. auxil. Sax. to will; it is used sometimes by itself, the inf. v. being understood, as she to water wolde, i. e. would dissolve into water; and to the wood he wol, i. e. will go, ful many a man hath he begiled er this, and wol. i. e. will beguile
Wolde, pa. t. would, wolden, pa. t. subj. m. wolde
 God! God wolde! o that God were willing! ne wolde God! God forbid!
Wold, part. pa. willed, been willing [man
Womaphede, n. womanhood, the virtue of a woman
Wonde, v. Sax. wandian, to desist through fear
Wonde, pa. t. may perhaps be deduced from winde, to turn, to bend,

The yerde is bet that bowen wol and winde
 Than that that brest.

Wonde, pa. t. of wone, dwelled
Wonder, adj. Sax. custom, usage, habitation, a heap, an assembly

Wone, v. Sax. to dwell
Woneden, pa. t. pl. dwelled
Woned, part. pa. wont, accustomed
Woning, n. Sax. a dwelling
Wonne, part. pa. of winne, v. Sax. won, conquered, begotten
Wont, part. pa. of wone, accustomed
Wood, adj. as wode
Woodness, n. madness
Wordles, adj. Sax. speechless
Worldes, gen. ca. of world, n. Sax. is used in the sense of the adj. worldly; every worldes fore; my worldes blis
Wort, n. Sax. a cabbage, new beer in a state of fermentation
Worth, v. Sax. to be, to go, wo worthe! unhappy be, or wo be to! to climb, to mount
Wost, for woteft, knowest
Wote, wot, v. Sax. to know, wot, pa. t. knew
Wowe, (rather woe) g. Sax. to woo
Woxe, pa. t. of waxe, or wexe, v. Sax. grew
Woxen, part. pa. grown
Wraie, v. Sax. to betray, discover
Wrathen, inf. m. v. Sax. to make angry
Wrawe, adj. Sax. peevish, angry; wrawe, froward, ungoodly
Wrawnness, n. peevishness
Wray, as wraie
Wreche, n. Sax. revenge
Wrenches, n. pl. Sax. frauds, stratagems
Wrest, v. Sax. to twist; the nightingale with so great might hire voice began out wrest—to turn forcibly
Wreth, part. pa. of writhe—wrethen in fere, twisted together; in Urry's edit. it is printed—within in fere
Wreye, v. as wraie
Wrie, v. Sax. to cover, to turn, to incline
Wright, n. Sax. a workman
Wrine, for wrien, inf. m. of wrie [ture
Wring, v. Sax. to squeeze so as to express moisture
Writhe, v. Sax. to twist, to turn aside
Writhing, n. a turning
Wronge, part. pa. of wring; his hondes wronge: later writers have used the same expression of distress
Wrote, v. Sax. to dig with the snout as swine do; or like a worm that wroteth in a tree
Wrought, part. pa. of worke, v. Sax. made

Y.

Y, at the beginning of many words, especially verbs and participles, is merely a corruption of the Saxon ge, which has remained uncorrupted in the other collateral branches of the Gothic language; what the power of it may have been originally, it is impossible, perhaps, now to determine: in Chaucer it does not appear to have any effect upon the sense of a word, so that there seems to be no necessity for inserting in a glossary such words as yblessed, ygranted, &c. which differ not in signification from blessed, granted, &c. Some, however, of this sort are

GLOSSARY.

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inserted, which may serve at least to shew more clearly the extent of this practice in Chaucer's time. Several other words are shortly explained under this letter, of which a more full explanation may be found under their respective second letters

Ya, *adv. Sax.* yea; it is used emphatically with both; ya bothe yonge and olde; ye both faire and good

Yaf, *pa. t. of yave, v. Sax.* gave

Yalte, for yelte; yalte him, yieldeth himself

Vare, *adj. Sax.* ready

Yate, *n. Sax.* a gate

Yave, *pa. t. of yeve, v. Sax.* gave

Y-be, *part. pa.* been

Y-bried, *part. pa.* buried

Y-bete, *v. a. to beat, stamp, imprint*

Y-blent, *part. pa.* of blend, blinded

Y-blent, *part. pa.* of blenche, shrunk, started aside

Y-blint, *part. pa.* blinded

Y-bore, *part. pa.* of bere, born, carried

Y-bourded, *part. pa.* jested

Y-brent, *part. pa.* of brenne, burned

Y-chaped, *part. pa.* furnished with chapes, from *chapp, Fr.*

Y-clouted, *part. pa.* wrapped in clouts or rags

Y-corven, *part. pa.* cut. See Corven

Y-coupled, *part. pa.*

Y-craled, *part. pa.* broken

Y-deled, *part. pa.* distributed

Y-dight, *part. pa.* adorned

Y-do, *part. pa.* done, finished

Y-drawe, *part. pa.* drawn

Ye, *adv. Sax.* as Ya; ye wis, yea certainly

Yeddinges, would seem to mean story-telling

Yede, *part. pa.* of yede, *v. Sax.* went

Yeste, *n. Sax.* a gift; yestes, *pl.*

Yelde, *v. Sax.* to yield, to give, to pay; God yelde you! God reward you!

Yelleden, *pa. t. pl. of yelle, v. Sax.*

Yelpe, *v. Sax.* to prate, to boast

Yelte, for yeldeth

Yeman, *n. Sax.* a servant of middling rank; a bailiff—Yemen, *pl.*

Yemanrie, *n.* the rank of yeoman

Yerde, *n. Sax.* a rod or staff, sod, earth

Yere, for yerres, *n. pl. Sax.* years

Yerne, *adj. Sax.* brisk, eager

Yerne, *adv.* briskly, eagerly, early, soon, immediately

Yerne, *v.* to desire, to seek eagerly

Yerning, *n.* activity, diligence

Yeten, *part. pa.* gotten

Yeve, *v. Sax.* to give

Yeven, yeve, *part. pa.* given

Y-falle, *part. pa.* fallen

Y-feined, *part. pa.* lodes helles may not ben y-feined, the commands of sovereigns may not be executed with a feigned pretended zeal, they must be executed strictly and fully

Y-fette, *part. pa.* fetched

Y-fonden, *part. pa.* found

Y-fostered, *part. pa.* educated

Y-freten, *part. pa.* devoured

Y-gefen, *part. pa.* gotten

Y-glofed, *part. pa.* flattered

Y-glued, *part. pa.* glewed, fastened with glew

Y-go, *part. pr.* gone

Y-grave, *part. pa.* buried

Y-halowed, *part. pa.* kept holy

Y-herd, *part. pa.* covered with hair

Y-hold, *part. pa.* beholden

Y-japed, *part. pa.* tricked, deceive

Y-lesfed, *part. pa.* relieved. See Liffed

Y-liche, y-like, *adj. Sax.* resembling, equal

Y-liche, y-like, *adv. Sax.* equally, alike

Y-limed, *part. pr.* limed, caught as with birdlime

Y-logged, *part. pa.* lodged

Y-masked, *part. pr.* masked or meshed; *mask, Bely. macula rella, Kilian.*

Y-meint, *part. pa.* mingled

Y-mell, *prep. Sax.* among

Ymeneus, *pr. n. Hymanus*

Ynough, ynouw, *adv. Sax.* enough

Yolden, *part. pa.* of yelde, given, yielded, repaid

Yonghede, *n. Sax.* youth

Yore, *adv. Sax.* of a long time, a little before; yore agon, long ago; in olde times yore, of time yore

Yove, *pr. t. of yeve, gave*

Youre, *pron. poss. Sax.* is used for youtes

Youres, *pron. poss. Sax.* used generally when the noun to which it belongs is understood or placed before it; he was an old felaw of yours, i. e. of or among your companions

Youthhede, *n. Sax.* youth

Yoxe, *v. Sax.* to hiccough

Y-piked, *part. pa.* picked, spruce

Y-queint, *part. pa.* quenched

Y-reight, *pa. t.* reached

Y-reken, seems to be put for the old *part. pr.* y-rekend, reckning

Yren, *n. Sax.* iron

Y-rent, *part. pa.* torn

Y-ronne, y-ronnen, *part. pa.* run

Y-sateled, *part. pa.* settled, established

Yse, *n. Sax.* ice

Y-served, *part. pa.* treated

Y-fette, *part. pa.* set, placed, appointed

Y-shent, *part. pa.* damaged

Y-thove, *part. pa.* pushed forwards

Y-flawe, *part. pa.* slain

Y-sope, *pr. n.* So the name of the fabulist was commonly written, notwithstanding the distinction pointed out by the following technical verse:

Yfopus est herba, sed Æfopus dat bona verba

In this and many other passages which are quoted from Æfop, by writers of the middle ages, it is not easy to say what author they mean: the Greek collections of fables which are now current under the name of Æfop were unknown, I apprehend, in this part of the world at the time that Melibee was written: Phædrus too had disappeared: Avienus indeed was very generally read. He is quoted as Æfop by John of Salisbury, *Polyrat. l. vii. Ut Æfopo, vel Avieno, credas.*—But the name of Æfop was chiefly appropriated to

Z z ij

the anonymous * author of sixty fables in elegiac metre, which are printed in Nevelet's collection under the title of *Anonymi Fabulae Æsopice*. I have seen an edition of them in 1503 by Wynkyn de Worde, in which they are entitled simply *Æsopi Fabulae*: the subjects are for the most part plainly taken from Phædrus, but it may be doubted whether the author copied from the orig. work of Phædrus or from some version of it into Latin prose. Several versions of this kind are still extant in ms.; one of very considerable antiquity has been published by Nilant, *Lugd. Bat.* 1709, under the title of *Fabula Antiqua*, together with another of a later date, which is pretended to have been made from the Greek by an emperor Romulus, for the use of his son Tiberinus. They all shew evident marks of being derived from one common origin, like what has been observed of the several Greek collections of Æsopian fables in prose; [*Dissert. de Babrio*. Lond. 1776,] like them too they differ very much from one another in style, order of fables, and many little particulars; and, what is most material, each of them generally contains a few fables, either invented or stolen by its respective compiler, which are not to be found in the other collections, so that it is often impracticable to verify a quotation from Æsop in the writers of Chaucer's time, unless we happen to light upon the identical book of fables which the writer who quotes had before him.—I have printed in the *Discourse*, &c. n. 29, a fable of The Cock and the Fox, from the Fr. *Elope* of Marie, which is not to be found in any other collection that I have seen, and which I suppose furnished Chaucer with the subject of his *Nonnes Preestes Tale*. In the same Fr. *Æsop*, and in a Lat. ms. *Bibl. Reg.* 15. A. vii. there is a fable which I think might have given the hint for *Poor's Ladle*. A country fellow one day laid hold of a feery, (*un folet*, Fr.) who in order to be set at liberty gave him three wishes.

The man goes home and gives two of them to his wife. Soon after, as they are dining upon a chine of mutton, the wife feels a longing for the marrow, and not being able to get at it, she wishes that her husband had an iron beak (*long com li wittecoes*, Fr. long as the woodcock) to extract this marrow for her: an excrecence being immediately formed accordingly, the husband angrily wishes it off from his own face upon his wife's.—And here the story is unluckily defective in both copies; but it is easy to suppose that the third and last remaining wish was employed by the wife for her own relief.—A fable upon a similar idea, in Fr. verse, may be seen in ms. *Bodl.* 1687, the same, as I apprehend, with one in the king's library at Paris, [ms. n. 7989, fol. 189,] which is entitled *Les quatre souhaits Sainz Martin*. See *Fabliaux*, &c. t. iii. p. 311. The vanity of human wishes is there expoted with more pleasantry than in the story just cited, but, as it often happens, with much less decency.

Y-sowe, *part. pa.* sown
Y-spreint, *part. pa.* sprinkled
Y-sticked, *part. pa.* sticked, thrust
Y-storven, *part. pa.* dead
Y-take, *part. pa.* taken
Y-teyed, *part. pa.* tied
Y-trespaled, *part. pa.* trespassed
Y-vanished, *part. pa.*
Yvel, *adj. Sax.* bad, unfortunate
Yvel, *adv. Sax.* ill
Yvoire, *n. Fr.* ivory
Y-wimpled, *part. pa.* covered with a wimple
Y-wis, *adv. Sax.* certainly
Y-wrake, *pa. t.* wreaked, revenged
Y-wrie, *part. pa.* covered

Z

Zeuxis, *pr. n.* a Grecian painter

* Several improbable conjectures, which have been made with respect to the real name and age of this writer, may be seen in the *Menagiana*, vol. i. p. 172, and in *Fabris, Bibl. Lat.* vol. i. p. 376, ed. *Patav.* In the edition of these fables in 1503 the commentator (of no great authority I confess) mentions an opinion of some people that *Galicus Angelicus fecit hunc librum sub nomine Æsopi*. I suppose the person meant was Guellerus Anglicus, who had been tutor to William II. King of Sicily, and was Archbishop of Palermo about the year 1170. I cannot believe that they were much older than his time, and in the beginning of the next century they seem to be mentioned under the name of Æsopus among the books commonly read in schools, by Eberhardus Bethuniensis in his *Labyrinthus*, tract. iii. de *Verificatione*, v. 11. See *Leyser, Hist. Poet. Med. Ævi*, p. 826. About the middle of the same century (the 13th) Vincent of Beauvais, in his *Speculum Histor.* l. iii. c. 2, gives an account of Æsop, and a large specimen of his fables, *quasi Romulus quidam de Graeco in Latinum transtulit, et ad plium suum Tiberinum dirigit*; they are all, as I remember, in the printed Romulus.—Soon after the invention of printing, a larger collection of the fables of Æsop was made and published in Germany; it is divided into six books, to which is prefixed a life of Æsop *e Graeco Latina per Remicium facta*. The three first are composed of the sixty elegiac fables of the metrical Æsopus, with a few trifling variations, and to each of them is subjoined a fable on the same subject in prose from Ro-

mulus: book iv. contains the remaining fables of Romulus in prose only. The fifth book has not more than one or two fables which had ever appeared before under the name of Æsop; the rest are taken from the *Gesta Romanorum*, the *Calilabu Damab*, and other obscure authors. The sixth and last book contains seventeen fables with the following title, *Sequuntur fabule nove Æsopi ex translatione Remicii*. There has been a great diversity of opinion among learned men concerning this Remicus or Remicus, (See *Praef. Nilant*.) while some have confounded him with the fictitious Romulus, and others have considered him as the editor of this collection. I have no doubt that the person meant is that Riniucius who translated the life of Æsop by Planudes and ninety-six of his fables from the Greek into Latin, about the middle of the 15th century. (See *Fabrie, Bibl. Med. Æt.* in v. *Rimicius*. In his translation of the epistles of Hippocrates, ms. *Hart.* 3527, he is styled in one place *Verdenker*, and in another *Castillonensis*.) All the fables from Remicus which compose this sixth book, as well as the life of Æsop, which is professedly taken from Riniucius, are to be found in this translation by Riniucius. There is an edition of it printed at Milan about 1480, but might very possibly have come into the hands of the German collector in ms. some years sooner, as the first translations of Greek authors were eagerly sought after and circulated through Europe at that time, when very few persons were capable of reading the originals.

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